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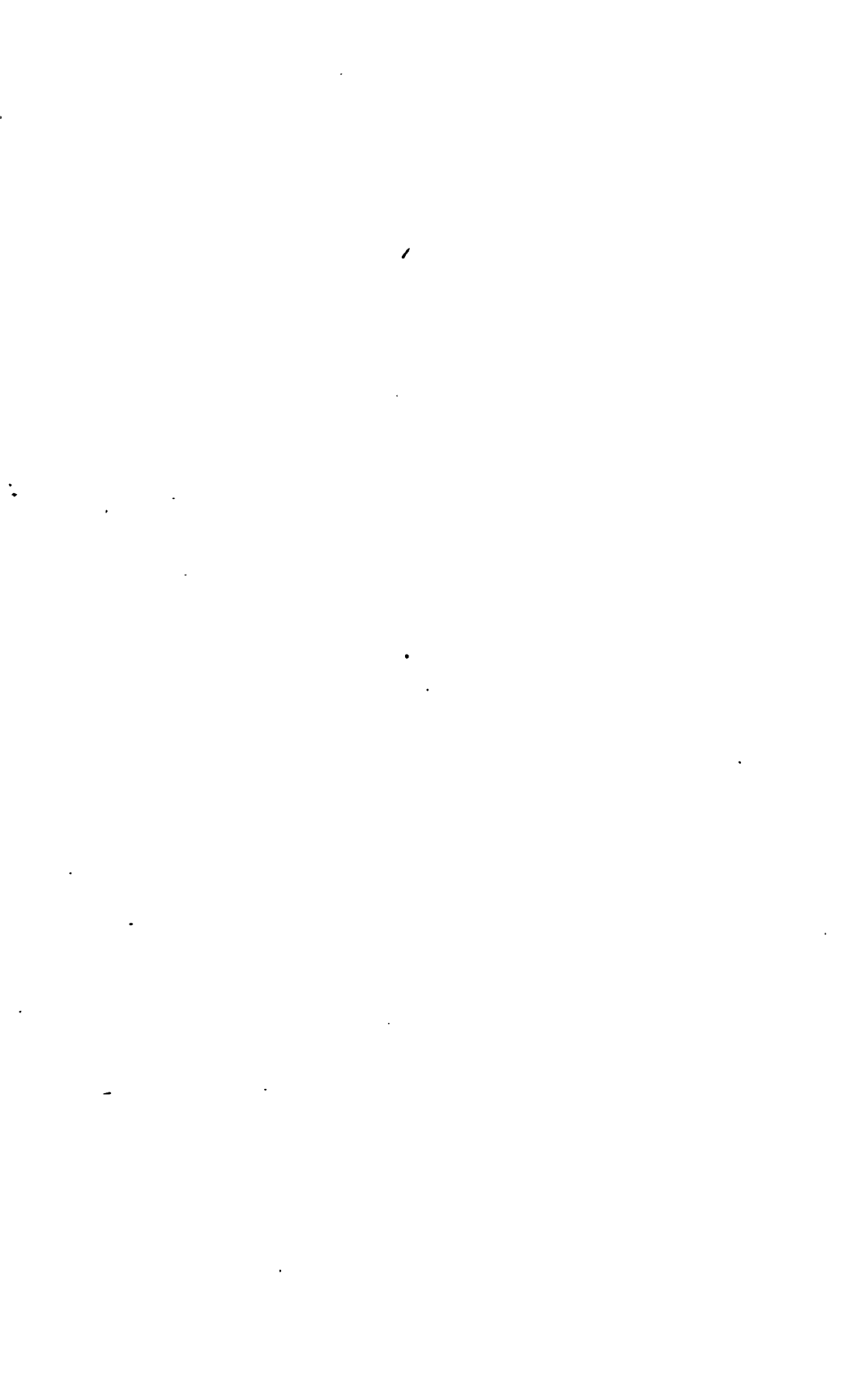
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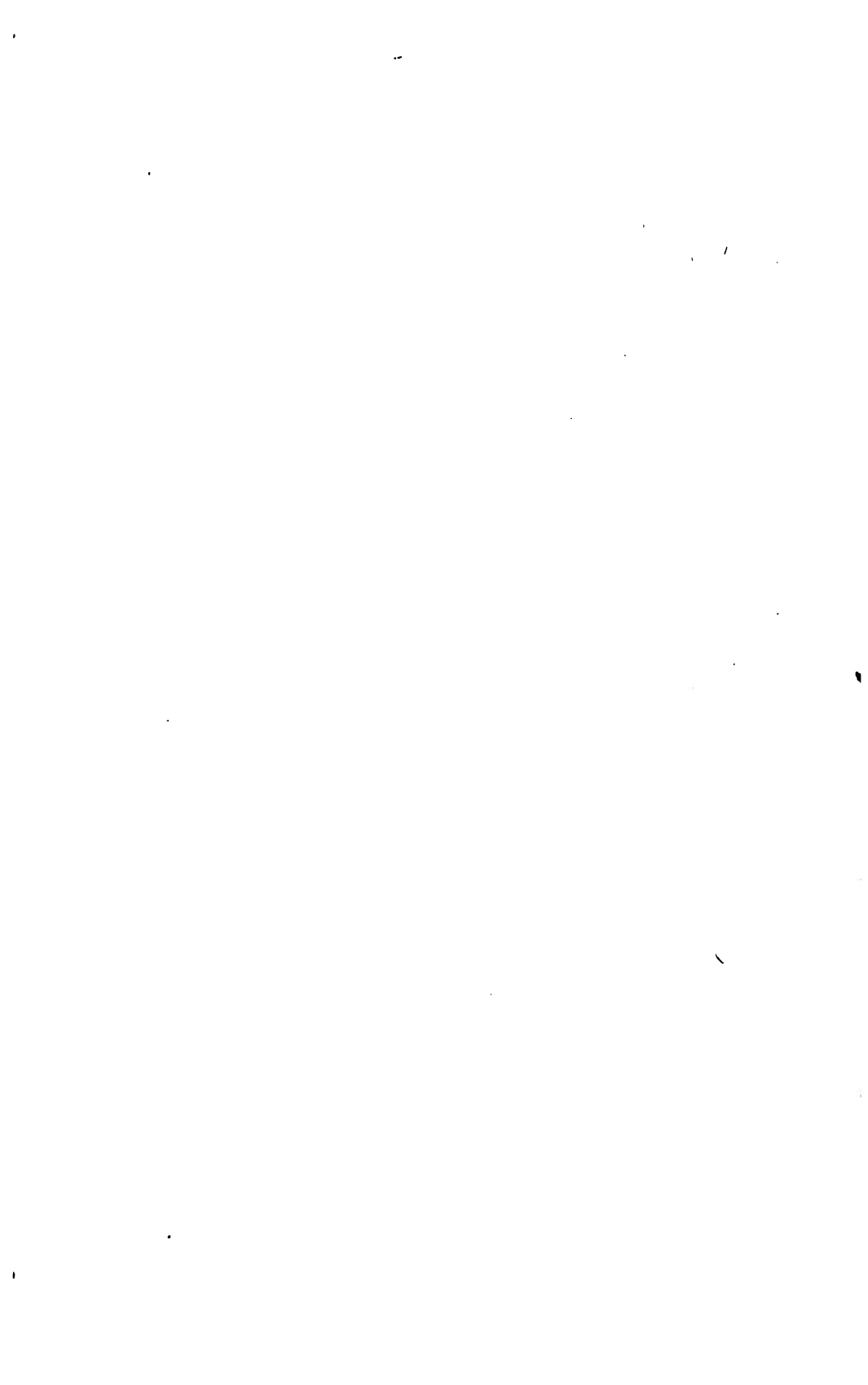
KGA 73(4)

P310.1

Recd. Aug. 1870.







THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME IV.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & COMPANY.

1870.

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4. Intermittent . . .

1875. Dec 31

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of California.

SAN FRANCISCO:
PRINTED BY JOHN H. CARMANY & CO.

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No. 1.

THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JANUARY, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & Co., PUBLISHERS,
417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL NEWSDEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Terms: \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

Is Published on the 1st of each Month,

BY

A. ROMAN & CO.,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

TERMS:—\$4 00 per annum, payable in advance.

CLUB RATES:—Two copies, \$7 00; Five copies, \$16 00; Ten copies, \$30 00, and each additional copy, \$3 00. For every Club of Twenty Subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished *gratis*.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 4.—JANUARY, 1870.—No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DAYBREAK: after a chilly night. A faint band of light—too cold and gray to be called a flush—has appeared in the east, and shows beneath it, in sharp outline, the black profile of a line of hills. In the zenith the stars yet twinkle frostily. A thin mist hangs like a ghostly pall over a lifeless earth. Through it looms a vast black shadow, towering like a spectral mountain into the night. The earth is moist and slippery, and eaves drip. There is no stir in the air, or this raw damp would nip shrewdly. On every hand, and for many a mile, stretches away the faint, floating veil of mist. It is not a fog: it is too thin and light—rather as the ghost of a fog, or as a dew made visible. Through it are also seen the blinking lights of a sleeping city. A muffled rumbling of wheels comes up now and again on the still, wet air; the early market-wagons are rolling in from along the foot of that blacker patch of night which stretches away in uncertain outline, as it should be another crest of hills. From far out into the night two flaming red eyes turn

upon the land a drunken and blood-shot glare, even while they dart seaward the kind, strong beams which warn anxious sailors off the lurking death. The fierce eyes show where iron-hearted rocks have hid themselves beneath confederate waves, and lie stealthily in wait to give the sailor a landsman's welcome—only too like that which lies in wait for him on shore.

The light in the east now flushes and grows warm, and drives back the night—battling more feebly for the field, breaking and giving way throughout the long, wavering skirmish-line. The lights in the human hive are pale and sick; the two great, red eyes begin to lack lustre and grow old. The distant roll of wheels is become a steadier roar, and with it mingles a sharper rattle as the lighter wagons join in the early round. But the city still slumbers heavily. And again the glow in the east has deepened. The gray, misty pall, which had seemed so dank and chill, lights up in the glow of heaven, and floats—a fairy bridal veil—lending a tenderness to charms it can

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOHN H. CARMANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of California.

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of hills—the continuation of the westernmost fork of the Coast Range of mountains. In coming down from the north, this fork preserves something of mountain magnitude and dignity. It forms the bold North-Head at the Golden Gate, and throws up, also, at the very shore of the bay, the Mount Tamalpais, over against the city, and facing it from the north, whose black outline we affected to distinguish in the darkness of early dawn. Our stand-point was then assumed to be the summit of Telegraph Hill, whence, facing south, the city stretches forward from us, skirting the shore of the bay, climbing the sides of that backbone of hills, (whereof we stand upon the extreme point) like water “banking up” against a dam; also, flowing in and filling up the valleys and coves of the dam, and occasionally, after a straggling and painful ascent along a single line of street which leads to a “pass,” flowing over it and down the opposite slope.

Telegraph Hill itself forms the northeastern corner of the city. From its summit, the touching faith of San Francisco in her own future can be adequately realized: she lies before the spectator, spread over an area of thirteen square miles. Immediately at his feet is an area of one-fourth of a square mile, within which three-fourths of all her business is transacted. As he faces the south, on his right hand rises the huge, round-shouldered form of Russian Hill, extending from him, southwardly, half a mile. Over his right shoulder, distant about a mile, lies Black Point, on whose sheltered declivities some fine residences are clinging. From the steeper slopes of Russian Hill to the bay, or water-front, is a distance of half a mile. This is the business section of the city, and is about one-half built upon “made ground,” occupying what was naturally a cove. From the farther (the southern) slope of that hill, the ill-built, scattered town extends away, over

a series of flats, to Mission Bay, and around that to the distant Potrero and Hunter's Point. Beyond this lie the shallows of Islais Creek; and again beyond, is the tongue of land called South San Francisco. From the indented line of bay-shore here indicated, the city straggles back toward the Mission hills: a width varying from one to three miles. Over this total area, south of Russian Hill, embracing more than ten square miles, the aspiring young municipality lies scattered.

Thus it will be seen that San Francisco is a city of expansive ideas: large beginnings, confident promise, but rather mean performance. It is built on hill-sides or flats. Upon both, a thoroughly bad system of street grades has been established. No comprehensive system has been adopted; or, rather, such a system which was adopted at an early day, was speedily modified, in accordance with the demands of numerous private interests, and in the grades which have actually obtained, little trace of the original plan is to be detected. As a consequence, a great portion of those flats possess an insufficient drainage; and, extensively built upon as they now are, no modification can be introduced, except at enormous outlay. Were it not for the gale of wind which prevails for six months of the year—and is the true Health Officer of San Francisco—the health of the city must be seriously impaired by this defect. There is little doubt that the ravages of small-pox last year were largely due to the very imperfect sewerage of the city. The streets are paved with cobble-stones, or with wooden blocks laid according to the Nicolson or Stow plan. The sidewalks are generally planked, as are many of the streets in the outer portions of the town. Some attempt has been made in the suburbs to macadamize with a soft redstone, found on the peninsula. It serves but indifferently during the sum-

mer, giving clouds of dust; and in winter, lying deep in mud. As yet, the paving system of San Francisco must be pronounced a failure, and its street grades something worse than a failure.

The city generally is meanly built. Few builders venture to rise above four stories, and a majority prefer three as a better limit of earthquake safety; therefore, the streets could not at best show those imposing trade-palaces and lofty piles of warehouse which are the glory of most modern cities. But it is not their deficient height alone to which the mean appearance of the buildings in San Francisco is due. The material employed is brick, stuccoed, and painted of various colors—but chiefly, and wisely, that of dust. More lately, considerable iron has been used in *façades*. The five principal hotels—accommodating upward of two thousand guests—lie all within the distance of one block from a central point. This small centre, together with two blocks of the financial street, (California) present a better appearance. Toward the suburbs are a few handsome and costly residences, built of wood, which have been erected within the past three or four years. The majority of the houses, out of the business heart of the town, are two stories in height, also built of wood, and have, commonly, their patch of garden in front—in which flowers wanton with an almost tropical luxuriance of growth and brilliancy of bloom.

The climate of San Francisco was described (by Captain Marryatt, we believe) as delightful in summer—when the wind was not blowing, and delicious in winter—when the rain was not falling; but it rained all winter, and blew all summer. This is quite as nearly correct as the other familiar assertion, that the climate is "the finest on the face of the earth, sir." Free from extremes of cold or heat, it is subject to sudden transitions, which are very trying. For nearly six months of the

year, the winds rise soon after noon, and blow violently till sundown. The city is filled with a whirling cloud of dust, sifting through every crack and crevice of the habitations, depositing a coating of fine powder upon the furniture; drifting into the hair and beard, and under the clothes; switching and dragging women's skirts to and fro. Finally, toward the close of the afternoon, it becomes cold and raw, laden with moisture from the dense fog-bank which is now pouring over the sand dunes, and which, an hour later, will settle down over the city, wetting it as by a shower of rain. Within the space of two hours, the thermometer falls from ten to twenty degrees, accompanied by an atmospheric change from a condition of withering dryness to that of aqueous saturation. Men who sat in offices, at noon, with garments unbraced, hurry home at evening, buttoned to the throat, and walking rapidly to keep from shivering in the dank air, which cuts to the marrow like a knife. The climate during the remaining six months or so better justifies its too favorable reputation. Rain falls on about sixty days out of one hundred and eighty. The average fall is some twenty-four inches. The remaining one hundred and twenty days are balmy intervals, in which the summer's dry asperity is forgotten, and the blandness and humidity of an Eastern spring suffuse sky and air. Whether or not this climate of San Francisco shall be considered agreeable, as compared with other parts of the world, is very much a matter of taste—or, perhaps, of constitution. Persons who are prostrated by extremes of heat or cold would prefer it to the northern Atlantic or Western States, or, perhaps, to either northern or southern Europe. The Mediterranean climate has many raw, shivering days in winter, and many sweltering ones during its summer. The climates of New England, the Chesapeake, the Gulf, and Great Britain, have some very offensive

attributes. It is assuredly an agreeable feature in that of San Francisco, that, during the long period of six months, there is no danger of "getting caught in a shower." This is some compensation for the *désagréments* of wind, dust, and fluctuating temperature. Yet, to sum up, we can see no reason for claiming that, upon the average of the entire year, and to the average person in good health, the climate of San Francisco is more enjoyable than that of New York, Charleston, St. Louis, Valparaiso, Melbourne, Shanghai, Paris, or Rome.

The first epoch in the life of San Francisco is from 1849 to 1855—six years; the second, from 1855 to 1861—six years; and the third, from 1861 to 1869—eight years. A large proportion of the men who migrated to the city during the first period were then between twenty-five and thirty-five years old; of these, the survivors are now from forty to fifty-five years of age. But the class between forty and fifty-five years old constitutes in all communities that controlling one which gives society its characteristic impress, and San Francisco is no exception to the rule. And it is a matter of fact that a large majority of the individuals who are the leading men of the city, in all classes, are of those who migrated thither prior to 1855, at the average age of thirty years. It was they who constituted the business community of that elder day; they received their stamp from it, as well as impressed their own stamp upon it; they preserve it now, in many respects, as it existed then. Since that time they have been in a condition of isolation, with respect to the rest of the world, which was almost Japanese in the completeness of its exclusion. In considering who and what those men were then, what their life has been since, and what changes have come over the rest of the United States during the same period, we shall arrive at a knowledge of what the community of San

Francisco now is, and of the relation which it bears to those of other American cities. It may be mentioned here, as *par parenthèse*, that all its people *work!* It has no men of leisure—elegant or otherwise. When, from a desire to enjoy a competency, or other cause, an individual retires from active business, he finds that he has retired into a solitude; therefore, he speedily leaves the "finest climate on the face of the earth" for others less genial, where he, having certain hours of leisure on his hands, may find a fellow-being also at leisure, with whom it is possible for him to consort.

Those men of 1849–55 who give the tone to San Francisco to-day, have, for nearly twenty years, worked hard—and that fact is conclusive, both of their present and future. They work hard still, and will continue hard at work to the end of their days. A fair allowance of wealth has been accumulated, but the question of amount of wealth has little bearing upon the habits of the man who has spent his years between the ages of thirty and fifty in its accumulation. These are also mainly "self-made" men. They are wholly self-made in the sense that they are the architects of their own fortunes; and they are also leavened with a leaven of that element in self-making which consists in self-education. It is easy, therefore, to see what we ought to expect to find in the San Francisco of to-day: a community of men who left the United States twenty years ago in search of fortune, and since have been sturdily battling in its pursuit; who have been shut up within themselves during that period; who have received into their circle and quietly absorbed a continuous immigration of later date, under whose influence some features of the older society may have been modified, without the introduction of new features in their stead.

This community went forth into the

wilderness, and builded unto itself a dwelling-place. In its isolation, it has had unlimited opportunity of self-contemplation; and, contemplating itself in the light of a pioneer of civilization, has formed a somewhat overweening estimate of its achievements. But there have been pioneers of civilization, even from the day of the planting of that first vagabond Virginia colony down to this present. The "backwoodsmen"—first of Kentucky, then of Ohio, then Missouri—pioneered the path of civilization, attended by personal peril as well as hardship. They have gone to their account; nor do we preserve the names of more than a half-dozen of them—made famous by deeds of personal daring. Men yet live who remember the founding of every city west of the Alleghany Mountains. We are not aware that they are regarded as having achieved a greatness because they bore their part in the opening of a new country. Nay, there are Californians who have flocked to a dozen new mining regions and have settled them up and built cities; yet who are not looked upon in the light of persons who have won honors—except as they may happen also to have won wealth. Yet this is precisely what the pioneers of California achieved, and it is all that they achieved. They did their appointed work honestly, (for which they have had liberal reward) and when they evince a disposition to presume upon this, and write themselves down, in all sincerity of conviction—or to credit the fable, when written down by others—as the most energetic, persevering, generous, liberal, and hospitable people on the face of the earth, it may be well to look into the claim, and to require proof.

In regard to their energy: they are doubtless as energetic as other Americans who went out West in '49, or who remained in their Atlantic homes and wrought. In regard to their perseverance—by which is probably meant the

capacity to carry the ills and disappointments of life, without abatement of zeal or loss of courage, to a successful end—their career has been that of the average American citizen, East or West. In regard to their generosity: they have been as generous as other good-natured, rather successful men. But what proof that Californians are pre-eminent in this way? Their hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies are, like those of their neighbors, perpetually clamorous for money. Californians gave liberally during the late rebellion—but in obedience to an impulse of patriotism—while others, in obedience to that same impulse, gave more, and sent their sons and brothers to the war. Hospitality may be granted; but when the Californian shall visit his brethren and fail of hospitable welcome, it will be quite time for him to glorify himself in this regard. The local praises of this quality have scarcely been in commendable taste; and perhaps, after all, the California hospitality loses something in its indiscrimination.

Doubtless, some reputation for liberality has been acquired through the spasmodic public donations made by San Franciscans on a variety of occasions. And further, strangers visiting the city have been strongly impressed by the high cost of small things; and when they return home, make record of their observations upon this point of social economy. It is likely that the Californian has earned some reputation for magnificence of expenditure, and possibly for generosity, by his extravagance in these minor matters. If so, that amiable trait in his character is now on the point of being eradicated forever. At the current scale of prices, the man who has been wont to indulge himself economically in such small vices as smoking and drinking, and the minor luxury of having his boots blacked, did so at an expense of scarcely less than one dol-

lar per day, or thirty dollars per month. The practice of such merely stupid extravagance can not continue. Yet we do not mean to imply that Californians will become ungenerous; for we submit that they have not yet done any thing to vindicate a claim above other peoples to an enlarged or characteristic generosity.

In examining the claim of San Francisco to Energy, it may be fairly asserted, that, for a number of years, her people performed the uttermost amount of work which their powers of endurance were capable of compassing. Competition in business was sharp; there was money to be made, and other money to be saved, by dint of hard work; and the work was done with a kind of fierce energy. Business hours then ran from 8 A.M. to 5 and 6 P.M.; and, besides their "steamer nights," men "put in" long, weary watches of the night over their books and correspondence. The steamer nights came either twice or thrice a month, and then few left their offices till the mail closed in the morning. Twelve hours constituted a laborer's day's work, and the commutation of this to ten hours was resented by employers quite as much as a willful waste of opportunity to do work as the introduction of a bargain less advantageous than the old one. These were the days described as those

"Of monstrous profits, and quick declines,

And Howland & Aspinwall's steamship lines;"

and now referred to, in derision of pioneer traditions, as those "when the water came up to Montgomery Street." Their spirit and their labor continued, however, till long after the water had been expelled the purlieu of Montgomery Street. The first innovation upon the old hard-working routine was the abolition of "steamer night," by the operation of the Overland Mail. Then the banks shortened their hours—opening at 10 A.M., and closing at 3 P.M. This seemed a wanton exercise of power by the banks, and an indication of danger-

ous innovations. It was soon followed by another, showing that the old spirit was broken, and that a new condition of things impended: a general early-closing movement, for Saturday afternoons, followed. This was the first public act looking to general recreation. It implied that a new element was introduced into her commercial system, and that some persons had accumulated property through which they began to feel their independence. About the same time, certain additional facilities for getting into the country came into operation; and the half-holiday each week became a confirmed feature in the business of the city. About the same time, the Sunday Law was passed. And thus San Francisco became a city of morals, and eke of rigid decorum. Owing to the peculiarities of her climate, there is no season during which business of any sort is suspended. From year's end, therefore, to year's end, the steady work moved on. By day and by night, without holiday, or rest, or relaxation, throughout the twelve revolving months, the wearying round of work was maintained. It is no wonder that many men went down during that period, or that others, who then overtasked their strength, remain still in harness, comparatively broken men.

Upon such premises must rest San Francisco's claim to the possession of energy. They indicate simply that when she was younger and lustier, she pursued with a consuming ardor, a dogged determination, and an unremitting industry, the purpose of her existence—wealth. She may safely encounter comparison with the most energetic of her sister cities, but claim nothing beyond a rivalry with those whose growth has divided with her own, during the past ten years, the fame of our Western progress.

There are a few cognate facts which should be added here. The mercantile business of San Francisco has become,

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1875. 1875 - March 31

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

JOHN H. CARMANY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of California.

SAN FRANCISCO:
PRINTED BY JOHN H. CARMANY & CO.

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give them. And in making out an invitation list, the greater difficulty is to find a sufficiency of dancing men. Sometimes the Army and Navy come gallantly to the rescue; at others, there are few eligible youngsters stationed at the accessible posts.

But how does the San Franciscan spend his evenings? The town sits down to dinner between half-past five and six—probably two-thirds of it at the latter hour. Men dawdle over the meal; few give less than an hour to it, and, under favorable conditions, it is spun out to two. Then, they lounge; drop in at the hotels, or other public places; sometimes into other men's rooms; a great deal of billiards is played; the drinking saloons are not greatly patronized—*i. e.*, those of the better sort. The lower sorts, particularly the “corner groceries,” are rather extensively resorted to. There are twelve hundred places, in all, where liquor is sold by the glass—or one to about every seventy adult male inhabitants. And yet, drunkenness is not by any means a rule at these places. Men haunt them, apparently, to meet other men, and to while away an hour or so before going to bed. For the town works, and the morrow brings its labor. Men who work do not make a habit of drinking hard. And a large number go to the play. The receipts of the regular places of amusement are nearly one million dollars per annum. There are always one or two negro minstrel *troupes* performing; two or more melodeons, whose entertainments are more or less obscene; and one, two, or three dramatic theatricals. The average nightly attendance at these regular places of amusement is about three thousand—or, say one in every forty of the adult population. The average performances at the leading theatre—called The California—are of the best in the United States. There are no theatrical seasons. The theatre is open nightly, (Sundays ex-

cepted) to audiences that suffer no abatement, winter or summer.

Of mixed nationality, the population of San Francisco has been called cosmopolitan. It is not so in any broad sense. It is, on the contrary, essentially provincial. Isolated as has been its life, it could not well be otherwise. In neither its social, nor its business tone, is there any suggestion of French gayety, or German laboriousness, Spanish dignity, or English conservatism. There is no characteristic trait, save that eager industry which is more distinctively Californian than American. There are social sets, wherein foreigners naturally draw together, according to their nationality. In business, something of the same tendency is perceptible. The French population purchase from French small-dealers, and these from French importers. In the business aspect of San Francisco, there is one sufficiently prominent feature, distinguishing it among American cities only less notably than its specialty of Chinese merchants, to wit: the large space filled by Israelites. In every profession, and in every branch of business—but most conspicuously in the mercantile—they play something more than a mere leading part: they constitute quite one-third of the stock company. And to them, and their influence, is due—both in a material and moral sense—much of the best progress that San Francisco has made, and the best work that she has done. Cosmopolitanism must be understood to mean something more than an absence of national prejudice: it implies a breadth of spirit, and an elevation of view, which shall be more than national in expansiveness and range. A true cosmopolitan, freed from the local influences engendered by the mere accident of his birth, in sympathy equally with Turk, Christian, Infidel, Pagan, or Buddhist—looking at his fellow-being only as one possessing a nature human as his own,

interpreting current history by laws universal in their human application, and reading passing events in the light of universal human experience—the real cosmopolitan, however ardent a patriot as to his heart, is, as to his head, a citizen of the world. The foregoing description is, as nearly as possible, the reverse of that which would apply to the average citizen of San Francisco. The mental vision of the latter—very like his bodily organs—is habitually bounded by the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the one hand, and the Pacific horizon on the other. His pride is to be a citizen of “this great State, sir,” and *not* of those outlying tracts which compose the rest of the world; and, in order to truly characterize him, it is necessary (and quite sufficient) to change the conventional “cosmopolitan” into the “San Francisco Californian.” But, after all, we have thus far indicated the characteristics of those classes in the population of San Francisco which are rather the more prominent—the classes who are suggested by the expression, “People whom one meets,” using that term to mean people whom one meets in a business, as well as in a social way. But the great mass of her hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants one does not meet, like the great mass of any other hundred and fifty thousand people in the United States: these are honest, commonplace souls, fairly given to the homely virtues, attached to their spouses, fond of their offspring, decorously mindful of the seventh day, rather soft-hearted and headed, and uninteresting in the uttermost degree.

Some modification of California society is to be looked for from the State University, which has but just gone into operation, with an organization as yet imperfect. We may not here undertake to speak of the embarrassments attending this organization, nor of the difficulties to be met and overcome before it

shall be in such operation as to realize the hopes which have been entertained that it might fill for the Pacific coast the place which has been filled for the South by the University of Virginia, for the West by the University of Michigan, and for the whole Union, in earlier days, by the Universities of New England. The immediate future of the University of California is seriously clouded, and it may yet be some years before it is fairly launched upon a career of usefulness. The importance, to such a society as that of California, of an institution of this character, is quite obvious. And when it shall have sent out into the State some hundreds of young men imbued with scholastic enthusiasm, it is fair to expect that a State Legislature will not again refuse the pitiful appropriation demanded for a geological survey, and that the meetings of an Academy of Natural Sciences will be looked upon by the community at large as something more than a subject for the cheap ridicule of a cheaper wit.

The health of San Francisco is tolerably good. By the mortuary reports, it appears that diseases of the respiratory organs are the chief source of death. Physicians assert that a considerable proportion of these diseases have sprung from seeds sown elsewhere. This is likely enough, since the larger proportion of the people who have died had attained to majority elsewhere; and for the further reason that many persons laboring under respiratory affections have come to San Francisco in the mistaken belief that the climate was suitable for the alleviation of their complaints. On the contrary, under the trying conditions of life here, these develop rapidly, and carry the patient rapidly to the grave. It is, perhaps, premature to speak with certainty of the classes of disease which will ultimately be found the most fatal. Among children, a mortality almost terrible has been shown, year after year,

in the mortuary reports; and health officials and physicians inveigh, denounce, and exhort in vain to procure such reform as may diminish the sad record. It is conceded to arise in the fashion of clothing, which is insufficient to resist the summer ordeal. But the patterns come from recognized authority in Newport and Biarritz, and the slaughter of the innocents goes on. One conspicuous feature in adult mortality is suddenness. The climate is bracing, and few are taken down with sickness through which they linger, and convalesce, and emerge, looking bleached and feeble, and finally recover. On the contrary, one day a man attends to his business in robust health, goes home slightly ailing, during the night sends for a physician, is pronounced in a condition of typhoid fever, or pleurisy, or congested lungs, and his friends are notified of his illness by his funeral announcement; or, men fall down in the street, are carried into a drug-store, whence a body only is carried out, and the physicians pronounce it a heart disease, or apoplexy. Probably these things are the fruits of the old wearing life when the "vital machine was run with the blower up," and the same speed had been maintained, regardless, perhaps, of premonitions that the engine was no longer quite what it had been.

The health of the women of San Francisco is fairly good—about the same, probably, as that of corresponding classes in other American cities. The children are generally fine-looking, with large limbs and robust forms, and the school-girls are rather rosy. Their precocity in physical development is, like the horticultural productions of the State, semi-tropical. But this condition does not last longer than elsewhere in the United States, and most of the married are in the average "ailing" condition. Statistics of the birth-rate are as yet, like other California statistics, too young

to establish any reliable conclusions. So far as they go, they confirm superficial observation in the conclusion that the birth-rate is high. It has need to be, in order to countervail the high infantile death-rate. In appearance, the women, like the men, are an assorted mixture of all American types, from the nut-brown Creole to the blue-eyed Yankee.

The number of the insane and of suicides is, also, large enough to be a feature in the life of San Francisco. Of the former, about two hundred per annum—say one hundred and fifty men and fifty women, or one man in every four hundred, and one woman in every thousand—are sent to the Insane Asylum. They are nearly all of foreign birth—natives of the United Kingdom, in a considerable majority. About one hundred and twenty of the men are single, and thirty of the women married. The chief cause of insanity with the former, drunkenness; with the latter, domestic trouble. The American in California has not yet developed an aptitude for lunacy. He figures more largely, however, among the suicides. The annual number of these is about forty—the proportion of men and women not specified. The men kill themselves from poverty; the women, from heart-troubles. The former of these causes certainly is not so prevalent as elsewhere; but men are separated from their families, and can end their troubles without plunging those who are dear to them into grief. Probably, the effect of this motive in dissuading from suicide is not quite appreciated in other communities, where the family ties do exist, and where, therefore, the suicides are not committed.

The Future of San Francisco is plain: She will grow—as the country behind her grows; she will become—what her citizens shall make her! Behind her lies a great expanse of territory, capable of maintaining a large population, depend-

ing upon San Francisco to transact its commercial business, and to carry on many of its manufactures. As that territory fills with population and pours down into the city its wealth of produce, receiving in exchange the products of her commerce and her industry, San Francisco will also increase in wealth and population. Should she maintain in manufacturing industry the lead which, as a commercial centre, she can not lose, her permanent population may continue, perhaps, to equal one-sixth of that spread over the territory from the British possessions to Arizona. If other places should become important manufacturing centres, her proportion of population might be reduced as low as one-tenth, but it can scarcely become less. When that territory shall be occupied by two millions of people, the population of San Francisco may be three or four hundred thousand; when that interior shall support four millions, the population of San Francisco may be upward of half a million. It will be many years before the Pacific States shall contain four millions of people. There are no laws of growth to operate in the case of San Francisco other than those which obtain in the growth of other cities. In her case, it is true, two fields of wealth, or two fields for labor, combine—as they are found combined in few other American cities: she is both a sea-port and the centre of a great agricultural country. An interior Western city can derive its wealth only from the latter field; it has not the opportunity also to earn money in the original importation of goods and in transacting the business of ships. An Atlantic seaboard city fulfils the latter function, but is robbed by in-board cities of many manufacturing industries. These two distinct functions unite in the case of San Francisco. She is situated, with reference to supplying all wants of her interior country, rather more advantageously

than any other American city—unless, possibly, New Orleans. But then, New Orleans is at the disadvantage of New York competition, the larger market—in virtue of its larger size alone—under-selling her by a margin equal to many hundred miles of transportation. From this and kindred drawbacks, San Francisco is free. It does not appear humanly possible to wrest from her any important part of the business which her position of itself places naturally in her hands. At least, she can retain it if she will, and it is not likely that her citizens will lack either the wit or the energy to do it. Since, then, the question of the increase of San Francisco in population and wealth depends directly and solely upon the increase of the population for whom she acts as factor, it would appear that her best energies, for many years yet to come, should be devoted to stimulating this increase. Her own growth she can not directly force. The one purpose of her existence is to transact business for others; the amount of that business is the limit of her development; and the amount of population gives the limit of the business. Yet how is an influx of population to be stimulated? Perhaps, by State aid to immigrants. Mere representations of the advantages of California as a place of residence would hardly, alone, tempt the European immigrant to pass by the fertile and beautiful valleys and plains of Kansas, Minnesota, or Iowa. And if the immigrant is to be enticed to California, lands must be prepared for his occupation, and made accessible to market—penetrated by railways.

How rapidly the immigrant will come, is another question. With every Western and some Eastern States competing in the Immigrant market, it is probable that our European cousin will this year be furnished at least free transportation to the point of his destination, and will next year very possibly be paid a bonus

for going there. A merely passing glance at what is being done in other sections of the country shows that the immigrant will not find his way to California, unless some special inducement is held out to him. The material future of San Francisco, therefore, divested of the very glittering Oriental generalities wherein it is wont to be bedecked, and of the extremely beautiful prismatic hues shed upon it from the lantern of the "first through locomotive," depends upon the general growth, prosperity, and wealth of the Pacific States—and these depend upon increase of population, and that upon immigration, and immigration upon exertion—and, therefore, upon what San Francisco shall *do*, not *talk*, in its practical aid.

But while all her citizens talk of the future of San Francisco, how many of them look to, or think of, her moral future? If it be true, materially speaking, that she will become what her citizens shall make her, it is equally true in a moral sense. The man of to-day may neglect opportunity to develop within the city a profitable business—he may decline immigration projects, or manufacturing projects. He only leaves the field open before the coming man, who would look back with something of wonder, perhaps, at the deficient sagacity of this generation; but would, doubtless, invent affectionate excuses for the shortcoming, and cherish its memory still. Lands may be worn out, mines exhausted, and the natural inheritance of earth turned over to him, wasted and despoiled: he will labor to repair the mischief, and to provide better for his son than this generation had provided for him; yet, as he shall tell that son of the havoc wrought by his improvident grandfather, it is likely that he will enlarge upon the wondrous experiences and adventures of that pioneer's early days, and look back to him as the Virginian of to-day looks back to the wild, shiftless, lawless,

improvident old magnate, who held his principality by charter from his king and transmitted it to his descendants a barren inheritance, cursed with the curse of poverty. All these things, and many more, may the San Franciscan of to-day do, and eke leave undone; yet shall not his descendants look back to him with scorn, nor hold his memory in contempt.

But if that citizen of a better day and a higher life find himself a unit of a community of unsound morality—and unsound because of bad education—containing a large element which is vicious because ignorant, and useless because both; without such educational establishments for his children as he had a right to expect, and the provision made for this purpose and kindred purposes squandered or diverted; without art-galleries or libraries, or the means then to procure them; without provision made for his recreation, or even needful rest, in a public park, and the land once given in sacred trust for that purpose parceled away, as prizes were parceled by buccanners; without proper harbor accommodation for his commerce, and the means which should have provided it squandered; without proper buildings for the conduct of his public affairs, and yet with an inheritance of municipal debt which may be a burden even unto his son's son after him; with a city infected in its health by imperfect drainage or no drainage—the result of an ignorance and folly which shall, to him, appear as inconceivable as it is inexcusable—if such as *this* shall be the inheritance devolved by this generation upon that which is to come; it may be well imagined that the memory of the pioneer will go down to his posterity with both contempt and scorn, and even something of execration. The reverse of this picture would show the great Pacific domain of the United States rewarding, with lavish hand, the labors of millions of human beings. The commercial centre and moral

capital of this Pacific empire—its queen, seated upon the throne of hills prepared for her by the hand of Nature—respected for her power, revered for her justice, loved for her kindness, honored for her integrity—a noble city, a pride and boast and glory to her children and nation, a home and school of moral power and social grace, and their handmaids, Science, Literature, and Art—the youngest, fairest, wisest, and best of American cities: how far may we dare to hope that a day shall ever arrive when this high praise—if not, indeed, fully won—shall, at least, become something less than discriminating irony?

There is a familiar picture of an American Indian, standing upon a headland washed by the Pacific Ocean, and shading his eyes with one hand as he gazes steadfastly upon the sinking sun. The picture needs amending; for, already, the Indian has disappeared from this Pacific shore, and the White Man stands in his stead—his last Westward conquest already achieved. From ocean to ocean, the continent is his own—in his hand its destiny for good or ill.

We may stand upon the summit of that hill which stands sentinel over the young and wayward city of San Francisco, and looking out over the waste of waters that circles half a world, see a dense bank of vapor—murky and dark below, but rolling its surface billows onward in the setting sunlight as a heaving sea of molten gold—move landward from the ocean. Standing out cold and sharp and bleak against the coming tide, rises Lone Mountain—the city of the dead. There repose the bones of those who have gone before, and there will rest the dust—honored or dishonored—of the thousands now toiling in the city at our feet: battling the battle whose reward is—there. What is to be the story of that battle and these toilers? Is Wealth alone their confessed, as well as secret idol? Is it to suffice to gild every

vice, and condone every crime? Do they know *no* test of merit or excellence, save that of their own mountain's touchstone, which shows by the fraction of a tint the proportion of pure Gold? If these latter questions are to be answered to the disadvantage of this generation, what measure of derision and contempt will be poured out over its grave-stones by the men who shall blush to own them ancestors? Is life worth living, if this is to be the reward? Is work worth working, if a gibe or a sneer at the dead man is to be the legend of his monument?

The fog has rolled up in mighty mass against Lone Mountain, towering in huge, fleecy billows above it, still black beneath, while its summit glows as if it might be the throne of a Pagan god. The 'grave-stones show as glistening specks against the dark lining of the cloud. An instant more, and the vast pile will topple over, rolling majestically down in solemn silence, wrapping hill and valley in a fleecy winding-sheet, swallowing up, as into the resistless current of oblivion, the City of the Dead, and all its monuments, whether of honor or of shame. The San Franciscan of to-day may look out toward that resting-place, which is to be his own—may see the fleecy, but impenetrable bank, as it overhangs and threatens to engulf it. Let him ask himself if he has earned such place in the life of his city as may be for him a monument of honor when the head-stones of Lone Mountain lie buried in a forgotten past. If he have not, then may he here see the type of his own memory—the poor lesson of his life—swallowed into the tide of the Forgotten, unto the last trace of a name which lent nothing of honor to what in death it shall not be permitted to reproach. And, even as we gaze, the vast bank topples over, and rolls down; and of the memory of the pioneers of San Francisco not a trace remains.

AVALON.

When lamplight flickers in the room,
And curtains shut away the night,
Before me in the shadows loom
My tranquil islands of delight.

I seem to see their sunny slopes,
With valleys, misty-veiled, between;
Their forests hung with leafy ropes
And vines of never-fading green.

I scent the breath of cassia buds,
The *gloria mundi* as it swings;
I see the parrot, where it floods
The heavy air on flaming wings.

O, placid rivers of the south,
Through still ravines ye never haste!
With little fear of dearth or drouth,
Thy amber wealth runs all to waste.

I cleave again thy tideless wave:
New Edens dawn at every turn,
Where I am greeted by the grave
Flamingo and the stately heron.

A slim canoe, with spicy freight,
Steals by me on its silent way;
The pale-pink lilies undulate
In ecstasy, with life's sweet day.

The magic of the gods is mine;
For in the bee's hum I may hear
A secret that I will divine,
And legends of the flowery year.

Soft summer showers sweep through the land,
The buds are drunk with sun and dew,
The twilight falls on either hand—
Lo! Night is coming, calm and blue.

Along the reef the sea is loud,
And tosses in its deep unrest;
A mellow star sits in a cloud;
The moon is falling to the west:

And voices call me in the air—
The dear, sad voices that I know—

"O, come away while life is fair;
Come now!" they cry—and I would go.

While life is fair and youth is gay,
O, how these tedious fetters thrall!
"O, come away! O, come away!"
I hear those plaintive voices call.

How little I the cost would heed,
If I could rush upon the sea,
And hurry on, with tempest-speed,
To those sad voices calling me.

SEA-OTTERS.

THE most valuable fur-bearing animals inhabiting the waters of the north-west coast of North America are the Sea-Otters. They are found as far south as twenty-eight degrees of north latitude, and their northern limits include the Aleutian Islands. Although never migrating to the southern hemisphere, these peculiar, amphibious animals are found around the isolated points of southern Kamtschatka, and even to the western Kuriles, a chain of islands that separate the Okhotsk Sea from the north-eastern Pacific. The length of the full-grown animal may average five feet, including the tail, which is about ten inches. The head resembles that of the fur seal, having full, black, piercing eyes, exhibiting much intelligence. The color of the female's eye, when "in season," is quite black; at other periods, of a dark brown. The males are usually of the same shade, although, in some instances, they are of a jet, shining black, like their mates. The fur is of a much lighter shade inside than upon the surface, and, extending over all, are scattering, long, glistening hairs, which add much to the richness and beauty of the pelage. Some individuals, about the nose and eyes, are of a light brown, or dingy white. The ears are less than an inch

in length, quite pointed, standing nearly erect, and are covered with short hair. Occasionally, the young are of a deep brown, with the ends of the longest hairs tipped with white, and, about the nose and eyes, of a cream color.

The mating season of the Sea-Otter is not known, as the young are met with in all months of the year; hence, it is reasonable to suppose they differ from most other species of marine mammalia in this respect. The time of gestation is supposed to be eight or nine months.

The hind-feet, or flippers, of the animal are webbed, much like the seal's. Its fore-legs are short, the fore-paws resemble those of a cat, being furnished with five sharp claws, as are the posterior flippers also.

The oldest and most observing hunters about Point Grenville aver that the "Sea-Otter is never seen on shore unless it is wounded." Nevertheless, we have accounts of their coming ashore upon the Aleutian Islands when the Russians were first engaged in the fur trade. We quote the following from Coxe's work on "Russian Discoveries between Asia and America," and the "Conquest of Siberia," published in 1780: "Of all these furs, the skins of the Sea-Otters are the richest and most valuable. These ani-

mals resort in great numbers to the Aleutian and Fox Islands; they are called by the Russians *Boobry Morfki*, or sea-beavers, on account of the resemblance of their fur to that of the common beaver. They are taken four ways: struck with darts as they are sleeping upon their backs in the sea; followed by boats and hunted down till they are tired; surprised in caverns, and taken in nets." They are possessed of much sagacity, have great powers of scent, and are exceedingly imbued with curiosity. Their home is nearly as much in the water as some species of whales; and as whalers have their favorite "cruising-grounds," so, likewise, do the Otter-hunters have their favorite hunting-grounds, or points where the objects of pursuit are found in greater numbers than along the general stretch of the coast; about the sea-board of Upper and Lower California, Cerros, St. Geronimo, Guadaloupe, St. Nicholas, and St. Miguel islands, have been regarded as choice places to pursue them; farther northward: off Cape Blanco, on the Oregon coast, and Point Grenville and Gray's Harbor, along the coast of Washington Territory. At the present day, considerable numbers are taken by Whites and Indians about those northern grounds. Thence, to the northward and westward, come a broken coast and groups of islands, where the animals were, in times past, hunted by the *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company and Russian American Company, and are still pursued by the natives inhabiting those rock-bound shores. These interesting mammals are gregarious, and frequently are seen in bands numbering from fifty up to hundreds. When in rapid movement, they make alternate undulating leaps out of the water, plunging again, as do seals and porpoises. They are frequently seen, too, with the hind-flippers extended, as if catching the breeze to sail or drift before it.

They live on clams, crabs, and oth-

er species of crustacea, and sometimes small fish. When the Otter descends and brings up any article of food, it instantly resumes its habitual attitude—on the back—to devour it. In sunny days, when looking, it sometimes shades its eyes with one fore-paw, much in the same manner as a person does with the hand. The females rarely have more than a single young one at a birth—never more than two—which are "brought forth upon the kelp," say the White hunters, that abounds at nearly all points known as their favorite resorting-places. The mothers caress and suckle their offspring seemingly with much affection, fondling them with their fore-paws—reclining, in their usual manner—and frequently uttering a plaintive strain, which may have given rise to the saying that "Sea-Otters sing to quiet their young ones," and give some credence to the suggestion that the human-like actions of the animal originated the story about mermaids! But when it is startled, it rises perpendicularly half its length out of the water; and if their quick, sharp eyes discern aught to cause alarm, the cubs are seized by the mouth, and instantly disappear under water. Both males and females are sometimes seen curled up in such shapelessness as to present no appearance of animal form: when in this posture they are said to be sleeping.

Sea-Otters are rarely seen far from shore, their home being among the thick beds of kelp near the beach or about outlying rocky reefs and islets. Point Grenville, however, seems to be an exception, as there is no kelp in sight from the shore; but the Indians say there is kelp in large patches about ten miles to seaward, where the animals resort as a breeding-place.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE.

About the period of the establishment of Fort Astoria, near the mouth of the

Columbia River, and for many succeeding years, the Sea-Otter hunters along the coasts of California and Oregon were made up from nearly all the maritime nations of Europe and America, as well as from the different tribes of natives that dwelt near the sea-shore. Those of the former were hardy spirits, who preferred a wild life and adventurous pursuits, rather than civilized employment. The distance coasted in their lightly constructed boats, the stealthy search for the game, and when discovered, the sharp-shooting chase, gave these hunting expeditions a pleasant tinge of venture. Moreover, the taking of Sea-Otters on the coasts of the Californias was prohibited by the Mexican Government, and the hunters were aware that, if detected, the penalty would be severe: hence, they ever kept a watchful eye on all vessels seen, which were carefully avoided or cautiously approached.

A peculiar sort of boat is used by the hunters, called an "Otter-canoe." It is fifteen feet long, nearly five wide, and eighteen inches deep. It is sharp at each end, with flaring sides, and but little sheer. Still, these boats are excellent "sea-goers," and are regarded as unsurpassed for landing through the surf. Their shape is peculiar; so, likewise, are the paddles for propelling them, which are short, with very broad blades—they being better adapted for use in the thick beds of kelp.

The outfit, when going on a cruise, is limited to nearly the barest necessities. Three men usually go in one boat—two to paddle, and one to shoot; the latter having two or three favorite rifles, with a supply of ammunition. A little tea, coffee, sugar, flour, or ship-bread, is provided, adding pipes and tobacco, and, as a great luxury, perhaps a keg of spirits completes their equipment.

All being in readiness, they leave the quiet waters of the harbor, and put to sea, following the general trend of the

land, but at times making a broad deviation, to hunt about some islands, miles from the main-land. When an Otter is seen within rifle-shot, instantly the hunter fires; and if only wounding the animal, it dives under the water, but soon reappears, to be repeatedly shot at until killed. Sometimes, three boats will hunt together. Then they take positions, one on each side, but in advance of the third, and all three in the rear of where the animal is expected to be seen. It is only the practiced eye of the experienced men that can detect the tip of the animal's nose peering above water, disguised by a leaf of kelp. Occasionally, a large band is met with. Then every exertion is made to keep them within the triangle formed by the boats; and, at such times, a deal of rapid and sharp shooting ensues, and many a bullet sings through the air, or skips over the water, almost as near the pursuers as the animals pursued. However, six, eight, or a dozen otters are sometimes secured before the main body disperses; and it is very rarely any accident occurs by reckless firing.

From day to day, if pleasant weather, they cruise in search of the animals—landing to pass the night at different places well known to them, behind some point or rock that breaks the ocean swell. The landings are made by watching the successive rollers as they undulate upon the beach, and when a favorable time comes, the boat, under dexterous management, glides over the surf with safety to the shore. It is then hauled up clear of the water, and turned partially over for a shelter, or a tent is pitched. A fire is made of drift-wood, or, if this fail, the dry stalks of the cactus, or a bunch of dead *chaparral*, serve them; and, if their provisions should be getting short, an excursion is made up some one of the many ravines or intervals—perhaps to a stagnant water-pool, where the deer and antelope resort to quench their parching

thirst in the arid region. The unerring rifle brings one to the ground, when out comes the hunter's knife, and cutting the choice pieces from the creature, he sallies back again to camp and soon has the venison singeing over the coals, and, in due time, it is added to their evening meal, which is partaken of with hearty relish; then come the pipes, which are enjoyed as only those men of free and easy life can enjoy them. Relieved from all care, these adventurers talk of past exploits or frolics, and finally roll themselves in their blankets for a night's invigorating sleep in the open air. At daybreak they are all awakened by the screams of sea-birds and the barking of coyotes, attracted by the scent of the encampment. The morning repast over, they again embark in their cockle-shell boats, launch through the surf, gain the open sea, and paddle or sail along the shores in search of "Otter-sign."

We recollect once meeting with a natty little schooner on the coast, owned by some crack hunters, who appeared to be enjoying a sportsman's life to some purpose; cruising where they pleased, taking their canoes on deck, to be used in the chase as might be required. We remarked that they were to be envied their pleasure, to say nothing of their profits! "Well," said a veteran of the party, "it's all very fine; but give me my boat and two good men to paddle, and they are welcome to their yacht. You see, if we go on the old plan, when night is coming on we can land, pitch a tent or turn up the canoe, knock over a stray deer or two with the yauger, eat fresh meat for supper, turn in when we please, turn out when we like; and if a south-easter happens to come on, we are all snug, and no watch to stand. But the worst is, when in port. A feller can't have any kind of a time, when he's got a craft to look after. Give me the canoe every time, with the right kind o' men, three rifles, and a regular outfit;

but don't forget the whisky. Then I'm happy-go-lucky."

HUNTING FROM THE SHORE.

From San Francisco northward, as far as Juan de Fuca Strait, the hunting is chiefly prosecuted by shooting the animals from the shore; the most noted grounds being between Gray's Harbor and Point Grenville—a belt of low coast, lying within the parallels of forty-six and forty-eight degrees, north latitude.

The White hunter builds his two log-cabins; one, near the southern limits of his beat, and the other at its northern terminus near Point Grenville. During the prevalence of the southerly winter gales he takes up his quarters at the last-named station, as the game is found there more frequently; but when the summer winds sweep down from the north he changes his habitation, and pursues the animals about the breakers of Gray's Harbor. From early dawn till the sun sinks beneath the horizon, the hunter, with rifle in hand and ammunition slung across his shoulder, walks the beach on the lookout for "a shot." The instant one is seen crack goes the rifle, but it is seldom the animal is secured by one fire. A Sea-Otter's head bobbing about in the restless swell is a very uncertain mark; and if instantly killed, the receding tide or adverse wind might drift the animal seaward: so that, even if it eventually drift to shore, it may be far out of sight from the hunters by day, or be thrown on the rocks by the surge during the night, and picked up by some one of the strolling Indians who run the beach in quest of any dead seal or otter that may come in their way.

The difficulty in shooting from the shore, when the marksman stands nearly on a level with the ever-changing swell, has always been an aggravating annoyance; to avoid which, the hunters now use a sort of ladder, or, as it may be

termed, two ladders, joined near the upper ends by a hinge spreading at the lower ends, forming a triangle—when placed on the beach or in the edge of the water—on which the hunter climbs in order to gain elevation. The ladders are made of light material, so that they can be easily carried, and at any time, should the sea be ruffled by a local wind or waves from seaward. When an Otter is seen, up go the ladders, and up goes the hunter to the topmost round, and fires. The shot is repeated very quickly, if the first does not take effect; and ball after ball is sent after the animal, until it is far out of reach. It is estimated that the best shooters average at least twenty-five shots to every Otter obtained, and that about one-half the number killed are secured by the rightful owners; but, when once in their possession, it is quickly fleeced of its valuable skin, which is stretched on the walls of the cabin to dry. It is no unusual occurrence for the hunter to pass a week traveling up and down the beach, and he may shoot sixty or more rounds, and, perhaps, kill several Otters; but, owing to "bad luck," not one may be secured—the carcass either drifting to sea, or to shore, possibly, with the flowing night-tide, and the object so patiently and eagerly sought for is at last stealthily appropriated by some skulking savage.

Notwithstanding their propensity to purloin, the Indians of the north-west coast not only occasionally shoot the Sea-Otters, as do the Whites, but in the months of July and August, when calm weather prevails, they capture them by night. A small canoe is chosen for the purpose, and the implement used to capture the animals is a spear of native make, composed of bone and steel, fitted to a long pole by a socket. Four chosen men make the crew for the canoe. Near the close of day, a sharp lookout is kept for any band of the animals that may have been seen from the shore, and their po-

sition accurately defined before beginning the pursuit. All being in readiness, as the shade of evening approaches, they launch their pigmy craft upon the calm sea, and three men paddle in silence toward the place where the Otters were seen, while the fourth takes his station in the bow. He is either a chief, or some one distinguished in the chase. He watches intently for the sleeping Otters. As soon as one is descried, the canoe is headed for it, and, when within reach, the spear is lanced into the unwary creature. In its efforts to escape, it draws the spear from the pole. There is a small, but strong cord connecting the spear and pole, which admits them to separate a few feet, but does not free the Otter. The animal dives deeply, but with great effort, as the unwieldy pole greatly retards its progress. The keen-eyed savage traces its course, in the blinding darkness, by the phosphorescent light caused by the animal's transit through the water; and when it rises upon the surface to breathe, it is beset with clubs, paddles, and perhaps another spear, and is finally dispatched, after repeated blows or thrusts. The conflict arouses the whole band, which instantly disappear; so that it is seldom more than one is secured. As soon as the hunt is over, the animal is brought on shore, the skin taken off and stretched to dry, and, when ready for market, the lucky owner considers himself enriched to the value of ten or fifteen blankets, and the flesh of the animal is devoured as a choice article of food.

The mode of capturing the Sea-Otters between Point Grenville and the Aleutian Islands varies with the different native tribes inhabiting that coast. The Aleutians, dressed in their water-proof garments, made from the intestines of seals, wedge themselves into their *bidarkas*, (which are constructed with a light, wooden frame, and covered with walrus or seal-skin) plunge through the surf

that dashes high among the crags, and, with almost instinctive skill, reach the less turbulent ground-swell that heaves in every direction. These aquatic men are so closely confined by the narrow build of their boats, and keeping motion with them too, that their appearance suggests the idea that some undescribed marine monster had just emerged from the depths below. Once clear of the rocks, however, the hunters watch diligently for the Otters. The first man that gets near one darts his spear, then throws up his paddle by way of signal; all the other boats forming a circle around him, at some distance. The wounded animal dives deeply, but soon returns to the surface, near some one of the *bidarkas* forming the circle. Again, the hunter that is near enough hurls his spear and elevates his paddle, and again the ring is formed as before. In this way the chase is continued till the capture is made. As soon as the animal is brought on shore, the oldest two hunters examine it, and the one whose spear is found nearest its head is entitled to the prize.

The number of Sea-Otters taken an-

nually is not definitely known, but from the most authentic information we can obtain, the aggregate is 2,600; which, valuing the skins at \$50 each, amounts to the sum of \$130,000.

Whether these most valuable fur animals have decreased in numbers within the past few years, is questionable. The hunting of them on the coast of California is no longer profitable for more than two or three hunters, and we believe of late some seasons have passed without any one engaging in the enterprise; notwithstanding, off Point Grenville, which is an old hunting-ground, sixty Otters were taken by only three hunters during the summer of 1868—a great annual increase over many past years. It is said the Russian-American Company restricted the number taken yearly by the Aleutian Islanders, from whom the chief supply was obtained, in order to perpetuate the stock. Furthermore, may it not be that these sagacious animals have fled from those places on the coasts of the Californias where they were so constantly pursued, to some more isolated haunt, and now remain unmolested?

DUTCH GAP CANAL.

GENERAL BUTLER, commanding the Army of the James—in an official order published early in August, 1864—called upon his colored troops for volunteers for a service of extra danger and hard work, promising extra pay for the same. The hard work was, I believe, especially mentioned as “hard digging,” and the danger was indicated as the fire of the enemy. The number of volunteers was limited to some three or four hundred men. The extra pay was to be given, first, after a month’s service, and again, on the completion of the work.

The troops responded readily to the call; more than enough were willing to go. Officers were selected and detailed, and the command thus raised was soon on the spot and at work. The work proved to be the digging of a canal at a point called Dutch Gap—to be large enough and deep enough for the passage of river gun-boats. The situation of the ground, and especially of the Rebel military works, made this object seem feasible, and worth an effort.

The Federal line of works at Bermuda Hundred extended from the Appomattox to the James River, the right of the line

on the latter. The Rebel lines were parallel with, and in front of the Federal, with their left on the James River, at a steep bluff. This bluff commanded a long reach of the river, the guns pointing straight down the stream, their range being uninterrupted for perhaps half a mile to the rear of the Union works.

The stream, at this part, was peculiarly exposed to a plunging fire from the bluff on which stood Howlett's house, and here many and formidable guns were mounted. There were also a barrier of sunken craft across the stream, and rumors of an elaborate torpedo system under water. A formidable spot; and, with both shores in hostile hands—as they were, everywhere above the Federal right—a spot almost impossible for wooden vessels to pass at all.

The land operations were, just then, at a stand-still. Each side was thoroughly fortified, and the works protected by *abattis* and wire entanglements. To break through the lines on either side had been proved to be out of the question by a series of assaults from both parties. Affairs were at a dead-lock in Butler's front; a large part of each army was busy watching its enemy, thus keeping its hands tied.

But this was to the advantage of the Rebels, as they had an inside line, with a railroad at their backs, and at all times they could keep their movements secret. They could withdraw a large force from our front, and still keep up a show of strength, without our immediately discovering the game; while our movements were soon intelligible to them. We were in Virginia—the enemy's country; his spies were on their own familiar ground. From the same cause our area was confined to the places within our lines of work, and the forests here were rapidly falling before our fuel-hunters, and exposing our numbers and movements to the Rebel signal-officers. With a view to unlock the situation, General

Butler supposed it practicable to cut a canal in a month's time that would let our gun-boats up the James, without running the gauntlet of the Howlett guns and the sunken rafts and torpedoes.

The river makes a great bend above Dutch Gap, inclosing a long, broad point of meadow-like land, half a mile wide at the end and two or three miles in length, but, at the throat, only about five hundred feet across, from the river above to the river below. A canal across, of five hundred feet, would save in distance six miles or more over the journey round the bend. And as the Howlett bluff, the snags, the torpedoes, and the Rebel left were all on the turn of the bend, a canal would let the gun-boats past all these dangers without traversing the long, open river-reach of exposed water-channel. Thus, we might place our river navy behind the Rebel line, and divert their attention from Grant at Petersburg, or from the dead-lock game at Bermuda.

On the north of the river, behind the Federal works, and on both sides above the Howlett bluff, the country was mostly open meadow, with perhaps some fringe of trees along the river margin, so that there was no great chance—short of Fort Darling—to build up another formidable work that should repeat the Howlett lock upon the stream. The bank at Dutch Gap to be cut through was about forty-five feet above water level, at the highest part.

Under these circumstances, it was easy to see the military advantage of a canal. Could it be built in a short time? Were the engineering difficulties formidable, apart from the inevitable opposition of the enemy? Five hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, forty-five feet deep; such a cut would be less than many which have been successfully made on our railroad lines.

One night—the 8th of August, I think—the working detail crossed the river in boats, armed with shovels, picks, rifles,

and provisions. The Engineer set two lines of stakes, and the ground was broken at once.

This was the beginning; and no marriage-bell could have gone merrier than did the first breaking of the ground at Dutch Gap. The light soil yielded easily, and the progress was plain enough to be seen. The men were enthusiastic: they were gaining renown, and were to be paid for it. The General would smile upon them officially in General Orders; their credit with the sutler would improve; what more could a soldier wish? The enemy's fire, to be sure, would open upon them in the morning; but that was no novelty. It generally did open upon them in the morning, at whatever point of the line they might happen to be. So they yielded to the light-heartedness of their race, and laughed and made merry over the night's digging.

Long and deep grew the ditch, until, at last, the security of its shelter, the fatigue of work, the waning hours of the night, brought drowsiness, and the work grew less vigorous. The eastern stars grew pale; the gray lines shone above the horizon. We peered anxiously above the new earth-bank toward the dreaded guns at Howlett's. Reveille calls awoke the troops all along the Federal lines. A faint sound of distant bugles came from the Rebel works. The bluff, and the Rebel batteries—even the guns, at last—grew distinct. It was broad daylight, and they must soon see what the night had brought forth at Dutch Gap. A line of new, freshly thrown up earth, stretching across the throat of the peninsula, from water to water, could mean but one thing—a canal! This would at once be obvious, and the full purport and result of a canal at that point could hardly escape the intelligence of the stupidest. "Our ole gun-boats 'll git 'way roun' be-yind 'um," said the colored diggers—which was plain enough to see. Howlett's guns would see it, too, soon enough;

and, seeing, would no doubt try to "per-wail upon us to stop," as Sam Weller sang of Dick Turpin. "A couple of balls in his nob," was Mr. Turpin's persuasive method. Howlett's had many balls, and our working detail had many "nobs" open to conviction.

They were certainly somewhat slow of comprehension, and we were getting tired of watching, when, without warning or any visible preliminaries, two puffs of white smoke—one immediately after the other—expanded suddenly and silently from the guns at Howlett's, and silently rolled upward. A seemingly long interval of waiting; then came the distant reports, and simultaneously the scream of the shells far above our heads. Below us, two puffs of dust were kicked up with an explosion. They were "getting the range," as gunners say, and this first practice was bad. But again the smoke clouds expanded and rolled away from the Rebel guns, and this time their shells landed nearer to the working line.

But this game can be played by two parties. Federal batteries replied; and in number of guns, and amount of iron thrown, the Rebels generally came out second-best. An artillery duel was thus begun, which raged, with no perceptible effect, for some hours. It taught the working party, however, that they were reasonably secure from damage by the Howlett-house guns. And, indeed, the Rebels seemed to learn the same lesson very soon; for their fire gradually slackened, then went out altogether, and was not again rekindled at that point. The Howlett guns threw their shells a long distance, and at right angles to the line of the canal; and, with horizontal firing, it was almost impossible to strike so narrow a mark.

After the first day's firing, the guns at Howlett's treated the canal with silent contempt.

The work progressed rapidly at first, and the excavation was soon deep enough

for mule teams to work to advantage. These were crossed over and stabled under the protecting river-bank. The file of carts came from the canal, and dumped the waste earth on the reedy flat of the river-shore, where the works of the Federal right looked across protectingly. A slight projection of the river-bank above concealed this open end of the canal from the enemy. The opposite end was left untouched. The canal extended to within some ten or fifteen feet of the point where it was to join the river above, and this mass was left as a bulk-head, to be blown out with powder when the rest of the canal was made navigable. It was supposed the higher water at that point of the stream would take the new short-cut offered by the canal, and sweep out a good boat's channel through the *debris* of the bulk-head.

As the cutting got down through the top layers of soil and loose clay to the tougher hard-pan, the work became slower, while the enemy found more effectual means of annoyance. By crossing to the north, or Richmond side of the river, they had high ground on the prolongation of the line of the canal, so that their guns had a better chance of throwing shot into it; although here the bulk-head of the canal stood between the workers and the Rebel guns, and the deeper the work sunk, the more effectual protection this gave. Still, the "danger" that had been promised in the call for volunteers began to develop itself, and now no day passed without death and wounds in the deepening channel.

The working detail was driven to find quarters for camps in holes burrowed into the steep clay river-banks, near the open end of the canal. These were squared out and cut down some five or six feet below the upper surface, and shelter-tents were pitched above for roofs. The earth thrown out made a path along the steep side of the river-bank, below the line of fire. Under this

bank, also, came the temporary hospitals and the supply department, and built their make-shift conveniences in the narrow spaces between bluff and river.

As the enemy's shell-practice grew more accurate, and the hard-pan grew tougher, the progress of the digging became slower. The excitement and novelty faded away into danger and drudgery. The sun shone fixedly, the yellow earth radiated the blaze of heat, and set free the malaria of newly turned earth and sedgy shores. Fever and ague, and bilious fevers, attacked the working party; and these diseases were aggravated by the cellar-like holes in which the constant fire of the enemy forced the troops to live. The sick-list speedily enlarged, and the death-rate increased. The light-hearted race soon sobered down out of the broad grins with which the work was begun, and the pathetic melancholy in every face showed that now the other side of its changeable character was uppermost. Before the first month of work was over, half the laborers were *hors de combat*. The hospital transferred its boat-loads every night to the south side of the stream. Engineers shook their heads. By no means half of the work was yet done, and the progress grew very slow as the material changed to blue-black clay, and rock-like hard-pan. Inspectors and experts came, and reported unfavorably.

But General Butler showed the determination or obstinacy which had helped him often before in straits, legal and military. He gave up the volunteer system, made direct details of whole commands, doubling his working force, and put in charge an officer with the combined powers of military commander and chief engineer. He also introduced a steam dredge for the channel, and an engine for hoisting the earth and pumping water. The mule force was increased also, and the breadth of the work somewhat diminished. The canal was re-

duced in width to simply the necessity of the narrowest paddle-box steamer, a roadway being thus left on each side of the canal at the bottom of the cut.

All this renewed effort told upon the work manifestly, and soon the great bulk of the steam-dredge could hide its length in the mouth of the canal.

But the enemy had brought a new weapon into play, which was doing more damage than all their devices hitherto—than any thing, in fact, except the insidious fever. This was a mortar-battery—an old-time device for shell-throwing; once the only method by which shells could be thrown at all. By the side of the modern perfections of horizontal shell-firing, rifled ordnance, and long ranges, these little, squat, iron tubs seem as absurd as the old-fashioned, bell-mouthed blunderbusses and matchlocks. But they renewed their youth at Dutch Gap. Their shells, thrown up from the bushy meadow beyond the river, fell into the gap of the excavation, and exploded with fatal effect. The direct fire sent the shot screaming in lines above our heads, or spent itself against the impenetrable mass of the bulk-head. A few only described their parabolas with sufficient nicety to clear the upper edge of the protecting wall of earth, and yet fall short enough to reach the workers. But the mortar-shells were thrown high up into the air and then fell by their own weight, with no warning scream, and, dropping in the midst of busy groups, burst into ragged fragments of iron, which maimed and killed.

Across the river from the closed end of the canal was a wide, low meadow, with a fringe of scattered trees along the stream, and thickets of alders and meadow-bushes over its surface. Hidden in these bushes lay the mortars. It was impossible to tell their whereabouts, as they were often shifted. But, to them, the canal remained fixed, and it was an easy thing to get the angle at which to

toss a shell that would fall into its open seam. Down in the deep cut, between the high clay walls, it was difficult to hear the report of the mortar when fired; but if one looked up at the right moment, it was easy to see the black ball descending. They fell hardly as silently as snow-flakes, but with a flutter scarcely too loud for a bird's wing, until the quiet and stealthy fall ended in a sudden roar of explosion, which reverberated with horrid exaggeration from the upright walls. Then crouching figures rose slowly from the sulphurous cloud of the gunpowder smoke; or there were some who did not rise, and a blanket was made to do duty as a stretcher, and something limp and bloody was carried down to the outer bank, by the mouth of the canal.

To silence the mortars, a battery of artillery was brought over, and earth-works were built on the river-bank, near the closed end of the canal. This bank was high and steep, and overlooked the meadow of the hidden mortars. The gunners could see no troops or works among the alder-bushes, but they kept a sharp watch for the puff of smoke from the discharged mortar, and directed their fire at the spot indicated.

The rebel counter-movement to this step was to place sharp-shooters along the river-bank, hiding them also in the bushes of the shore. But this by no means checked the Federal fire, though it may have disconcerted its accuracy. At any rate, the mortars continued to toss their quietly dropping and terrible missiles into the canal, with no perceptible diminution, though they came now from thicker and more hidden clumps of bushes.

The increased force at the work made some crowding of camps necessary, for the protected space was limited. This made it difficult to keep the camps clean, and the foulness, added to the continued underground burrowing, augmented the sick-list. One regiment was, for a time,

without an officer for duty, and its force of men was almost correspondingly reduced.

Giant Despair found easy victims in the negro race. The cases of disease from Dutch Gap began to show an undue fatality. The new detail was fast following in the footsteps of the first. The first men had volunteered for extra pay, and this was, for some cause, withheld, and the volunteers were discontented, and thought themselves defrauded. The second men were ordered to the work with no promises or expectation of increased pay; and they, too, considered themselves unfairly treated, in being made to do the same work for which the others were nominally drawing extra pay. There were no songs now, at night, by the camp-fires. Each day added new victims to the mortar-practice.

The canal was a horror. Its open line caught all the falling iron, and at the bottom of the *cul-de-sac* the workmen found no shelter and no escape. They were walled in by the now lofty sides. These sides radiated the fierce heat of the sun, stifled the breezes, and exhaled miasma. The work looked hopeless again. Progress, there was seemingly almost none, though the dredge was doing hidden work under water.

"Silence those mortars!" was the talk of all officers, and the hope of the men. Artillery and musketry had been tried, but their fire had not diminished. "Cross a force of troops and capture them!" This was impracticable, as the broad, open meadow was under the guns of Rebel works in almost every direction. To venture there, it must be done in heavy force; and this would require pontoon-laying in the face of hidden sharpshooters, and large preparation where such preparation would be full notice in advance to the enemy of our intentions. "Then venture a small force of picked men, crossing by night, spiking mortars,

capturing or routing the gunners, and returning before the Rebels could counter-move in the morning!" This might be done, but it would be a desperate enterprise. The crossing would have to be effected at some point where the opposite bank was free of sharpshooters and pickets. Under the darkness of night, a small force might creep into the unexplored regions of the long peninsula, and it was possible that a point might be found unguarded, where a party in boats could cross unseen. The crossing once made in safety and secrecy, the enterprise would then have to begin in the enemy's country, in the presence of the whole Rebel army; a navigable river between the party and its return, and a desperate game to play by night in front; in an unknown country, against an unknown number of the enemy, lying at some unknown points among the bushes. The probabilities were largely against a favorable upshot; nevertheless, the enterprise was not only talked of, but talked of seriously, and even prepared, though, I believe, without official sanction. Regimental line officers planned the mortar raid, chose their men, and even made night *reconnoissances* up the peninsula, and selected the point of crossing.

But, when they were ready to receive the desired permission from head-quarters and strike the blow, a greater movement than this frustrated and partly superseded their gallant plans. Twenty miles away, General Grant had given his often-repeated order, "By the left flank, for the Weldon Railroad, march!" And in all such cases the right wing of the grand army must simulate attack also, and in sufficient force to change the feint into a real attack, if the enemy should show weak at any point.

Dutch Gap was the extreme right of the Army of the James, which was again the right of the grand army. So the movement at once affected the troops at the canal.

At midnight of September 27th there was commotion among the forces at Dutch Gap. Adjutants were rousing officers of the line with the welcome news of instant march. Down with the shovel and the hoe, and up once more with rifle and knapsack. In an hour or two we had turned our backs upon the now enormous gash of the canal and the putrid holes where we had camped, had crossed the river to the Federal lines once more, and were in joyful, light-hearted march for a new crossing of the river two miles below.

With every step away from the grim horror of the canal our spirits rose, till at length the night-march at route-step fell into cadence with the first song for weeks.

Our own individual fortunes, henceforth, were apart from Dutch Gap and its canal, after nearly two months of labor between its sullen walls, and exposed to its combination of pestilence and sudden death.

We took a hearty share in the masking movement of the right wing, which, finding the weak spot of the enemy, turned its feint into an impetuous, sweeping assault—carrying Battery Harrison, Newmarket Heights, the Richmond road, and a long line of Rebel works north of the James. The works carried then were held by the Union troops afterward.

This affair gave us the hill from which the enemy had been shelling Dutch Gap, silencing the guns there, of course, and commanding the meadow of mortars from a new direction. This shut up one source of danger, disconcerted another, and freshened the determination of the General and the efforts of the men.

Entirely new men were now substituted for the first two sets of workers, who were allowed to feel themselves free from Dutch Gap, and to hold the works they had helped to capture. The dredging-machine and the pump-engine were ren-

dered bomb-proof with heavy timbers, and powder-chambers were dug in the now towering mass of the bulk-head.

Two months had passed since the ground was broken, and the dredge now floated half-way through. The new detail had more camp-room, and was consequently freer from sickness than the former.

But the mortar-fire, though partially checked, was by no means silenced. The ominous globes of iron still dropped among the workmen. The heat was still considerable, the malaria still formidable. The canal was not yet built, nor the doubters silenced. Again the work dragged heavily.

But a new interest was added, from the digging of mining-chambers in the bulk-head. An entrance was made into the bank considerably above, and then descended some distance below the water-level in the river. Powder, in rubber bags and tin cans, was stored in these chambers, ready to be fired at the proper time. General Butler hoped by this means to lift the enormous mass of the bulk-head, and clear out a channel between the upper river and the canal.

The work dragged its slow length through October, growing slower as the working space grew shorter. The dredge—worked by contract, in civilian hands—was timorous, and did small service. The Rebel mortars, though closely watched, and constantly replied to, still dropped their fatal shells every five minutes—a rate of fire which they actually averaged, from the beginning to the end of the work. The canal was the dread of all troops liable for detail; a butt for the gibes and sneers of the doubters, and the personal enemies of the General. Court-martials even ventured to punish criminals, by sentence to the canal; one of them epitomized its opinion of the nature of the work and its probable duration, by sentence of a culprit to “two years’ hard labor at Dutch

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Gap Canal." This was a fair hit. The successful end of the work could now give us little more than our capture of the Battery Harrison line had already done, and every day's labor cost us lives.

At last, late in November, the canal fairly emerged from the level of ridicule, and appeared as a political power, dictating terms to the enemy—by which it served its only useful purpose, and partially redeemed its ceaseless slaughter.

At this time, Butler was given charge of the business of exchange of prisoners. The enemy were notoriously using the colored troops who had fallen into their hands, as laborers in dangerous and exposed places on their works. To Butler's appeal to have them treated according to rules of civilized warfare, as prisoners of war, the enemy averted his nose from the "beast," and went on haughtily with his defiance of humanity.

Collecting certain prisoners then in his hands—prisoners, I believe, of some Confederate distinction, and not in the military service—Butler put them at work in the canal, and notified the Rebels that they would be removed when the captured men of the colored regiments were treated as prisoners of war. One of the prisoners was allowed to go to Richmond, on his parole of honor to return, to represent the case to the Confederate authorities. In a few days, the Confederate prisoners were taken out of the canal, and the colored prisoners off of the Rebel works. Thenceforth, they were treated as prisoners of war.

Let us give General Butler due credit for his action in this matter. The Rebel press howled "beast" and "outlaw" louder than before, but the Rebel authorities yielded to his demand.

After this short episode, the canal fell back to its old position of butt and bugbear—hated, feared, and sneered at.

So far, the original men who had broken the first ground had remained near

the work, overlooking it partially from the advanced line captured in September. Early in December, however, they were detailed from the Army of the James, and sent out to sea, as part of the memorable first expedition against Fort Fisher. After the failure there, they returned once more to the old position on James River. And here they saw, at last, the closing of the work they began with so much glee, and had toiled over through so much gloom. The grand explosion of the bulk-head took place late in December, 1864. The powder in the chambers was fired, and the whole mass of earth disappeared into rubbish and *débris*. The waters of river and canal united three miles above the Howlett Battery, but united without a navigable channel. No Monitor gun-boat or naval craft of any kind ever passed through the canal.

The work ceased; the Rebel mortar-fire was silent at last; General Butler was removed from his command; and Dutch Gap faded out of Army gossip in the growing light of greater events. Five months of hard and dangerous toil, with a net result of absolute failure!

Hardly any single operation of the war was persisted in with such determination against such formidable obstacles; none, certainly, for an object of such small importance. The loss of life—the troops disabled by wounds, and sickness from labor at the canal—I have never seen estimated. That it was considerable may be inferred from a loss of nearly two hundred men in one regiment, whose whole period of canal work was a little less than two months. The effect upon *morale* can not, of course, be estimated. But to live in putrid holes; to be exposed daily to a hostile fire, with no chance to retaliate; to suffer a soldier's dangers, while deprived of his spirit as a combatant; to wield a spade only under fire—all this is depressing and demoralizing, and to the impressible and depressible

negro race, it was doing much to deprive him of his soldierly ardor.

The "extra pay" offered in the original order fell short of the spirit of the promise, though, perhaps, not legally of its letter. After much delay, the volunteers received the first month's pay, but nothing more, though they worked an-

other month in the hope of it. But the literal promise was that the second payment should be made on the successful completion of the work, which has not happened to this day. Were not the words of the call those of a shrewd and legal mind, rather than of a blunt and soldierly one?

ON SOME OF OUR BIRDS.

WHY is it—I asked myself, as I journeyed on a morning down the pretty San Antonio—why is it that these little tribes are splitting their bills as merrily away now in these dry October days, as in our cold East in May? Ah! I have the reason: thrifty devotees of business—as all things are bound to be in California—they are paying their customary annual installment of ground and water rent. Water privileges are pretty dear down here.

Here in southern California they have squatters—or, as they are sometimes contemptuously called, in allusion to their vagabondizing habits and wretched holes of tenements, "coyotes"—who stop on eligible lands for a season, in the hope that somebody will presently pay them a bonus to leave, rather than involve themselves in the pother of a lawsuit to oust them. The birds in the Eastern States are like these squatters. They make no "improvements." They don't concern themselves about rent-day—they come in the spring, from other and sunnier heavens, and they say: "We are under no obligations to these huge, two-legged savages. They would murder us if they could. So we will just pay them as little song-rent as we please." But here in California, they are neither land-grabbers and speculators, on the one hand, nor squatters, on the other, but legitimate and life-long settlers.

They "enter" quarter-sections for permanent occupation only; they come with no *animus revertendi*. Hence they feel under some obligations to make improvements, or—to return to my cabbage—to pay their rent promptly and fully. Or is it that they feel less secure of their habitations? Who could lay an axe to the root of one of the too scattered trees of California, when they are pleaded for by these little barristers, with more eloquence than is learned in Lincoln's Inn?

This habit of remaining in the land through all the seasons, for whatever bird-reason it may have been adopted, appears to have developed certain new propensities. Toward the last days of October, while staying on the *rancho* of a friend on the Nascimientó, I saw the bluejays commence very early one morning, carrying something in their beaks from a great oak-tree. There were fifteen or twenty of them, and they were all at work at the top of their bent, flying backward and forward with as much air of business as any wholesale merchant on Sansome Street. What can these flippant and impertinent thieves be about? I wondered. Thinking it was only some idle mischief they were bent upon, I paid little attention to them until the next morning, when they began again long before sunrise. My curiosity was piqued, for it was quite improbable that they could have any young so late in the

season. And if they had, they could never cram down their throats, with all their proverbial voracity, the acorns they were carrying. They selected certain huge white-oaks, which produced comparatively sweet acorns; and these they were carrying across a belt of open campaign to the bank of the Nascimiento, where they hid them in the sand, above the reach of the river. They would probe about for the softest ground, and then hammer them home with their beaks, as a cordwainer would the pegs in his shoe. Though it would have been more convenient for them, in plucking them from their cups, to seize them by the points, they invariably turned them round, as if they comprehended that they could drive them into the sand better point downward. When one had picked a large acorn, he was often obliged, in crossing the field, to stop on the ground and drive it into his jaws again by striking it against the ground. I satisfied myself perfectly of the disposition they made of them, by digging in the sand and extracting several acorns.

What did they mean by all this? Were they doing it as a matter of pure business? That they were greatly in earnest there was no room for doubt, for they continued at it, from sunrise to sunset, for over two weeks.

An old Miguelesio Indian told me that it was the premonition of a severe winter; that they were hiding these acorns to bridge over the interval between the destruction of the seeds by the November rains, and the appearance of worms on the surface, elicited by the warm spring showers. At the date of this writing, (November) it is pretty generally remarked that there is an unusually light crop of acorns. What is certain is, that, after the drought has parched California for seven months, and the cold, pouring rains have destroyed what few seeds were left, both the soil and the trees are, for a short season, about as nude of sup-

plies, both for bird and beast, as it is easy to imagine.

But if these were commissary supplies, could they recover them at the time of pinching? There were probably not a dozen acorns on any single square rod, and there was nothing whatever to mark the places where they had *cached* them. Still, they had plugged so large an area with them, that an hour's scratching could hardly fail to bring to light enough for the sharpest winter day. I shall not fail to note the final disposition which my bluejays make of their mast, and to inform the readers of the OVERLAND thereof.

In the meantime, would it not, probably, be well for us to revise our previous notions of the jay? Hitherto, it has done duty as the stereotyped symbol for an inconstant or termagant woman. Imogen, when she would annihilate with a word her suspected rival in her husband's affections, compares her to

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose painting is her mother."

Is it not just possible that, under the summer skies—or, perhaps, under the urgency of a brief, but regularly recurring winter need—it has become more amiable, and a model housekeeper?

The bluejay is not the only bird which seems, in California, to have departed from its Eastern habits. The woodpecker, too, here becomes a forelooker for winter. Often I have seen the little spotted woodpecker (*picus minor*) drill a circle of holes quite round the body of some vast old holm, each one of which was only large enough to admit a single acorn. I have seen him, too, working with his notable and business-like air, plugging these holes—now laying an acorn on a limb, or in a crotch of the tree, to drill the hole a little larger, and now trying it again, and hammering it in with his hard little head. My jays of the Nascimiento lost a great deal of time by frisking about from bush to bush, or on

the sand, jabbing their acorns into it, and then scratching them out again for another trial, or in chasing and squalling after each other, for the privilege of burying a choice acorn. But these woodpeckers are emphatically men of business: they could tolerate no waste of time, except what was unavoidable in trying and fitting in the acorns.

All this is curiously suggestive. How much or how little does that instinct differ from human reason? By what higher rule could a mechanic work, in such a matter, than to cut and try? The woodpecker knows that worms abound principally in dry trees, and that it must seek them there, hard though they are; but it seems, also, to understand that a green tree is soft, for that is the one which it chooses wherein to bore its tiny granaries.

But there is, perhaps, no other bird of California which so much excels its kin in the East—in the article of song, at least—as the humming-bird. How many of my readers ever heard a humming-bird sing in New England, or even in the sunny South? But any one may enjoy this delightful privilege here, who will only wait and watch in the woods a little in October. A score of times this fall, on my friend's Nascimiento *rancho*, all fragrant now with the purple tarweed, I have seen the smallest of all possible birds (probably the *trochilus minimus*) perched on the mightiest limb of an oak, like a fly on a cart-wheel, trilling its tiny twitter, which was barely audible immediately beneath. After whizzing all the morning through the crisp and buxom air, so coolly aromatic in these tar-weed fields, one has sat five different times just above our whitewashed gate. Its song is that cool, metallic chirrup of the cricket—that “modulated shade” which Thoreau heard, but greatly finer and more subtle—*spirituelle* as any daintiest touch of Carlo Patti on the violin. It is such a sweet, small war-

ble, that it is just the merest paring of a song—a sort of disembodied spirit of a whistle; yet you stand on very tiptoe to catch it, and you feel, if you have any music in your soul, that you have heard the most exquisite sound in nature.

And now a story of some more robust singers—the crows. It was one morning, late in September, that my friend and myself were out to take the medicating aroma and the warmth, just on the dubious edge of that most charming of all seasons I have ever known—the point when the matutinal keenness of a California autumn morning melts slowly away into the *mauve*, hazy, sunny day. On an immense dead oak, beside the river, we saw a number of crows, and stopped to observe their doings. They were scattered with much regularity on the upper branches, while on the highest and middle perch sat a falcon, majestically tranquil and erect. For nearly half an hour, while we were watching them, they all maintained a solemn silence. On opposite sides of the falcon were two crows, upon which it seemed to devolve to conduct the exercises of this Quaker meeting. First, one would lift out his wings as wide as he could stretch them, and hold them motionless for about three minutes, when he would let them fall, and the other would then do the same. The falcon sat facing the morning sun, apparently indifferent to these homages; but all the crows seemed to join in silent and reverential worship.

A few days after (and it so happened that it was Sunday both times) I saw a similar solemn assembly, conducted in the same manner. One crow, however, apparently younger and friskier than the others, presently grew tired of these mummeries and flew away, as if he thought it was time for the meeting to be let out. He would fly a little way off, then alight and call to the others, “Caw! caw! caw!” then he would return and

fly away again; and he repeated this many times before he could induce the others to quit this solemn stupidity of hero-worship.

I like not this sort of hero. He is valiant against nothing but my plump young quails. There were two pestilent quail-hawks, of which I have shot one, but the other still harries my pretty flocks and keeps them in a constant flutter of fright. If ever they venture from the *chaparral* or the brush-wood fence, (for we have such fences yet down here in southern California) he swoops among them like a chain-shot, and the air is full of screeches and a great whiz. The other day I saw him stoop swiftly upon one, but, being unable to clutch it readily, he struck it heavily to the ground with his pinion, and then, doubling sharp around, seized it before it recovered from the shock.

It is about these days, or a little earlier, that the red-winged blackbirds get together in vast multitudes, and wheel and sweep in the dusty barley-fields, or perch in myriads in the willows by the *tules*. They are trying themselves in the maneuvers of marching by masses. "O blackbird, sing me something well." But you will not, for, unlike the others, you are about to emigrate, and feel, I suppose, that you owe no man any thing. Well, Mr. Blackbird, *inter nos*, it isn't every body who pays all his debts before he leaves the neighborhood. More than that, if you could live on venison and wild honey, as these "coyotes" do, we would gladly give you enough for your journey, for you don't burn up the country every year.

I think our common blackbird is the most thoroughly representative American bird we have. He is so earnest and honest—so business-like, so practical. Did you ever see a blackbird take one unnecessary jump, or waggle its tail a single time more than was necessary? It never observes the "line of beauty,"

but flies in a course as straight as that which an American takes between his beefsteak and his ledger. The blackbird has a much better right to fly over the armies and navies of the Republic than the thieving and cowardly glutton which now perches there. What does the eagle know of purchase or of peaceable annexation? It has served every nation of robbers and plunderers of provinces, from Rome even down to Austria, and flaunts itself to-day at the head of modern European Chauvinism, and has its image stamped on that assassin of liberty, the needle-gun. The flight and the conquests of the eagle are world-wide, and such Rome and Austria sought to make their monarchies. But let us, for the bounds of our commercial young Republic, take the practical blackbird for a guide. He does not fly very widely over Mexico, southward, but he likes Canada pretty well. It might be wise, perhaps, for single races of men to spread themselves no wider across the track of the sun than do single races of birds.

If California has no mocking-bird, like the South, and no bobolink, like New England, it nevertheless has its starling. The song of the bobolink is a sort of ecstasy—"pure rapture," as Ik Marvel says—the inspiration of its favorite clime in the Carolinas; and it sings never so well as when swaying blithely on a wind-rocked bush. The mocking-bird, too, sings with a Southern abandon, shaking from its little throat "floods of delicious music." But the starling has the richest voice. It sits all the morning in the modest place it loves—generally hidden in the bush—and from the fullness of its own deep and quiet joy, pours forth the incomparable sweetness of its orisons. It needs no squirts and jumps of coquetry, no flitting and swinging on the bush, and flashing of gaudy colors in the sun, to trick forth its peerless song. In my opinion, the California starling is the one perfect singer of our continent.

France has never produced a contralto singer, and Italy can boast but little more, but ice-bound Scandinavia gives us Jenny Lind and Nilsson. The flip-pant songsters of the sunny South (for the bobolink is really Southern) can never compare with the starling, dwelling in the cool and changeless mountain valleys of California.

I can not soon forget the morning when I heard it first. It was in southern California, in the valley of San Felipe. This is one of those innumerable pleasant valleys which are swung down in the Coast Range, just like a hammock; and the rising sun shone straight up it in mid-September. On either hand loomed the green and brown mottled *sierras*, with jagged acres of *encinal* flung over their shoulders, like tattered capes against the morning cold. All along the tops, like spikes, or crowded thick in coves far up, the grayish California pines shook out their long, thin hair—leaning this way and that, in a kind of youthful and erratic wildness, which would shock a staid family pine of Georgia. Swagging far down from its rocky fastenings, this hammock belied out long and large, in the furzy luxuriance of autumn, with multitudinous gray, and tawny, and umber patches, in the rank and tangled greenery of the after-math; studded here and there with bright *mesquites*, which flashed in the sun like Christmas-trees, with their colored pods tipped and jeweled with dews. O, it was a goodly sight to see!—this land, in the unwasted fatness of the plenty of the earth, yielding milk, and corn, and wine!

But the thing which delighted me more than all these was the sweet jangle of singing birds, so late in the season. Foremost and sweetest of all—like the single voice of Parepa-Rosa swelling richly and grandly out above all the thousand-throated roar of the Coliseum—was the peerless carol of the starling. All else was as sounding brass or a

tinkling cymbal. There was that cantankerous and clapper-clawing vixen, the magpie, screeching and scolding at every body in general; and the outrageous spinster, the jay, eternally screaming at the other sex, "G' 'way! g' 'way!" Then there was the oriole, and the crows, clacking, and choking, and jabbering, and chuckling over their meat; and the sweet, small chirrup of the yellow-bird, with a song as wavy as its saw line of flight; and that lonely, melancholy warbler, the bluebird. Loudest and most imperious of all was the querulous family call of the California quail, who, as he struts along so grandly important, is always saying to his children, "Come *right* home! come *right* homie!" or—as a friend, in whose interpretation of bird-calls I have the greatest confidence, prefers to understand—to his mistress: "Come right here!" (*i. e.*, this nice bunch of seeds I have found.)

In one of these mountain valleys, if you will conceal yourself and wait patiently for a time, you may hear, far off and timid, the lonely thrumming of the *chaparral*-cock, or *paysano*. To this poor bird, with its homely plumage of gray, looking all adust—its rude and monotonous drumming, and its utter lack of the power of flight—Nature, else so equal, seems to have been unjust. It appears to feel its helpless and lowly estate, and remains aloof; and in its poor, barren song there are, I sometimes fancy, certain notes so piteously and touchingly mournful as almost to draw tears from the eyes of a listener. If you lurk patiently in the bush, you may see him, perhaps, in pursuit of a snake, run with incredible swiftness past you, trailing his long tail in the sand. Having killed and devoured it, as if conscious that he has done you a notable service, he runs again, and, spreading his wings, manages to sail up three or four feet into a bush, where he falls to thrumming, or clacking, again. Is there any plaintive note in his rattle now? Not one.

FRAU TRÜDCHEN'S DREAM.

I WAS young and hearty in those days. The wild and picturesque Alpine regions, with their foaming cataracts, their thundering snow-slides, their dense forests, their glaciers, and cracked ice-fields, inspired me with a venturesome spirit, now and then tempered with awe, and wonder how human beings, having the wide expanse of God's earth before them, could choose to dwell in those forlorn and forsaken regions. But, even as the dwellers on the slope of fiery Etna rebuild their ruined city, over and over again, on the same spot, the hardy Swiss would not exchange his mountain wilderness for all the luxuries of Eden.

A strange hamlet was Gletscherheim: a few *chalets*, piled roughly on the sides of a rugged Alp; here and there a level space, with scanty grass; a few goats, and fewer cows, carefully *corraled*—one would say a break-neck village, where none but the feathered tribe could dwell. But when you saw the healthy Swiss maiden come out of a cottage, pail in hand, jauntily step over a pathway cut roughly in the rocky mountain, until she came to the swift-rushing brook; then fill her pail, and carry it on her head as if it were a diadem—meanwhile singing, with a clear, though somewhat harsh voice, a song of freedom and love—then you began to feel there was a home there.

The girl of whom I spoke—for I saw such a one, while resting from my long ramble, and wishing for a drink of water—had just deposited her pail, and was kissing a little urchin who had run out to meet her, when, looking up, she saw me, stared long, and then cried, almost at the top of her voice: "Come in, stranger, and rest yourself!"

"*Ich komme!*" cried I, accustomed

to the hospitable manners of the Swiss mountaineer. And I began my ascent, not with the ease and freedom of a native, but yet with some more facility than the common herd of tourists.

I had almost reached the level space on which the cottage was built, when my climbing powers nearly gave out. With the half-pitying smile of superiority she came forward, reached me her hand, and, with considerable muscular power, lifted me up to the landing-place.

"*Der Herr* is not from Oberland," said she, laughing; "*armer Herr!* quite tired! Come in—rest thyself! But thy bundle, *mein Herr*—thy bundle!"

Indeed, I had forgotten my small valise! I was going down to fetch it, when she held me with a very decided grip, saying to the little boy: "Quick, Ralf! *des Herrn* valise!"

Off went the boy, and up he came like a bird. It took him not half the time it took me to come up. But in that time I observed my conductress. Not handsome, nor fair, she had a face so good, so honest, such dark-brown, lustrous eyes, such a well-built form, such a pure, candid expression in her whole being, that I felt decidedly interested in her.

"Come!" said she; "go in, and rest awhile." With that, she took the valise from Ralf's hand, and led the way to the *chalet*. It was low, but its solid roof spread wide, and, all around, climbing plants, thrifty and fresh, showed they were cared for. Two benches, one each side of the porch, of a truly rustic appearance, were evidently often used. The door was open, and the room inside, though somewhat dark, had a neat and comfortable appearance. In the corner farthest from the door was a couch, with dazzling

white linen. At first I saw nothing but the linen; but soon I perceived that the couch was occupied by an elderly woman, whose hands lay folded on the coverlet, while her languid eyes rested on my guide.

"Sit down, *mein Herr*," said the girl, offering me a clumsy, but commodious chair, and placing my valise in a corner of the room; then, turning to the invalid, she added, "A stranger, mother dear—a traveler." And, taking one of her thin, snow-white hands, she kissed it, bent over her, and said some fond, endearing words.

The mother tried to straighten herself a little, and said, "Welcome, *mein Herr*; always glad to see a stranger!" But her faintly spoken words were accompanied by a strange smile—the smile of weariness and despondency.

The daughter seemed excited, almost flushed. "*Nur glaube*," she said, whispering; "only believe, mother dear, and it will come."

I did not exactly know what to say. The whole reception was so abrupt, so kind, and yet so strange, that I felt embarrassed. I looked at the furniture of the room, at the small pictures, at every thing, until my attention was caught by two claws of an eagle, nailed crosswise on the wall, above what we would call the mantel-piece, and surmounted by a beak of huge proportions: the wings, each some three feet long, inclosed the whole, which made a strange and striking appearance. I rose, to look nearer; and, turning to the lady, who had followed my motions with languid eye, said, "A splendid eagle that must have been; was it shot in this neighborhood?"

The invalid had, as it seemed, a shock of emotion. The color returned to her blanched cheeks; she tried to raise herself on the couch; her right hand pointed to the trophy, and she spoke slowly, but very impressively:

"*Ein denkmahl, mein Herr; ein denk-*

mahl!" And, having said these words, she fell back exhausted; and her daughter went up to her, and, tenderly kissing her, said, "Mother dear, *nur glaube*—only believe."

I was puzzled. The daughter continued whispering to her mother; and then, with a smile and beaming eye, said: "I beg thy pardon. Sit down near my mother, and while I am preparing a little bite, mother will tell thee all—all, *mein Herr*—and God grant it may be *thou!*"

Thus saying, in a hurried, excited tone, she left the room; and I, more puzzled than ever, moved my chair to the bedside, and sat down near the invalid.

She looked long at me, breathing hard, but quietly; then she took my hand, and, pressing it in hers—a soft, feverish pressure—she said, with eyes lifted to heaven, "*Ach, du lieber Herr, wie lange, wie lange*—how long, how long!"

After a few minutes, during which she seemed to be absorbed in prayer, for her lips moved incessantly, she let my hand go, and tried to straighten herself on her pillow. Resting on one arm, and with the other pointed to the eagle trophy, she said, "That was the bird." Then, turning to the window, near which her couch was placed, she pointed to a high, dead pine-tree, looming up behind a projecting rock, and slowly added, "There was the nest." "*Mein Herr*," she continued, at last, "what I am going to tell you, I have often told to strangers, each time with the hope it might be the last time. O, could this be the last time!"

She paused. After a while she resumed, as with an effort: "I was happy then, *mein Herr*; young and strong. I had a little daughter, just beginning to walk around. She used to follow me when I went to the brook to fetch a pail of water. One morning, just when I had placed the pail on my head to carry it home, I saw the little thing coming

out of the house to meet me, when an eagle swooped down from the high rock, snatched her up, and carried her aloft up to his nest there, sir, *there!*" and, with feverish emotion, she pointed to the withered pine-tree.

"And I dropped the pail, sir, and remember having run with uplifted arms, crying, 'Help! help!' Then my knees bent, and I fell on the ground, retaining consciousness enough to lift me on my elbow, and to see the eagle flapping his wings, as in triumph, while it seemed to my raving brain I heard the wailing of my poor, dear child. A few moments I lay thus—moments of terrible agony, sir—when I heard a shot, not far off. The eagle flapped his wings again, and fell down at the foot of the tree. I heard the wailing distinctly. I tried to rise, but could not. '*Habe dich doch!*' cried a familiar voice. I looked, and saw Roland, my neighbor's son—a boy of ten years—throwing away his gun and rushing, with the swiftness of a bird, down the steep rock which you can see yonder, to gain the other side of the hollow-path, which I saw him ascending in a few minutes. Up he went, hanging on to bush and stone—up and up—a path never tried before. My heart grew faint at the child's danger; then I heard the wailing high up in that eagle's nest; I knew the young eagles were there; I knew they would fall upon my baby-child. I could not move, sir; I could only follow Roland—now disappearing behind the bushes and rocks; now in view, but always advancing—till, at last, I saw him ascending the tree.

"Forgive me, sir; I tremble all over!" And so she did; it was a moment as if her life was ebbing away. I took her hand; it was cold. I felt her pulse; it was scarcely perceptible. I became alarmed and was going to call for help, when she pressed my hand softly, and said: "I've told this often, *mein Herr*, but when I come to that climbing of the

pine-tree, I feel all the horror I then felt over again. Well, he climbed and climbed, till at last he came under the nest. He had to work his way through, for around it he could not go. I saw him take out his jackknife, and, cutting through the maze of branches, he disappeared half through the opening thus made. Then I saw three young eagles thrown, one after another, out of the nest. Then I saw him descend with the child, sir—with the child!"

Again the poor woman was overcome. That fearful descent of her infant baby, hanging with her little arms across the shoulders of the ten-year-old boy—that slow descent, wherein every step was cautiously measured—had seemed an eternity to the terror-stricken mother.

"At last, sir"—she resumed, after awhile—"at last I saw him at the foot of the tree, depositing his charge, and resting. I saw him kiss the baby, and take her up and disappear behind the rocks—another road than he had gone. I then became insensible, and awoke to consciousness to find myself lying on this same couch, surrounded by my husband and neighbors—the baby fast asleep near me, and Roland sitting on a chair, with bruised face and hands, but intently gazing at me and at the child.

"Since that day, sir, I have never been able to move; my lower limbs have remained paralyzed, and, though not suffering, I have never been able to do any thing."

"And the baby," said I, "and Roland?"

"The baby is there," said she, smiling and pointing to her daughter, who just came in with some bread, cheese, and butter, and other things for the weary traveler. "Greta," said she, "I have told thy story over again. When, O Lord, when?"

"And Roland?" said I, with some eagerness; "Roland? Roland?"

"Greta will tell you, Sir Stranger,"

said the mother. And looking to Greta, I saw her blushing and paling, and blushing again. I began to understand. Looking to the mother, I saw her eyes closed, as if weary or sleeping.

"And Roland?" I repeated to the daughter.

"He is hunting, sir," said she, blushing again. "He will be here this evening. Come, *Herr Fremder*, take some refreshment; in the meantime, mother will repose, and, after awhile, tell you the rest."

She blushed again, and this time very much.

I said, "Thank you;" and sat down to the rural meal, with no common appetite, and more than common curiosity.

The first being satisfied, the last became more and more craving. So I turned round to my invalid, and looked rather inquiringly. She smiled, as she said, "*Bist neugierig, liebster Herr—* art curious, dear sir?"

"Very much so!" I exclaimed.

"Believest thou in dreams?" she inquired.

Rather puzzled by the sudden question, I took the appearance of thinking a moment, then said, "*Das ist demnach—* that depends."

"Sit nearer," she said, smiling again; and I had just moved my chair, when the door opened, and a young man stepped in, somewhat out of breath, a long rifle in one hand, in the other a big, broad-rimmed hat; he scarcely noticed me, went straight to the couch, laid his hat on the coverlet, took the invalid's wasted hand, kissed it, knelt on one knee, and said:

"*Wie gehts, mütterchen, wie gehts?*" And he looked at her with a happy smile, and rested his dark-brown eyes on her with a gaze of almost womanly tenderness.

"*Lieber, lieber Roland!*" said the mother. "*Ich glaube der Fremdling ist kommen.*"

Then the young man turned to me, gazed at me with a strange mixture of wonder, reverence, and awe, rose, took his hat, made a bow—such as the mountaineer knows to make—and literally glided out of the room, shutting carefully the door after him.

I looked at the invalid like one asking an explanation. She seemed to gather strength, and said in a steady, almost solemn voice:

"Thou hast seen him, *Herr Fremdling*—him, the boy who saved Greta's life. He is the only son of my next neighbor, Hans Felsen. He was always kind to me. When my husband died, he did all he could to help me in my loneliness. How often he sat where you sit now, reading to me from God's Holy Gospel, and comforting me in my affliction; for, ever since *that* day, I was an invalid, unable to move, and looking to others for help and relief. And Roland was as a son to me—a dear son—*Herr Fremder*; and now, since two years, he waits to be my son, indeed, my Greta's husband. 'If father only would,' says he, 'I could make thee so comfortable. But father is bent upon a dowry. 'If the girl has three hundred thalers,' says he, 'thou canst get along with what I can give thee. Thou canst have cows and goats enough to make a living.' And I can not move him, mother; thou knowest he is obstinate, and somewhat penurious. He likes the sound of money, mother; and unless he hears the clinking of the silver, he will never say 'Yes.'"

"This was about two years ago," continued the invalid; "and, one night, I was kept awake by the grief it caused me to see these two young people so hopeless. At last, I fell asleep, and I had a strange dream. I sat on the bench outside the door, and, looking to the left, I saw my poor husband on the other bench, just as he often used to sit, and looking happily up to me. Said I to him,

'*Lieber mann*, what shall we do for them?' And then he smiled, and began to sing—and he used to sing very well, *mein Herr*—

"Trudchen mein,
Sey doch fein,
Wenn der Fremdling kommet;
Bringt ihn zu ihr,
Und dich zu mir
Wenn es Gott nur frommet.*"

"And he had just ended the last word, when he disappeared, and I woke—the words yet sounding in my ears. But soon I fell asleep again, and then was, in my dream, walking along the path which leads to the grave of my dear Arnold. I reached the spot, and there he stood, smiling again, and began the same song; but, this time, he repeated twice the last line, '*Und dich zu mir*;' then I woke, trembling and wondering; and when Greta came in, I told her.

"Since that time, *mein Herr*, we have become accustomed to look to a Stranger as one sent to do something for us—what, we don't know; but we try to obey my dear husband's command, and to be kind and friendly. Several have passed by, heard the story, but paid no further attention to it. And so it may be again. In that case," said she, taking my hand and pressing it softly, "pray forgive us. We are simple and ignorant people, and, as you know, mountaineers are superstitious."

I was not a little puzzled. Young and ardent in my religious faith, which then was in its full bloom, I was rather leaning toward superstition myself. Could I be the long-foretold instrument to bring happiness to that family? But, if I was rich in belief, I was very poor in purse; and the little practical sense I was endowed with told me that the purse had something to do with this. Then, again, the last line, twice repeated, puzzled me.

* Gertrude mine, Be very kind, When the Stranger comes;

Brings him to her, And thee to me, If God should so be pleased.

"Brings thee to me—thee to me," sounded like a transit to the unknown world: so that I should be the means of bringing these young people together—which I *could* not; and of sending this old lady out of the world—which I *would* not.

At last I came out with some of those consoling, non-committal expressions which newly fledged religious people have always so ready at hand: "The Lord was merciful—we could not trust too much;" "Faith had the promise of victory," etc. And as it had become late, and I felt weary, I rose and said, "The night will bring counsel." The poor invalid smiled wearily, and said to Greta, who had come in at the end of our conversation, "Show the stranger his room, Greta; and be very, very attentive."

And so she was. A cozy little out-room, lighted with a small lamp, received me. My valise was already there, and through the window I could see the dead pine, its top yet crowned with the remains of the eagle's nest, just beginning to be illuminated by the rising moon.

It was a strange sight, and for a moment I could not turn my eyes away. Greta, who had observed my visible emotion, said, smiling:

"My cradle once, and nearly my—coffin."

"*Grüsse Roland*," said I, deeply moved, and giving her my hand.

The tears began to roll. "*Gute nacht, Herr Fremder*," said she, turning and going. "*Gott hüte dich!*" she added, closing the door.

I then prepared for the night's rest. While doing so, and emptying my pockets, a carefully folded newspaper struck my eyes. I had got it in Berne, partly read it, but, in the excitement of foot-travel, forgot it. It was a "religious" paper, printed at Lausanne. It contained many wonderful facts of conversions, with appeals to the unbelieving part of

mankind, advertisements of a "serious" kind, etc. Feeling more weary than sleepy, I sat down in a comfortable arm-chair, and lighting a cigar, (for I *did* smoke, notwithstanding my "serious" disposition) I began to read—strangely enough—the few advertisements. There was one, headed by out-of-the-way capitals: "*Société de Bienfaisance de Lausanne.*" Its purport was that a religious *réunion* would be held at Lausanne, in the chapel *du Bon Pasteur*, on Tuesday, the 24th inst., and all *Chrétiens* invited, especially those who knew of "interesting" cases, which might contribute to advance the kingdom of God.

I jumped up, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all but sound sleepers, "Eureka!" Then I became serious, considered my "interesting" case, found that *money* was at the bottom of it, and then the implied translation of the old lady came across my hard-working brain. I really did kneel down and pray for "light." I was sincere. I got up with the fullest confidence that the "way opened," and fell asleep while preparing my discourse in the chapel *du Bon Pasteur*, to state my "interesting" case.

Early in the morning I was up. A little sobered down from the height of my expectations, I concluded to say nothing of my intention, to leave without notice, and to hurry my steps down the Oberland, so as to be in time for the Berner stage. I accomplished my first descent successfully, then struck another path than the one I had come the day before, as it seemed smoother and easier. So it was for about a mile; but then it came to a turn round a projecting rock, and there it went along a precipice, so narrow, so broken, that I came to a stand-still, and was retracing my steps, when I saw Roland, rifle in hand, approaching.

"*Wo gehst hin, Herr Fremdling?*" said he, with a broad smile. "Let me

help thee, or else thou mayst never come to thy journey's end."

Saying this, he hung the rifle across one shoulder, swung my valise across the other, and taking a tight hold of my left arm, made me go before him. His grip was so firm, and his tread so easy, that I felt no more terror than a child feels when led by her mother's arm.

"It is very bad here," said he, "but it is not far. Some years ago an English Milord came very near losing his daughter."

"Indeed?" said I, to say something, for I was too much preoccupied with my own steps to think much of others.

At last the ugly ledge was passed, and with a hearty shake of the hand, he took leave, "*Gott hüte dich.*"

I thought his voice was a little thick. I came at last in time for the semi-weekly *Berner Eilwagen*, and arrived on the afternoon of the 24th in Lausanne.

The small chapel was crowded. On a platform were several ministers, and I recognized the one with whom I was very intimate. I went up to him. He was so glad to see *le cher frère!* I stated to him that I had a *case* to mention. He wrote down my name; it happened to be the last on the list. In the meantime, a beautiful hymn was being sung by the whole congregation. Then one of the ministers offered a fervent, short prayer, and the various cases were called. To speak the truth, I was so preoccupied with *my* statement that I scarcely heard any thing; but I saw many handkerchiefs moving, and now and then a broad hand with square fingers seemed to clear the eye. At last my name was called, and I walked to the stand with feverish enthusiasm. I narrated the occurrence somewhat as I have narrated it above, and wound up with what might be called a peroration, pressing the *faith* of these people and the providential direction of my eyes to the advertisement.

My speech was a decided success.

The thrilling eagle story, the mysterious dream words, carried the day: a whisper went all around the chapel, "The finger of God, it is clear; they must be helped." Old people said, "I heard of that long ago." Young people admired Roland, and sympathized with Greta. At last an elderly man arose, and asked to say a word. "He would move that this night's collection, and the surplus funds in the *caisse*, should be allotted to recompense these people's simple faith." It was carried by acclamation. While a hymn was sung, the plates went round. Many a thaler resounded upon them. After prayer and benediction, the congregation was sent home. A few remained, anxious to know the result. Among them I observed an elderly gentleman, evidently English; he seemed to watch me when I went up to the treasurer, who had just counted the little sum, and found it to be *eighty* thalers.

"We have yet twenty thalers in the fund," said he. "That makes one hundred of the three hundred needed. We are poor, sir, and I assure you, the collection is larger, by far, than any we ever made."

I was thankful, but puzzled. "It is much as it is," said I; "and——"

Here I was interrupted by a hand laid on my shoulder. Turning, I beheld the Englishman, with a stern, but deeply moved face.

"Sir," he said, "excuse me. *What* was that young man's name?"

"Roland, sir."

"Roland! Roland!" he repeated. "A tall, handsome young man—a regular chamois hunter?"

"Just so, sir."

And the old Englishman let my shoulder go and lifted his two hands up, saying:

"Thank God! I can do something—something!"

Then he drew a pocket-book, and sit-

ting down at the small table, he wrote a check for three hundred dollars, payable to ——?

He looked up to me for the name.

"Hans Felsen, of Gletscherheim."

He seemed puzzled.

"That is the father's name, sir."

And down went the pen, and, with ready hand, followed the signature; then folding it, he rose and presented it to me: "The debt is not paid—no, not paid—but this will go toward it."

"And the money, sir?" said the treasurer, pointing to the modest pile, made up of many varieties of coin. "The money which our poor *frères et sœurs* have so cheerfully collected?"

"I'll take charge of it," said Mr. Lyndhurst (for such I found his name to be). "I'll go and present it to the bride, as a gift from brethren far away."

The treasurer smiled with satisfaction, piled the money neatly up in a paper roll, and handed it to Mr. Lyndhurst, saying, "A *love* gift!"

"So it is," cried Mr. Lyndhurst; "so it is! *Mine* is a debt paid late, and without interest!"

We left the church, and Mr. Lyndhurst took my arm. "We are going together," he said.

"So, you are the English Milord Roland spoke of?" said I.

"Ah! he told you?"

"Nothing. He only said, while helping me across a very bad pathway, that an English Milord, some years ago, had nearly lost his daughter there."

"Said nothing more?"

"That was all."

"Ah! the brave boy! He was my guide, sir, and went behind. I was younger, and obstinate—thought I could perfectly lead my daughter across. Stuck in the middle, sir—in the middle. My daughter near fainting; myself dizzy. Then *he* went down, sir—how, I don't know—came up in front; took hold of my daughter; led her in safety; came

back for me—and, I assure you, it *was* a narrow escape!”

He wiped his forehead. The recollection had fairly upset him.

“I gave him the little money I could dispose of. He took it reluctantly. But since, I forgot him, sir, I forgot him! Your narration brought it all before me. I am so glad I shall see him.”

Honest Mr. Lyndhurst accompanied me to Berne, where his banker was, and there he spent half a day in shops and stores, and continued his journey with me, with an additional package.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the same spot whence I had first beheld the lovely Greta. We managed to ascend—leaving our packages to the care of Ralf—and, in a few minutes, stood at the door of the brown, weather-beaten *chalet*.

The door stood half ajar. We could see Greta kneeling before her mother's couch, and we heard her say: “*Tröste dich, mütterchen*; the stranger will return. *Gläube doch*; I'm sure he will return.”

Then, hearing us, she turned: “*Ach, mütter! der Fremdling! der Fremdling! der Fremdling!*” And with these words she jumped up, and, I believe, but for the presence of Mr. Lyndhurst, would have fallen on my neck.

Yet it came to a hearty kiss. (Those people are as pure-minded, reader, as the air they breathe is pure.)

“*Ach, bist Du da!*” she said, leading me to the couch. The poor invalid was evidently in a high fever. Her glistening eye rested with a wondering expression upon mine. It was a questioning look. I bent down, and whispered in her ear, “It is all right: *the dream is fulfilled*.”

Her hand, which held mine, pressed it with a sudden strength, then relaxed; her eyes were closed, and scarcely could I perceive any breathing. I applied my ear to her mouth, and then heard dis-

tinctly a sort of whisper, repeating the words, “*Dich zu mir, dich zu mir.*”

At this moment footsteps and voices were heard, and Roland entered, with an elderly, rather dignified-looking gentleman. Roland greeted me with a nod, then led the physician—for such he was—to the couch.

The physician felt the pulse long, made sundry questions, then said, in a quiet, distinct voice, to the invalid, “Mother, dost thou hear me?”

A very slight movement of the head said “Yes.”

The physician then took Greta and Roland to a distance, and said, in a low voice, which I sufficiently understood: “Mother can not last long; perhaps until to-morrow morning—not longer. She will recover somewhat from this, but the attack will return, and be the last.”

It would be more than difficult to describe the consternation of these two young people. Greta's tears ran fast and thick. Roland was paler, his lips compressed; he then looked up to me. I took his hand and led him to Mr. Lyndhurst, who, grasping his hand with both his own, said, “Do you recognize me, Roland?”

For some time the young man's look was absent, as of one making a great effort on himself; then he smiled and said, in his soft, low voice, “*Ach, ja; und wie ist die kleine?*” (How is the little one?)

Mr. Lyndhurst looked at me as one who did not understand. I explained, “He asks after the little girl.”

The Englishman's eyes filled, and a real tear ran down each cheek. Grasping Roland's square shoulders with his own somewhat broad hands, and almost shaking him, he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion:

“Man, you've saved her; she is a woman now—a married woman; my joy, my pride!”

Then he took a small, folded paper

out of his side-pocket, put it in Roland's hand, and said: "Quick! give that to Hans Felsen. I pay my debt slow, very slow; but I'll pay all with interest, with compound interest—I will."

Roland was astounded, opened the paper, read, flushed, looked up to him, as if doubting, said at last, "Does *der Herr* know what this is?"

"Why the — don't I?" said the Englishman, in a rough voice. "It's my debt, man! my debt! Quick! go to Hans Felsen; and may you make Greta as happy as my Amelia is."

Roland understood. He pressed the Englishman's hand long and firmly, took his hat, and went out.

In the meantime, Greta was busy with her mother: she bathed her temples, rubbed her pulse, whispered to her, "Mother dear, *nur glaube*, mother dear." And I spoke a few words to the physician. "Worn out, sir," said he, "and only kept alive by *one* hope. I know it, sir, I know it. When that shall be fulfilled, she will go, sir—go quietly."

He had scarcely uttered these words when Roland entered, followed by an elderly man, with gray hair, and rather forbidding appearance. He led him straightway to the sick-bed, and there Hans Felsen—for it was he—stood a moment; then knelt, took the mother's hand, kissed it, and said, "Frau Trüdchen!"

The invalid opened her eyes at once. She stared at Hans Felsen; then looked at Greta, who was approaching, then at Roland, standing behind Greta. Then, again, her eye fell upon Hans Felsen, and there remained staring.

Hans Felsen was not a bad man, but rough and overpractical. When Roland put the check—the dowry of Greta—in his hand, and dragged him forth to Greta's dwelling, he understood all, felt somewhat ashamed, and when he saw the physician, the strangers, and, at last, the invalid, he felt compunctious; his

stubborn heart was touched, and he repeated, in a half-beseeching tone, "Frau Trüdchen!"

The mother continued looking at him, at the daughter, at the son—at him again. Then Hans Felsen arose, and turning to Roland, said, "Kneel down there." Then he took Greta by the hand, and made her kneel down to the left of Roland. Then, bending over between them, he took Greta's right hand and laid it in Roland's right, holding the two with his own right.

The mother flushed; her eyes sparkled; she laid her right hand on the brawny hand of Hans Felsen. Then she said, in a clear voice, with a triumphant smile on her lips, "*Verlobt!*" (Affianced.)

She remained a few moments thus; then joined her hands, lifting them slightly, and said, in a whisper:

"Bringt ihn zu ihr
Und dich zu mir."

After a few seconds, we heard a faint whisper,

"Und dich zu mir,"

then came a sigh . . . the eyes remained staring, the folded hands sunk, a slight tremor seemed to run over the whole frame; and we all felt that we stood in the presence of Death.

Greta, kneeling at the bedside, sobbed. Roland, kneeling beside her, seemed to follow the departing spirit with a long gaze—a gaze of bliss and fond affection—a gaze of love and firm determination—as if he said, "Mother! mother! I'll take care of her, thou knowest!" Hans Felsen stood—his face covered with his hands—as lost in thought.

He was the first to speak. "*Kinder,*" said he, "arise!"

They rose, and stood, head and eyes bent down, before him.

Then he stretched out his strong arms, and laying his hands on their shoulders, he said: "*Kinder*, I have erred and sinned! I've been harsh! I'll give you

all I have. Only take care of me, as you took care of Frau Trüdchen."

Then the strong man faltered, and I was just in time to push a seat forward; wherein he sunk down, and broke out in tears of sorrow.

It was now the youthful pair who consoled him: "*Vaterlieb*, we shall take care. Be comforted, be comforted, *Vaterlieb*; thy children will take care."

Then came the laying out, the visits of sympathizing neighbors, the night-watches, and, after two days, the funeral—so solemn in its grave simplicity. Then my English friend and myself took our leave. And I confess I asked myself, "Who was the *Stranger*—he or I?" And I felt somewhat relieved at

the thought, that, if I had helped to bring Roland and Greta together, there was another *Stranger* who partook of the responsibility of bringing Frau Trüdchen to her well-beloved Arnold.

But I almost forgot to mention how Mr. Lyndhurst, after having taken leave, turned round, and presented a pretty large package to Greta.

"A love gift," said he, "from Christian friends at Lausanne."

"What is in it?" asked I, so low that Roland, our guide, could not hear.

"A bridal dress," said he.

Then, raising his voice, he said, "Roland, I am to be godfather to your first-born."

Roland lifted his hat, and said, emphatically, "*Ich danke, mein Herr!*"

JEM CATHERWOOD'S VISION.

SADLY at a loss for amusement, we were sitting—myself and three or four friends—on a cold, wintry night, in a little mining town, far away in the mountains. Out-of-doors the cold was intense; the snow, which had been falling for many hours, had ceased; and far away as the eye could reach, the mountains were covered with a mantle of white—here and there touched with silver from the rays of the moon, which was shining brightly over all.

No letters from San Francisco, nor indeed from any other place; for the roads were impassable, and we were regularly snowed in. The two or three streets of the little town were deserted. Not a black-and-tan terrier was to be seen, so that we had not even the prospect of a dog-fight to enliven us: we were thrown entirely upon our own resources.

After suggesting various ways of killing time until the welcome hour should come for retiring to our pillows, and all

of them having been met with some objection, somebody proposed that we should hold a spiritual circle; but again an objection was raised by a gentleman present, who declared that he had once been induced to participate in something of the kind, and that—to use his own words—he had "had enough of it," and nobody could ever get him to have anything more to do with the spirits.

"Why," said one of our party, "Jem, you surely don't mean to say you believe in any such nonsense. I'm willing to sit, for my part, just to amuse the women. Here's my wife was told some time ago that she was a meejum, as they call it, and ever since she has been death on having a circle. Come, pull up your chairs to the table, and let's go in; and Loo shall show us what she can do in the way of talking to the spirits, if so be there are such things, which for myself I can't say I believe."

Jem, however, could not be persuaded

to engage in this pursuit of knowledge; but on being teased by Loo, who had a great liking for tales of ghosts and spirits, and indeed for anything which promised to be mysterious; and the rest of us also expressing a curiosity to hear of his experiences—in this line, he consented to tell us what befell at the circle at which he had assisted.

"I know very well," said *Jem*, before commencing his story, "that you'll all laugh at me; and I shouldn't wonder if you insinuated that I had drank too many punches. But it wasn't so: I'd had nothing stronger than a cup of coffee for two or three weeks before this happened; though I took two or three good, heavy glasses of whisky before I slept that night, and they didn't help me much, either."

"Well, you see it was about a year and a half ago that I had a real smart attack of mountain fever, and was ordered by the doctors to make tracks for San Francisco, and I went, but did not get to feeling much better there; and somebody advised me to go out and live on the beach close by the sea, which I did, and soon felt a great deal better, and was getting along first-rate when I had been there a little over a week.

The house was pretty large, but there were no other boarders. People used to drive out, and stay sometimes for a day or two, and then grow tired, for the place was very lonesome; but I rather liked it. My rooms (I had two nice rooms) opened on to a piazza; and at night, when all was quiet, I used to go out, and watch the stars come out one by one, and listen to the sound of the waves lapping on the beach, and wonder if there really were some quiet place, far away, where the good God would send us to, when this weary striving for our daily bread was over, if we acted to other folks, as far as we could, as we would like them to act to us.

I can't say that I ever troubled the Church very much, except waiting sometimes, maybe, at the door to see the women come out (bless 'em, here away in the mountains, where they are rather scarce); but I do believe there is a good God above us all, who will not be hard on us when we hand in our checks at the last.

There were two girls at the house—daughters of the landlady—real pretty young things; and I used to think it must be awfully dull for them during the winter months, when the roads got to be almost impassable, and they were pretty near as badly off as we are here. However, they were always smiling and cheerful, and it did one good to have them around.

Lizzie, the younger, was just seventeen, and as pretty as a pink; she had big, blue eyes and yellow hair, like Loo there; but she was a timid little thing, and believed in ghosts and spirits. And indeed I didn't wonder; for when one looked out on the beach at night, and far away over the sea, there would come so many curious shadows that one might almost fancy any thing. And the longer you stayed the more these things grew on you, till you got lost, wondering.

One night—it was in March, and it was a dreadfully stormy night—the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew, until the house fairly rocked again; the waves lashed the beach like living things, and seemed every once in a while to come quite close to the doors.

My parlor looked very cheerful, when you listened to the storm outside. In the grate was a blazing fire of drift-wood; the room was lighted by two large lamps; the shutters were fastened tightly over the windows; and, altogether, it was a very comfortable place.

I was not alone: my landlady and one of her daughters—Lizzie it was—were sitting by the fire, speculating on the chances of a tidal wave coming and carrying us all away—house, and every

thing. I was saying every thing I could think of to do away with their fears, when we were joined by the landlord, and Polly, the other daughter.

Polly was a fine girl of twenty-one or two, who was afraid of nothing; and after teasing her mother and sister for some time, she proposed, by way of amusing ourselves, we should hold a spiritual circle.

The father and mother, as it came out, were to a certain extent believers in Spiritualism; and had several times before had circles, and received what they supposed to be communications.

By this time the storm had lulled, though the rain still came down heavily, and the tide was going out, which did away with Lizzie's fears of a tidal wave; and as I knew nothing of spiritual circles, I was rather curious, and had no objection to make one of the party who were going to (as they called it) "sit."

Before I begin to tell you what happened, I shall have to describe my sitting-room and its furniture, because it was there we held our circle. It was a corner room, quite a good size, and had three windows covered with lace curtains. As you went into the room, the fire-place was exactly opposite to you; and by it one window, to the right the other two windows; opposite to these was the door of my bed-room; and alongside the wall was a green lounge, which occupied nearly the whole of the space between the wall, where the other door was, and the door of the bed-room. There was, of course, other furniture in the room, but that I need not mention. The table where we sat was in the middle of the room, and my position placed me with my back to the two windows, the lounge nearly opposite to me, and the door which opened into the hall, on my left hand.

We all put our hands on the table, and there they remained for more than half an hour; we did not talk, and the silence

was only broken by the far-away sound of the waves, as they receded from the shore, and now and then the pattering of the rain on the piazza outside the windows.

All at once there was a faint sound of raps, which scattered over the table, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, but more particularly they seemed to sound near Polly's hands, which, however, remained perfectly quiet, as she had first placed them."

"I guess that young woman was fooling you, Jem," said one of the men of our little party. "She took you for a greenhorn, likely."

"So I thought at the time," replied Jem, "but I don't think so now. However, I told her I thought she had something to do with it; but she declared it was not so, and took her hands off the table, telling me she was real angry that I suspected her. The raps, however, ceased, while at the same time I was conscious of a slight noise at the door which opened into the hall.

Nobody appeared to notice it but myself—and I seemed not to be able to mention it, or to take my eyes away from it—when suddenly the door opened, and I had a queer sort of feeling, as if something came in. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, but saw nothing; the door was closed, but the appearance of the room seemed quite altered. The carpet—which was of a large pattern, and of many colors—had entirely changed its character: it was now a deep crimson ground, with very small, whitish-looking sprigs all over it; the lounge was a rich purple velvet, and the windows were covered with heavy crimson curtains. Yet, with all these changes, I knew it was the same room.

There was a coal fire in the grate, and hanging before it a wire-guard. Apparently I had lost sight of the people sitting with me, for I do not remember noticing them at all. There seemed to be

a dead silence, broken only by the dropping of cinders from the grate, which fell on a polished fender beneath.

All at once my attention was attracted to the lounge; for on it I saw something lying, which looked like the figure of a man. Gradually it became more distinct, and I recognized an intimate acquaintance of my own. He was dressed as if he had been to a dinner-party or ball, but the front of his shirt, which was much exposed, was covered with blood; and on looking at his face, I saw on the left side of his forehead a large wound, which was bleeding profusely. You can fancy I was frightened. I was, but my terror paralyzed me: I neither moved, nor spoke. The figure, apparently satisfied that my attention was attracted, slowly rose from the lounge, walked to the door, and disappeared. Then the room and all faded away, and I felt myself standing somewhere near the beach, and where I had a full view of it. All at once came dashing along a carriage and two horses. I seemed at a great distance, and yet I saw and heard every thing as clearly as if I had been close by. In the carriage was my friend, driving furiously along the beach. On one particular place the water had receded, and left what looked like a little island; as the carriage passed over this, it appeared as if two men sprung out of the sand—for I had seen nothing of them before. One of them seized the horses, the other the throat of my friend, and struck him on the head with what looked like a short club, with some kind of metal at the end of it. I heard the crash just as plainly as I can hear myself speak; I saw the blood pouring from the wound: but I was unable to move. I underwent all the horror of seeing a murder committed before my eyes, and I could do nothing to prevent it. While I stood powerless, the whole thing passed away—but not the terror—and I was completely overpowered.

My companions, perceiving that something was wrong, were desirous of knowing what had so much alarmed me. I began to tell them, when the whole thing again presented itself to me, precisely as it had done before. Again I saw the bleeding figure, again I heard the dreadful blow, and again I suffered torments. We broke up the circle at once; and as the night had cleared, we went out on the piazza. The moon was now shining brightly, and I could point out the place where the murder was committed in my vision. Suddenly a cloud passed over the face of the moon, and, in a second, there seemed to pass over the little patch of sand, indistinctly, the appearance of a carriage driven rapidly, together with the figures who appeared to stop it. It vanished in a moment; but, for me, it left such an impression that to this day I have never cared to talk of it."

"That's rather a hard story, Jem," remarked the gentleman who had before spoken, and who was the husband of little blue-eyed Loo. "I guess Loo won't sleep to-night thinking about it; but what I can't understand is, how you saw all this, and the other folks didn't. Don't you think you fell asleep, and dreamed it?"

"No," said Jem, "I'm quite sure I wasn't asleep; leastways if I was, it was with my eyes wide open, for Polly, who was sitting opposite me, told me afterward that my eyes glared so she thought I was going into a fit. And they all agreed with her, only they didn't speak to me, because they thought every minute I was going to say something."

"Is your friend, whom you saw, alive yet?" asked Loo, fairly trembling with excitement.

"Yes," replied Jem; "so far as I know, nothing has happened to him. Indeed, I saw him up here a few weeks ago."

"And did you ever tell him about your vision?"

"No," said Jem; "of course I didn't; he would have thought I was a lunatic. And yet, do you know, I had a queer feeling, for a long time afterward, whenever I met him on the street. I felt, somehow, as if I was keeping something from him which he ought to know; and I declare, if any thing had happened to him, I should have almost fancied I had some concern in it."

"Had you been thinking of your friend at the time you saw this vision, or whatever you call it?" asked another of the party.

"Not at all I hadn't; I don't believe the thought of him, or any thing concerning him, had been in my mind for a long time; and I hadn't set eyes on him for two or three months.

"I only stayed at the place," continued Jem, "for a few days after this. Every night, as sure as shooting, I was regularly haunted. At about the same hour, the appearance of the room would change, the bleeding figure would come in, and I would go through the whole

horror of the thing again, just exactly as the first time; and I really believe, if I had remained there, I should have just walked into the water to get rid of it. If I went out on the piazza, my eyes would turn naturally to that little patch of sand, which seemed to become more prominent every day; and I began to think I had better make tracks while I had sense enough left to do it. I felt bad about it ever so long after, and I couldn't help thinking it was a kind of judgment on me for wanting to talk to the spirits at all."

"O, I don't think so at all, Jem," cried Loo; "you ought to have sat again, and asked what it meant. And then the spirits would have explained it all to you."

"No, thank you," said Jem. "I have had enough of Spiritualism to last me my time; and I don't mean ever to be mixed up in any more 'circles' if I know it."

So saying, Jem picked up his hat, and prepared to depart—looking very much as if he had not quite got over his vision yet.

SECOND LOVE.

For a wave of soft hair on her temple,
 For an echo that lives in her tone,
 For a gleam of memorial color
 In eyes that look love to my own;
 For a something that fades while I watch it,
 Half fashioned of doubt and half clear;
 For nothing my phrases may picture,
 She is dear to my life, she is dear!

And yet do I wrong not the spirit
 That gives from its costliest store
 With tender devotion, receiving
 Calm gratitude's guerdon—no more.
 Not alone for the vague, fleeting likeness
 To a face of the past without peer,
 But for that which is hers and hers only,
 She is dear to my life, she is dear!

I have told her my desolate story,
 And felt, while I told it, there stole
 Compassionate sorrow to waken
 The depths of her beautiful soul.
 I knew she could pity; I knew not
 Her power to strengthen and cheer.
 Pure bringer of heavenly wisdom,
 She is dear to my life, she is dear!

Having learned how my heart's warmest fervor
 Was wasted in tears ere we met,
 She seeks but to comfort its loneliness
 And brighten its gloom of regret.
 She asks no reward of sweet service,
 Unflinching year after year.
 Divinest of saintly consolers,
 She is dear to my life, she is dear!

POINT D'ALENÇON.

PART I.—ALICE DE LONGUEVILLE.

THERE are some towns in old Europe that never appear to change. They lie out of the highway of travel, and do not possess sufficient attractions of their own to induce the tourist to deviate from the beaten path. The inhabitants know little or nothing of the outer world, and their sphere of action is bounded by the walls with which many of these old cities are surrounded. Such are to be found in France, Germany, even Wales, without mentioning Sweden and Norway. Holland and Belgium, however, contain them in their greatest perfection. Belgium is the more interesting of the two, historically; and it is in one of her seldom visited cities that our story commences.

Courtrai is a very old city: part of the Roman wall still remains. Her feudal castle is nearly entire, though now applied to another purpose than that for which it was built; but at the time we write of—namely, at the beginning of the seventeenth century—the position of Courtrai, with respect to France, ren-

dered it expedient to keep the strong fortification in good repair, for it had endured many a siege, and more than once had fallen into the hands of its warlike neighbors. At the present day, it has many houses outside the walls, built according to the taste or fancy of the proprietors; but the majority of the intramural buildings have retained the massive architecture of the Middle Ages.

In the year 164—, a widow woman was sitting in one of the small stone-houses of the Béguinage. Her hands were busily engaged with her work, and a young girl sat at her feet, watching the deft movements of the old lady's fingers, who was talking away all the time that she was busily employed.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "your father was the youngest son of a noble French family, and was well brought up, wanting nothing as long as his father lived; but when your grandfather died, all the possessions descended to his eldest son, your uncle. The second son went into the army, and married one of the rich Regniers; but your father, who had just

left the University, could do nothing. His eldest brother promised to allow him a hundred francs a month until he got some post fitted to his birth and education; and his other brother and married sisters said that there would always be a place for him at their table whenever he felt inclined to visit them. At the end of three months, however, his brother appeared to pay his allowance grudgingly; talked about the increasing expenses of his growing family; wondered why your father didn't find something to do, and so forth; while his sisters were always going out when he paid them a visit—so that, in short, he felt that he was *de trop*, and one day he threw his noble birth to the four winds, exclaiming, what a stupid rule that was which forbade the well-born to work; came to this place, engaged himself to a manufacturer of tapestry, and set to work with a good heart to gain his own bread.

His family was scandalized at this act; he had brought disgrace on their name. A De Longueville to work! One of that ancient house a tradesman! From that day the doors of all his relations were closed to him. His letters of explanation were, possibly, not read—were certainly never answered—and all intercourse with the Marquis ceased entirely.

Three years after his arrival he married me, and that was the finishing blow to his disgrace; for you must know, my dear, that I am not of good birth. Good birth or not, I loved your father dearly, and was a true wife to him. He got on very well, and his scholarship stood him in good stead, for scarcely any one here could write, and very few could read. In the course of time he set up for himself, and all appeared to be prosperous and well.

It was not till four years after our marriage that you were born, and your father, as in duty bound, notified the head of the house of the fact, as he had previously done of his marriage; but, as

in the former case, no notice was taken of the event. I do not say it as a reproach to you, my dear child, but, from the day of your birth, nothing appeared to go well. First of all, a large fire broke out in the town, which destroyed a great deal of our merchandise. Then the French Government began to encourage the manufactories at Arras; and after that, worst of all, there were war, and levies, and taxes, without any trade doing whatever. We got poorer and poorer, and every thing seemed to melt away. Your father's courage, also, appeared to be gone, and he would sit all day long in his room, passively accepting the bad news that poured in upon him.

When you were eight years old, some French regiments swept into the town. I can see them now, with the gay Cavaliers—all plumes and lace, and gay colors, and large boots with great spurs—and fine ladies, in the train of the army. I took you to the window, and your father came also to look at the gay scene. Suddenly, I saw a deep flush come to his cheek, as a tall, handsome man rode carelessly by, apparently watching some workmen who were repairing one of the old gateways.

"Great heavens," cried he, "that is Armand, my brother, who knows that I live in this town, and has not come to see me—perhaps, knows my house, and will not look up as he passes it." He turned away from the window, and sat down with that despairing look that grieved me so much. For the remainder of that day he hardly spoke, and I knew that his thoughts were with the home of his childhood, and of the days when he and that cold brother played together, thoughtless of the future, little dreaming that the time would come when they should be alien to one another.

The following morning, he told me to dress you in your best clothes, and I remarked that he, himself, wore his *fête*-

day suit. He then told me that he was determined to make one effort to touch his brother's heart; and that was to present himself before him with you. "I feel," said he, sadly, "that I have not long to live, and God knows what will become of my child when I die. For, after all, she is a De Longueville," he continued. "She has never sullied the family name; her hand has never turned to any thing that he might call menial. As for myself, I have no right to allow my anger to stand in the way of my child's welfare; and, however bitter it may be to me to humble myself, I will undergo the ordeal."

You were a very pretty child then, my Alice. Your fair hair flowed over your shoulders, in long curls. Your dark eyes and eyelashes looked darker still by contrast with your fair complexion; and, as I kissed you before your father led you away, I thought that surely the stern Captain would be moved, and would take you to his heart.

It is now nearly ten years ago, yet I well remember every incident of that day, and how long the time seemed that you were absent. I was sick at heart at the thought that, perhaps, he might want you to go away with him ere my time was come, and what, then, was I to do? My whole life was wrapped up in you; I could not live without you. Nevertheless, I felt that if they desired your presence, I must let you go. Again: you might be the means of reconciliation between your father and his family. I felt that I would be content to sink unnoticed into my grave, if you and he could be admitted there. And thus the time wore on, and you came not back; so that I was sure that your uncle had kept you both, and that your father had forgotten me in his happiness, and that you, in your delight at seeing all the gay uniforms and the soldiers, would not think of time.

At length, you came back, and I saw

at a glance that the attempt had been unsuccessful. Shall I confess it?—a thrill of joy passed through my heart—a selfish sense of preserving my treasure. That soon vanished at the sight of the wretched look in your father's face. You only saw that something was wrong, as your father said, almost savagely: "Take off her fine things, and clothe her in rags. Fool that I was, to think that affection could conquer pride." I led you away, and when I returned he was sitting again at the window, gazing vacantly at the crowd that passed to and fro in the busy street.

He turned his head as I entered, and, in answer to my inquiring look, said: "I went up to him with our sweet child in my hand, and said, 'Armand, brother, don't you know me? I have brought your little niece, my child, to see you.' He turned fiercely round, and exclaimed, 'I have no brother here; he is dead, and he and his are blotted out of the records of our house.' I could have struck him, wife, but I felt little Alice's hand tremble in mine, and she pulled at me, saying, 'Let us go away, papa; I am afraid.' So I swallowed my wrath for her sake, and for that sake determined on one more effort. 'Brother,' said I, 'I ask nothing for myself; my time is short on earth, but when I am gone, will you befriend this little one? Will you take her to the home of her father's childhood, so that she may be brought up like the children of our house?' 'Yes,' interrupted he, 'so that she may act as her father did, and bring disgrace and dishonor on the name she bears. No, no; let her go and spin flax, and scrub the convent floors. I'll have none of her. I tell you, man, that I know you not,' he added, fiercely, as a crowd of his brother officers came up; 'begone, and never more offend my sight.' My first impulse was to humble him by proclaiming who I was, and to what I was reduced; but I merely walked quickly away. I could

not come home then; so Alice and myself wandered through the city, looking at the soldiers, who seemed to consider the place as forever their own."

It was not long after the events described by the widow had taken place, that the poor trader, broken in fortunes, broken in spirit, took to his bed, and would have died with a sigh of relief, had not the thought of his child racked his last moments. He knew that the good Béguines would admit his widow into their community; he knew that Alice would be safe under her care as long as she lived; but, after death, what was to become of her? His thoughts ever reverted to his own family. Nothing was to be hoped for from that of his wife, she being the daughter of a Spanish soldier, who had married a peasant girl. Surely, thought he, when I am dead and gone, they will forgive the father in the child!—they can not thrust her from the gates! He wrote an earnest appeal to his brother, the Marquis, who was rich, full of titles and honors, with a large family of his own, to which this fairy-like, bright child would, of a certainty, be looked upon as an acquisition—not regarded as an incumbrance. He dwelt upon their past affection; of the love he still cherished, spite of their broken intercourse; and implored him, in the name of their mutual father, to accept Alice as the only legacy that he could bequeath, and bring her up as his own daughter.

This letter he confided, on his death-bed, to his wife, enjoining her to give it to Alice, in case of the necessity for so doing ever arriving.

In less than a year after the above-mentioned scene between the mother and daughter, a violent epidemic devastated the territory of Hainault, which carried off upward of one-third of the inhabitants of Courtrai—Madame de Longueville among the rest. Alice was left alone.

Alone, in very truth!—alone in her grief, all solitary in her sorrow!—for old age is selfish, and the other Béguines were more careful to look after their own health and avoid contagion, than to comfort or console the poor, bereaved girl. So that, had it not been for a good old priest, she would have been the only mourner, as the sexton laid the remains of one she loved so well in their last resting-place. Her grief was silent, while the good father led her away from the scene of her calamity.

PART II.—MADAME COLBERT.

Louis XIV was King, and Colbert was his Minister. The ambitious monarch, having escaped from the iron grasp of Mazarin, had adopted the astute Colbert as his counselor. Philip IV held the Netherlands with a feeble grasp, and the frontier towns were as often garrisoned by French, as they were by the soldiers of the most Catholic monarch. The inhabitants, except during an actual siege, were not disturbed in their avocations, and having no hereditary attachment to either of the contending parties, took little or no interest in the result of a battle, provided they could follow their pursuits in peace.

At that time, the French had overrun Hainault, and were strongly fortified in Courtrai; and a deputation of priests, headed by their bishop, left that city for Paris, in order to lay certain grievances, under which their order was suffering, before the Court. Therefore, Alice gladly availed herself of their escort to seek her uncle, the Marquis de Longueville, and present her father's letter. The Marquis' *château* was at Clermont, a few leagues from Paris, and the good fathers had to pass through it on their way to the capital. The fair young orphan sold all the movables that her mother had left, reserving only some few relics of her dear parents, and, with

sad forebodings, set out on what was, to her, a long journey, and the only event that had hitherto broken upon her even course of life.

After a tedious pilgrimage—for traveling, in those days, was difficult and very wearying—the small cavalcade arrived at Clermont, and passed the night at the monastery—taking care, before departing, to leave Alice in good hands.

The poor girl could not sleep the whole of that night, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey. Her thoughts were continually reverting to that dreaded morrow, which was to decide whether she should be admitted into her family or not; and yet, while tossing and agitated, she feared the daylight.

Yet, as she stood, the following morning, at the portals of the *château*, there was no servile fear of greatness in her mind. She felt that she stood on the threshold of her forefathers; that she was of kin to those who were reared under that roof; and, as a lackey ushered her into the reception-hall, she trod the floor of the vast apartment as though she had been accustomed to it from childhood. It is true that she glanced around the walls, and looked with young curiosity at the old paintings, and the armor, and the great carved oak fireplace; but she no longer felt the dread of the past night, and, when the Marquis entered, stood up before him as proud as himself.

She gave him the letter, but, before he opened it, he looked long and earnestly at her face. He partly guessed the truth, as his brother's lineaments came back to his memory. He broke the seal and read slowly; but Alice, as she watched his countenance, saw no relaxation of that cold, haughty expression which his features possessed when he entered.

"This can not be!" he said, without a pause, as he finished reading the letter; "young lady, this can not be! Your father left us of his own will, asked no

advice, confided his intention to no one, and took that step which forever shut him out from this house. I have vowed never to know him or his. However, you are his daughter; you still bear our name. If you will change that name, and assume another, I will grant you an annual stipend that will be sufficient for your support during your life."

As Alice rose and stood opposite the Marquis, there was a marked resemblance between them. Her pale face was as rigid as his, her forehead was held as high, and her voice as firm, as she said:

"Is this your final answer to the letter?"

"I have no more to say."

Alice de Longueville bowed her head and walked through the broad hall, returning the salute of the seneschal with the air of a duchess; passed along the avenue that led to the great gates with the same composure; but once outside the domain and unobserved, the hot blood rushed to her cheek, even to her eyes.

She went back to the convent, and hid herself from all eyes. The whole of that day her looks were turned to the great oak-trees that surrounded the manor. She pictured to herself the time when her father had played there, a boy, and had hunted there as a man—and now he was in his grave, and she was forbidden to cross the threshold. All that morn and afternoon she sat at that window. The summons to dinner was unheeded, and a little before sunset an irresistible impulse urged her to see for the last time the house and park of her ancestors.

She made her way to the old ruined wing, with its fallen tower, and, sitting on the ivy-clad stones, watched the sinking sun. She was far enough from the inhabited part of the house to be free from interruption; and there she sat till the cold evening dew made her shudder,

and the full moon cast black shadows in the angles of the walls. She felt weak and faint: her long fast, joined to the excitement of the day, had been too much for her. She dragged herself slowly along the paths that led outward—growing weaker and weaker, until at length she found herself in the highway, clinging to some iron railings for support, and then all grew dark, and she knew no more. Before this house, which she had fondly hoped would be her shelter, and where she would find the calm peace of home, the poor orphan felt herself dying. Worn out and prostrated, she sank down with her face to the ground, and lay there utterly senseless.

In a short time the noise of wheels and horsemen was heard approaching, and soon a carriage drawn by four horses, and surrounded by an escort of cavaliers, came in sight. One of these latter reined up his horse suddenly, as he saw, by the light of the moon, the dark veil and black dress of Alice, as it lay on the light-colored gravel of the pathway.

"What is the matter, D'Arteville?" said a young and pretty woman, putting her head out of the window; and then, herself seeing the cause, she stopped the carriage, and alighted. "Great heavens! it is a woman that has fainted," said she, raising her in her arms, and looking around for some house. No sign of a habitation was to be seen; so, calling some of her people, she ordered them to carry the young girl into her carriage, and then, turning to M. d'Arteville, said: "Be so good as to stay here. I can see, by the beauty and the youth of this girl, that some one will claim her. You will tell them that Madame Colbert, the wife of the King's Minister, has taken her off to Versailles."

M. d'Arteville bowed acquiescence, and Madame Colbert got into her carriage, placed herself by the side of Alice, who had not recovered her senses,

and whirled away as fast as the four horses could go.

Marie, daughter of Jacques Charrons—the Lord of Menars and High Steward of Blois—had married the great Minister, Colbert. She not only brought him a considerable dowry, but, what was of greater consequence, a mind and understanding that, while superintending the brilliant *fêtes*, or inventing some new costume for that extravagant period, never lost sight of any thing that would aggrandize her husband's power, or increase his influence.

Early the following morning, D'Arteville, having learned a portion of Alice's history and conjectured the rest, repaired to Versailles, where he had an audience of the wife of the Minister. Her own physician had been immediately sent to attend the young girl, and he represented that there was no serious danger—only excessive weakness, the result of past nervous excitement. He recommended absolute repose for one day, and insured a cure for the following. So Madame Colbert determined to hear her story from Alice's own lips, and if it was as she supposed, she would take her into her household.

Alice's story was soon told, and she thankfully accepted the home that was offered to her. Her health was quickly restored, and the bloom that returned to her cheek, together with the vivacity of her manner, endeared her more and more to her newly found protector.

One morning early, the Minister sent to beg an audience, and was in such haste that he followed close upon the heels of his messenger.

"You see me in the greatest distress!" he said, so much excited as not to notice that Alice was in the room. "Mme. de Crespigny has married the Duke de Nevers."

"I know that; but what then?" answered Madame, in vain seeking the meaning of his speech.

"But he has given an entire trimming to her wedding dress, of Venice point-lace."

"Well, what's the harm of that?" said his wife, almost laughing.

The Minister continued with increased excitement: "And this lace cost thirty-six thousand francs; and what is worse, created a great sensation at the last Court ball."

"Very well," she again replied; but without smiling, although she could not conceive what all this would lead to.

"What, Madame, can't you see that all the ladies of the Court, yourself among the first, will send to Venice for your lace?"

"If that would vex you, you may rest assured that I shall not."

"You are speaking for yourself, Madame; but the other women will all go to Venice for their lace, and will drain France of her capital. France is not rich enough just now to allow our women to buy their dresses of foreigners; and all the money we send there enriches them and impoverishes us. We haven't one single lace manufactory to oppose that of Venice."

He rose to go, and his wife said, "Whoever should see the Minister's anxious face to-day, would little think that the cause is a bit of lace."

"Ah! Marie, Marie, after all, you are only fit to talk lace to."

He went out, and after he was gone, his wife said, bitterly, "I would give a great deal that he had not said that to me."

"You must make him repent of it, dear mistress," said Alice.

"But how?" said Madame Colbert.

"Is it possible to see this famous lace?"

"Certainly; the Duchess is my great friend."

"Well, then, quick, dear lady, give me but one line, so that the Duchess shall show me this magnificent and unique robe, and—but I will say nothing, until

I am certain of success—I fear—I hardly dare tell you—but if I can devote the labor of my life, as a recompense for your kindness, I will do it; therefore, I entreat you, for a word to the Duchess."

"You silly child. You will be tired. You want to go out."

"Oh, I shall not be in the least tired; I have only one desire, and that is to see this lace."

"I can easily satisfy you on that head;" so, taking up a rich tablet of ebony and gold, she wrote:

"DEAR ANTOINETTE—Accept this trifling *souvenir*, and let one of my women look at your Venice lace, the beauty of which has made so much noise in the world. Your affectionate

"MARIE COLBERT."

Alice seized eagerly the tablets, and flew out of the room. When she returned, instead of repairing to her mistress, she shut herself up in her apartment, begging that she might be left undisturbed for one week. Partly because she hoped something from the young girl's enthusiasm, and partly because her affection for her prompted the yielding to the whim, Madame Colbert gave orders that Alice's request should be respected—indeed, she respected it herself. At the end of the week, Alice re-appeared in her mistress' *boudoir*, and her face was radiant with joy.

"Madame," she said, "I address myself to you, to obtain a moment's audience with Monseigneur the Minister."

"Without letting me know the reason!" replied Madame Colbert. "Well, come along."

It was the hour when Colbert was scheming those vast plans which shed such lustre over the reign of Louis XIV. No one except his wife dared knock at his door at that moment; and, as they went along, Marie told her companion what a bold step they were taking.

At the noise of the door creaking on

its hinges, Colbert turned sharply round, with an angry expression; but, at the sight of his wife and the young girl, his brow cleared, for he was sure that only something very important would make Madame Colbert interrupt him. So, with a charming smile, he waited for his wife to speak, when, to her great astonishment, Alice broke the silence.

"Monseigneur," she said, opening the box, "will you do me the honor to examine this lace, and say if that of Madame the Duchess is superior?"

"It is the same!—the very same! Why, this is a miracle!" said Colbert, whose hand almost trembled under the light, vaporous material. "Where does this work come from?—who has made it? In what part of the world does that fairy live who can imitate so well?"

"It is no fairy, Monseigneur; only a poor young orphan, too happy to repay, by the work of her hands, the goodness that your wife has bestowed on her. Flemish by birth, I have often watched the working girls making lace, and learned all the mysteries of the trade. At Courtrai, I used to amuse myself by making new patterns and fresh stitches for the young girls, and they used to come to me if any thing difficult or out of the way was wanted. At last, it was only necessary for me to see a piece of work twice, in order to understand it; and if your Lordship will give me a building and some young girls, I will make a workshop of the former, and skillful lace-makers of the latter."

Colbert's quick intellect seized upon the idea at once; but he said, sadly:

"They will be made in France, and our grand ladies prefer to buy from the foreigner. What will compel them to buy this lace, when made?"

"*The Fashion*, Monseigneur!" said Alice. "Let the King command that the first lace that comes from the workshop shall be given to the Duchess, who will prefer her royal present to her Venetian lace; and the second to Madame Colbert. They will both wear them at all balls and public spectacles. If it does not become the rage, then I will close my workshop."

What she desired was accomplished. The Court was going to Alençon, and Colbert sent to Flanders for thirty young girls, whom he established at his *château* of Louray, near the city, with Alice de Longueville at their head, to whom he advanced 50,000 francs.

When the first pieces of lace were made, the King, instigated thereto by Colbert, appointed a day to inspect them, informing his courtiers that he would show them something better than Venice point. The King and the whole Court were delighted. The former ordered large sums to be given to Mademoiselle de Longueville out of the treasury, and commanded that no other lace should appear at Court.

And thus rose and prospered the famous Point d'Alençon; and Colbert said, as lace-making schools sprung up all over the country:

"Fashion is to France what the mines of Peru are to Spain."

And Alice became Comtesse d'Alençon.

A REMINISCENCE OF TRAVANCORE.

NOTHING is now left to attest the importance and strength of the once formidable fortifications of Cochin, on the Malabar coast, save a few scattered piles of moss-grown ruins, and the earth-works of its ramparts. Its frowning battlements and threatening towers were razed to the ground years ago, to prevent it becoming again a stronghold for the freebooter by sea, or the filibuster by land. The old watch-tower, whence ships are signaled, still stands within the fortress, a monument of its past history; but hundreds of bats and flying-foxes flit about its moldering walls, and noxious reptiles infest its nooks and crevices. Adjoining this tower, and connected with it in early times, were the judicial and inquisitorial courts—the former of which surpassed the Star Chamber in the cruelty of its decrees, and the latter rivaled its sister institution at Goa in the infliction of punishment and torture.

To the extraordinary circumstance I am about to narrate, and to the fact that in Cochin I contracted the first serious illness of my life, I attribute the intense feeling of loathing (I can call it nothing else) that I have ever since entertained toward the place, and which the lapse of years has not effaced. Its whitewashed houses, glittering in the everlasting glare of a tropical sun, line streets rank with vegetation, in which a human being is rarely seen. The oppressive solitude and dreary aspect of the place remind you, as you traverse it, of wanderings in the City of the Tombs. True, crowds of beggars, young and old, are always to be met with. They prefer to congregate around your dwelling, imploring charity in every note of the gamut, and exhibit-

ing on themselves maladies incidental to a country where diseases are unusually prolific. Men and women, with legs swollen to the size of their bodies from elephantiasis; lepers, with unmistakable signs of their dreadful affliction upon them; the palsied, shivering like a man in an ague-fit, and nodding their heads like a Chinese mandarin; the halt, the maimed, and the blind—all are here to join the general chorus, and to scramble for any small coin that may be scattered among them. In the motley assemblage may be seen young and graceful Malabar women, in their tattered, but picturesque costumes, with large gold ear-rings, and small floops of gold hanging from the cartilage of the nose. They, too, are beggars—for what reason, it is hard to say, in a place where a native will live well for five cents a day. To escape from these unpleasant scenes, you drive or ride along the road that runs by the sea-beach, anxious to inhale the fresh ocean air; but you are poisoned by noxious fumes that salute you from fires kindled at the water's edge, where the mortal remains of sundry defunct Tamils are passing into ashes, previous to interment, while the unclean kite, which has possibly gorged on many a fat Parsee, hovers heavily around, with the hope of obtaining a further share of human carrion.

In one of these deserted streets, in the year 1845, I had the misfortune to choose my residence. It was built of solid stone, the walls being four feet in thickness; the house and grounds were large, and the apartments lofty and spacious. The ground-floor was composed of cavernous-looking rooms, called *godowns*, from which daylight was excluded, save when

the doors were opened, and which consequently were dank and disagreeable. Above these, on the first story, were the dwelling-rooms, three of which opened into an extensive hall. A corridor communicated with a large veranda, at the back of the house, the steps from which led to the compound, or inclosed space, below, which was planted with fruit trees, and bound in by high walls. The commodious room that I chose for a bed-chamber, overlooked the compound and the steps ascending therefrom, while one door opened into the hall, and another into the passage spoken of as leading on to the veranda. The house was far too large for me, but I looked rather to quantity than quality; and congratulated myself on having made a good bargain, as the rental monthly was very moderate, indeed. No sooner had I comfortably established myself in my new quarters, than I determined to see company. A detachment of the 12th Regiment, N. I., were at that time stationed in the fort, and each officer, like myself, secured such quarters as he thought fit, from the numerous empty mansions to be found within the fort. Frequent interchange of visits was established among the bachelors, who availed themselves of each other's quarters to change the scene of their *symposia*; while the Benedicts contented themselves, generally, with cheroots and brandy-*pawnee*, at their own domiciles, and were not often found partaking of the post-prandial enjoyments of their unmarried companions. My establishment was opened on a somewhat grander scale than usual, and was, consequently, proportionally patronized by the subs of the regiment, who were delighted to lounge away their idle hours where they were sure to meet some company, and where pale ale and *eau-de-vie*—those indispensable concomitants of Indian life—were always at their command.

I did not always sleep in the house, as occasionally I had to visit stations

in the interior, but when I did remain at home, I was in the habit of permitting my servants to leave at about ten or eleven o'clock; they never exceeded half-past eleven, without coming to make their *salaams*, previous to taking their departure. I thought nothing of this for some time, and let it pass without comment, until, on two or three occasions, after requesting their prolonged attendance, I found that they had not obeyed my orders to stay, but had vanished, without beat of drum or their accustomed *salaam*. When taxed with their desertions, on the following morning, I was both surprised and grieved to learn from them that they were each and severally laboring under severe family afflictions: one expected his mother to die that night; another, his child; and another, his wife: and hence the cause of his absence. As a tender-hearted man, I could not blame them; but when I found this sort of thing an oft-told tale, I discovered that I had been imposed upon—that they, one and all, had lied, with the object of escaping to their own homes. I accordingly dismissed them and hired others, who served me in the same way. I could not get any of them to stay past midnight; so I was left alone of nights in the desolate house.

After my guests had retired I generally went to bed at once, leaving both windows and doors wide open; and, for some time, the thought that I was the only person in the house scarcely occurred to me, and I soon fell asleep, waking up only when my servants returned the following morning. But latterly I had become restless and uneasy. I found myself lying awake nightly, without any degree of somnolency stealing over me, and my thoughts reverted to the solitariness of my position and the unaccountable refusal of my menials to remain in the house. Had I been aware that they would not have done so for untold gold, or had I heard of the super-

stition that attached itself to the place, my ideas might indeed have wandered in more gloomy channels than they did, and my repugnance to being alone considerably increased. As it was, I found myself disturbed by two circumstances for which I was unable to account, but which, at the time, caused me no uneasiness, until their constant repetition in those sleepless hours began to disturb my nervous system. These were: a sound coming from a deep well that stood in my compound beneath my bed-room window, as though the chain were uncoiled from the winch above it; and the sound of a voice—a very plaintive one—singing, as it were, a lullaby to an infant. I tried in vain to fix the locality of the latter. It sounded sometimes nearer, and again, more remote, assuming at times tones of an unutterable anguish. It could not proceed from any of the houses adjoining mine, as I had ascertained that they were all uninhabited. Once I imagined it to come from the empty *suite* of apartments beyond the large hall; then from the hall itself; and so impressed was I with this idea that I sprang out of bed; but the voice receded and was lost in the distance, and I thought myself mistaken in its proximity. It had now become a perfect incubus to me—an irrepressible nuisance, that kept me not only awake, but positively waiting till I heard it—for I felt that I could not sleep till then. Again the chain of the well would rattle, and I heard what I suspected to be the footsteps of my servants, who might not yet have left; or those of some intruder, who chose this unseemly hour to avail himself of an opportunity to obtain a supply of water. I resolved to assure myself on this point on the next occasion, when I went to my window and demanded, in Tamil, who was there? No answer came to me from the sepulchral darkness below; upon which I threatened whoever it was, in language more

emphatic than polite, with sundry pains and penalties on a repetition of the intrusion. I went to bed, but sprung out of it again on hearing the chain again uncoiled and a number of footsteps below. Rushing along the corridor and into the veranda, in my *panjama*, I quickly descended the steps into the compound, resolved to punish summarily the wretch who thus insisted on disturbing my repose. But all was still as death, and I saw nothing. I went to the massive door at the entrance, but it was closed; yet I had heard no indications of exit in that direction. I peered into the darkness and groped about the shrubbery, to discover if any one were concealed there, but in vain: nothing evinced the presence of an intruder; the chain of the well was rolled up, and the heavy lid lay over the mouth. An indescribable feeling of dread now, for the first time, came over me, which I was powerless to resist; and I retired precipitately to my dormitory, closed my windows and doors, and tried to compose myself to sleep, but the vague and undefined emotions I labored under were not to be repressed; and again I heard the dirge-like wail I have before referred to, more mournful and unearthly than ever.

I was consoled, however, by the reflection that I should not be another night alone in the house, as a son of Judge K— had written to me to say that he would accept my invitation to stop with me a fortnight, and we had agreed to read Hindoostanee together, preliminary to passing the examination which was close at hand. A chamber had been already fitted up beyond the hall for his reception, and I was glad to welcome him on his arrival, before noon. I said nothing to him with reference to my experiences, knowing that I should be laughed at for my fears; and indeed, for my own part, I began to feel heartily ashamed of them myself, and indignant, withal, that I had been imposed on, ei-

ther by my servants or by an outsider. Having worked myself up to this frame of mind, I determined to probe the matter to the bottom on the coming night. The evening was resolutely devoted, by K—— and myself, to study; and at ten o'clock he retired to his room, somewhat fatigued with the morning's travel. I had previously explored the *godowns* I have before mentioned as being under the dwelling apartments; and, when my servants left, I locked the front door, then went into my room, where I smoked a cheroot, and read for a time. Taking up a heavily loaded riding-whip, I now proceeded along the passage and veranda, and descended into the compound. My first steps were directed toward the entrance, which, in compliance with my orders, had been securely bolted. I looked up toward the lofty walls to wonder whether ingress could occur in that quarter, and finally stationed myself behind an impervious citron-tree, from where I could command a view of the place, as far as the darkness of the night would permit; and I fully made up my mind to wreak my vengeance on the first trespasser I could lay hands on.

It was past eleven o'clock when I took up this position; and I began to find time hang heavily on my hands, as I waited in anxious expectation of seeing somebody. But no one came; and a certain degree of the previous night's panic again stole over me, as I fancied, every now and then, that I saw a human object stealing stealthily about, or crawling along the ground. This proved only the result of overstrained expectation, such as any one may have experienced when seeking for a stray horse in the forest or on a wide plain, when every distant object appears to assume the form of the lost animal. I, however, felt a sensation of relief in knowing that another besides myself was in the building; though, immediately after, I taxed myself with cowardice for seeking to derive

consolation from such a source. A full half-hour must thus have passed, during which I often reverted to the strange voice of lamentation—or whatever it was—above, and wondered whether it would disturb K—— as it had done me. My thoughts were becoming oppressive, and I became tired of waiting. I was thinking of relinquishing the quest, and was just preparing to do so, when I suddenly became aware of footsteps approaching the head of the stairs on the veranda above me. It seemed as though several persons were carrying a heavy weight, with slow and measured tread; and as I failed entirely to account for such extraordinary sounds, an overpowering degree of terror mastered me, and rooted me to the place of my concealment. I endeavored to reason with myself on the absurdity of my fears; but the attempt was useless, for a dread of the supernatural had seized on me, and, in my affright, I took deeper refuge under the cover of the citron-tree, as I heard the footsteps moving down into the compound, with heavy and muffled tread—tramp, tramp. I heard them cross toward the well; but the blackness of darkness was upon and around me, and I saw nothing. I tried to shout, with the hope of alarming K——, up-stairs; but I could not do so—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I was petrified with fear, as I recognized the rattle of the chain, and its accompanying sounds, that had helped to disturb me on previous occasions; and these were succeeded by a heavy thud, as that of a falling body against a wall. Then all was silence. I feared to come forth for a time. A sense of the supernatural was still strong upon me, and the apprehension of witnessing some horrible vision, in connection with what I had heard, held me back. I listened intently; but the silence continued unbroken. Was it possible that a gang of ruffians had surreptitiously entered the house, in spite of all

my precautions? Had they killed K——? —and was that his body that they were conveying to the well? This idea at once put to flight all others. My blood boiled; I clutched my riding-whip convulsively, and winding the thong round my wrist for action, with a loud yell I burst from my cover into the open space, ready to encounter man or devil. But I met with nothing. The profoundest stillness reigned around. The lid of the well was undisturbed, and the chain intact above it. I glared through the pitchy atmosphere, and struck furiously at the shrubbery for a concealed enemy, but in vain. A reaction took place, and a cold shiver ran through me, as my former fears, now considerably increased, took possession of me. With a bound I made for the steps, up which I fled as though pursued by demons; along the veranda, and through the corridor and my bedroom, into the hall. My intention was to make for K——'s apartment; but, as I rushed frantically toward it, I stumbled and fell over his prostrate body, lying at the entrance to his room.

I thought he was dead—dead from fright, or possibly murdered. My own fears vanished for a moment, under this idea, and I rushed back to my room to obtain water and a light. I found, on my return, that, though insensible, he was not dead; and, after I had plentifully sprinkled his face with cold water, he began to revive, but the expression of terror that his countenance assumed was most appalling.

"Was it not horrible!" he exclaimed; "did you see it?"

"I saw nothing," I answered. "Although I was below, and must have been close to the infernal scene——"

"Below?" broke in K——. "Why, it was in this very hall"—pointing to a ring-bolt in the lofty ceiling, over the dining-table—"there, there, there!"

He was fearfully excited, and I thought he would have relapsed; so I got him

at once into his room and on his bed, making up my mind to say nothing at present to increase his fears. I got some brandy—a dose of which did us good—and waited patiently till he approached of his own accord the recital of what had happened to him.

"I had been asleep," he said, at length, "for some time, when I awoke, restless and uneasy. I was disturbed by a melancholy dirge."

"Ah, confound it!" I said; "it has often annoyed me; but pray continue."

"Sometimes it was apparently in my room, then in the hall, and again it sounded afar off. I was impressed with the idea that somebody, besides myself, was in the room; but my light had been extinguished, and I could perceive nothing. An indefinable feeling of heaviness oppressed me, as I again heard the wailing cry, which now, I was convinced, proceeded from my room. I sprang up, intending to come to you, and, as I approached the door, which was shut, I distinctly heard the voice in the hall outside. I was so frightened that I did not immediately open the door, but when I did—horror of horrors!—but you saw it, did you not?"

Fearing further to disturb his distracted mind, I replied that I had been alarmed while below in the compound, but had not seen what he had; that I had run up-stairs, and found him in a state of insensibility. His nervous system had received a very severe shock—that was quite clear; and I dreaded, for his sake, to hear a repetition of the unearthly sound. But they troubled us no more. I closed the door, and threw open the window, mentally resolving to strike my tents the next day. K—— was so depressed that even brandy-*pawnee* and cheroots were inadequate to elevate his spirits to a conversational point, and we both carefully avoided all reference to the events of the night.

I had, by no means, entirely recover-

ed my equanimity, and I gladly hailed the first crow of chanticleer, as the dispenser of evil spirits, and the harbinger of daylight. When my servants made their appearance, I ordered an early breakfast, and gave directions for packing up bag and baggage, preparatory to removal, as I knew I should experience no difficulty in finding other quarters. As for K——, poor fellow, he felt so bad that I quite agreed with him in the wisdom of his determination to return home to Trevandrum; and I may add, *par parenthèse*, that he did not pass the forthcoming examination as he had contemplated doing, though he now stands high in the civil service of India. I sent a message to my landlord, requesting his immediate attendance. He came shortly after breakfast, and I paid him his rent, (a very paltry amount) informing him that I was leaving his house that very day.

"Has any thing occurred, sir, to cause you to leave so suddenly?" he asked.

"Yes, something very unusual," I replied, reflectively; for I was unwilling to make public what had happened—both K—— and myself agreeing that ridicule would be the only result of such a confession.

"Was it up here, sir?" asked the landlord, pointing to the hall, "or below, in the compound?"

"What the d——, sir! You appear to know all about it!" I exclaimed, both astonished and angry that he had knowingly rented me a house with so evil a reputation. As I saw a cunning smile steal over his features, I felt a great inclination to knock him down, but restrained my wrath.

"Tell me," I said, "what you know of this infernal place of yours?"

"Well, sir, to say the truth, the house has a bad name. It has not been very long in my possession. I bought it from the last owner because it was very cheap, and I was ignorant of its character. I

resided in it for a time; but my family were so alarmed by strange noises, and the servants by what they declared to be supernatural appearances, that I was compelled to remove; although, for my part, I never saw any thing extraordinary about the house. I subsequently let it to others, but they did not remain."

"And you, I suppose, made a good thing out of it, pocketing rent that was not your due, eh? But what," I asked, "is the history connected with the hall?"

"You see, sir, that ring-bolt in the ceiling? Many years ago, a woman resided here, who committed murder and suicide; for her body, and that of her infant, were found, one morning, hung from that very bolt. Whether the crime was the result of misfortune or insanity, I never knew; but it is reported that her voice is often heard, and her spirit still haunts the building."

"And the compound?" I asked.

"Ah!" replied he, "there are other houses than mine that are troubled in that quarter. All that I know is this: that when the Portuguese held possession of Cochin, they amassed, by force and cruelty, a large amount of wealth, and when the fort was beleaguered by a powerful and ultimately victorious enemy, their great consideration was how to secure it. Their doubloons, jewels, and rich gold ornaments were packed in iron chests, and imbedded at the bottom of the deep wells in their compounds. It is recorded that, on these occasions, a slave was intrusted with the secret, ordered to protect the treasure, and on his promising to do so, was immediately killed and thrown into the well, with the idea, I suppose, that his *manes* would scare away any seekers after the hidden wealth."

"Are you aware whether any of it was recovered by the Dutch, on their taking possession of Cochin?"

"I have heard," he replied, "that

search has often been made, but no success has attended the effort. A series of the most unlooked-for accidents was constantly taking place: either the water in the well could not be got under, or portions of the brick-work would cave in, killing the operators below. Eventually, all further attempts were abandoned as useless, although every body believes in the great concealed wealth of Cochin."

I paid my landlord and dismissed him, without satisfying his evident curiosity as to what had occurred. I pondered over his story, and could not help remarking how curiously it was borne out by the events of the previous night. I had strictly avoided inquiring particulars of what K—— had seen, owing to his extreme state of agitation; but that he had really seen something, or imagined that he had done so, was quite obvious. Whether the fear of ridicule, or something else, influenced him, I don't know; but I never, subsequently, induced him to speak of the subject, without a shudder, and a request that all reference to it should for the future be avoided. I saw that the recollection was painful to him, and therefore complied with his wish. K—— had but recently arrived in Travancore, and knew as little as I did of any local tradition or historical incident that might have biased our judgments, or perverted our imaginations. We had, neither of us, heard of Spiritualism, and up to that period were profound unbelievers in ghosts. For my

part, I troubled my head very little about the matter, after it was over, although it made a far deeper impression on K——. What I heard may have been accounted for in both cases on reasonable grounds, no doubt, but I never endeavored further to elucidate that night's mystery.

Ten years afterward, I most unwillingly revisited Cochin, *en route* to Bombay. It had changed considerably in its commercial aspect, but the town within the fort was the same as I had left it. I passed my former residence: it was apparently empty. I met the landlord in the street, and addressed him:

"Is your house, there, to rent, Mr. Winkler?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, evidently not recognizing me.

"How long has it been empty?" I inquired.

He seemed, I thought, annoyed at the question, but answered that it had been without a tenant for some time. On interrogating him as to the cause he got still more annoyed, but would give no satisfactory reply to my questions. I hinted certain matters to him and turned away, laughing at his evident confusion and wonder as to who he could be who knew both him and the secret of his house. He doubtless walks the streets of Cochin at the present day, vainly endeavoring to let his house; and would, most probably, for a small gratuity, give the inquirer all the information that might be required in corroboration of the truth of the foregoing narrative.

"—MAS HAS COME."

IT was called Beacon Ledge fully fifty years before the present light-house had been built upon it. For it was said that long ago, when wrecking was a profitable trade along the coast, and goodly vessels were frequently, by false lights, decoyed to their destruction, there was no more favorable point for the exercise of that systematic villainy than this rocky, high-lifted bluff. Projecting three or four hundred feet into the sea, with a gradually curved, sweeping line, it formed, to be sure, upon the one side, a limited anchorage—safe enough for those who knew it; but, upon the other side, it looked upon a waste of shoal, dotted, here and there, at lowest tide, with craggy breakers, and, at high water, smooth, smiling, and deceitful, with the covered dangers. Here, then, upon certain dark and stormy nights, the flaming beacon of destruction would glow brightly against the black sky, and wildly lighten up the cruel faces of those who stood by and piled on the fagots, while gazing eagerly out to sea to mark the effect of their evil machinations. Nor was it until some thirty years ago that the gangs of wretches were thoroughly broken up, and this, their favorite vantage-ground, wrested from them, and the tall, white light-house there securely founded—maintaining in mercy what had before been held as a blighting curse; lifting itself, like a nation's warning finger, and with its calm, serene glow, pointing out the path of safety. Then, in the mouths of all the surrounding inhabitants, Beacon Ledge became known as Beacon Ledge Beacon, and so kept its name, in spite of tautological criticism, or of different and more formal christening, by Government authority.

Still, there hung around the place the memories or traditions of past violence, shipwreck, and murder—partly true, perhaps, but, doubtless, generally false, having only a few grains of fact or probability mingled with all kinds of distorted fictions—the deeds of pirates being supplemented to those of mere wreckers; the imaginations of fishermen along the coast ever inventing plenteous horrors, and wild tales of buccaneering rovers, originally written for other localities, being now willfully adopted and here located, until, at last, there was hardly a known crime which could not find its origin or counterpart at Beacon Ledge, and the whole neighboring shore became a melancholy store-house of terrors, disaster, and distress. These tales being discovered to be very pleasing to most strangers, were carefully cultivated and enlarged upon by each interested denizen of the place; and to me, also, for awhile, they had a peculiar charm. I seldom grew tired of hearing some grizzled, tar-incrusted fisherman reel off his tissue of improbable abominations. For awhile, I say, since there came, at last, a day when I cared no longer for such bloody traditions, forgot the shadowy horrors that flitted about the spot, and only thought and cared for it as the place where I had met and loved dear little Jessie Barkstead.

She was the only child of the light-house keeper. In a worldly point of view, therefore, was it wisely done that I should have set my affections upon her? Possibly not; and it is likely that, had I known the weakness of my mind, I would have shunned the danger from the very first. But I was gay and reckless in my poor self-complacency and de-

ceitful assurance of inner strength; and long before I had fairly realised how rapidly I was drifting, I found myself whirling down the swift current, and was lost. Nor was it a marvel that this should have so happened. To one who sits aloof in his unromantic, distant home, it is an easy thing, indeed, to moralize about matters of inferior station and *mésalliance*; but I believe that few could have seen little Jessie, as she first appeared to me, and not have felt some secret inclination to give way before those subtle charms of beauty and manner which invested her. Moreover, let it here be mentioned that she was not at all of humble birth or education. Old Barkstead was himself a gentleman by culture and station, and had once been the master of a gallant ship. In that important position he had been for many years a pleasant and popular officer; but at length, in an evil day, through some temporary weakness or neglect, he had lost his charge, and almost ruined his employers. The world—with what degree of truth can not now be told—had charged the loss upon intoxication. A storm of obloquy and reproach arose. The man, bowed down with self-abasement and sensitiveness, had yielded to the blast, and attempted no defense; and, after awhile, obtaining, through some friendly influence, the custody of the Beacon Light, he had fled, with his child, to that obscurity, leaving no trace behind him, and caring only to pass the rest of his life in the quiet of the world's forgetfulness.

I was myself the occasional tenant of a light-house, for, during a few weeks of the summer, I had been visiting the Penguin Light, some four or five miles distant up the coast. It was a tall and far-reaching structure, standing upon a jutting point of rock—almost the duplicate of the Beacon Ledge: the two lights glimmering at each other across the little bay between, and only to be

distinguished apart at night by the different periods of their revolutions. Penguin Light was in the keeping of old Barry Somers, a long-known and valued sailor-friend of mine, who, in past days, had taught me to swim, and sail a boat, and now seemed to regard his office more for the opportunity it gave of entertaining me than for its actual salaried value. Thither, therefore, I would often repair during the summer months, avoiding the usual crowded haunts, and giving preference to old Barry's pleasant talk and my solitary rambles along the shore; occasionally running out to sea, that I might speak friendly pilots cruising in the distance; and now and then, by way of change and innocent attempt at usefulness, taking my turn at keeping up and watching over the safety of the lantern-lamps.

It was during one of my lonely wanderings along the beach, when, with gun in hand, I made feeble and unsuccessful attempts against the lives of the merry little sand-pipers, that I first saw Jessie. She sat upon a rock, and was gazing out at sea. In her hand was a book, which she was not reading—who, indeed, could read collectedly, with that fresh breeze lifting such a pleasant array of dancing white-caps, and rolling inward those strong bodies of surf, which broke upon the shore with the ring of sportive Titans? Her handkerchief had fallen off her head, and her curls were flying wantonly in the breeze. I did not, for the moment, dream that she had any connection with the light-house, but rather that she was a chance city visitor at some inland country-house; and so I passed on, not venturing to speak with her. So, also, the next day, and the next—finding her always there when I passed, as though that particular hollow in the rock was her own especial, allotted refuge-place. At last, gaining courage from those frequent meetings, and, perhaps, from the half-smile with which she began

to greet my coming, I addressed her; and so the few words of salutation gradually lengthened into conversation, and, before we were well conscious of the fact, had ripened into terms of intimacy.

How swiftly such matters sometimes proceed, when removed from the stiffness and ceremony of city life! A week only had passed, and I began to find that all my walks led in that one direction. Jessig was always at her place, with the uncompleted book in her hands; and I, going no farther, would seat myself beside her, throw down my useless gun, let the poor sand-pipers go undis-mayed, and so prepare for the comfortable, pleasant conversation of the morning. It was no unattractive pastime, indeed, to dispose the dry sea-weed for her seat; and then, placing my head upon another pile, remain half reclined at her feet, listening to her lively talk, and pretending to look out upon the blue waves, when, all the while, I was stealthily gazing into the deeper blue of her eyes. Nor, when I heard her story—or, so much of it as at first she deigned to tell me—did I hold her in less respect. The daughter of the light-house, indeed! Why, truly, this should matter nothing at all to me. What interest could I have in her past or present associations, or how could they, in any way, detract from her own native grace and loveliness? Were her eyes less bright, or was her conversation less cheery, or were her attitudes less picturesque and pleasing, because old Captain Barkstead, instead of still sailing a fleet merchantman, now mopingly cleaned his reflectors, and, when strangers came, hid himself in the lantern? Moreover, had she not brought with her from her former home, wherever that might be, a wit, and intellect, and intelligence which might adorn any position? What more could be needful in promotion of a quiet sea-side flirtation? In a week or ten days I should go away, and no longer

see her. I should carry off with me the memories of a very pleasant face, that had always brightened up whenever I came near; and then, as, after awhile, new forms and scenes came between, I would, of course, forget her. For a time, she might possibly look out longingly after my return, and, finding that I did not come back, might—well, not exactly lose memory of me, I hoped. It was to be desired, perhaps, that a few thoughts of me would always tinge her future life, I argued with something of man's selfishness. I would not, indeed, that she should make herself miserable about me; but if, when her face had faded from my thoughts, some little record of myself should pleasantly remain with her, and now and then bring a transitory pang of musing regret, who should say nay?

Therefore, in time, I went away. I did not steal off without farewell. That would have been but sorry recompense for the many cheery hours she had given me. But, taking her hand in mine, I gave to her my heartfelt thanks for all the pleasant past, and my cordial wishes for the future. I did not know that I should ever meet her again, I said. I hoped, however, that she would not too soon forget me. It was in my heart to utter more tender and sentimental words than I had any right to use, but I repressed the inclination. I cherished, too, a secret hope that she would show some sorrow for my departure; but, if she felt any at all, she did not allow her expression, or her color, to betray her. With quiet self-possession, yet with a certain interest, too—as when one gives up a pleasant, valued friend—she bade me adieu; and so, lifting from her feet the ever-harmless gun, I passed away, round the border of the little bay, and returned to the city.

There, however, somewhat to my surprise, I failed to forget her; and wherever I went, the image of that light,

graceful form, seated upon the rock, began to obtrude itself upon my thoughts. Of course, it was only a fleeting impression, I reasoned with myself, and would soon disappear again, as newer scenes and faces forced themselves upon me; and I plunged rather more wildly than usual into society. But the proposed remedy did not have its due effect. In fact, it happened that the routine of gayety and formality seemed, by contrast, to aid the former impressions, making them seem more real and life-like than ever. It could not be that I was falling in love! But yet I could not fail to confess a strange interest; and, while knowing that I was in danger, was content to let myself drift whither the current might carry me.

"I will see her once more. There was something I forgot to tell her when we parted last," I said to myself, trying in vain to establish and believe in a transparent self-deceit. "It was about a book, or something. It weighs upon my mind that she should deem me neglectful of her wishes. Once more, therefore, and then—"

"Where away, so late in the autumn?" inquired a friend, who saw me starting out.

"Down the bay, blue-fishing!" I exclaimed. "Just the real time for it."

"Ah? Well, good-by, then! Rather too cold sport for me, though!"

Therefore, I saw Jessie again—and yet again after that. Why should I not confess it?—or, after what I have already told, what is there left for me to confess, at all? For now, at last, I began to acknowledge to myself that it was not mere friendship or esteem I felt, but, rather, the more overpowering passion of real love. Gone, like a thin veil of vapor, were all my sophistries about a limited Platonic interest; my dread of incongruous association; my resolves against possible rashnesses; my fear of the world or its senseless gossip; my

prudence, or my self-restraint! These all seemed to vanish in a day; and, yielding myself, slavishly, a willing captive to bright eyes and silvery tones, upon one fine morning I passed the Rubicon of safety, and offered her my hand and heart. But, to my sore dismay, she only softly shook her head.

"You do not love me, then?" I murmured. I spoke not merely with sorrow and disappointment, but with something of wounded pride—feeling mortified that she had not at once accepted my devotion. Certainly, it had seemed to me, all along, that I was not disagreeable to her; and there was no doubt that in her manner, at least, she had always cordially welcomed my approach, and taken pleasure in my company.

"I do not know—I hardly yet can tell!" she faintly said, drawing her hand from mine. "To me, you are my best and dearest friend; perhaps, the only one whom I can really call my friend. I know how glad I always feel when you come hither; how lonely I am while you stay away. But this I do not think is love—the real, true love which I should wish to feel."

"But can it never be?" I pleaded.

"How can I tell? It might come to that, at last; and yet—" She ceased, and there came over her face a strange, dead look at the sea before her—a straining gaze, as though she would fix her eyes far beyond, in another hemisphere, oblivious of the present.

"Yet tell me, Jessie, have I a rival? This, at least, you might let me know. I will not go further, nor will I ask his name."

For a moment she did not answer: still sitting, with that strange, rapt, straining gaze, and with an unconscious, mechanical motion, rolling the little sand pebbles down the side of the rock.

"There was one," she said, at length. "I hardly know how to tell you about it. I believe that I cared for him, and yet I

never told him so; nor did he ever tell me that he loved or cared for me, and yet, at the time, I thought that he did. It was some time ago—a very long time, it often seems to me; nor do I suppose that he and I will ever meet again. And now you know almost as much about it as I do myself," she continued, turning more fully toward me. "Or what more can I say? There was no pledge given on either side—no uttered words—and, of course, it has all gone by. But now and then, when I think about it, I feel regret; and it seems to me as though it were a different and stronger feeling than that which I have for you. Whether I am mistaken in my feelings, or how or what I really think, perhaps I can not well tell: I am only a simple girl, after all, and know so very little about love, or what love truly is."

"Yet, Jessie dear," I pleaded, "if you look upon that old matter as buried and gone—which, doubtless, it must be—why think longer about it, instead of turning to the new and truer affection which now I offer you? Believe me, you are letting your mind dwell merely upon a dream of the past—one of those vain fancies of girlhood, which, though for the time they may control the mind, have no real, vital activity or force."

"It may be so," she said, in a sort of saddened, half-regretful tone. "Indeed, it must be so; and it might be that when the influence has passed away, I may find that I have cared for you better than I have imagined. I know that, even now, you seem dear to me as a friend, and that you are kind to me, making me always happy at your coming; yet, at the same time, I think that there is something wanting in it all—something which is not love. You see that I am very plain with you. Better, then, to leave me: is it not so? For I can not now give you my heart; nor do I know whether, in the future, I can better do so; and it is not right that I should keep you

at my side, hoping or expecting what, after all, may never come."

"Nay, I will not leave you for all that, my Jessie," I said, impulsively. "I will still remain at your side, and trust even to the mere chance that, at some future period, you may relent."

Therefore, dropping the subject for that time, I remained, and sought, by new kindnesses and attentions, to win some final increase of her favor toward me, but feeling, at the same time, a little sore and angry with myself. For, how wretchedly was I now maintaining that proper independence of spirit, which I had always insisted even the most blinded and devoted of lovers should feel! Had it not been my cherished theory that no man should surrender his freedom of heart without obtaining in return the utmost, unlimited, and unselfish devotion? Yet, here I was giving up my whole soul to a blind passion, rendered more and more absorbing, doubtless, by the opposition I experienced, and for response I found myself willing to be content with even the cinders of a former and only half-dead affection; trusting, as so many men have vainly trusted, that by earnest care and assiduity, I might, at last, re-illumine the fading spark, and make its new brightness glow for me.

So passed the autumn, during which I made frequent journeys between coast and city; striving, at times, with the cares of business to drive her image from my mind, and finding myself continually drawn back again to that quiet nook which, gifted with her presence, had become to me the brightest and only happy spot on earth. These frequent departures, so contrary to my usual habit, soon began to excite the inquiries and surmises of my friends. Fishing and shooting protracted into the season so far as almost to touch the edge of the winter, no longer served as satisfactory excuses for my absences; and there were

some among my friends, who, in their speculations, came very near the truth, and hinted suspicions of some rustic passion. But still, turning off their insinuations with a laugh, I kept my secret—holding it the more carefully and earnestly, as I now began to see hope dawning for me in the future.

For now, at last, it seemed as if I was about to prosper in my suit. Each time that I came, Jessie appeared yet more pleased to see me—more willing to give me that attractive confidence which can only exist in full perfection between acknowledged lovers; less disposed to analyze her mind's emotion with any critical severity, or speculate whether this or that feeling had, or had not, passed the line between friendship and love; more ready, at times, to surrender the struggle and self-examination, confess herself vanquished, and yield up her whole heart to my keeping. But not quite yet.

"A little longer," she pleaded. "Let me feel somewhat more sure of myself before—"

"And how much longer, then, Jessie?"

"Till Christmas, George. When Christmas comes, I will either be all your own, or will send you away forever. Will not that do?"

"It must, perforce, if I can not gain better terms," I answered; and I returned once more to my city life. It was my fixed intention to remain there resolutely until the Christmas morning itself had come; but at last, unable to maintain the suspense, I stole back to the beach once more. It was now only two days from the time. The air was colder, of course, so that Jessie no longer took her place outside upon the rock; but we could sit and talk in the shelter of the light-house door, undisturbed by old Barkstead, who usually fretted and moped out of sight, about half-way up the shaft.

"Only two days more, dear Jessie," I said, "and then—. Will it be well with me, do you think?"

"I think—I begin to think it will be well," she said, looking away.

"Then, if so you think, why should you longer delay your choice?" I pleaded.

"Nay, George, it is only two days more. Let it, then, remain as first we said, and we shall be the better satisfied at having held out to the proper end."

Gaining nothing more from her, but feeling, in my own mind, well assured of ultimate success, I prepared to depart. Not to return to the city, indeed, for that would scarcely be worth while for such a little interval—but to the Penguin Light, where Barry Somers, as usual, had a place ready for me. But, as I was leaving, a sudden idea struck me—a wild, foolish fancy, it might be—yet, coming, as it did, with a certain investiture of originality, it fastened itself firmly and tenaciously upon me, and with animation I returned upon my steps.

"Listen, dear Jessie!" I said. "Until Christmas morning, therefore, I will not see you again, for I do not wish thus vainly to renew my pleadings, and it will be pleasanter to know that when I meet you once more, it will be with sweet confession on your lips, and the permission to look upon you thenceforward as my own. But still, while we are thus separated, can we not commune together?"

"How, George?"

"With the lights, dear Jessie. See here, now! Mark how easily we can arrange our signaling, so that, across the intervening miles, we can flash our secret intelligence, and no one but ourselves be the wiser! Look!—I will now write you out some signs, and with them, at night, we will hold our intercourse. This very evening I will control the

lamps at Penguin Light, and you shall read what I will therewith tell you. Tomorrow you will answer me from here; and I, in turn, will decipher your sweet words. Will not that be a rare, as well as pleasant correspondence?"

At the suggestion, her eyes brightened up with animated excitement, and at once she prepared to second my plan. How, indeed, could a young girl help approving of such a novel conception? To talk with beacon-lights across five miles of foaming, heaving waters, when all around was dark and dreary!—to flash from one sympathetic heart to another the glowing signals of intelligence comprehended by no other persons!—would not that be an achievement which would not only give pleasure in the actual present performance of it, but also in the recollection of it throughout future years? So, sitting down again, she eagerly listened to me, while I, drawing a paper from my pocket, noted down the requisite tokens, something after the usual signs employed in ordinary telegraphy—short and simple—and left them in her possession. I saw at once that she comprehended the principle; so, feeling no doubt that she would well perform her part, I departed, reading, in her pleased consciousness of sharing that novel secret with me, such probable indications of affection, that, for the moment, I could scarcely resist once more throwing myself upon her pity, and asking instant assurance of my happiness.

But I forbore. Were I now to win her, in anticipation of that predetermined Christmas-day, might it not take something from the zest of the coming midnight correspondence?

So, controlling myself, I returned to Penguin Light. I had been a little troubled with the idea that, perhaps, I might not be able to manage the matter, after all; but, almost to my joy, I found old Barry complaining of his rheumatism, hobbling about, and looking wrathfully

up the winding stairs, in surly deprecation of his approaching ascent. Upon which, I seized the favorable opportunity, and, while relieving him, forwarded my own views.

"Let it alone for this night, Barry. Do you stay down here and make yourself comfortable, and I will keep watch in the lantern, and tend the lights."

"And can you keep awake, Georgy, my boy, do you think?"

"Of course I can, Barry."

Whereupon, for sole answer, Barry stumped away into the closet below—which he called his room—laid himself carefully away upon his old blankets, and I mounted to the lantern. There—the hour of sundown having come—I lighted the lamps, and awaited my time. That was still some hours off: I was to do nothing until midnight. Meanwhile, I laid myself down to take a nap. I had promised watchfulness, but it was hardly necessary in the beginning of the night. The wicks were then fresh, and it was not likely that any accident could happen. It was only toward the end of the night, when the wicks might become incrustrated or the reflectors dimmed, that especial care was needed.

I awoke again about midnight, the hour appointed for the commencement of my feat. The sky had clouded over, and not a star was to be seen. All the better, indeed, for the experiment; for now there was no light to be seen in any direction, except where down the coast glimmered the Beacon Ledge Beacon—now faintly coming around the side, then glowing for a second like the mouth of a distant furnace, as its full focus of reflectors was pointed directly at me, then fading away, and so, for an instant, entirely disappearing, as it turned slowly toward the south. With the thick bank of clouds had come a cold wind from the north, premonitory of an approaching storm, though it might be days before it reached us—the only change to be now

noted being the somewhat heavier swell of the surf, rolling up with a dull, sullen roar along the curve of the rock-bound shore.

I prepared for action. As I sat in the lantern, the great brazen frame of polished reflectors swung around, once in each minute, within a few inches of the side. Beneath was the projecting handle of a crank, or lever, by pressing upon which the revolution could be instantly arrested. Stooping down, I could sit at ease, with my head clear from any contact with the lamps, and in that position could have the lever-handle within easy reach.

Waiting for a moment until the reflectors pointed directly toward Beacon Ledge, I pressed upon the crank, and thereby suspended the revolution. Thus inert and motionless I held the machinery for a full minute, and then, lifting the rod, allowed the circuit to recommence, and gazed anxiously toward the other light-house. For a moment, no response; but then, as its reflectors came slowly around and pointed toward me, they, too, ceased in their motion for a full minute. With that my heart exulted. My signal for conversation had been seen and answered. So far, all went satisfactorily, and there was nothing left but to commence the main business of the night.

What should I talk to Jessie about? I could not frame any lengthy sentences, indeed—for that, time and patience would not suffice. Nor could I tell her any especial piece of news: all such matters had already been discussed between us. Nor did it seem any thing but ridiculous to repeat, in such a labored manner, any of the ordinary commonplaces about health, or the time, or weather. The most I could do, in fact, would be to telegraph some short and simple idea, expressive of my affection for her, and of my ardent faith in its coming realization. This she would comprehend, and, like a

proverb, it would tell, in brief, a whole long story.

Watching until the reflectors again came round, I seized the lever, held the machinery in suspense for a whole minute, and then set it free again. Another circuit, and this time I arrested the motion for only fifteen seconds. A third, and here again a suspension of a whole minute. In this way, by putting the three circuits together, I had contrived to spell out the letter C—as in a telegraph office the operator would write a letter, though probably not the same one, with a long, a short, and a long scratch upon the paper slip.

Again: and now I let the reflectors remain stationary, first, for a minute, then twice for fifteen seconds each. This—a long, and two short arrestations—spelled the letter H. So, little by little, I wrote out with the light-house flash against the dark sky the simple sentence,

"Christmas is coming."

It was plain and expressive. It spoke to Jessie of the approaching day, when she should make her long-deferred decision, and when I so ardently anticipated that she would be mine. It reminded her that the time was now only a few hours distant. It told her that even those few hours were almost too long for me to wait. It was a short message, indeed, but the difficulty of thus spelling it out, letter by letter, made it long enough. Already, ere I had finished, my arm, as well as my attention, was fatigued; and when, at last, I made the long signal of conclusion, and gained, in reply, the token that I had been comprehended, I felt that I had done enough for one night, at least.

Then, remaining awake, with some difficulty, until morning came, I put out the lights, and went down to see after old Barry. He was better; his rheumatism had not troubled him as much as he had feared; he would get up, and himself

trim the lights for the coming night, and I had better lie down and rest. Which I gladly did, for I was tired, indeed, and began to have a suspicion that, though light-house telegraphy might be a pleasant excitement for once, it was inferior, as a steady means of communication, to the regularly established mails. So, I slept the sleep of the weary, if not of the just; and the morning was far advanced when I awoke.

The new day was not stormy, as I had partly anticipated it would be, nor yet was it clear and beautiful. The gale seemed slowly coming on, but had not quite reached us. The sky was thick with scudding clouds, racing wildly from north to south; the air was cold and cheerless; the sea rolled in with a more powerful swell than usual, breaking along the shore with a boom like that of heavy artillery. The gulls flew to and fro, screaming and unsettled; a few coasting schooners, apprehensive of mischief, had put into the land-locked bay and there lay at anchor, awaiting better weather; and in one place, the fishermen were dragging their boats away back to the foot of the bluff, so as to avoid the still heavier swell which must ere long come. Yet, for all that, the storm had not commenced, and I could easily have walked over to Beacon Ledge and made my daily visit.

But still I forbore. I had already told Jessie that I should not see her again until I came to hear the decision of my fate, and I resolved that I would be firm. Would it not, besides, spoil the whole romance of our midnight correspondence were I to visit her again so soon? I had signaled a greeting to her. What a lowering of sentiment it would be if now I were to obtain her response in commonplace manner, by mere word of mouth, instead of by the bright sheen of the light-house itself! Nay, that would never do. So, killing the heavy hours as best I could, I loitered up and down the

beach, shooting at the gulls as ineffectually as I had before shot at the sand-pipers; watching the course of a few frightened vessels, which still continued to make for that little harbor of refuge; and, like a child, making sand-forts on the beach, for the pleasure of seeing them washed away again by the next heavy swell.

Night came at last; and, as before, I volunteered to relieve Barry of the care of the lamps, and allow him additional opportunity to nurse his rheumatism. As before, he made some feeble show of hesitation, by way of reconciling his mind to the proffered rest, and then readily succumbed.

"Be it so, Georgy, my boy," he said. "That is, if you are not already too tired. But I don't feel as bad now as last night, and may yet crawl up and relieve you."

"Take it easy, Barry," I said. "It is not much trouble for me. I could stand it this fashion for a week."

With that I left him alone in his snug-gery, and climbed the stairs to the top. As upon the previous evening, I lighted the lamps, set the machine in motion, and then curled myself down in a corner of the floor to rest till midnight. I did not at once fall asleep, however. The gale, which had been preparing for the last thirty hours, now began to come in force, disturbing me with the sound of the wind—whistling shrilly through every crack and crevice—while the light-house itself constantly trembled with the blast. Even at that height, I could hear the sullen dash of the breakers against the shore; and once I could see, by the tremulous movement of lights far out to the eastward, that a large steamer was passing, and was laboring toilsomely with a more than usually heavy sea. She was in no danger, however, and gradually passed away from my line of vision. Then, at last, I fell asleep, though not into the soft, quiet slumber

which I usually enjoyed. Even in my dreams the tempest followed me, filling my mind with distorted imaginings. The old stories, which I had so often heard and of late had forgotten, about pirates, and wrecks, and wreckers, and cruelties perpetrated upon the beach, now seemed to take actual life and reality. I could see the dismayed vessels struggling among the breakers, and the rows of hard, fierce, expectant faces lining the shore, and awaiting the turning up of the dead bodies. I was a dead body myself, even, and was being washed up on the beach, already drowned beyond hope of resuscitation, and yet strangely conscious of all that went on around me. A hand was placed roughly upon me, as I lay motionless upon the sand. Then, gaining new life, I cried aloud, and, waking, found old Barry leaning over me, and shaking me into consciousness.

"Look over yonder, Georgy, my boy, at the Beacon Point," he said. "See how strangely the lights are acting. What do you make of it all?"

I looked, and saw that the reflectors were pointing, motionless, toward me—resting there for a full minute; then they swept around slowly in their accustomed course, and again paused for a minute. Thereby I deciphered the letter M, and started into full and instant animation. I had, of course, overslept myself, and thereby, probably, lost a portion of Jessie's dear message. How much of it, indeed?

"What is the hour, Barry?"

"Half-past twelve," he said. "But what do you make of yonder business? Is it some accident to the works, do you think?—or has old Barkstead gone on a spree again, as they say he once did, and is now playing fast and loose with the lights?"

While he had been speaking, new revolutions, broken by longer or shorter pauses, had succeeded; and I deciphered the additional letters A and S.

"Whatever it may be, Barry," I then answered—forcing myself to attend to him, and feeling a little guilty for being obliged to keep the mysterious secret from him—"don't you see that nothing can be done about it, now? Go, therefore, to bed again. This cold lantern is no place for you to remain in. And tomorrow, bright and early, I will go out myself, and ascertain what may be the matter."

With that, I gently pushed Barry down the first two or three steps, and heard him go grumbling and puffing the rest of the way to his own nook. Meanwhile, the bright signaling from Beacon Point went on—letter after letter—until, at last, I read out the whole sentence:

"—*mas has come.*"

"Christmas has come!" This, of course, was the completion of the message; for it was not now difficult to supply those letters which, through my tardy awakening, I had missed. My heart bounded high with joy and exultation. Sanguinely as I had anticipated a favorable verdict at Jessie's hands, my utmost hopes had never asked for such a frank and instant admission of her preference as this. To be reminded, at the very first stroke of the midnight hour, that the important day for decision had arrived: what was this but being told that the day should bring its blessing with it?—that Jessie herself had awaited its approach as eagerly as I had, feeling as acutely the delay?—that now there should be no more disguise or misconstruction between us? Christmas had come! It was, indeed, a frank and noble response to my message of the night before, telling me that now, at last, she had surrendered her heart to my safe-keeping. Had it been possible, I would have run over at once to Beacon Ledge, and pressed her to my heart. But, of course, not the tempest merely forbade. I must wait until the more suitable time

of morning, still many hours off. Therefore, composing myself as well as possible for quiet waiting, I sat, during the remainder of the night, musing over my pleasant prospects, and watching anxiously for the first ray of morning.

It came at last—later than usual, for the tempest had not yet abated, and the approach of day was to be noted rather by the gradual lightening of the atmosphere, than by any gleam of eastern dawn. Then I extinguished the lights, stopped the machinery, and descended to old Barry.

"I will now cross over to the Beacon Ledge," I said, "and find out what was the matter last night."

"Without your breakfast, boy?" growled the old man.

But what did I care for breakfast! My heart was too full of joy to care for any carnal needs; and, therefore, with some lame excuse for my hurry, and a guilty sense of continued deception weighing upon my mind, I set off, promising a speedy return. The task that I had set myself was no trifle, and I could not wonder at the solemn shake of the head with which Barry watched my departure. The tempest was at its height, and a blinding sheet of rain and ocean-spray drove wildly into my face at each step. The breakers dashed furiously upon the beach—so furiously, indeed, that the usual route along the hard-pressed sand had become impassable, and I was obliged to take a higher path through the loose, yielding pebbles. But I persevered bravely and determinedly, though so sorely fettered in my steps, and buffeted in my face, and, after nearly two hours, reached the other light-house.

I entered without ceremony, and, in the angle of the first flight of stairs—our usual trysting-place ever since the lateness of the season had denied us the rock by the sea-side—I found dear Jessie. But she was not alone. Beside her, and too

near, I thought, sat a pleasant-faced young man, who, at my approach, arose, and with a miserably counterfeited affectation of indifference, sauntered away. Jessie also arose, and, with whitened face, came forward.

"Why are you here?" she murmured. "Did I not signal it all to you, so that you might know the truth, and spare both yourself and me this meeting?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Did you not understand me, after all, kind friend? You know, indeed, that I once told you how I had loved another. I had no expectation of seeing him again, it is true. He was far away with his vessel when we departed from our little village, leaving, as you know, not a trace behind us; and, therefore, there was no way in which the secret of our present retreat could be learned by any one. Nor could I write to him and tell him, for he had not yet spoken to me of love, and I did not know but what he would choose, in the end, to forget me. But Fate, after all, is sometimes kind. Searching for me, without any trace to guide him, he had almost despaired, when, the night before this last, coming in from sea, he saw the Penguin Light; and noticing how, while you were signaling to me, at times it stopped for a moment, he thought it was the Upper Roadstead Light, and so ran in and made this little harbor by mistake. Thereby it was that we have chanced to meet again."

"But, Jessie, you signaled to me that—"

"I signaled that Thomas had come. Did you not comprehend? Or, can it be that I had never happened to mention his name to you?"

"Ah!" I feebly exclaimed, the light breaking in upon me; "Thomas was the word, then, was it? I thought—but no matter now for my thoughts. Well, farewell, Jessie. There can be no good word or wish that any one may give you that will not always be uttered twofold

from my heart. You know it, kind friend, do you not?"

"I know it, George, indeed," she said.

And, tearing myself from her, I returned to city life. There I gave myself once more up to business and its cares, in hopes of drowning my disappointment; and now, after long months of sad regret, I have nearly succeeded, and have become myself again. But, at times, I lie awake in the middle of the night and

listen to the city's roar, and in the sound I seem to hear once more the play of breakers on the shore at Beacon Ledge; and then I think, with sadness, how different might have been my lot, had I not so foolishly determined to utter, with the light-house lamps, and so many miles across, those words of greeting which should have been softly whispered instead, by lowly pleading lips, into closely attentive, willing ears.

CENTREPOLE BILL.

IT drizzled unmistakably that night—not in straightforward rain, but in sneaking gusts that glanced down the neck and up the sleeve. I pulled on my coat, and splashed out to the gate, to see if it were fast against wandering cattle. The lights in the house gleamed dimly through the mist, as if the wet had reached them, too. Even old "Don," who followed me gingerly out from the porch, shook his shaggy coat, and sniffed his disgust at the weather. Satisfied that all was right, I was about returning to shelter, when from around the corner of the fence came the sound of horses' feet, and a heavy wagon sucking and groaning up the incline. A low, prolonged growl from the dog greeted the coming team, and I waited a moment to see who could be traveling at such a time and in such a sorry storm. There soon came abreast of the gate a huge wagon, drawn by six mules, which I could barely see through the fog. Attracted by the fire in my pipe, which I had succeeded in keeping alight, and the increased growling of the dog, it stopped, and, after the brake rattled down, a hoarse voice issued:

"Whoa there, June! I say, stranger, how far is it to town?"

"To Los Angeles? Ten miles."

"That's a purty outlook for me. Ten miles! Is this a tavern?"

"No."

"Ten miles to town! Waal, stranger, I guess I'll stake out here to-night. Them animules is too beat to do that. Where's yer water?"

"It's all around you to-night; but you can turn your mules into the *corral*, and bring your blankets before the fire. It's too wet to stay out here."

"Waal, I've seen wus nights nor this, and I'm eenämost water-proof; but since you're pressin', I'll turn out these critters and jine ye in a shake. Git up, here, you old cantankerous Guv'ment mule! That ar' Black Bess is the orna-rest animule I ever see."

It required but little time to unhitch his team, and I opened the gate, and in the fagged creatures came—gaunt and worn, with moth-eaten tails, dripping with wet, and generally cast down, as mules are when their kicking days are past. Though there was a prospect for them of fodder and corn, not the ghost of a trot appeared, but they meandered slowly into the yard, where our own horses crowded together under the shed, and gazed inhospitably at the new-comers.

"Have you had any supper?" I in-

quired of the teamster, as he came into the house with his blankets.

"Waal, now you mention it, I rayther think not, and I do feel a heap hungry."

I managed to get him a cold bite and a glass of toddy, and as he whipped out his short, black pipe and moved up to the fire, he began to thaw, mentally, as I saw from the gladness in his eye, and physically, as the steam from his clothes attested. I was alone that night, and glad to have company. I had a good view of my guest now: a short, thick-set man, with a shock of a beard, bronzed face, where it could be seen, and sharp, gray eyes. A soldier's coat, much too large for him, was his upper garment, the only apparent additional vesture being a pair of immense boots.

"I like that liquor o' yours," he said, after a time. "It *ketches* as it goes down. How long mout you have lived here?"

"Only a year," I answered.

Between the wreaths of curling smoke he scanned me closely, and again inquired:

"Where mout ye hail from?"

"A great distance from here—from Maine."

"From Maine? You don't say so! I'm from them parts myself. It seems kind o' good to meet a feller-nationer in a furrin land. How's all the folks down in Maine?"

"About as usual, I fancy. But how did you get out here?"

"I've made a long trip of it, you bet. If you don't want to turn in, I'll tell you all about it. It kind o' drops the tail-board out of a feller's feelins to strike a man from the same deestrick."

Assuring him that I should enjoy his confidence and his story—having mixed "another stiff 'un to take out that last patch of cold"—he related as follows:

"The fust of it was, me and the old man had a scrimmage—not a fightin' one, mind ye, fur I wouldn't have hurt a

hair of the old man's head, not for gold; but I was pesky tired of farmin' and plowin' and hog-killin', and such like, and was a bound for to go to sea. It's curus a feller never knows the right side of his melon till it's too late; but that's the way with all on us, and knockin' about in the world just pulls the husk off of the cob, and shows ye what's what. Howsomdever, seein' as how I was hankerin' to go away, and as 'Melia Pritchard had married that city chap, and as the old man said I shouldn't go, I was more determineder than ever. There was a circus come along to our town, and me and the other boys was kinder handy—helpin' water the horses, and doin' chores for the men—and we got into the show. It was the fust time I ever see a circus, and the band, and the riders, and the beautiful woman on a calico horse, was too much for me, partickly after I was let in to the Livin' Skeleton and the Fat Lady. So I made up my mind to run off with this show, and I marches up to the boss and asked him if he would take me. 'What can you do?' says he. 'Any thin,' says I; 'mostly drive.' 'Well,' says he, 'I want a boy to drive the wagon with the centrepole, and I'll try you.' And I left the old house and all ten years ago, and I've never seen 'em sence."

The thinking man paused a moment, and then proceeded:

"It was Dan Rice's Circus—and you know it was a good show—but it was hard lines for me, and the beautiful woman didn't look so beautiful every time I see her afterward, and we roughed it all the while; and I shouldn't have stuck to it if we hadn't been travelin' West. I thought, if I went fur enough I might get to Californy, where the gold was growin'. How about that gold?"

A grim, peculiar smile flitted across a quarter-section of his face, and ending in a sneer, lost itself in his shaggy beard.

"I did leave the business for awhile,

and was some years in Canady and Wisconsin, but I always hankered after the show, and come back to it. There was three of us chums; and, very sing'ler, we was all named Bill, and they gave us names to know us apart. I was Centrepole Bill, 'cause I drove that wagon; there was Canvas Bill, as drove that wagon; and Stubby Bill, as was a general hand. We traveled and traveled until we got to Mound City, in Iowa; and there Stubby was knifed for something or other in a row, and died. He and I didn't go cahoots so much as Canvas and me, but we missed him for all o' that. We see some hubbly life, off and on, we did; and if I was a youngster, I 'drather set up in any perfession but a circus-driver, but a man can't always have his 'drathers. Leastwise, if he could, p'r'aps he wouldn't be no better off.

"We got to Iowa, as I was sayin', and the boss was mighty teary one night. He had a swivel-eye, and was hot when he was drunk; and he giv' us partickler deviltry, which no man hankers fur if he don't deserve it, which we didn't; and that night Canvas comes to me, and says he, 'Centrepole, I ain't a goin' to sling this cart any more.' And I says to him, 'Why?' 'No man,' says he, 'can drive over me with sharp-corked horses.' Which I knew then he meant to leave the show, and was bound to jine him anyway. And he says to me, 'There's an old pard of mine here, and he says as how there's a Guv'ment train goin' to start from Omaha next week, and we can get a job there to go out to the Injun country.' 'Well, Canvas,' says I, kinder slowly like, 'if you goes, I goes.' 'All right,' says he. I couldn't help wishin' 'twas somers else than the Injun country, for I had heerd them critters was lightnin' to fight, and ate up the dead 'uns. It's all well enough to stay at home and talk about it; but when it comes to goin', it's a horse of another color."

"You teamsters have a strange, wandering life. How do you manage to live so?"

"Most fellers as comes out here to work or drive has run away from the East for robbin' or murders. And they can't stay in no one place: it haunts them all the time, and they must keep a goin'. But I never did no such thing. Have you ever been in the Injun country?"

"Never in my life; but I have often wished to."

"You had better stow that, and keep out of it. It's a temptin' Providence and many red devils, to go there. But, as I was sayin', we squared up with the boss—which there wasn't much comin' to us, as there always is, for we was just like sailors, and never had a dollar in the dunnage-box—and it don't take much drinkin', and dancin', and poker to clean a feller out. But we got away from there, and got to Omaha the best we could—there wasn't any railroads in them days—and Canvas and me wasn't long in hiring out ter drive; for some o' them Guv'ment sojers—partickly them as has dirty uniforms—has a buggered smart eye to pick out a feller as knows his biz, and they see at onct as how Canvas and me saveyed hosses up to the handle—which it was true, though I say it, for Canvas and me had saveyed hosses éver sence we was knee-high to a snipe—and some o' them drivers didn't know no more about hosses than a dog does the price of hymn-books."

"What made you and Canvas such friends?"

"Waal, you see, we had paddled together, and was made to go in double harness. Don't you know that Natur' makes every thing in pairs? And some men gits married—which I never could sence that city chap carried off 'Melia, and which is resky, anyhow, 'cause one or t'other is bound to kick over the pole or bust the breechin'; but there's some

as gits to be pards, and them's better nor mfan and wife. And old Canvas, he onst saved my life when I was attackted by a euchre-slinger in Chicago, which I sometimes think he didn't ought ter, as I hain't been wuth much to nobody."

"But," said I, "there's always something for a man to do, if he only knows it."

And the teamster drained his glass, and answered:

"You're right, there, but it's lucky if any body can find it out, if he onst gits down like. You ain't a gettin' tired, are ye? I'll go through the rest like the Ten Commandments through a Sunday School."

"By no means; it interests me very much."

"Waal, we started on our trip, and was bound for Arizona: twenty-eight wagons, four amb'lances, and two companies of cavalry—a right smart line of us. It ain't very interestin', goin' over the Plains; nothin' but sage-brush and jackass rabbits, and deer, and such vermin. And the deserts, where we had to drag along, hub-deep, in the sand, water forty miles apart, and no grass nor nothin'—in some o' them nights I used to wish to get home agin. But Canvas and me was goin' to git gold, and go back rich and see the old folks—but which it can never be. Canvas and me done the best we could. We didn't see many Injuns fust along; onst in awhile a few would hang around behind us, or we would see one or two skurrying up a cañon. After we got well away from the settlements, they tried to stampede the cattle; but we was prepared for them, and they didn't get but a few. It wasn't pleasant for a man to be thinkin' o' Injuns all the time, and many a night as I've been on guard I thought I see a big 'un under every bush. My old mother used to read in the Scriptur' about 'roarin' lions' and 'seekin' to devour,' but that book don't say nothin' 'bout 'Pach-

es, which is very sing'lar, if it makes for to show us how to go. P'r'aps the fellers as wrote it never was in Arizona, and I often thought as how God left that country out of his day-book, as bein' o' no account—leastwise, p'r'aps that was the place where the devil squatted when he was jerked out o' the garding, as gran'ther used to tell on."

"But the Government does its best there, doesn't it? Spends millions of money?"

"Best be d——! Young man, d'ye know I thinks our Guv'ment is bilked in them matters. They sends out agents, and bureaus, and commishners, with pockets full of money, and them fellers cheats the Injuns, and cheats the Guv'ment, and every body but themselves; and, 'stead of wipin' out the cusses, writes reports, and sends home skilletts of yarns—how two regiments *corraled* one squaw, and retired without no loss. But they've got one bully boy there now—Custer—and he's puttin' a head on them Injuns; and he just don't wait for no commishners, but goes for 'em, and plum to the devil goes Mr. Injun."

"I see that some Quakers have been appointed to that Department. Don't you think they will succeed?"

"You can just bet high agin' it, and bet to win! Did you ever try to keep off bumble-bees by givin' on 'em sugar? Them territories won't never be wuth nothin' nor safe till them cussed varmints is wiped out. If I was the boss driver of that Department, I'd send enough sojers to *corral* all on 'em, and I'd take every blarsted, copper-colored thief and hang him up in what trees we could find, till the crows' day o' judgment had settled on 'em. But this ain't my story.

"I guess I'll ile up a little; it runs rayther heavy to-night," said he, as he filled himself another glass, and continued:

"We camped out one night at the jaw of a cañon, ate our suppers, and Canvas

nd me was on guard together, in the early watch. We used to meet at the end of the walk, and stop a bit and talk. But we had a good lookout all the while. It was very dark, and every one was asleep. By and by, Canvas, says he, 'Centre, I'm going up to the spring to get a drink.' The spring was about a hundred yards up the gulch, among the bushes. 'Well,' says I, 'don't be long, and if you see any thing, yell.' And off he went, whistlin' softly like to hisself; and I stepped away again. He was gone a long time—longer than he had any ought to, and though I hadn't heerd any noise, I was kind o' narvous, as we never knowed how many Injuns might be doggin' us. At last, I couldn't stand it no longer, and I put for the wagons, and waked up Jim Bruce, which was outside, and Bill West, and I says to 'em as how Canvas had been gone too long, and would they go along o' me to look arter him; which they did, bein' good fellers and never hard to do a good turn, partickly for me and Canvas, which had often helped them shoe their team when the blacksmith was sick; and we went up to the spring together. You couldn't see a wink, and we darsent take a light for them thieves to shoot us by, and we softly crawled up to the spring. There was a big cottonwood growin' just aside of it, and we ran agin' this, and hit some-things sittin' like, leanin' 'gainst the trunk. 'Canvas,' says I, 'Canvas, my boy, is that you?' And he never made me no reply, but kept as quiet as a skull on a tombstone. 'Jim Bruce,' says I, 'just scratch for a lantern; there's somethin' wrong.' I felt of the body, and there was a wet, sticky stream upon it. 'Canvas,' says I, 'what is the matter?' and no word. Jim soon fetched a light, and there was Canvas, stone-dead, pinned to the tree by seven arrows. And the thieves had cut off his hands and put them in his pockets, and cut off his ears and fastened them on his forehead!"

Oh! what a vengeful glitter shone in his eye!

"Young man, they say when a woman loses her first young 'un, it breaks her, and as how a lion robbed of her cubs is crazy; but may you never feel as I did when I saw Canvas—him as had been my pard; had sot by the same fire, and drank out of the same dipper, and shared his last terbacker with me—when I saw old Canvas, cut up like a sheep, and dead forever from me. Ten thousand devils was tuggin' at my heart, and I sank, with a yell, down by his dead side."

The emotion of the stranger almost overpowered him, as he recalled those agony-days of the past.

"They told me arterward that my yell roused the camp, and they came rushing out to the spring; but I didn't know it then. I was stunned like, and never knew what happened. When morning came, they buried Canvas near where he died. They didn't leave no mound to draw the Injuns; but on that ground I knelt and cried. I don't look as if I could cry, but I did then. 'Canvas,' says I, 'old pard, you're gone! You was thirty-four years old. So help me God, I'll kill an Injun for every year of yours, till I wipe out the score!' They took me away, and for four weeks I was laid in a fever, which nighly made me pass in my checks; but I didn't, for I couldn't die till I'd kept my word with Canvas.

"Young man," he continued, after a pause, "I left that train at Tucson; and sence that time I've been roamin', roamin'. I have come in this trip to get a little money, and I'm goin' back. D'ye see this knife?"

He pulled out from his belt a huge, broad knife, with a wide handle, and handed it to me. In the wood I saw thirteen holes, as if bored with gimlets.

"You see them holes? Every one is a 'Pache. It's my account-book, and every Injun I kill, in goes a hole. I've

got a good many more to make 'fore I do as I said to Canvas; but I'm goin' back, and p'raps I may meet Canvas some day, if I keep my word, which the preacher says is the right lay."

What room there was here for a homily on human vengeance! But I could not give it.

"Well, you've kindly heard my story, and you're from Maine: thank ye for both. I'm going to turn in."

And with this rough good-night, he rolled himself in his blankets, and the regular breathing soon showed him to be asleep. I had but fitful slumbers until early morning, when the teamster roused me to take his leave, and he disappeared.

Nearly a year after, my connection with the mines took me to Tucson; and while I was there, a scouting party came in with a badly wounded man, who had been with them—not a soldier, but one who was always eager for an Indian

fight—and, further than this, nothing was known of him.

Out of curiosity, I went in with the surgeon to see him; and there lay Centrepole Bill. He recognized no one, but kept in a deep stupor, bleeding from internal wounds that could not be stanchd.

"He was an awful fighter," said the Doctor, "and has done nothing but follow the scouts."

"Doctor," said I, "I know that man." And as we watched, I told his story.

We sat there several hours, and at last the struggle came. The dying man, raising himself on the pallet, looked fixedly at the ceiling, and, in a hoarse voice, said:

"There's the show—and Canvas—" and he fell back, dead.

I looked, afterward, in his belt, and found two knives, and in each of the handles there were seventeen holes. These keepsakes of the man I begged, and have them to this day.

LA FLOR DEL SALVADOR.

The Daffodil sang: "Darling of the sun
Am I, am I, that wear
His color everywhere."

The Violet pleaded soft, in undertone:
"Am I less perfect made?
Or hidden in the shade
So close and deep, that heaven may not see
Its own fair hue in me?"

The Rose stood up, full-blown—
Right royal as a Queen upon her throne:
"Nay, but I reign alone,"
She said, "with all hearts for my very own."

One whispered, with faint flush, not far away:
"I am the eye of Day,
And all men love me;" and, with drowsy sighs,
A Lotus, from the still pond where she lay,
Breathed: "I am precious balm for weary eyes."

Only the fair Field-Lily, slim and tall,
 Spake not, for all;
 Spake not and did not stir,
 Lapsed in some far and tender memory.
 Softly I questioned her:
 "And what of thee?"
 And winds were lulled about the bended head,
 And the warm sunlight swathed her as in flame,
 While the awed answer came:
 "Hath He not said?"

THE CANDIDATE FROM BULL FLAT.

I ONCE coveted the honor of representing a certain interior county, in the Lower House of the California State Legislature.

As to my fitness for a legislator, memory recalled the fact that many men from our county had, in past time, proposed themselves as law-makers; had been elected; had sat all winter in the Assembly Chamber, said nothing, drawn their salary, and, in the spring-time, had returned, safe and sound, home to their constituents. Besides, I had then the California freeman's capacity for, and endurance of, whisky—a quality, at that time, most essential for gaining political position; or, speaking in the vernacular of the auriferous belt, "A man who couldn't drink with the boys was nowhere."

Still, at first, a smothered sense of unfitness came over me, regarding the propriety of presenting myself before the people as a maker of laws. Me—a person without property, without family, and without any particular interest in the community! I hinted my design to a few intimate friends. "Run? Why, yes; just the thing for you." I was invested immediately with all the needful confidence. A card soon appeared in our county paper—it was mine. It read:

"Mr. Blank will be a candidate for

Assembly, subject to the decision of the ensuing County Convention."

Our party was then dominant. The strife was not so much against our opponents as among ourselves, to gain nominations. The primaries were all-important to be looked after, and probable delegates to the Convention must first be looked after. So candidates mounted their horses, put quart bottles of whisky in the pockets of their linen dusters, and, in squads of two and three, scoured camp, hill, bar, flat, gulch, and cañon, "buzzing" the aspiring miner, who, once a year, putting on his white shirt, came to Convention, invested with authority to make or unmake Sheriffs, Senators, and Assemblymen; perhaps make a speech, air his behind-the-time politics, enjoy a fleeting notoriety, and then, with a bottle of cocktails in his pocket, next day to tramp home—ten, fifteen, twenty miles away—pull off the unaccustomed linen, don the gray shirt, and betake himself to the professional pick, pan, shovel, crowbar, and sluice-box.

In one of the hottest depressions among those red hills lay Bull Flat: two grocery stores, six saloons, twenty-odd miners' cabins, a blacksmith's shop, a seedy school-house, a seedier church. The afternoon sun shimmers and quivers over the great, jagged, water-washed and

worn boulders, denuded of earth, and rising, like stony tempest of waves, from the long-ago-worked-out flat. The bar-keepers are asleep on their counters, when Jim Jones' eye falls on three horse-men riding down the steep trail on the hill-side. Candidates! He moves at once on the most aristocratic saloon. Candidates—drinks: the two are inseparable. And the candidates enter camp, dismount at the Magnolia, enter, form at the bar, and call every one within sight and hearing to drink. The wrecks of "49" stroll in; all drink; Sam White, the standing delegate from that precinct, is cornered, confabbed, and "buzzed;" the other saloons patronized—for all the money must not be spent at one house. Each saloon-keeper demands his share—each saloon-keeper controls a few votes—and, at last, the round is completed. Jim Brown is made happily and affectionately drunk, and, as the patriots ride away, proclaims himself aloud "a White Man, and in favor of a White Man's Government." This is one section of our political machinery.

Another: Spring Gulch—steep hill-sides on either side, parched and yellow—spotted with patches of deep green *chaparral*. Along the rivulet, flowing through the ravine, four log-cabins; in each a single miner—gray and worn from hard work and hard drinking. No store here; no saloon; and yet this is an election precinct. At eve come the linen-dusted candidates to quarter with the "boys." Here come in play the quart bottles of whisky: appetizing and welcome drinks before supper; pipes and tobacco after. Ten o'clock, and both "boys" and candidates are talking very fast; at twelve, they, together, tumble recklessly into the blanket-spread cots. Morning: the last half-bottle is drank up before breakfast. The candidates mount their horses, with varying degrees of headache. But Spring Gulch is safe; Sam Stimmins has promised us his vote

in Convention, and we ride off for another hot day's work.

The office of delegate to our County Conventions was one of little honor and no profit; an expensive one, like that of a village Fourth of July Marshal, or General of a General Training. Yet it was eagerly sought after. These political gatherings proved a sort of holiday. In many respects they were superior to the National Anniversary of Independence. They afforded business and pleasure, combined. We tired of unalloyed holidays, with naught to do save to enjoy ourselves. Your true American would vote the Elysian Fields a dull place, until his practicality and politics turned it into a mass-meeting grove.

The great day for holding our County Convention came. Officials, from Sheriff down to Roadmaster, were to be nominated. The day preceding, from mountain, hill, river, creek, flat, gulch, and cañon came pouring into the county town delegates, candidates, and a large body of the party rank and file, attracted by prospective and probable free speeches, free fights, and free whisky. Night came, and the saloons were crowded. Faro and *monte* banks opened. At long tables sat studious rows of men, silent and intent on *kino* cards. The bars were thronged three-deep with imbibers. There was button-holing in corners, and behind doors, and in the middle of the street; betting as to the successful men for this or that office, and candidates rushing about through the crowds with hurried steps, for their time had almost come. Three party-faithful men wanted the Shrievalty, two the County Clerkship. On these offices was concentrated the most intense interest. Such positions, in those days, were rich official placers. I remember when the gross official receipts of the Sheriff's office in our county, for two years, amounted to eighty thousand dollars. The old party war-horses were all there: so were the young

war-horses, just started on their country-saving mission. So were gray-headed office-seekers, who, year after year, with clock-work regularity, came before the people, asking for place. And the skillful party-managing men, who made "slates," were there—men who loved their country well, their party better, and office better than all. So, also, were certain would-be blundering engineers in our delicate party mechanism—men always lacking in tact, losing temper, making impolitic speeches, public and private, at the wrong time and place; men who, from the stump, delivered that old, familiar speech, which, with slight variations to suit the times, had served through campaign after campaign—a speech with naught of freshness or originality to win our love, yet respected for its antiquity; men whose sole universe was politics, whose future heaven was a revel in an endless chain of Presidential, State, County, and Town elections; men who just dropped into the editor's office to talk a half-day's politics, and overwhelmed him with immense scrawls of political editorial, compounded and rehashed from that same old speech—that speech whose hydra heads cropped out of his conversation at the store, the parlor, the street, the field, the saloon; men, the crowning glories of whose existence were, to be seen with the Gubernatorial or Senatorial candidates, when such canvassed our district, to be seated by them on the platform, and to bore them with intermittent commonplaces; men useful to their party, inasmuch as they, for the sake of any manner of prominence, spent their money freely, distributed tickets, hunted up and secured doubtful voters in remote districts, made fire-balls for political processions, hung flags, served cartridges for triumphal salutes—and, perhaps, after years of such service, the carrying of an election being deemed quite hopeless, were allowed, as a reward for their services, to

pack the burden of a nomination, and sometimes were elected—to the grief and the consternation of the knowing ones.

All that night long the saloon and hotel lights blazed. At nine, every body was cheerfully intoxicated. At eleven, several fights had occurred, and the regular man had been killed. At one, the main interest had concentrated about a big poker-game—a game of the explosive order, likely at any time to burst up in dirk-lunges and pistol-shots. At three in the morning, the pale streaks began widening over the still summits to the eastward; the gray daylight came, and revealed to each other the haggard and flushed faces of whooping and reeling revelers in the street, and the more silent and pale features of the gamblers in the rear apartments of the saloons, where the "game" went on. Thus did we, a portion of the great American people, prepare ourselves for the business of selecting our rulers. Ten o'clock, A.M., and the court-house was crowded. First, came the temporary organization; temporary President; temporary President's enthusiastic opening speech; then permanent organization of the Convention; appointment of Committee on Credentials of Delegates; and then short adjournment, giving every body an opportunity for a bracing whisky-toddy.

All these political intricacies—which every true American knows so well to do, and is always able to do, even if incompetent for every thing else—were performed. Then the real work commenced. Nominations were made; candidates arose; paid their five-dollar assessment; became orators; boasted of adherence to "our glorious party;" pledged themselves to every plank, every nail, every nail-hole in the platform; sat down, red, flushed, excited, and anxious; and their political fortunes were speedily improved or ruined entirely by the balloting delegates—the representa-

tives of the people, important in their short-lived authority.

Said one of our old war-horses, whose antagonist for position had just recommended himself, in Convention, to the people, for their suffrages, on the score that never, in his life, had he drank a glass of liquor, smoked a cigar, or infringed a tithe of the strictest code of moral decorum: "Boys, I have done all these things which my friend yonder has left undone. If all of you who have, in life, copied his example will vote for him, and all who have followed mine will support me, I shall go to Sacramento next winter."

He went.

And I, among the rest, was nominated. I did not expect it. I knew I did not deserve it. I made a speech before my countrymen, then and there assembled: touching no party issue at stake, and not pledging myself to any thing in particular. It was a ridiculous farrago of nonsense; but it happened to amuse the sovereigns—being an agreeable contrast to the eternal, dry old platitudes belched forth by the other aspirants. For that, and nothing more, my party chose me to help frame laws for them. I was satisfied, and we were all happy that night; although, at times, the thought came to me that this portion of the American nation might have done better in its selection.

After the nomination came the electioneering for votes. Again the candidates mounted their horses, placed quart bottles of whisky in their linen-duster pockets, and, day after day, scoured hill, flat, and ravine. It was no child's play. In addition to the enormous amount of bad liquor required to be drunk as a campaign necessity, old individual grudges were to be smoothed over, the political situation explained to gentlemen of foreign birth speaking little English, understanding less, and unlimited as to capacity for lager; families were visited,

wives mollified—wives indignant by reason of the husband's frequent demoralization through the excitement of the campaign—wives who at heart wished all politics and politicians at the Red Sea's bottom; children, glutinous with butter and molasses, were to be caressed and admired. Another campaign necessity: moneyed candidates became traveling bankers for chronic borrowers, in sums varying from fifty cents to fifty dollars. The opposition county paper opened fire, and made us out thieves, blacklegs, defaulters, drunkards, murderers, bigamists. That was nothing. It was expected, and borne, as a campaign necessity.

Despite all these political crosses, that was a gloriously wicked era in California for office-holders and seekers. In a candidate, the strictest moral qualifications were not exacted, so long as he spent his money freely, and was possessed of those characteristics to render him popular with the "boys." Did he drink? Every body drank. Did he "get on sprees?" Most of the active voters of our party got also on sprees. "Every good man"—so ran a home-made axiom up country—"would get on a spree once in a while. It was necessary; better than a course of medicine to clear the system of unhealthy secretions." Did he openly take a hand at *rondo*, *monte*, or *faro*? He had for partners the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the banker—sometimes even the school-master of our camp. Did he ever, to melodious flutes and violins, whirl in the waltz the airily-appareled, gold-belted, olive-tinted female appurtenance of the fandango-house? So did our judge, lawyer, physician, and banker. Had he ever killed a man? So much the better. To be known as being "on the shoot" was a tower of strength. The timid feared and admired; the desperate sympathized. No man was firmly settled on a sound political platform

until he had participated in an affray. Every aspirant expected to kill his man, sooner or later, provided the population responded to the demand for the necessary victim.

At times, in our midst, some old gentleman, whose New England ideas as to what constituted respectability had become so ingrained as not to be rubbed out by any amount of California attrition, would, when solicited to vote for some official applicant, remark, "Ain't he a little wild?" And we would reply: "Oh, he has a little fun once in a while with the boys. Can't put on airs in the mines, you know. Besides, he brings a heap of strength to our ticket; mighty sound on the main question, and controls the whole Dutch interest at Big Pine Gulch." And then the old man would meet our request with a constrained sort of acquiescence.

Many of these older transplantations from the East were puzzled at our honest, outspoken wickedness. They were uncomfortable that no attempt was made to cover it up.

But I did not electioneer on horseback. I was poor, and traveled on foot. Nor did I make any political speeches. Some months previously I had prepared, and a few times delivered, a certain lecture. It was a medley of subjects, with a few ideas; any amount of moral and philosophical reflection prodigally dispensed to my hearers, and none kept for myself. This I delivered in halls, schoolhouses, and country groceries, in lieu of a campaign speech. Some friends advised me so to do. It was good counsel. The common people heard me gladly.

I think this was the first time in the history of American politics that a reckless series of moral reflections was delivered and received in the place of a political speech. And I was quite careless and indifferent to the political impropriety of this course. The people seemed

satisfied. So was I rejoicing in the little local notoriety thus realized; traveling sometimes alone, sometimes with other candidates, but always standing out against them in *bas-relief*—a political phenomenon; entertained at night in hospitable miners' cabins, and by day tramping over the dusty roads to new camps to speak my piece.

I was not elected. That I was not, might have been owing to a political distortion of ideas on the currency question—a distortion due to the effects of rum-punch, drank quite early in the morning; hence, treason to party principles, expressed in words in a saloon; carried from thence by an overhearing, but meddlesome friend of the opposing party; reported abroad, caught up by the opposition, plunging me into political hot water.

I knew, next morning, on awakening into the dull, stale, headachy reality of every-day life, that I had committed some dreadful fault—what, I could not exactly tell; but I knew I had talked too much somewhere. There was a vague, misty idea of saying something politically unlawful and awful about greenbacks. Currency had ever been so scarce with me that I could not be blamed for wishing it more plentiful, even if it were paper. But I was uneasy. I fled that town before any one was stirring; walked fourteen miles into the mountains, to a friend who ran a quartz-mill, in one of the remotest, deepest, rugged cañons of the Lower Sierras. The campaign was at its hottest, and I—a skulk, a recreant, trembling at a vague fear! It came. One evening, I saw a horseman riding down the mountain. In my bones I felt that something was about to happen to me. He appeared and disappeared in the zigzags of the road, came nearer and nearer, grew larger and larger, became recognizable, approached, and dismounting, put a letter in my hand. It read thus:

"SIR—It is currently reported throughout the county that, on the —— day of August, at the Long Tom Saloon, you reported yourself as being really at heart in favor of a paper currency: a sentiment at war with one of the most venerated and time-honored principles of our party. It is desirable that you should make your appearance in public and explain yourself.

(Signed) "*Chairman County Central Committee.*"

For a time, I was prostrated and crushed; held an indignation meeting, all by myself, and fruitful in resolutions, condemnatory of myself for allowing rum-punch to have seduced me into such a damaging admission. I concluded to resign and disappear forever from public life. I intimated this resolution to my friend. "Sho'!" said

Ezra; "nonsense!—face it out—say it's a lie; you're too conscientious altogether."

I did face it out; made new levies on resolution, decision, and courage, and satisfied conscience with the theory that it was punch, and not I, and washed my hands of the responsibility of the utterance.

Two nights afterward, I was on the platform, with torches and banners waving round me, party enthusiasm filling the air with groans and cheers, and there I dared any one to come forward and prove the infamous charge made against me. No one came, to my infinite satisfaction. I spared myself the pains of going into any sophistry, to prove I had not said what I had said, simply by daring. The bold front is ever the most successful.

Yet, I was not elected.

ETC.

It having been generally conceded that the tourist who lays his hand on California, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch to whom it would be base flattery to apply the endearing epithet of villain, the interior journalist will have no difficulty in answering the pleasant satire of Mrs. Calhoun's letters to the *New York Tribune*, particularly as the writer is a lone and unprotected woman. A general allusion to Susan B. Anthony and strong-minded females, a hint of Miss Dickinson's fate, and a graceful assortment of rural pleasantries, will probably do the business. Should he fail, however—and it is just possible—he can fall back on the pleasant incense of "Dixon," of the *Boston Advertiser*, the smoke of whose sacrifice is continually ascending from various parts of the State—it must be confessed, somewhat to the detriment of a clear view. Or, he may turn to Todd's book—Todd, who is sick of love, and who seems to have been stayed with flagons and comforted with large apples to a surprising extent. And then, there is somebody who has been writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—a pleasant son of France, who has gazed, perhaps too often, on the fascinations of the California fair, and has taken large and exhaustive views of our hats and coats, and other things, which so largely make up society—from the Gallic view-point—on Montgomery Street, and don't like them. But he is a pleasant, hand-kissing, hat-lifting gentleman, and, as such, we leave him to the kindness of the interior journalist.

If giving the ballot to woman would relieve her from the dubious sentimentalism which at present offers her as an excuse for murder or any pastime which cowards and fools may commit, perhaps it would be in the interests of humanity that she should have it at once. It would be, of course,

shocking to masculine fastidiousness to see her wrangling at the polls; but it would be gratifying to know that she could there, at least, express her preferences, without provoking the assassination of her candidate by his opponent. Men would have to find some other justification for murder than revenge or envy, disguised no longer under such high-sounding names as "injured honor," and "betrayed trust;" and we should, possibly, hear less of that sloppy sentiment that was driveled over Sickles, Cole, and lately over the gentle McFarland. Yet it is a sentiment by no means new. It has been quite popular these twelve centuries at the Bosphorus, in Africa, and among some of the Indian tribes in America—in fact, wherever there was a small confidence in woman's virtue, and a large belief in man's possessory right. But it is only of late that American juries and the American press have, we believe, adopted it as a moral and legal principle.

That something is due to the sanctity of the married state, to the security of old husbands with young wives, and of gentlemen who beat their spouses and desert them, no one will deny. But this principle, in the hands of hasty logicians, has recently led to deductions that are sophistical, not to say unpleasant. Rejected suitors have lately taken to shooting their successful rivals for the hand of some innocent young girl, and of adding her murder and their own suicide to the general slaughter. It is true, they have not the sanctity of the marriage tie to justify this act; but then there is that touching and noble justification that they "couldn't bear to see another," etc., etc.—and the world accepts it gravely.

It is a singular instance of the utter inconsistency and ambiguity of this kind of sentimentalism that the clergyman who united the dying man to the woman who loved him, and who was the cause of his death,

has been sentimentally abused in the public prints for this very act, which—even admitting the worst that was charged against the parties—was the best that could be done. The paper with which the murdered man was editorially connected has been also abused for “Free Love” doctrines. We do not know what are the exact ethics promulgated by the *N. Y. Tribune*, but it would seem that Free Love is not quite as bad as Free Hate—perhaps the best definition of the opposing sentiment.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

We are glad to see that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have added a volume of *The Miscellanies* to Thackeray's works, and that the Household Edition, as now made up—although it excludes the pleasant *Early and Late* and *Roundabout Papers*—presents, in compact and readable shape, the best satire of the best English satirist. The same firm have also completed a similar edition of “George Eliot's” works, with the publication of *Silas Marner* and *Scenes from Clerical Life*, comprising, in a neat set of five volumes, the best feminine writing extant. The two sets, as complete, are cheap enough in price to form a nucleus for the humblest library, and good enough in matter for the best.

Peterson has reproduced the charming and well-beloved *Initials*. As it is one of those books one reads earlier in life, they who have been once fascinated with this pleasant love story, and have adored the delightful “Hamilton” and the stately “Hildegard,” will, perhaps—in recognition of a lamentable law—hesitate to imperil a pleasant memory by a second reading. But those who have not read it, will find it a very acceptable exception to the general run of Peterson's library.

Widdleton's Globe Edition of the *Ingoldsby Legends* retains the original designs of Cruikshank, which very easily become identified with Mr. Barham's Puck-like exuberance of fancy. Indeed, Cruikshank's German grotesqueness seems to fit the “Ingoldsby” humor as well as it does that of the “Brothers Grimm.” The present edition, on tinted paper, complete in one volume, is a good size for the library. And we do not

know of any book that a library could as poorly spare as “Tom Ingoldsby's” wonderful excursions into legendary history, or his genius in the manipulation of rhyme, which gives his work a practical value above most of the rhyming dictionaries.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

DRESDEN, October 30, 1869.

Two journeys mark the political thermometer this month: that of the Prince of Prussia to Vienna, which shows a more friendly feeling between Austria and Prussia; and that of the Empress Eugénie to the East, which furnishes a proof that a French revolution is not imminent, the Emperor being in no immediate danger of death. Of course the Prince of Prussia was treated with the greatest distinction at the Austrian Court. The Empress has thus far been making a journey through fairy land. At Venice she was *incognito*, excepting just before her departure, and, as Countess of Pierrefonds, remained on-board the *Aigle*, rather than in the Palace of St. Mark's, which the King of Italy offered her. Music, illuminations, flowers, all that could make lovely Venice more beautiful and more attractive, were prepared for her entertainment of the guest of the “Bride of the Adriatic.” But with floating temples, and Bengal lights, with mirrors and gilding, with songs, fire-works, and illuminations, and respectful behavior, the people gave not a single expression of admiration or enthusiasm. They consider that to the influence of the Empress is greatly owing the occupation of Rome by the French, and do not forgive her. To make the contrast more palpable, they greeted Victor Emmanuel with frantic applause, when he came to them for an hour to salute their guest. After Venice, came a visit of a day to Greece, and then the *Aigle* sailed direct for Constantinople. The review given by the Sultan in honor of the imperial guest must have been a most wonderful sight. The encampment was on the hills of Unkar Skelessi. A splendid Moorish pavilion was erected for the sovereigns, where certain high Turkish dignitaries and foreign diplomatists were also admitted. The camp of 30,000 men was beautifully illuminated at night, each tent lighting the hill-side with its own

particular flame. There was mass at the Armenian church, with hangings of red, white, and blue, and a Gobelin tapestry presented by the lady visitor. There were military receptions and visits to the Turkish Sultana, and drives, and dinners, and breakfasts, and general splendor, and a sort of Arabian Nights entertainment during the whole visit. The Empress has now gone to Upper Egypt—of course, returning in time for the great ceremony of the inauguration of the Canal. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta are the guests of the Khedive, have a palace to themselves, and are being splendidly entertained. They will proceed to the Holy Land, the Princess having vowed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre.

The Crown Prince of Prussia, on his visit to Venice, was received as a brother-in-arms. Constantly was he hailed as such, and made to feel that he was the people's guest, as well as the Prince of a friendly country. One very pretty *fête*, which was got up for him, occurred after dining with the Syndic, when, as he floated past the Piazzetta of St. Mark's, it suddenly burst into a thousand glorious colors, which rolled over the Palace of St. Mark's to the clock-tower and the Campanile. The piazzas were made as light as day, and the people, gathered in crowds, saluted with tremendous cheers the hero of Sadowa. The visit of the Prince to the Emperor of Austria has, it is said, much to do with the resolution of the latter to be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal. On occasion of the announcement of the visit to Vienna, the Emperor gave orders that the Prince should be received with all respect and friendliness. But certain of the many Archdukes and Archduchesses are, as yet, unforgiving to the power which has humbled them, among whom stands pre-eminent the Archduke Albert, eldest son of the late Charles of Austria—one of the greatest favorites of the people. As he could not refrain from a certain coldness of manner, and even from references which could not but be understood unpleasantly by the Prince of Prussia, it was not thought best that he should be associated with him at the Suez Canal celebration. The Emperor, therefore, goes himself; and the visit of the Prince, and this journey of the Emperor, show a desire and intention to pre-

serve the peace of Europe. The itinerary of the Austrian Emperor includes a two days' visit to Jerusalem, as well as a sojourn at Constantinople, and concludes with a visit to King Victor Emmanuel. The interview between these two late foes will probably take place at Naples, where the royal family of Italy are expected to be present at the baptism of the infant of the Princess Margharita.

The cost of these royal and imperial journeyings is something tremendous. The Empress Eugénie requires some 600,000 or 700,000 francs for hers. That of the Emperor of Austria is vastly more expensive, as the Levant Squadron is to accompany him. The Sultan borrowed 29,000,000 francs to entertain the Empress; but this is by no means sufficient, and the deficit is made up by a levy of sixteen per cent. on the salaries of all Turkish public functionaries. The Viceroy of Egypt has to spend 4,000,000 of francs for the entertainment of his private guests alone. How he will foot the bills for the entertainment of the imperial and royal personages, we can scarcely guess. The Dukes and Duchesses, Princes and Princesses, and celebrities generally who are the guests of the Viceroy, will doubtless enjoy themselves greatly, and at no cost to themselves. But, while they will be like the fat kine who fed beside the Nile, in Old Testament days, we fear other people will be like the lean kine—their purses will be empty, surely. A beefsteak is now to be had for the modest price of fifteen francs only! The whole world of crowned heads is on the move, it would seem, this year. Two of the royal family of England have lately received rather extraordinary honors. Prince Arthur has been solemnly adopted by the Mohawks, (he is traveling in Canada) with all due ceremony. May his father's wigwam never be empty of scalps!—only, in these degenerate days, we can not help hoping that it will be convenient to have their owners' heads under them. The Princess of Prussia is a "brave" of a different order. She has just received the gift of a sword from the regiment of which she is *Colonel*!

Turning to matters of larger moment—and first to Spain—we must note that the Carlist rebellion was no sooner at an end, than very serious troubles arose from the opposite party. The Republicans never lost sight of their ob-

ject during the whole course of events. They have taken part in the Government, but always with the intention of bringing about a change in its administration whenever the opportunity should arise. And they always reserved to themselves the right of denouncing their rulers, when they took measures against their liberties. When, in the late Carlist troubles, Colonel Casalis shot nine Catalans at Montalegre, without trial, because he thought they might be Carlists, the Republicans denounced the men in power severely. For, Colonel Casalis was not only allowed to go unpunished, but promoted for his conduct. The Republican demonstrations excited the people, and Government issued a most extraordinary proclamation, forbidding *vivas*, exhibition of flags, speeches, or writings opposed to the views of the ruling powers. Of course, such a burlesque upon the declarations of liberty which the Government professes was not borne with equanimity, especially as the rulers of provinces were directed to put down disobedience to these orders by force. At Tarragona, a crowd, following General de Pierraei's carriage, uttered the forbidden cries and huzzas, and the Governor's aid, while endeavoring to enforce order, was murdered by the infuriated people. The disarmament of the Volunteers of Tarragona followed, and the Volunteers of Barcelona, having remonstrated, they, too, were disbanded, but not without bloodshed. The outbreak, suppressed at Barcelona by pure force, spread elsewhere very generally, and a most serious state of affairs at once commenced. A Government bill, suspending Constitutional rights, was presented to the *Cortes*. Three days of debate produced some most brilliant and exciting speeches. The Republican members declared their intention of withdrawing, should it pass. Prim made an earnest appeal against their doing so, but unfortunately spoiled his eloquence by telling them that if they retired, he "should consider them as enemies, and meet steel with steel, and force by force." Castelar made himself the mouth-piece of the Republicans, and said that Prim's speech contained both counsel and menace. "Before the first," said he, "we might have reconsidered our decision; in view of the latter—never." And, amid a solemn silence, he led

the way from the hall. At Saragossa and Valencia, the fighting was very severe. The telegrams, when they came through, always reported a defeat of Rebels somewhere, and perfect tranquillity everywhere else. They are defeated now, certainly; but perfect tranquillity is, and will be, unknown for some time yet. They think a King will cure all their ills; but all to whom they apply use the most courteous language possible to express a single idea: "*Pas si bête!*" The army has saved the Government for the moment; but how long the army will remain faithful, is a vital question. The salvation of the country seems to depend upon the union of Prim and the more liberal members of Government with the prominent Republicans. The late events make it, of course, very difficult. Great indignation is felt that Carvajal, a patriot, who often stood side by side with Prim in attempts to drive the hated Bourbon from the throne, should have been shot. But the Republicans can not but feel, by and by, that many outrages have been committed on their side, also, and mutual forgiveness must be sought and extended. On the part of the Government, a disposition to make concessions is plainly visible; and, very probably, ere long the Republican members will be returned to their seats in the *Cortes*.

The venerable Duke of Saldanha is just now in Madrid, dining to-day with Serrano, and to-morrow with Prim; and, as he has again been urging Don Ferdinand to accept the throne, these dinners are considered ominous. Since the King's last refusal, the Republican outbreak has taken place. The patriotism of Don Ferdinand is now appealed to, and he is begged to consider the danger in which Portugal would be placed, if Republicanism should triumph in a neighboring State. Then, Count Repallo, husband of the Duchess of Genoa, is hard at work for the Harrow school-boy, and four of the Ministers are in favor of Montpensier. Counsels are divided, and the man to fill the throne, and the loyalty to stand about it, are alike hard to find.

Parliament will meet in Italy on the 16th of November. Of course there has been a ministerial crisis. But it is over in good time. Things are steadily progressing in Italy. The

provincial jealousies are dying away, and the King is recovering some of the favor in his people's eyes which he had lost. Internal improvements are being carried on. The wonderful capabilities of the soil are being brought out. The culture of the vine is receiving particular attention under the care of the Minister of Agriculture, who is wonderfully sanguine with regard to the success of his plans, if he can only carry them out. He is firmly of opinion that if the Italian wine can be brought up to the French level, the difference in its value will be sufficient to cover the whole public expenditure of the country. Sicily will soon be made again the granary of Europe, for she is being freed from the rats which devoured the grain, so that all ambition was impossible to her cultivators. General Medici is ridding her of the brigands, with whom she has so long been infested, so effectually, that the improvements introduced into the country can be carried on as in other parts of the world; and from being the worst, she is becoming almost the best regulated province of Italy.

The month of October is a holiday month in Rome. Thursdays and Sundays are especially devoted to all sorts of rural festivities. Schools are dismissed, the villas are occupied by their owners, and those who do not spend the month in the country, at least go out there twice a week, taste the new wine, and enjoy an hour or two of country air. A gleam of sunshine penetrates even into the convents; and their inmates are allowed, once a year, to leave the gloomy cloister and cell for a drive into the Campagna. Long processions of closed carriages may be seen issuing from before the convent gates, bearing the veiled Sisters for this one day of the year into the beautiful world they have renounced. In the country they are even allowed to alight and make a gypsy feast of good things in the open air. The Jesuit Col-

lege at Mondragone gave a tournament in the early part of the month, which was a very satisfactory affair. One was also got up on the 17th, in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, with feats of strength and the storming of one of the casinos by the Legion of Antibes.

The Council can not, after all, be held in the transept of St. Peter's. It is found impossible for the voices of the orators to fill the vast space. The architect did not take into consideration the immense height of the Basilica. The reception of the Bishops, and certain ceremonies and religious services, will be held there, and the decoration of the building is going on. Suez and Rome are the goals for the world in general just now.

The Austrian Emperor delayed his journey toward the East for one day, to hold a council with his Ministers.

A serious outbreak has occurred in Dalmatia. Overwhelming forces have been sent to restore order, and it is hoped that great effusion of blood will not take place.

My review of the events of the past month ought to have closed in the most sensational manner, for arrangements have been made to put an end to the Empire of France, and build a new Republic on its mangled remains, at precisely twelve o'clock on the 26th day of October. A demonstration was to be made at the door of the Chamber of Deputies, and another in front of the Luxor Obelisk. This was widely published, and every body was directed to do some mysterious deed of valor in aid of the good and glorious cause. The police were on the alert. Troops were reviewed, and curious people were recommended to stay at home. One crazy gentleman did hold up the Obelisk, as he said he would, but the Chamber of Deputies was left to solitude and the porter. The new French Republic will probably not be born before the next issue of the OVERLAND.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD, OR THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Mark Twain (Samuel C. Clemens). Hartford, Conn.: Am. Pub. Co.

Six hundred and fifty pages of open and declared fun—very strongly accented with wood-cuts at that—might go far toward frightening the fastidious reader. But the Hartford publishers, we imagine, do not print for the fastidious reader, nor do traveling book agents sell much to that rarely occurring man, who prefers to find books rather than let them find him. So that, unless he has already made "Mark Twain's" acquaintance through the press, he will not probably meet him until, belated in the rural districts, he takes from the parlor table of a country farm-house an illustrated Bible, Greeley's *American Conflict*, Mr. Parton's apocryphal *Biographies*, successively and listlessly, and so comes at last upon "Mark Twain's" *Innocents* like a joyous revelation—an Indian spring in an alkaline literary desert. For the book has that intrinsic worth of bigness and durability which commends itself to the rural economist, who likes to get a material return for his money. It is about the size of *The Family Physician*, for which it will doubtless be often mistaken—with great advantage to the patient.

The entire six hundred and fifty pages are devoted to an account of the "steamship *Quaker City's* excursion to Europe and the Holy Land," with a description of certain famous localities of which a great many six hundred and fifty pages have been, at various times, written by various tourists. Yet there is hardly a line of Mr. Clemens' account that is not readable; and none the less, certainly, from the fact that he pokes fun at other tourists, and that the reader becomes dimly conscious that Mr. Clemens' fellow-passengers would have probably estopped this gentle satirist from going with them could they have

forecast his book. The very title—*The Innocents Abroad*—is a suggestive hint of the lawlessness and audacity in which the trip is treated. We shall not stop to question the propriety of this feature: it is only just to Mr. Clemens to say, that the best satirists have generally found their quarry in the circle in which they moved, and among their best friends; but we contend that if he has, by this act, choked off and prevented the enthusiastic chronicling of the voyage by any of his fellow-passengers, who may have been sentimentally inclined, he is entitled to the consideration of a suffering world; and it shall stand in extenuation of some mannerism that is only slang, some skepticism that lacks the cultivation which only makes skepticism tolerable, and some sentiment that is only rhetoric.

And so, with an irreverence for his fellow-pilgrims which was equaled only by his scorn for what they admired, this hilarious image-breaker started upon his mission. The situation was felicitous, the conditions perfect for the indulgence of an humor that seems to have had very little moral or æsthetic limitation. The whole affair was a huge practical joke, of which not the least amusing feature was the fact that "Mark Twain" had embarked in it. Before the *Quaker City* reached Fayal, the first stopping-place, he had worked himself into a grotesque rage at every thing and every body. In this mock assumption of a righteous indignation, lies, we think, the real power of the book, and the decided originality of Mr. Clemens' humor. It enables him to say his most deliberately funny things with all the haste and exaggeration of rage; it gives him an opportunity to invent such epithets as "animated outrage," and "spider-legged gorilla," and apply them, with no sense of personal responsibility on the part of reader or writer. And the rage is always ludicrously disproportionate to the

cause. It is "Mr. Boythorn," without his politeness, or his cheerful intervals. For, when "Mark Twain" is not simulating indignation, he is *really* sentimental. He shows it in fine writing—in really admirable rhetoric, vigorous and picturesque—but too apt, at times, to suggest the lecturing attitude, or the reporter's flourish. Yet it is so much better than what one had any right to expect, and is such an agreeable relief to long passages of extravagant humor, that the reader is very apt to overlook the real fact, that it is often quite as extravagant.

Yet, with all his independence, "Mark Twain" seems to have followed his guide and guide-books with a simple, unconscious fidelity. He was quite content to see only that which every body else sees, even if he was not content to see it with the same eyes. His record contains no new facts or features of the countries visited. He has always his own criticism, his own comments, his own protests, but always concerning the same old facts. Either from lack of time or desire, he never stepped out of the tread-mill round of "sights." His remarks might have been penciled on the margins of *Murray*. This is undoubtedly a good way to correct the enthusiasm or misstatements of other tourists; but is, perhaps, hardly the best method of getting at the truth for one's self. As a conscientious, painstaking traveler, "Mark Twain," we fear, is not to be commended. But that his book would have been as amusing, if he had been, is a matter of doubt.

Most of the criticism is just in spirit, although extravagant, and often too positive in style. But it should be remembered that the style itself is a professional exaggeration, and that the irascible pilgrim, "Mark Twain," is a very eccentric creation of Mr. Clemens'. We can, perhaps, no more fairly hold Mr. Clemens responsible for "Mark Twain's" irreverence than we could have held the late Mr. Charles F. Browne to account for "Artemus Ward's" meanness and humbuggery. There may be a question of taste in Mr. Clemens permitting such a man as "Mark Twain" to go to the Holy Land at all; but we contend that such a traveler would be more likely to report its external aspect truthfully than a man of larger reverence. And are there not Lamartines, Primes, and unnum-

bered sentimental and pious pilgrims to offset these losel skeptics—or, as our author would say, such "animated outrages"—as Ross Browne, Swift, "Mark Twain," *et al.*

To subject Mr. Clemens to any of those delicate tests by which we are supposed to detect the true humorist, might not be either fair or convincing. He has caught, with great appreciation and skill, that ungathered humor and extravagance which belong to pioneer communities—which have been current in bar-rooms, on railways, and in stages—and which sometimes get crudely into literature, as "a fellow out West says." A good deal of this is that picturesque Western talk which we call "slang," in default of a better term for inchoate epigram. His characters speak naturally, and in their own tongue. If he has not that balance of pathos which we deem essential to complete humor, he has something very like it in that serious eloquence to which we have before alluded. Like all materialists, he is an honest hater of all cant—except, of course, the cant of materialism—which, it is presumed, is perfectly right and proper. To conclude: after a perusal of this volume, we see no reason for withholding the opinion we entertained before taking it up, that Mr. Clemens deserves to rank foremost among Western humorists; and, in California, above his only rival, "John Phoenix," whose fun, though more cultivated and spontaneous, lacked the sincere purpose and larger intent of "Mark Twain's."

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR; being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm. By John Ruskin, LL. D. New York: John Wiley & Son.

It is comforting for those who are apt to rely upon Lempière in cases of emergency, to learn, on the authority of Mr. Ruskin, that the average Greek probably knew no more about Mythology than, say the average American. But the average Greek believed in his unintelligible Polytheism, whereas your average American finds it hard to accept even his own limited theogony. For such a skeptical, hard-headed generation, Mr. Ruskin has, we fear, thanklessly, written the most ingenious and satisfactory interpretation of certain Greek myths that is extant. We only regret

that his lectures are not in that shape in which they could be introduced into our schools, to take the place of the dreary "Mythologies" which vex, without satisfying, the infant mind. It would be so pleasant to carry away from school some other knowledge of Athena or Demeter than just enough to serve as an elegant illustration or padding for prose and poetical composition. But, alas! Mr. Ruskin does not write for children—although he prints some of his "childish rhymes," to show his consistency, and in his book lurks a pleasant Pantheism which some instructors might not think entirely safe for the young. The little volume which so aptly gives, like the poet, "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," is replete with Mr. Ruskin's graces and mannerisms. There are the usual praises of Turner, the usual digs at false art, the usual moral and social philosophy, and the usual passages of exquisite rhetoric. Even those who will care little for the ingenuity with which Mr. Ruskin impresses into his service Homer's statement that Athena gave Menelaus the courage of the *fly*, will appreciate the graphic picture of the insect, which has been so often quoted; and which is only equaled by the following wonderful description of the serpent, which we are tempted to copy:

"That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it, when it moves slowly:—A wave, but without wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backward; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension; one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it;—the winding stream will become a twisted arrow;—the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance."

SYBARIS, AND OTHER HOMES. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Pleasant as Mr. Hale almost always is, he is infinitely preferable when he "draws on his imagination for his facts." In his latest volume, *Sybaris*, which might be, is far more pleasant, both in manner and matter, than *Nagauradick*, which ought to be, or than

Vineland, which is. Dreams of Arcadias and Utopias vanish before this realistic Sybaris, so eminently human, home-like, and possible.

One can not help wondering if he, like the author, had "sat to recite on long settees, pea-green in color, which would 'teeter' slightly on the well-worn floor," and had been given to day-dreaming, rather than to delving for Greek roots, whether the Fates would have conducted him to Sybaris. But perhaps Mr. Hale has been peculiarly favored, and no one less happy than himself will ever tread those classic shores. And should any one be fortunate enough to get there, we doubt whether he will be imbued with sufficient moral courage or love for humanity—which, in this case, would mean much the same thing—to come back and tell the tale.

The author states that he "could not analyze the charm" of the place; and we freely confess that we do not feel any inclination to do so, but can not help mentioning one noticeable fact. There was so little to *see* at Sybaris. To those who have been obliged to do penance by reading the accounts of insatiable travelers, who have remorselessly dragged us through the galleries of the Louvre; the villas of Florence; St. Peter's, at Rome; the Cathedral, at Milan; the Alps, and even lakes Geneva and Como, there is a sense of relaxation and repose in stopping at a place where people lived, really *lived*, in one-story houses, with gardens attached, and where the most of them had not come from Rome yesterday, nor expected to go to London to-morrow.

It is true, that the author, at first, betrays unmistakable Yankee traits, and there are indications that, even here, we may be overwhelmed with information and useful knowledge. But there is not much to be apprehended from any one who could conceive the idea of spelling out one of Jean Ingelow's poems on black cambric, in letters twenty feet long, to send to George and his wife, and Alice, in the Brick Moon; and when, at Sybaris, he elects the parish church, instead of doing the grand cathedral, we feel sure that he is a pleasant and safe companion, and are gratified in finding our conjecture correct.

The railroads, steam wagons, courteous

Government officials, pleasant homes—not ruled by servants—and other pleasant Sybarian customs, were all things which people want, and might have, were not much money spent for mere upholstery, and a good deal of life for mere tinsel, glitter, and show, which is so dazzling that Sybaris is not seen in its glare.

The homes at Nagaudarick have also a slight rosy coloring. Vineland is statistical, and intensely practical; and Boston is simply horrible. The book is written with Mr. Hale's usual realistic force. After his short visit to Sybaris, "Colonel Ingham" says of his "nice friends:" "I feel as if I had known them since we were born"—and so does "Colonel Ingham's" reader.

AMONG THE HILLS. By Mary Lorimer.
New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The tasteful exterior of this little volume would seem to indicate that it belonged to the centre-table rather than the library shelf; and yet the merest glance at its contents leaves the reader in doubt as to its entire fitness for either. It certainly contains less padding than most "pretty" parlor books, and has some information, and an honesty of purpose, which are not usually met with in conjunction "with plates;" but it has, also, a certain callowness which removes it at once to that debatable middle ground of "juvenile literature," and suggests that we should not read it ourselves, but give it to our children, with the usual bland indorsement that it will "do them good." For while the fair authoress evidently has a healthy delight in trees and flowers, she also has a vast respect for botanical knowledge, and feels it necessary to instruct while she admires; and so pours out, on a mythical young person known as "Rose," a quantity of technical information, which, the reader trembles to reflect, may be covertly intended for himself. Even the occasional rebuke she deems it necessary to deliver to pedantry is given with a certain self-consciousness, as if she had herself triumphed over technicalities, and was rather proud of it. Still, as we have before indicated, there is a contagious enthusiasm in her innocent and healthful pastime; and if her style is not quite good enough to justify her

occasional attempts at didactic writing, it may attract the youthful mind to some interest in her subject, which is, in itself, the best of moral teachers. The book is tastefully and intelligently illustrated.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1870. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

If the first issue of the *Atlantic Almanac* had not been so thoroughly good, we should have, probably, had no fault to find with the issue for 1870. But judged by that self-created standard—and the almanac is too good to admit of any other—we find the present issue less original in matter, less happy in illustration, and not quite as full and instructive in scientific information. Mr. Hale's "Modern Sinbad" suffers in comparison with a popular satire upon English travel-telling, published some years ago. Mr. Howells' "Bopeep"—a playful elevation of the nursery ditty to the dignity of an Elizabethan pastoral—does not seem to have enough of that playfulness which only could justify the translation, and has too little of Mr. Howells' characteristic humor to relieve its actual sentiment of style and its assumed sentiment of metre. "My First Waltz"—an extract from Thackeray's *Fitz Booodle Papers*—does hardly justice to Thackeray's genius in its incompleteness. Mr. Higginson's "Swimming" is thoroughly good, as is, also, Lowell's scholarly "Good Word for Winter." Then we have another statement of that dreadful Trojan campaign, which, we humbly protest, we have had quite enough of during the last twelve centuries; and we fervently hope that Mr. Bryant, after long years of poetical usefulness and honor, is not about to go into the usual retirement, with the intention of indulging that "old-gentlemanly vice" of translating the *Iliad*. There is a good deal of reprint in this year's number—a fact not as frankly stated as it should be. There are two chromos, of which one—"Shad-Fishing"—is good. The other—called "Spring-time," for no very apparent reason—represents a red-frocked child in a gorgeous trance—its sweet legs looking not unlike sticks of winter-green candy, whose circumference might still further be reduced by sucking. The wood engravings are mostly well design-

ed and cut. There are two pages of pictures from Whittier's *Ballads* and *The Poets*—*à propos* of nothing but advertising.

1. ONWARD. A Lay of the West. By A. W. Patterson. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.
2. PLEASANT HOURS. By W. Frank Stewart. San Francisco: J. H. Carmany & Co.
3. JOAQUIN ET AL. By C. H. Miller. Portland, Oregon: S. J. McCormick.

If these volumes are a response to a somewhat frequent and vehement call for "manly poetry" of a Pacific variety, it is to be presumed that the anxiety of conservators of our literary interests is satisfied. But people who clamor for the "coming man" in politics or poetry have an unpleasant trick of abandoning him to the mercy of the critics, when he does come, or at best, buttressing him with the most yielding and treacherous commonplaces. And we find it very difficult, from the pervading vagueness and flaccidity of local "notices," to determine which of the three is he. If he is to be detected, like the Prince in the Arabian Nights, from a habit of putting pepper in his cream tarts, we should say his name was Miller, and he lived in Oregon. If "Progress" is to be his theme, and he has the quality of projecting poetry on the "Rising Village" of Jonestown, or Unionville, with its six saloons, barber shop, and hotel, we behold him in Patterson. If a large looseness, as of the limitless prairie, be his distinguishing feature, he exists in Stewart.

But, if we dared answer the unasked and unimportant question, which of the three wrote what might be reasonably called poetry, we should say Miller; with, perhaps, the impertinent addition that he gave the promise of writing much more vigorous local poetry than has yet been written in California. For when we have overlooked the dubious taste of subject and title, and have stripped away the husk of some crudities, we find in *Joaquin et al.* the true poetic instinct, with a natural felicity of diction and a dramatic vigor that are good in performance, and yet better in promise. Of course, at present Mr. Miller is not entirely easy in harness, but is given to pawing and curvetting; and at such times his

neck is generally clothed with thunder, and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. But his passion is truthful, and his figures flow rather from his perception than his sentiment. And when, instead of contenting himself with such easy epithets as "snow-clad," as applied to the Sierras, he intimates that Dian had on the mountain line "hung all her linen out to dry," the picture is laughable, but striking.

We are afraid we prefer Mr. Patterson's prose notes to his poetry. When he explains to us the line,

"The cobbler beats an *alto* to the din,"

by saying that "the sound of the shoemaker beating upon his lapstone pervades the general noises with striking effect," we perceive at once that it relieves the cobbler from the suspicion of making an unprovoked assault upon an *alto*—who is generally, we believe, a woman—which would speak badly for the chivalry of a Rising Village. But this ingenious commentary, we regret to say, is utterly lacking in Mr. Stewart's *Pleasant Hours*, which begins a poem familiarly with

"This is a fearful night in the street, VAN,"

without supplying the rest of the affectionate diminutive to the curious reader. But this may be an accident, for, in another poem, beginning,

"This is a fearful night, SAM,"

—the writer, having a pardonable weakness for social conversation in inclement weather—the entire name is prefaced as the title.

We see no reason for changing an opinion already expressed, that the best poetry written in the State has not been immediately inspired by the peculiar climate, scenery, or condition of society. The expression of California life through this medium has been, thus far, a failure. It is possible that some of the gentlemen here noticed, as well as the Seventy-five crucified in the *Atlantic's* review of May Wentworth's *Poetry of the Pacific*, may hereafter astonish and utterly confound us. At present, we can only say that bland skies and genial critics invite—beautiful scenery and indulgent publishers welcome—them. There are all the means for getting out first-class books of poetry, as the reader will admit in looking over these admirably printed volumes—every thing, in fact, but the poet.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

VOL. 4.

NO. 2.

THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

FEBRUARY, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:

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417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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Is Published on the 1st of each Month,

BY

A. ROMAN & CO.,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

TERMS:—\$4 00 per annum, payable in advance.

CLUB RATES:—Two copies, \$7 00; Five copies, \$16 00; Ten copies, \$30 00, and each additional copy, \$3 00. For every Club of Twenty Subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished *gratis*.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. 4.—FEBRUARY, 1870.—No. 2.

OUR ISHMAELITES.

THE Indian Problem may be stated, in brief, as follows:

Given: three hundred thousand savages, cowardly, blood-thirsty, jealous, treacherous, revengeful; entirely destitute of any moral principle; trained from their most ancient traditions to look upon every form of labor as degrading, to consider women as slaves to be bought and sold like cattle, and to know no method of acquiring property so honorable as that of stealing; possessed of, and animated by all the vices pertaining to, and springing from, abject poverty. Scatter these savages over a vast continent; divide them into small tribes, jealous of each other, and hostile to all the world, and we have the field for labor.

To dispossess these savages of the vast territory claimed by them, to the end that the same may be occupied and utilized by the civilized race: to do this in the most expeditious and economical manner consistent with a proper regard for the rights of the savages, and to transform the Indians themselves into peaceable, self-supporting agricultural

and pastoral citizens, are the objects to be attained.

We have used the expression, "Rights of the savages;" but, in fact, this point has always been practically and properly ignored, so far as regards any rights other than those pertaining to every citizen. If the Indians have any rights in the soil, they are not such as White Men are bound to respect, and have been only theoretically regarded. So fast as the tide of immigration has flowed upon the Indian territory, the Indians have been dispossessed, assigned to new locations, and from these in like manner expelled as soon as their possessions were coveted by our own people. Treaties have been made, securing the tribes in the possession of vast reservations, remote from the then frontier; but as soon as the lands thus reserved have been required for settlements, the Indians have been compelled to make new treaties, yielding up the possession of the land.

The injustice of this course, on the part of the superior race, is more apparent than real; the mistaken part of the

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proceeding being in making treaties at all with the tribes, who are, in no proper sense of the term, foreign powers. An additional justification for the course pursued, is, that the Indians do not make the best use of the soil; and, also, that their interests, like the interests of any other class of citizens, can not be allowed to stand in the way of the development of the country.

Reliable statistics have shown, conclusively, not only that the numbers of our Indians are rapidly diminishing by contact with the superior race, but that no care or precaution avails to prevent this result. Be the tribes wholly neglected, or most carefully looked after, taught, and controlled, their numbers rapidly diminish. The great law prevailing throughout all the domain of Nature, that the weak must give way to, or be absorbed in, the strong, has here another pertinent illustration. The construction of highways across the continent, and the settlement of the more valuable portions of the country, have already caused the game to become comparatively scarce; and but a few years will elapse before its scarcity will compel the Indians to rely upon some other source for their supply of food.

Inasmuch, therefore, as all effort to insure the perpetuity of the race is needless, because assured to fail; and inasmuch as the right of the Indians to the soil has been, in practice, virtually ignored; and from the further fact that within a few years the Indians must be either fed at the public expense, or induced in some manner to earn their livelihood, it would appear that the sole object to be attained by a correct Indian policy, is, to induce the Indians to make way for settlers, and to become self-supporting in the least time, and with the smallest expense possible of blood and treasure.

The policy pursued at present by the General Government, is, to make trea-

ties with the tribes; to locate them on reservations remote from settlements, and place them under the care of agents, in order to carry out the terms of the treaty on the part of the Government.

But the objections to treaties with Indian tribes are numerous. There is the fundamental objection already referred to: that the Indians can not properly be regarded as foreign powers; and by making treaties the nation is placed in a false position, recognizing them in terms as independent nations, while by all local legislation they are regarded as equally amenable to the civil and criminal laws as any other class of inhabitants. Treaties are further objectionable, from the great cost incurred in making and carrying them out: large appropriations being guaranteed under them, extending for long periods into the future—often from twenty to forty years, and sometimes in perpetuity. The object of our Indian policy should be to teach the Indians to maintain themselves as soon as possible; and to effect this end, it is not wise to covenant to support them in idleness for generations. The mother who would seek to make her infant walk by never allowing him to stand upon his feet, but by carrying him about in her arms for his entire life, would seem to be the model for our treaty-making powers.

Another evil effect of treaties, is, to concentrate considerable numbers of Indians upon reservations—many more than would otherwise be thus assembled, since they are naturally divided into small bands. Large bodies of Indians are much more difficult to manage than the same number divided into small bands: the aggregation giving them exaggerated ideas of their own strength, and making them in all respects less tractable. They are also, in such cases, usually located remote from settlements and the sources of supply, thus greatly increasing the cost of their maintenance.

The Indians should not be taken from, but rather toward, civilization. They will learn far more rapidly to carry on a farm, by being taught in the vicinity of White farmers and laborers, where they can see the good results flowing from continuous industry, and can imitate the ways of their more experienced neighbors, than by being banished to the wilderness, and educated by precept alone, unillustrated by example. There will always be a certain amount of injury resultant from the intercourse of depraved Whites with the Indians; but, inasmuch as the universal Anglo-Saxon is foreordained to pervade the continent, the evil might as well be met at once, as to be met at short intervals for a series of generations. The philanthropic Teuton, who cut off the tail of his dog in sections an inch long, rather than to torture the animal by severing the whole at a single blow, has won an assured and conspicuous place in history as a humanitarian philosopher; but he would lose his pre-eminence at once, did it rest upon the actual, practical result of his theory.

The brief tenure of office of Indian superintendents and agents, and the character of the men who have in many instances been appointed to such positions, have also been causes, to no inconsiderable extent, of the inefficiency of the Indian service. The Indian, like a child, or any ignorant person, is little influenced by principle, but vastly by personal influence, after his confidence is won. An Indian superintendent or agent, who is a man of integrity and worth, and who has been for a sufficient length of time with a tribe of Indians to know and be esteemed by the leading men, will possess a personal influence impossible to be acquired among a more intelligent community. His control over his Indians is almost absolute, and becomes greater each succeeding year. His successor, even if his equal in every respect,

must work for years to gain the influence which is lost by a change of officers; and, under the present system of appointments, will usually be removed in turn, as soon as he has become measurably familiar with his duties, and acquainted among the Indians. The system of rotation in office without regard to fitness, is bad in most departments of the public service, but is especially unfortunate in the case under consideration, where the results are often costly and protracted wars, loss of life, and great delays in the development of the country. No system of Indian management will be entirely successful, until a more permanent tenure of office is made one of its fundamental features.

The greatest and most unfortunate mistake, however, in the appointments in the Indian service, is in the characters of the appointees, viewed from the stand-point of actual qualification for the service. For the last forty years, it has been the almost sole aim of the Government to induce the Indians to become agriculturists. For the accomplishment of this purpose, treaties have been made, providing for furnishing them with agricultural implements, seed grain, and agents who should aid them in farming operations. This being the case, and the fact being entirely familiar to all that the most serious obstacle to be overcome was the idea—a part of an Indian's nature—that labor is degrading, it would naturally be supposed that the appointment of Indian superintendents and agents would, in all cases, be made from the ranks of men familiar with agricultural labors, and who could, and would, by their personal presence and example, induce the Indians to labor, and aid them to labor to the best advantage. A business man would, in such case, send among the Indians practical farmers, who would, by their own conduct, show that manual labor, in their eyes, was honorable. In our appointments, how-

ever, with few exceptions, directly the opposite course has been pursued. How large a proportion of the eager applicants for position in the Indian service have been men anxious to earn a living by manual labor? The ambition of the ward-strikers and country politicians forever hanging about all the Departments at Washington, and whose vast services to the party must be rewarded, does not run in that direction.

The programme usually followed by the Government, in its dealings with the Indians, is substantially as follows:

Settlers or miners having encroached upon the Indian territory until ill-feeling is manifested, or, perhaps, until straggling, predatory warfare has ensued, a commission is sent to the locality, the Indians assembled in council, and a "big talk" ensues. The commission is usually, in part, composed of military men, or, in any event, provided with an abundant escort of military officers and soldiers. The noble Red Men are made aware of the deep solicitude of the Great Father at Washington on account of the poverty of his Indian children; his sorrow at the scarcity of game, consequent upon the settlement of the country; and his earnest desire to behold them possessed of affluence, through the same source as his White children—the tilling of the soil, and the rearing of cattle. Abundant supplies of provisions and of blankets are distributed, and general good feeling prevails. The Indians listen to discourses upon the honorableness and dignity of labor, delivered by men in gorgeous uniforms, who ride upon gayly caparisoned horses, or in comfortable carriages; whose every want is supplied by numerous servants, and whose acquaintance with manual labor, in any form, is evidently at second-hand. The Indians, wrapped in new blankets, and with well filled stomachs, listen and applaud. They appreciate clearly the difference between preaching and practice,

and believe the same proportion of what they hear as a White Man would under the same circumstances. The powwow adjourns, and the Indians proceed to act—not according to the words, but according to the deeds, of the representatives of the Great Father. Being creatures of imitation, they proceed at once to sell the spades, hoes, and plows given them, and to invest the proceeds in battered epaulettes, brass buttons, painted feathers, and shining spurs. From the head chief of the tribe to his lowest subordinate—the bare-legged king of a band of three thieves—all begin to ape, so far as in them lies, the airs and manners of the greatest man they have ever seen—the talking proxy of the President.

In due time, the promised agent arrives, who is to be their guide, philosopher, and friend, and who is to lead them, by primrose-bordered paths, to that sudden opulence—that cornucopia of biscuits and saddle-horses—which comes from agricultural pursuits. He has, by herculean efforts, carried the doubtful Sixth Ward for the Member of Congress from his district, and verily he has his reward. He has never worked upon a farm, but has seen plows and hoes in agricultural warehouses; has, himself, operated an ice-cream freezer, and can almost instantly distinguish a horse from a cow. From his easy-chair he delivers anew, in a diluted form, the discourse upon the dignity of labor. The Indians, who were really inclined to learn to work, soon become disgusted, and return to their fishing, hunting, and stealing; and the agent writes lengthy reports upon the inherent vagrancy of the savages, and the need of more liberal appropriations for his agency. Owing to a combination of unforeseen and wholly unavoidable circumstances, the corn that year produced at his agency has been at an expense to the Government of \$4,000 per bushel; but if the appropriations for the coming year be so increased as to

allow the hiring of a French cook, and the erection of a building for giving sitz-baths to the more deserving chiefs, a much more satisfactory progress will be at once inaugurated.

And thus goes the warfare. The expenses of the Indian service continually increase. The disparity between the money expended, and the results produced, continually widens. All feel that something is wrong; that a change of some kind must be made. Seeing, as through a glass, darkly, one Member of Congress clamors for a change of officers; another for the transfer of Indian affairs to the War Department; another, for Quaker agents. One discovers a panacea, in the increase of appropriations—another, in their decrease; one, in vast reservations—another, in no reservations; one, in an Indian Delegate to Congress—and another, in the extermination of the race. But no one insinuates, that, to teach labor and farming to Indians, requires the presence among them, as agents of the Government, of practical farmers and laborers.

The picture we have given of the Federal appointees in the Indian service is not, of course, the universal, but the general rule. There have been numerous superintendents and agents excellently qualified for their respective trusts; and instances where tribes under their care have, in three or four years, been transformed from shiftless, thieving savages, to industrious, prudent people, entirely capable of supporting themselves.

One great reason of the inefficiency and expense of our Indian service lies in the want of accurate information among our public men, as to the real state of affairs. The Members of Congress from the States and Territories where the Indians reside, are but few in number, and have comparatively little weight in legislation. They are also somewhat inclined to look with favor upon liberal disbursements of public money in their respect-

ive districts, as advantageous to their constituents. The Members of Congress from east of the Mississippi River, know but little of Indian character, save as portrayed in the life-like sketches of the late J. Fennimore Cooper. Hence the crude and experimental character of much of our legislation upon the subject, and the unfortunate character of many appointments in the Indian service.

The most recent experiments in appointees are the opposite theories of Quakers and military men. The President is supposed to favor the appointment of military men, and the management of Indians as a part of the duties of the War Department. The Quaker theory is based upon the brilliant success of the Quaker, William Penn, who purchased the State of Pennsylvania of the Indians for some \$4 worth of bogus jewelry, and, with his successors, persuaded the Indians, for many generations, that they had the best of the bargain. Either policy, exclusively pursued, would be equally sagacious. If good men are appointed—qualified, as has been suggested—they will succeed because they are good men, and not because they are military men, red-haired men, Quakers, Mormons, or Hottentots.

The annual current expenses of the Indian Bureau proper are not far from \$5,000,000, and those of the War Department, \$60,000,000. But, as almost the only pretext urged for maintaining our army at such enormous cost in a time of profound peace, is the necessity of watching the Indians, it is just to add to the expense of our Indian affairs at least three-fourths of the expenses of the War Department, making, with the first-named appropriation, the sum of \$50,000,000 per year, which is drawn in taxes from our laboring people, on account of the presence among us of something less than 300,000 Indians—men, women, and children.

We trust to be pardoned for again invoking the sagacious business man to come to our rescue in this emergency. Being familiar with all the facts as herein stated, he would proceed at once to remove every soldier from the Indian country, thereby enabling a reduction in the expenses of the War Department of \$45,000,000 per year. Statistics of our recent Indian wars show that it costs about \$500,000 apiece to kill Indians by army operations; and did our model business man require any massacring of Indians, a contract could be awarded to Californians at much more advantageous rates. Not only would this movement vastly reduce our expenditures, but it would do away with the cause by which many of our Indian wars are produced: namely, the debauching of Indian women by the soldiers who are stationed among them.

Our model business man would then abandon the system of large reservations, and locate the Indians in small bands, wherever they chose to establish themselves, on the public domain. They are possessed of strong local attachments, and would soon, with suitable aid and advice, select for themselves reasonable locations. The size of the bands would not exceed an average of five hundred persons, making some five or six hundred bands. With each of these bands would be placed an agent—a capable, industrious, and energetic man—a man of good moral habits, and familiar with all practical details of farming and stock-raising. These agents could be procured at wages not exceeding \$75 per month, and would retain their positions—if they should demonstrate their fitness therefor—so long as agents were employed, their salaries being slightly increased each year of service, as an inducement to special effort. The selection of these agents, with prescribed qualifications, might perhaps be left, with advantage, to each of the half-

dozen principal religious denominations of the country, in equal numbers, thus making each denomination measurably responsible for the character and conduct of its nominees, and inducing an honorable rivalry in economy and progress between the different appointees. These agents would all be placed under the charge of five or six superintendents; men of experience and capability for the trust, who would visit each band once or twice each year, and make to the agents such suggestions as experience should dictate, for the improvement of their respective charges. Each agent would be furnished with agricultural implements and breeding animals of various kinds, for distribution among his band. He would induce the Indians to labor, by both precept and example, taking the lead in all farming labors, and demonstrating to the Indians that it was cheaper and easier to raise cattle and horses than to steal them and be shot or imprisoned therefor, and that but a moderate amount of labor was required to raise the vegetables and grain for their food. As soon as the Indians were sufficiently advanced, their land should be allotted to them in severalty, and the agents soon after withdrawn. Within a period of from five to ten years, every band of Indians would be self-sustaining. At the expiration of ten years, at most, all disbursements by the Government should cease.

The expenses of this method of caring for the Indians would be, for the first five years, an average of not to exceed \$4,000,000 per year; for the second five years, one-half that amount; in the whole, for the correct and final adjustment of the Indian Question, considerably less than the present disbursements for a single year.

It is not claimed that by this process the Indians would, in five or ten years, be transformed into first-class citizens. No amount of education will make In-

dians, as a class, the equals of the Whites. But, with the amount of training and assistance above indicated, they might be with propriety allowed to shift for themselves. Many would ripen into excellent citizens—thrifty, prudent, and industrious; more would perhaps always remain worthless vagabonds. But no expenditure of money would avoid wholly the latter result, and it may, therefore, be disregarded. The functions of the General Government do not include the compulsory reforming of every loafer, be he White or Red.

To the extent we have indicated, it may be proper to tax our already burdened people for the training of the Indian race, both as a matter of humanity and of public policy, but no further. Thereafter their care may be properly left with the people of the several States where they are domiciled, and where they would be entitled to the rights and privileges of all other citizens.

It would be a difficult question, from the data at present attainable, to determine whether the policy now pursued by the Government, or the one herein indicated, would most tend to the perpetuation of the Indian race. This is not, however, a matter of special national importance: the Indians, as a race, will ultimately either disappear or be absorb-

ed in the Caucasian race; and a difference of a few years sooner or later is of little practical moment. The great want of the nation, it is true, is more population wherewith to develop the varied resources and industries of the country; but the quality is of greater moment than the quantity.

In our somewhat rambling discussion of some phases of the Indian Question, we have not adverted to the religious or educational aspects of the case, for the reason that we do not regard them as the first steps necessary to be taken, nor as properly within the field of operations for the General Government. An Indian must first be taught to earn his daily bread, before his alphabet will be of especial avail. Melancholy as is the confession, the body, in this life, is as essential as the mind, and far more clamorous in its demands. No religious growth consorts with a dyspeptic or empty stomach; no statesman, seer, or poet can be matured without a body. And until the Hawaiian Kanaka or the American Indian can be secured in his three meals per day, he will require at least a semi-annual conversion; and will even then display an alacrity at backsliding, which, like the watch of Edward Cuttle, mariner, has rarely been equaled, and never been surpassed.

SEA-ELEPHANT HUNTING.

AMONG the variety of marine animals that periodically resort to the land, none other attain to such gigantic proportions as the Sea-Elephant.

There are many among general readers who have the impression that the Sea-Elephant, the Sea-Lion, and the Sea-Otter are one and the same animal, known under different names. Such, however, is not the fact; for they are three very distinct species of *mammalia*, found along the western coast of North America. The two sexes of the Sea-Elephant vary much in size, the male being frequently triple the bulk of the female. The former are often found measuring eighteen feet from tip to tip, and individuals have been now and then met with, that attained the enormous dimensions of twelve feet in circumference, and more than twenty-four feet in length. In form it is similar to the seal, except the head. Indeed, it is frequently called the "Elephant-Seal" by naturalists. Its color is a light brown when the hair is grown to full length; but, immediately after "shedding," it becomes a leaden color, like the land-elephant.

The hair on the body is very short and thin. Round the under side of the neck, in the oldest males, the animal appears to undergo a change with age; the hair falls off, the skin thickens and becomes wrinkled—the furrows crossing each other, producing a checkered surface—and sometimes the throat is more or less marked with white spots. Its proboscis extends from opposite the angle of the mouth forward (in the larger males) about fifteen inches, when the creature is in a state of quietude, and the upper surface appears ridgy; but

when the animal makes an excited respiration, the trunk becomes more elongated, and the ridges nearly disappear. The average thickness of the skin that covers the body is fully equal to that of the largest bullock.

The mouth is furnished with teeth similar to those of the Sea-Lion, the lower and largest canines being from four to five inches long, the exterior portion conical, presenting a smooth surface, and the part imbedded in the jaw slightly curved and ridgy. The whole tooth is nearly solid, a small cavity only appearing at the lower end. The females may average in size ten feet between the extremities. They are destitute of the proboscis, the nose being like that of the seals, except that it projects considerably more over the mouth.

The canine teeth are shorter, smoother below the sockets, larger at the base, and hollow nearly to the upper point. The sailors on a voyage to the Sea-Elephant grounds, not having a supply of pipes, made them of Cow-Elephant's teeth, and the quills, or leg-bones, of the pelican—the former furnishing the bowls, and the latter the stems. Gill, one of the most noted American naturalists of the present day, gives the technical name of the Sea-Elephant found on the Pacific coast, as *Macrorhinus angustirostris*.

The *Elefante marino*, known to the "old Californians," had a geographical distribution along the shores, or upon the islands, within the boundaries of their territory, from Point Abrejos* northward to the Farallones: the last-named being a cluster of rocky islets,

* Cape St. Lazarus, forty leagues south, has been spoken of as the southern point where Sea-Elephants have been found, on the coast.

well known as lying off the harbor of San Francisco; and the first, a low, sandy point, stretching seaward, studded by numerous rocks, awash, or bare, at low tide, which afford temporary resting-places for cormorants, pelicans, and other varieties of sea-fowl found in those nearly tropical latitudes. Strange as it may be, we have no authentic accounts of this species of amphibious animal being found elsewhere in the northern hemisphere. South, however—about Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and numerous islands in both the Atlantic and Pacific, and the Crozets, Kerguelen, and Herd's Islands, in the high latitudes of the Indian Ocean—have been points where the Sea-Elephants have gathered in quite incredible numbers, and where millions of them have been slain by the seamen, pursuing their prey in those distant regions.

The habits of the huge beast, when on shore or loitering about the foaming breakers, in many respects are similar to those of the leopard-seal. Our observations on the Sea-Elephants of California, go to show that they have been found in much larger numbers from February to June, than during other months of the year; but more or less were found on shore, at all times, upon their favorite beaches. They were generally first seen when coming up out of the water, near the beach, then crawling up by degrees, frequently reclining, as if to sleep, then again moving up or along the shore, appearing not content with their last resting-place. In this manner they would ascend ravines, or "low-downs," half a mile or more, congregating by hundreds. They are not so active on land as the seals, but when excited to inordinate exertion, their motions are quick—the whole body quivering in their semi-vaulting, crawling gait—and the animal, at such times, manifesting great fatigue. Notwithstanding their unwieldiness, we have sometimes found them on

broken and elevated ground, fifty or sixty feet above the sea.

The principal seasons of their coming on shore, are, when they are about to shed their coats, when the females bring forth their young, (which is one at a time—rarely two) and the mating season. These seasons for "hauling up" are more marked in southern latitudes.

The different periods are known with the hunters as the "pupping-cow season," "brown cow," "bulls and cows," and "March bull" seasons; but, on the California coast, either from the influence of climate or some other cause, we have noticed young pups with their mothers at quite the opposite months. The continual hunting of the animals may possibly have driven them to irregularities. The time of gestation is supposed to be about three-fourths of the year. The most marked season we could discover was that of the matured males, which shed their coats later than the younger ones and the females. Still, among a herd of the largest of those fully matured—taken at Santa Barbara Island, in the month of June, 1852—we found several cows, with their young, the latter apparently but a few days old.

When the Sea-Elephants come on shore for the purpose of "shedding," if not disturbed, they remain out of the water till the old hair falls off. By the time this change comes about, the animal is supposed to lose at least half its fat; indeed, it sometimes becomes very thin, and is then called a "slim-skin."

In the stomach of the Sea-Elephant a few pebbles are found, which has given rise to the saying that they take in ballast before going down (returning to the sea). On warm, sunny days, we have watched them come up singly on smooth beaches, and burrow in the dry sand, throwing the loose particles that collect about the fore limbs over their backs, nearly covering themselves from view; but, when not disturbed, the animals

follow their gregarious propensity, and collect in large herds.

The mode of capturing them, is, for the sailors to get between the herd and the water; then, raising all possible noise by shouting, together with the flourishing of clubs, guns, and lances, the party advance slowly toward the rookery, when the animals will retreat, appearing in a great state of alarm. Occasionally, an overgrown male will give battle, or attempt to escape; but a ball from a musket, through his brain, dispatches him, or some one, with a lance, checks his progress by thrusting it into the roof of the animal's mouth, which causes it to settle on its haunches. Meanwhile, two men, with heavy oaken clubs, give it repeated blows about the head, until it is stunned or killed. After securing those that are disposed to show resistance, the party rush on to the main body. The onslaught creates such a panic among those harmless creatures, that, losing all control of their actions, they will climb, roll, or tumble over each other, when prevented from further retreat by the projecting cliffs. We recollect, in one instance, where sixty-five were captured, that several were found showing no signs of either being clubbed or lanced, but were smothered by numbers of their kind heaped upon them. The whole flock, when attacked, manifested alarm by their peculiar roar, the sound of which, among the largest males, is nearly as loud as the lowing of an ox, but more prolonged in one strain, accompanied by a rattling noise in the throat. The quantity of blood in this species of the seal tribe is supposed to be double that contained in a neat animal, in proportion to its size.

After the capture, the flaying begins. First, with a large knife, the skin is ripped along the upper side of the body its whole length, and then cut down as far as practicable, without rolling it over; then the coating of fat that lies between

the skin and flesh—which may be from one to seven inches in thickness, according to the size and condition of the animal—is cut into “horse-pieces,” about eight inches wide, and twelve to fifteen long, and a puncture is made in each piece sufficiently large to pass a rope through. After flensing the upper portion of the body, it is rolled over, and cut all around, as above described. Then the “horse-pieces” are strung on a raft-rope* and taken to the edge of the surf; a long line is made fast to it, the end of which is thrown to a boat lying just outside of the breakers; they are then hauled through the rollers and towed to the vessel, where the oil is tried out by boiling the blubber, or fat, in large pots set in a brick furnace for the purpose. The oil produced is superior to whale oil for lubricating purposes.

Owing to the continual pursuit of the animals, they have become nearly, if not quite, extinct on the California coast, or the few remaining have fled to some unknown point for security.

Thus far, we have been writing of the Sea-Elephant and manner of capturing it on the islands and coasts of the Californias; and, although thousands of the animals, in past years, gathered upon the shores of the islands contiguous to the coast, as well as about the pebbly or sandy beaches of the peninsula, affording full cargoes to the oil-ships, yet their numbers were but few, when compared with the multitudes which once inhabited the remote, desolate islands, or places on the main, within the icy regions of the southern hemisphere. Several geographical points have already been mentioned, and among those, the islands of Kerguelen, or “Desolation,” and Herd’s Island, are the great resorting-places of these *amphibia* at the present day.

The last-named island is in latitude

* A rope three fathoms long, with an eye-splice in one end.

53° 03' south, and longitude 72° 30' to 73° 30' east. Its approximate extent is sixty miles. Its shores are somewhat bold, broken, and dangerous to land upon; no harbor being found that is secure for the smallest vessel. In the smoothest time, when landing, the boat's crew are obliged to jump in the water, to hold and steady the boat that it may not be stoven on the beach, or swept out by the receding undertow. In fact, a heavy surge always beats upon these frozen, rock-bound shores, varied only by the combing seas, that dart higher yet up the precipitous cliffs when urged on by the oft-repeated gales that sweep over the southern portions of the Indian Ocean.

Captain Cook, the celebrated explorer, on his voyage of Discovery in the *Resolution*, when he visited Kerguelen's Land, called it the Island of Desolation, on account of its barren and uninhabitable appearance, although it possessed fine harbors, where the hardy mariner could rest securely with his ship during the violent winter storms. But not so at Herd's Island. The Sea-Elephant oil-ship, breasting the changing winds and waves to procure a cargo, is officered by the most fearless and determined men, who have had experience in whaling, sealing, or Sea-Elephant hunting in those rough seas. The majority of the men are shipped at the Cape de Verd Islands, they being of a muscular race, who have proved themselves to be excellent hands for the laborious work.

The ship, when first sent out, is provided with a "double crew," and is accompanied by a small vessel, of a hundred tons or less, for a "tender." On arrival at the island, the ship is moored with heavy chains and anchors, and every other preparation is made for riding out any gale that may blow toward the land. The sails are unbent, all the spars above the topmasts are sent down, and, with the spare boats, are landed and housed during the "season," which be-

gins about the middle of November, and ends in the middle of February. Quarters are provided for that portion of the ship's company who are assigned to duty on shore. These quarters consist of a small hut, duly divided off into apartments—one for the mates, one for the steerage officers, and another for the men. This dwelling is no larger than necessity demands. Its walls are built of the detached pieces of lava, or bowlders, nearest at hand; rough boards and tarred canvas, supplied from the ship, form the roof, which must be made waterproof and snow-proof. During the day, light is admitted to each room through a single pane of glass, or a spare deck or side-light—perhaps found among the rubbish on board the vessel; and doors are made after the fashion of "good old colony times," with the latch-string ever flitting in the listless wind. In this dank habitation, planted between an iceberg on one side and a bluff, volcanic mountain on the other, these rough men of the sea at once adapt themselves to their several situations, and all the discipline is maintained that they would be subject to if on board ship. The high surf at the island renders it impracticable to haul off the blubber in "rafts," as at Kerguelen Island and on the coasts of the Californias: hence it is usually "minced"* and put into tight casks, to prevent any waste of the oil; then, when a "smooth day" comes, they are rolled down the beach, and pulled through the rollers by the boats; or the "tender" is anchored near shore, a line is run to the vessel, and the casks hauled alongside, hoisted in and transferred to the ship, where the oil is "tried out" and "stowed down" in the usual manner.

As soon as the season is over—or, rather, when the time has come for the ship to leave, either for home, or to find shelter in some harbor at the island of

* The "horse-pieces" cut into thin slices.

Desolation—the shore-party is supplied with provisions, all the surplus articles that were landed are re-embarked, the heavy anchors are at last weighed, and amid hail, snow, and sleet the ship bounds over the yawning billows under her half-frozen canvas, and soon disappears in the offing.

The vessels having departed, those of the officers and men left on the island resume their daily occupations. Usually, the number is divided into two “gangs,” stationed at separate places, where clusters of huts have sprung up for the use of those belonging to the different vessels, who have, from time to time, made it a temporary abiding-place.

Try-works are also built, and a shanty is erected for a cooper’s shop. These two habitable spots are known as “Whisky Bay,” and “The Point;” the former being a slight indentation of the shore-line, where the Elephants, in countless numbers, were found by the first vessel visiting there, which, as report says, had a supply of “Old Rye” stowed in her run. The Captain, in the heat of his successful prosecution of the arduous business of procuring a cargo, gave his men permission to “splice the main-brace strong and often,” so long as the work went briskly on; and it is humorously told that this noted landing-place was “christened” at the cost of barrels of the beverage, thus securing to it a name as lasting as that of the prominent headland on the borders of the Okhotsk Sea, well known to whalers as “Whisky Bluff.” From day to day the separated parties, living some thirty miles apart, hunt the animals for leagues along the shores, with the varied success incident to season or circumstances; and, although on the same island, the face of the country is so broken—being rent into deep chasms, walled in as it were by giddy, shelving heights, making it impossible to travel, even on foot, far inland toward its extremities, and the shores so hedg-

ed by sharp ridges of basalt, stretching into the sea—that the two divisions know nothing of each other till the vessels return—which is frequently after an absence of from eight to twelve months—and during the time a thousand or more barrels of oil may have been collected.

Notwithstanding the hardship and deprivations that are undergone to make a successful voyage, there is no lack of enterprising merchants ready to invest their capital in any adventure when there is a prospect of ultimate gain, and no ocean or sea which there is a possibility of navigating appears too perilous for the adventurous seamen to try their luck upon. The very fact of the voyage being fraught with danger and difficulty tends to stimulate them to action; and in this remote part of the world of which we have spoken, that was unknown to the early explorers, as well as to those who have more recently voyaged toward the Antarctic Continent—and for the geographical position of which we are indebted to the enterprise and nautical skill of those of our countrymen who commenced the life of a sailor by “coming through the hawse-holes”—we find that rival parties are left on its bleak shores, who, when opposed the one to the other, watch with greater care every movement that may be made, than the coming and going of the creatures which are the objects of pursuit. Many a war of words has arisen, with the brandishing of club and lance in the strife; but, like the pioneer California miners, when left to rely on their own good sense for self-government, there was little to fear but that all laws made would be simple, just, and strictly adhered to. When parties from different vessels are located on the same beach, the custom is for all to work together when killing the animals, as well as when skinning and cutting the blubber in “horse-pieces” from the bodies. These are thrown into one or more

piles; after which, the men of each party are ranged in squads, and each one, in turn, draws a piece from the heap, till all is disposed of.

These divisions are made whenever the animals are found and killed in any considerable numbers; and, if far from the rendezvous, the blubber is "backed," or rolled in casks, to the main dépôt.

The backing process is the stringing of eight or ten pieces on a pole, which is carried on the shoulders of two men; but if a cask is used, three men are allotted to each one of six or eight barrels' capacity, to roll which the distance of two miles is allowed to be a day's work. While the ship is away, homeward-bound, or returning to the island for another cargo, the "tender" may be at Desolation Island, picking up what scattering "Elephants" can be found upon shores that once swarmed with millions of those huge beasts; or a short whaling-cruise is made, till the time comes for commencing operations at the island.

When the season returns, the vessels are usually "on the ground;" the treacherous surf is again passed and repassed in the light, frail whale-boats, landing the fresh crew from home, who relieve those who have thus literally "seen the elephant." The time passes quickly away, in the toil and excitement of killing and flensing; and again the floating fragment of the world departs for the land of civilization, leaving her last crew from home to pass an Antarctic winter, amid the solitudes of icebergs and the snow-covered peaks of the mountain island. No passing sail is seen, to break the monotony of their voluntary exile; even many varieties of sea-birds found at Desolation do not deign to visit them. Multitudes of penguins, however, periodically resort to the island, whose eggs, together with the tongues of the Sea-

Elephant, and one or two kinds of fish, furnish a welcome repast for all hands, by way of change from that substantial fare, called "salt-horse" and "hardtack."

Beside the close stoves in their apartments, which are heated with coals from the ship, or the fat of the "Elephant pups," and the flickerings of a murky oil-lamp, the long winter evenings are passed in smoking and playing amusing games—"old sledge" and "seven-up" being favorites—and the reckless joking that circulates among a class of adventurers who make light of ill-luck, and turn reverses into ridicule.

The extent and value of the Sea-Elephant fishery, from its commencement up to the present date, is not definitely known, as the ships engaged in the enterprise when whaling and sealing was at its height in the Southern Ocean, were also in pursuit of the valuable fur-bearing animals, as well as the *cachalot* and the *balæna*; hence their cargoes were often made up of a variety of the oils of commerce.

We have reliable accounts, however, of the Sea-Elephant being taken for its oil as early as the beginning of the present century. At those islands, or upon the coasts on the main, where vessels could find secure shelter from all winds, the animals have long since been virtually annihilated; and now they are only sought after in the remote places we have mentioned, and these points are only accessible under the great difficulties that beset the mariner when sailing near the antipodes of the globe.

Enough data are at hand, nevertheless, to show that hundreds of thousands of the animals, yielding as many barrels of oil, have been taken from Desolation and Herd's Islands, by American ships, which have maintained a monopoly of the business for many years.

AUSTRALIA.

THE British Possessions on the continent of Australia consist of five separate Colonies, each being governed by its own laws, and wholly unconnected with the others. Owing to the nature of the Government, the number of Colonies is constantly increasing. As all internal improvements—including roads, bridges, railroads, telegraph lines, etc.—are carried on by the Government, the people residing farthest from the capitals do not generally get a fair share of the public moneys spent in their neighborhood: consequently, they petition the Home Government for a separation; which is granted, if her Majesty's advisers deem it expedient. However, a remote district will bear with a vast amount of maladministration on the part of the local Government before seeking redress in this manner, as, in the event of a separation being granted and a new Government organized, no inconsiderable portion of the public revenue would be spent in paying the salaries of a fresh set of Government officials.

There are very few places in the world where Government officers are better paid for their services than in Australia. The Governor of Victoria, a colony having a population about equal to that of California, received, until lately, a salary of \$75,000 annually; and, in addition, a house and grounds suitable to the recipient of such a princely income. Many of the Government officers, such as Judges, Secretaries, and Treasurers, received salaries ranging from \$8,000 to \$12,000 yearly, and this at a time when destitution to great extent prevailed in Melbourne, and laboring men could be engaged for a dollar a day. In Queens-

land—the last organized Colony—the Governor receives \$24,000 a year, although the population is less than that of the city of San Francisco.

The different Governments resemble one another to a great extent, and approximate to a republican, as much as to a monarchical, form. Practically speaking, universal suffrage prevails, although, in some of the Colonies, a law, framed to deter loafers and vagabonds from voting, excludes from the elective franchise every person who has not received, during the previous year, a given amount of wages, or paid a given amount for board and lodging. If he has a house of his own, this rule does not apply to him. The Legislature consists of two Houses, the Upper and the Lower. Members of the Upper House, as well as those who have the privilege of voting for them, must be possessed of property. Members of either House are not paid for their services. In Queensland, the members of the Upper House are nominees, having been appointed by the Governor and his Cabinet, who still retain that prerogative.

In the choice of Governor, no Colony has any voice whatever. He is appointed by the Home Government, and often arrives in Australia a stranger to its laws and institutions, and ignorant of, and indifferent to, its wants. He often receives his appointment as a reward for services rendered to his party, and not because of his fitness for the office which he is to hold; and this circumstance alone may, at no distant day, induce the Colonies to claim their independence, which the Mother Country, guided by her former experience, will most probably grant without much opposition. The laboring

classes do not take a very active part in politics; in fact, in many places they do not vote at all.

One cause of this apathy is their general ignorance. The great body of laboring men were laborers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. They are often months without reading a newspaper; a large percentage of them do not know how. When I say laborers, I mean farm-hands, navvies, and unskilled laborers in general. The miners and mechanics are more intelligent, yet not equal to the Americans—in political knowledge, at least. When universal suffrage was extended to the inhabitants of Australia, many men were elected to the Legislatures who were totally unfit for that position; and, although a reaction has, to some extent, since taken place, the Legislatures of many of the Colonies are, to-day, inferior to what they were before the extension of the electoral franchise, not only in intelligence, but also in moral worth. Another reason why the masses do not take much interest in politics, is, that only a few, comparatively speaking, obtain their positions directly from the hands of the people. With the exception of the members of the Legislature, and the Mayor and Aldermen in the cities, all other public officers, including Judges, Sheriffs, Police Magistrates, Postmasters, Tax and Revenue Collectors, receive their appointments from the Governor and his Cabinet. All of these officers retain their positions as long as their services are required, and their work done in an efficient manner. Each subordinate officer is subject to dismissal from the head of his department, but that power is never exercised, except in cases of gross negligence or incompetency. The Cabinet member who should discharge a faithful public servant because he happened to differ with him in politics, would draw on his head a storm of public indignation, more injurious to

his political aspirations than the opposition of twenty such men as the one dismissed. All Government officers who have served for a stipulated time receive a pension. This, of course, entails a good deal of expense; but it is cheapest in the end, as this inducement renders them honest and zealous in the discharge of their duties. They are, also, owing to the great length of time which they retain their appointments, very expert in their business.

A large amount of the public revenue is derived from the sale of Crown lands; and it has been the object of every administration not to sell a large quantity, but to get the highest price for that sold. Before the discovery of gold, the principal occupation was grazing. The sheep and cattle were boiled down for their tallow; and that article, together with wool, formed the chief, almost the only export. The great influx of people, caused by the discovery of gold, brought immense and sudden wealth to stockholders, or squatters, as they are called; and these, generally intelligent men, had influence enough to get elected to the Legislature—and, in fact, to control the Government. Each squatter rented a tract of land—sometimes a thousand square miles—from the Government, at a nominal price; the Government, however, retaining the right to have the land surveyed, and sold in lots to suit purchasers. But, as the squatters had friends enough in the Legislature to throw obstacles in the way of small settlers, all country lands, no matter what their value, were sold at auction to the highest bidder, the upset price being \$5 per acre. If no one considered the land worth this price, of course, it remained in the possession of the squatters. This injudicious method of alienating Crown land drove many industrious men, with moderate capital, away from the country.

During the last few years, in some of

the Colonies, the land-laws have been considerably modified, to the advantage of the community at large, and especially to the advantage of the working classes. At present, in some places, land can be obtained, without any competition, at auction sales; and to pay the price—\$5 per acre—the settler is allowed eight years, at the end of which time he receives his title-deeds. In all the Colonies, perfect religious toleration prevails, and all ministers of the Gospel have to rely for support on the voluntary contributions of their flocks. There is no State Church. In educational matters, also, the people have to depend on themselves, to a great extent. In many instances, towns of five or six thousand inhabitants have only one public school, and one or two teachers. The most of the children, if they receive any education at all, receive it at private schools, which are supported by the religious denominations to which they belong. Great numbers of the poor people, especially those living in the country and in small villages, are in a deplorable state of ignorance. Many of the most influential and intelligent men in the Colonies are the sons of convicts—some of them convicts themselves. It would not always be safe to ask a Police Magistrate, a Judge, or a member of the Legislature any questions about his father, as that personage most probably “left his country for his country’s good.” A dispute at a public ball, in Sydney, as to who should take precedence, was ended by one of the party suggesting that the *pas* should be given to him who had been sentenced to the longest term of transportation. The convicts generally became rich men, and bestowed on their children the best education which the country afforded; and these latter, if they have no ancestry to boast of, consider their wealth and intelligence an equivalent. The rich and educated have very little intercourse with the poor and

ignorant. The gentleman will not associate with the laborer on any condition. Even at the wayside hotels, the master and his servant—both of whom are, perhaps, driving the same flock of sheep to market—will not sit at the same table. As all of the Colonies are offshoots from New South Wales, which was a penal Colony, established for British convicts, there are still to be found in the treatment of laboring classes many remnants of the barbarisms which were inflicted on convicts. A laboring man is engaged for so much per year and rations. His weekly rations, which he often has to cook for himself, consist of ten pounds of flour, twelve pounds of beef or mutton, two pounds of sugar, and a quarter pound of tea. If he require any thing else, he must buy it out of his scanty wages. Should he leave his employer before his term of engagement has expired, a warrant is issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of a policeman, who quickly finds him and lodges him in prison, where he remains until he consents to resume his duties.

Chinese are as numerous in Australia as in California, but there they have not given occasion for so much public discussion as they have here. In Australia the great body of Chinamen are engaged in working on their own account, as miners, store-keepers, and gardeners. Some of them keep hotels and boarding-houses, which are patronized by the Europeans. They are not often engaged in working for wages, but when they are, cooking and shepherding seem to offer them the greatest attraction. As gardeners, they exhibit great patience, as well as industry and ingenuity in irrigating their land; and in many places the Whites are almost wholly dependent on them for a supply of vegetables. In mining, they are chiefly confined to ground which has been deserted by Europeans. Sometimes, as in California, a party of roughs organize, burn their tents, and

drive them from the diggings. However, they are protected better than here, as their oaths are taken in all courts of justice, and White Men convicted on their evidence. Those who have become Christians are sworn on the Bible; those who have remained pagans are sworn, either by cutting a cock's head off, by blowing out a light, or by breaking a saucer or some other piece of crockery, accompanied in each instance by a form of words, the purport of which is, that in the event of their telling lies, their souls will be treated as they have treated the aforesaid saucer, candle, or rooster. A tax of \$50 is levied on each Chinaman, and collected before he lands; afterward, he is treated as a British subject. In mining, he pays the same amount of tax to the Government as all other miners: namely, \$5 in some of the Colonies, and \$2.50 in the others, yearly. There is nothing in the constitution of any of the Governments which forbids a Chinaman to become a citizen and to vote, but very few of them avail themselves of that privilege; still, they have sometimes become British subjects, and the writer knows of one instance, in a small town in Queensland, where a Chinaman was elected to serve as Alderman. In many of the large towns, numbers of the Chinese adopt the Australian costume, take English names, and become completely Anglicized. There are scarcely any Chinese women in Australia; and the few who are there, are respectable persons, who have come with their husbands. Many of the wealthier Chinamen are married to White women. A rich Chinaman has very little difficulty in getting a White wife; and the friends of a servant girl will often persuade her to choose a rich Chinaman, in preference to a poor White Man.

The aborigines of Australia are, perhaps, the most ignorant and degraded people in the world. They belong to the Negro race, but they are even uglier

than the Negro. Before the advent of the White Man they led a tolerably easy kind of life, as game was abundant, and edible roots and fruits, though not palatable—to Europeans, at least—were plentiful. Their weapons of warfare are spears, shields, boomerangs, stone hatchets, wooden swords, etc. The shield is made of wood, plano-convex, about twenty inches long, and ten or twelve wide. The plane side, which contains a handle, is turned toward the body. The wood is, perhaps, the lightest to be found, but it is hard enough to turn a rifle-ball. The boomerang—a weapon to be found only among them—is about eighteen or twenty inches in length, approaching a semicircular form. It is about four inches wide, one inch thick along the centre, and tapers to the sides. A person expert in its use will throw it a distance of 100 or 150 yards; and if it meet with no impediment, it will thence return to his feet. How they came to invent this machine is a mystery. Most likely it was done accidentally, as the inventor should have a more accurate knowledge of the laws of motion than is possessed by the majority of men, either White or Black. European *savans* demonstrated, theoretically, that the flight of such a missile would be attended with similar results, long before it was known to exist among the aborigines of Australia. In stalking large game, as kangaroos and emus, on the open plain, they show a good deal of skill and patience. With a leafy bough in his hand, resembling in color the ground over which he crawls, one of them will approach even the most cautious animal, until he arrives close enough to transfix it with his spear. The women carry home the game, but they seldom eat any until their lords and masters are served. In seeking wild honey, the Black catches a bee, and fastens to its body a piece of white down, plucked from some wild plant. This not only impedes the progress of the bee,

but renders its flight more easily to be seen; and it is thus readily traced to its nest in some neighboring tree.

One can not help admiring the activity displayed by the Blacks in climbing trees. If the tree is small enough to be encompassed by his hands, one of them will walk up as quickly as a White Man would ascend a ladder. If the tree is very thick, he takes his tomahawk and cuts in the bark a notch about two inches long and one inch deep, in which he places his big toe, and from this standpoint he cuts another higher up, and so on to the top. In this manner they ascend branchless trunks, to the height of a hundred feet or more.

They are almost incapable of improvement. Even those who have lived with the White settlers from their infancy seldom acquire habits of self-denial, order, or industry. All of their money is spent for tobacco and strong drink. And many of them, unable to bear the constraints of civilized life, leave their White friends, and join their wild brethren of the forest. They are most obstinate beggars, and, in the neighborhood of the settled districts, they seldom allow a White Man to pass without asking him for tobacco or money. If he consents, they ask for something else, and so on as long as he continues giving. They generally go naked, or, if the weather is very cold, they wear a rug of opossum-skins thrown over the shoulders. Their houses consist of one sheet of bark, placed standing in an oblique position, under the leeside of which they seek shelter from the wind and rain.

Their ideas of a future state are very vague. They have some belief in the presence of a devil, or Evil Spirit, at night; and when moving about after dusk, they carry lighted fire-sticks in their hands, in order to frighten him away. They believe that, after their death, they rise again, and become White Men. This belief is caused by the ap-

pearance of the bodies of dead Blacks, after being roasted and stripped of their skins—a common practice with those among them who are cannibals. The dead body of an enemy, even if not eaten, is horribly mutilated. The victor usually hacks it to pieces, and anoints himself with the fat taken from the kidneys and intestines; being imbued with the belief, that, by doing so, he acquires his victim's skill and strength, in addition to his own.

Their cowardice is only equaled by their treachery. Twenty of them would not venture to attack a White Man openly, but they will steal on him unawares, and spear or tomahawk him behind. An opportunity of killing a White Man—even one to whom they had hitherto appeared friendly—is seldom allowed to pass without being taken advantage of. Sometimes the whole family of a settler, with whom they had been for months on apparently the most amicable terms, has been massacred in a few minutes, without any obvious cause.

In driving them back from the settled districts, or hunting them down on account of some depredations which they have committed, the Governments do not always depend wholly on White Men: the Blacks themselves are used, to a great extent, for that purpose. Blacks are enlisted, armed with swords, rifles, and revolvers. They are mounted on horseback, and placed in charge of White Men, who take them a few hundred miles away from their native place, where the tribes with whom they come in contact are either their hereditary foes, or total strangers. The Black trooper thoroughly enjoys this work. Well mounted, well armed, and acquainted with all the tricks of his opponents, unless taken unawares he has little to fear from their attacks, while he kills, mutilates, and ravishes to his heart's content.

Among themselves, they are constantly fighting, though their battles do not

usually result in much bloodshed. I once witnessed a fight between two petty tribes, who happened to meet unexpectedly on ground claimed by both. My attention was drawn to the scene of combat by the clash, not of arms, but of tongues; for there was much more talk than fighting. Each party consisted of about sixty warriors, besides women and children. The women and children are usually left in the camp; but, in this instance, the fighting occurred without premeditation. Each warrior had placed himself behind the friendly shelter of a tree, and from this retreat hurled at his opponent—in addition to spears and boomerangs—all the opprobrious epithets that his language afforded. One warrior, who allowed his courage to get the better of his discretion, exposed himself to an enemy of whose proximity he seemed to be unaware, and was immediately pierced through and through with a spear. At this juncture the chief of a more powerful tribe, to whom both parties were subject, arrived on the ground, and put an end to the combat. The wounded man was carried to his camp, about a mile away, but died a few minutes after. His friends gathered around the body, and were most violent in the expression of their grief. They tore their hair out in handfuls, cut themselves with knives, and pounded their bodies with clubs and stones. One old woman—the aunt of the deceased, as I was told—took a large stone in both hands, and beat her head with it until she dropped down insensible. Their grief would have appeared more impressive to me, had I not known from previous experience that the loss of a puppy dog would call forth lamentations as loud, and that most of the mourners in this instance would forget their grief in the enjoyment of a handful of sugar, or a plug of tobacco.

They seem partial to dancing, and spend several hours every night during the time of full moon in this recreation.

Dancing is not carried on solely for amusement: it is also a matter of duty connected with some superstitious belief. Only the men dance; and on the women devolves the duty of supplying the music, which consists of the noise made by the striking of a couple of clubs against each other.

Both men and women resort to methods of adorning the body which are not common among the beaux and belles of civilized countries. One of the most common, is, by means of a sharp stone, to cut parallel gashes along the arms, breast, and shoulders. These wounds are seared with a piece of burning wood; and, after they become healed, stand out in large wales, which make the possessor look as if he were enveloped in a braided jacket. Some of them pull out a front tooth; others bore a hole through the nose, and in this hole his pipe, should he be fortunate enough to possess one, is carried.

Although, as I have previously remarked, they are very treacherous, still, instances have occurred, in which White Men, who have been wholly in their power, were well treated. Perhaps the fact that they had nothing to tempt the cupidity of the Blacks had a good deal to do with this. I shall mention only one instance out of the many which have come within my knowledge. The present Colony of Victoria was settled in the year 1835. Thirty-three years previously a Colonel Collins, having in his charge a party of English convicts, attempted to form a settlement at some distance from where the city of Melbourne now stands. Not satisfied with the locality, he abandoned it, sailed for Van Diemen's Land, and colonized that island. Among the convicts was a man named Buckley, who had formerly been a British soldier, but was sentenced to transportation for attempting to strike his commanding officer, who was no less a person than the Duke of Kent, the father

of Queen Victoria. Buckley—probably aware of the treatment convicts had to expect—deserted from his companions before they sailed for Van Diemen's Land. Passing by a new-made grave he found a spear, which he took in his hand, and traveled toward a neighboring camp, belonging to the savages. These, seeing the spear which belonged to their dead chief in the hands of a man who resembled him in stature, thought he had arisen from the grave, and turned White Man. Buckley was accordingly well treated. For thirty-three years he remained with this tribe, taking part in their wars and amusements, and conforming in all things to their customs. Throughout this time he never saw a White Man. Gradually he lost almost all traces of his origin; and when found by the settlers who arrived there in 1835, he was unable to speak a word of English. Intercourse with the Whites—among whom he remained—gradually brought back to his memory the knowledge he had lost. He lived several years afterward, and always spoke with gratitude of his Black protectors. The Blacks are fast disappearing before the White Men; and in some of the older settlements, there are none of them to be found.

With an area equal to that of the United States, and a population of only about a million, of course the resources of the country are in an undeveloped condition. Grazing will always hold a prominent place, as a great portion of the country is suitable for nothing else. From the dry plains in the interior, wool is carried by oxen eight hundred or a thousand miles to the coast. Even if grain could be raised, it would not be remunerative to have it carried so far by ox-teams; railroads will not pay, and there are no rivers. With one exception—the Murray—the rivers are not

navigable more than fifty miles from their mouths; few of them so far. Except in the rainy season, a running stream is a rarity. A creek is only a succession of water-holes, which become smaller and less numerous as you proceed from its source, and are finally lost in the hot, arid plains. If water is scarce, it is not because a large quantity of rain does not fall. In fact, the rain-storms are sometimes terrific; but, instead of percolating the earth, to come forth again in refreshing springs, the water runs rapidly to the sea, causing vast and destructive floods.

Many of the valleys are capable of being turned into large lakes by means of dams built across their outlets; and schemes for storing the storm-waters in this way have already received the consideration of the various Governments. Such a plan would render fertile many square miles of now barren territory, as well as prevent the great destruction of life, and property which is caused by these excessive floods.

The soil in many places is extremely fertile; but it has been treated as the farmers of California to-day treat theirs. Crop after crop has been grown, until the land has become completely exhausted; and ground which yielded sixty bushels to the acre twenty years ago, now will not produce ten.

The grape-vine has been tried with success; and Australia bids fair to become, one day, one of the great wine-producing countries in the world. Sugar and cotton have been cultivated during the last few years with profit; and there is a vast area suited to their growth. Tobacco grows wild in Queensland. Tea, coffee, and in fact all the products of the Temperate and Torrid zones, find here localities favorable to their culture. And these, with its great mineral wealth of gold, copper, and coal, render Australia capable of supporting a large population.

MERIDIAN.

The sea is blazing all around ;
 An idle bark is inward bound ;
 The ripples lap upon the reef ;
 The gull's dull flight is low, and brief ;
 The long beach-grass begins to fade ;
 The sea-crabs sidle to a shade ;
 The cocoa hangs its nutted head ;
 And nothing stirs—the wind is dead.

The peopled plain is still as death ;
 No cricket chirps, for lack of breath ;
 A scorching dust is in the air ;
 The glitter blinds me everywhere ;
 The hills are limned in colors fleet,
 And quiver in the noonday heat ;
 The lizards sleep upon the wall—
 An empty sky is over all.

MR. BURLEIGH'S WAY.

MRS. MACY was arranging her list for a party. Mr. Macy was doing nothing, with the aid of his after-dinner cigar. Mrs. Emmons was crocheting energetically. You will pardon me for not stating definitely the nature of the article which she was building at that particular time: it might have been—any thing, from a Chinese mandarin to a carriage afghan, or a pair of baby's socks; for she was a cunning worker in wools, and conscientiously crocheted everything known to have been created by those little wonder-working pieces of bone or steel, with hooks at the end of them. So far, she was reasonable, and easily to be comprehended; but when she projected things from her moral consciousness—made them up out of her own head, as the saying is—as she sometimes did, I confess she became puzzling.

“And there's Mr. Burleigh: it would

never do to forget him, although I know that I shall feel crushed when he tells me—as he'll be sure to do—that parties are ‘confounded bores.’ He will hardly say any thing stronger than ‘confounded,’ will he?” said Mrs. Macy—pausing, meditatively, to consider the subject.

“You had better be prepared for a few mild oaths,” returned her husband.

“Why does he come, then, if he thinks parties are such bores?” inquired Mrs. Emmons, rather indignantly.

Mr. Macy, to whom this remark was addressed, leisurely sent rings of blue cigar smoke toward the ceiling before he replied: thus epigrammatically testifying that he was content with life and the admiration of the ladies—which is always elicited by this performance.

“Oh, he goes because, after all, I suppose, he rather enjoys it. I have no

doubt he likes the fine suppers and other pleasures incidental to parties. There are other pleasures, aren't there, Susan?"

"Of course there are," returned Mrs. Macy; "and now that you mention it, I saw some elegant point-lace the other day."

"Yes, I was sure you said that there was something else. But I fear Burleigh would fail to see that *point*. However, he is a good-natured fellow, if his ways are a little rough. He always means well, and would go through fire and water to serve you."

"And that is probably just what nobody wants him to do. If there is one class of people whom I thoroughly dislike, it is your good-intentioned people. They are very apt to say and do ugly, unpleasant, impertinent things, and then complacently raise the shield of their good intentions, so that you never even have the comfort of saying that their conduct is outrageous, without somebody making you feel very cheap and uncharitable by telling you that they mean well. Heaven preserve *me* from such people."

The indignant mood was one in which Mrs. Emmons often indulged—a little too often, perhaps. But it was becoming to her. It strapped an invisible back-board to her back, put a lovely color in her pale cheeks, and gave a magnificent sparkle to her brown eyes.

"After all, I think you'll rather like Mr. Burleigh. He is thoroughly sensible and well informed, and has seen a good deal of life, too," said Mr. Macy.

"Of such a life as a new country develops," Mrs. Macy remarked.

"But it develops honest, energetic, free-thinking, generous-hearted men," returned her husband.

"With, perhaps, a little crudeness in their way of thinking, and boisterousness in their manners," suggested Mrs. Macy.

"Ah, Sue! I see that I shall never succeed in making a thorough San Franciscan of you."

"But Kate looks as if she thought the success had already been accomplished. It is true, I do talk and think a little more slang than I used to in my very proper Miss Haims' days. And it is quite possible that I may be no better for it; but, at the same time, I have got out of some of those trim, respectable little grooves that I was trained to walk in—and I am thankful for that."

"If I were not here, Sue, I know Mrs. Emmons would say that she didn't think that was a subject to be thankful for. But she knows that I'm such a rabid San Franciscan, that I would overwhelm her with all the glories of this charming country, if she ventured to say any thing in disparagement."

"You two seem to know the nature of my thoughts so well that it's hardly necessary for me to mention them.—One, two, three, four. Sue, do you remember Adrienne Clay's tidy—the one with a green border?" And Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Macy became absorbed in highly-colored—worsted recollections, through the intricacies of which it would be very confusing to endeavor to follow them.

Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Macy, as Kate Maxwell and Sue Wells, had loved each other, in those old and highly proper days at Miss Haims', with a love passing the love of any other class of people except boarding-school girls. Their affection had withstood the shocks of separation, the intervention of other loves, and the lapse of eight years. Mrs. Macy, on her return from a recent visit to the East, had brought Mrs. Emmons home with her, luring her with the delights of San Francisco weather, and the charms of San Francisco society; both of which she thought—and freely expressed her opinion about it—had been rather overestimated.

"Sue," said Mr. Macy, after Mrs. Em-

mons had gone up-stairs, "did you ever know Emmons?"

"Frank Emmons? Well, I should think I did! Wasn't I her most confidential friend at school? I used to see all of his letters, and give her sage advice as to whether it would be better to sign herself, 'Yours devotedly,' or 'Yours with unchanging affection,' or 'You know, my darling ——,' etc., etc. I should think I ought to have known something of Frank Emmons!"

"And what sort of a man was he?"

"Oh, a very handsome man—such elegant eyes, and such a grand air. The girls used to wish devoutly that heaven had made them such a man. And to think of what an answer I received to my prayers!" said Mrs. Macy, in mock dismay.

"No doubt heaven sent me as a just punishment for your sins. But what sort of a man was Emmons—the inner man, I mean?"

"Well, I rather guess it was all outside. His soul was all in his eyes, and his brains all in his bow."

"So little Kate, here, had an opportunity to do all of the thinking. I see she has rather burdened herself with opinions."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Macy, laughing. "She has certainly a very decided way of expressing herself."

"I like her pluck. She pitched into those well-meaning people with such a zest, never supposing—good little soul!—that she is a sort of a polished commentary on Mr. Burleigh's way."

"But we all of us have our way."

"Yes; but not a recognized one, upon which we can fall back in any emergency."

That was the reason that Mr. Burleigh was a fortunate man. The "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—when they are developed, as they sometimes are in the nineteenth century, in social censure—were harmless, aimed against

him. He had a reputation for being a bluff, honest, plain-spoken man, and he felt it to be a duty which he owed society and himself to live up to it. If anybody's feelings should chance to be injured by hearing the truth, why, I hope that was not his fault? It was only, as every body knew, "Mr. Burleigh's way."

Mrs. Macy's brilliantly lighted rooms were already well filled with guests when Mr. Burleigh arrived. As he elbowed his way through the crowd, to announce himself to his hostess, who had by this time drifted away from her post near the door, no one could have doubted—certainly our hero himself did not—that he was one of "Nature's noblemen." It evidenced itself unmistakably in a conscious disregard for the details of dress; in a manner which rather loudly asserted his utter inability "to fawn," and his contempt for any thing which was not the "real" article.

"Oh, Mr. Burleigh, you're just the man I wanted to see! Don't you want to dance the next set?—there's one place vacant," said little Nichols.

"No, sir; dancing is not in my line. If anybody wants to make a fool of himself by hopping around on the floor, that's his own lookout; but not any for this individual, thank you!" And "this individual," having administered this extingisher, walked on in a satisfied manner.

"Beg your pardon; didn't mean any harm, ma'am," he said, complacently looking at the wreck which he had made of the lace and satin trimmings on Mrs. de Ville's dress. "I'm not much used to these places, and I have a way of walking right straight ahead."

"It's one of the penalties which we ladies have to pay for wishing to appear graceful," replied Mrs. de Ville, with a divine smile.

"This is really too bad!" exclaimed Miss Percy, with a little glow in her little heart, as she examined the ruined

lace. "But Mr. Burleigh is so honest and straightforward; there is no sham about *him!*" she continued, in an enthusiastic *sotto* voice, as if she had discovered that the world was hollow, and this one instance was all there was left for her on which to pin her faith in the goodness of humanity.

Miss Percy looked very lovely. The flush on her cheeks was unvarying, and her profusion of blonde ringlets was arranged with truly artistic skill—the skill of the first hair-dresser in the city; her white tarlatan dress was an inextricable confusion of puffs, flounces, and *ruches*, and she indulged in the happy consciousness that it was very stylish.

"Ah, Miss Percy! you don't seem to be dancing," said Mr. Burleigh.

Mr. Burleigh's remark did not lose force because the fact was so evident; and he concluded it in a hearty way peculiarly his own:

"Well, well; I shall have to ask you to dance with me after awhile, if the young fry don't crowd us out, but we must expect that. Every dog has his day, you know."

Miss Percy laughed faintly at this facetiousness, and Mrs. de Ville thought that she would have been better pleased with a little conventional sham. It certainly was not Miss Percy's fault that she was not so young as she had been, any more than it is yours or mine, fair reader, that we have arrived at years of discretion. It is one of the few things that we have not the responsibility of; and, upon the whole, it is, perhaps, as well for us and the world that it is so arranged. You know very well, my dear young lady in your invincible teens, that you are a great deal lovelier, and more charming, when you use that old young lady as a foil, although you say she ought to be laid on the shelf, and leave the floor for you to dance on.

But Miss Percy was well preserved, and her partner in the Lancers, with all

of that sincerity which naturally results from a craving desire to be agreeable to the fair sex; which seizes and controls young men in their early party days, had ingenuously told her that no one would ever take her to be more than eighteen. So, perhaps, after all, her feeling of resentment at Mr. Burleigh's "way" was justifiable, as well as natural.

Mrs. Macy greeted Mr. Burleigh pleasantly, and playfully chided him for being late.

"Well, yes, I suppose I am," he replied; "but it's early enough—early enough! Parties are bores, the best of them. That's what I think about them, at any rate," he continued, as it seemed to occur to him, in a vague way, that his speech might possibly be rude. "I'm not an elegant man, you know, Mrs. Macy; but I always say what I think. Let the truth be spoken on all occasions, is the rule I go by; and a very good rule it is, too."

"I hope you'll let me make use of it," said Mrs. Macy, pleasantly, "so far as to tell you that I'm tired of standing here; and if you'll permit me to take your arm, I'll introduce you to some of my friends."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Burleigh, offering his arm; "I don't care about knowing any one."

"But there's a lady here whom I'm sure you will like: she is so decided and outspoken."

"Hum! Decided and outspoken, is she?"

It occurred to Mr. Burleigh that these were hardly pleasant or desirable feminine characteristics.

"She is a charming widow," continued Mrs. Macy; "one of my New York friends, and is spending the winter with me."

Mrs. Emmons was delicately beautiful enough to satisfy even a critical California taste; for Californians—pioneer Californians, especially—dreamed so long

and so sentimentally of "fair women," that they are even yet best suited with the moonlight and the starlight kind of womanhood—a womanhood that is to be only admired and made much of. They are not yet ready to accept the "*firelight* on the hearth-stone"—plain usefulness and worth. Certainly, Mr. Burleigh had little of the good-humored, gushing gallantry of the true San Franciscan; but he had had his dreams, and Mrs. Emmons, in her crimson silk and delicate laces, seemed an embodiment of them.

He was not, therefore, altogether unwilling that Mrs. Macy should leave him to make his acquaintance with her.

But conversation did not progress favorably. His remarks about the climate, and the country, and the people, all met with Mrs. Emmons' decided disapprobation; and his expressed disregard for etiquette and high-toned life aroused her resentment.

"It's 'diamond cut diamond,'" remarked Mr. Macy to his wife, after pausing near them for a moment to hear the skirmishing. "I think it will be an act of Christian charity in me to go and take your friend away."

Did Mrs. Emmons remember that she had promised the next *galop* to Mr. Macy? Surely Mr. Macy did not think that Mrs. Emmons was losing her memory?

"Well, what did you think of our friend?" asked Mr. Macy.

"Think of him? Why, I thought he was a perfect boor. The tone of his voice, when he was talking to me, was as if he was speaking to his grandmother, who must necessarily be deaf; and he glorified your sand-hills as if they had been filled with gold dollars."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I gave him to understand, quite grammatically and rhetorically, that San Francisco was not the only place the sun shone on."

"My dear Mrs. Emmons, you should have left your New York spectacles

somewhere on the route overland—say at Omaha. Our San Francisco opticians would have supplied you with a pair that would answer a better purpose here."

"Ah, Mr. Macy; you are pleased to be sarcastic."

"And, Mrs. Emmons, you are severe."

"But if the California men were all like—" Mrs. Emmons was not the least bit of a flirt, yet, I think, had Mrs. Macy been with them, she would have finished her sentence with her tongue instead of with her eyes, while Mr. Macy would, perhaps, less tenderly and consciously have accepted the homage. Men and women are continually venturing upon this neutral ground of morals, innocently enough, too, oftentimes, but, at any rate, the law can not touch them, as they have violated nobody's rights—not even their own.

"But," continued Mr. Macy, "I could tell you stories of Mr. Burleigh's bravery and endurance, and of his dauntless prowess, that would fairly make your hair stand on end."

"I don't want my hair to be subjected to any such process," objected Mrs. Emmons; "besides," she continued, "those things are magnificent and admirable in a frontier life; but your city is not infested with bears, is it? and I don't apprehend the danger of falling over mountain precipices, nor the difficulty of clambering over rocks."

Mr. Burleigh sauntered out on the veranda and commenced talking "stocks" to little Nichols and Bell Dean, who, it must be confessed, were as much interested in talking about who had failed, and who had had remarkable "runs of luck" to-day, as if, five minutes before, they had not been speaking of a subject which is abstractly—perhaps only abstractly—the farthest removed from money-making.

"There's our waltz, Bell," said little Nichols, and away they fluttered to the

dreamily undulating strains of music, like butterflies dancing on a sunbeam.

Mr. Burleigh was left to his own reflections—which might have been about that little New Yorker, with her pretty face and sharp tongue; possibly about any other subject; probably about “stocks.” But conjectures on this subject will never attain mathematical accuracy, for Mr. Burleigh himself could never tell precisely of what he was thinking at that particular moment, when—“Good heavens, Madame!” he exclaimed, as he saw a lady rapidly advance toward an open French window and hastily step out upon—the empty air! The window was but a few feet from the ground, but in front of it stood a vase filled with flowers. It arose white and pure in the moonlight, and the fragrance of verbenas and heliotropes filled the air; in another moment it fell to the ground with a heavy thud, and Mr. Burleigh received the lady in his arms. “Are you hurt?” he asked, anxiously. It was quite evident that, under the circumstances, she could not have been seriously injured, and the moral shock seemed at least as great as the physical.

“No, I believe I am not hurt,” said Mrs. Emmons, extricating herself from her rather embarrassing position; “but I have done an exceedingly awkward and stupid thing.” And then followed the explanation. Mr. Macy, with whom she had been dancing, had been suddenly called away, and she had thought to escape the heat and glare of the rooms by stepping into the conservatory for a few moments, and then the thoughts of the night air and the moonlight had tempted her to the balcony; she had mistaken the window, and—Mr. Burleigh knew the rest. And now, what was to be done? She was not hurt—not even as much as a sprained wrist, which would have entitled her to a certain degree of sympathy; whereas now the accident seemed simply ridiculous—a fall of a few

feet, and to be received in Mr. Burleigh’s arms! She was vexed with herself. At the same time she felt conscious of being very much crushed, as to laces and curls, and the necessity of gaining her own apartments without attracting attention. There was, fortunately, the garden entrance and the back-stairs, by which she might reach her own room, and no one be the wiser.

“Mr. Burleigh,” she said, when she reached the door, “please don’t mention this. Mr. Macy is such a tease that I’ll never hear the last of it.”

“I won’t say anything about it,” returned Mr. Burleigh.

“Thank you.”

It did not occur to Mrs. Emmons that this was the first time she had said those pleasant little words, although this certainly was not the most important part of her debt of gratitude to Mr. Burleigh.

“John,” the China boy, was keeping watch over certain viands in the kitchen, while Bridget, and Nora, and the rest of them were “watchin’ the folks a dancin’” and seeing a “bit of the styles” from their lookout on the stairs. “John” placidly said, “Goo-by,” as Mrs. Emmons passed through the kitchen; but this is “John’s” prerogative, which nothing ever induces him to forego. There was no one on the back-stairs or in the halls, and Mrs. Emmons soon found herself in her room, taking an inventory of damages. One delicate coral ear-ring was hopelessly crushed; laces and ribbons were somewhat torn or disarranged. These things were easily remedied; but the hair! Any one less energetic than Mrs. Emmons would certainly have been dismayed by the appearance of such a mass of ruins. But her skillful fingers soon restored it to the conventional, confused order. What would Mr. Macy think of her adventure—or should she tell him of it at all? He certainly would not find her in the conservatory when he came back. Mr. Macy’s opinion was a

matter of first importance. She did not stop to ask herself, "Kate Emmons, what are you doing?" If she had, the reply would evidently have been:

"Fastening in my hair-pins, and changing my jewelry."

But what was she really doing? Only drifting—drifting. She was a kind-hearted, pure-minded, good woman—she was, indeed. She was pretty, bright, and easily flattered. For the first two, Nature, and not Mrs. Emmons, was responsible; and the last was such a small sin—such a very small sin—that it is not mentioned in the Litany. She forgot Mr. Burleigh entirely, mentally arranged a sharp little campaign on "Tommy Tiddler's" ground, and quietly re-entered the parlors.

Mrs. Macy had some social lions reserved for her friend. She had no opportunity to talk to Mr. Macy; no one knew of the accident, and she almost forgot it herself.

The next morning, Mrs. Macy was angry and amazed to find her pet vase overturned and defaced. There was in it a rare, celebrated, and highly prized exotic; for Mrs. Macy had a hobby for collecting flowers, and mentioned them by their botanical names with a frightful volubility. Any one could see that it must have been done maliciously, for the vase was a heavy one, and not easily displaced.

Mrs. Emmons had not known or thought of the vase, and was startled when she saw how heavy it appeared when the workmen were lifting it up. How was it possible for Mr. Burleigh to have displaced it? She shuddered to think of the consequences to herself, had he not done so. She had supposed the accident merely a trifling, awkward one, but now saw that it might have been fatal—at least, would have been dangerous—had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Burleigh's arm. But what had become of Mr. Burleigh? She had

not seen him since he left her at the garden-door. She was about to tell Mrs. Macy the story, and ask her the question that she had asked herself. But Mrs. Macy had disappeared in search of a missing apron for Ettie, and Neddy's misplaced school-books—receiving company did so disarrange the house! All of the day she was absorbed in bringing order out of chaos, and restoring the *Lares* and *Penates*—footstools, easy-chairs, and various little knickknacks and luxurious home-surroundings—to their accustomed places. Kate Emmons helped in an energetic, spasmodic way, and again forgot—as it was easy to do—the vase and Mr. Burleigh.

Two or three days afterward, when things had assumed their accustomed aspect at the Macys—crochet-work, books, and papers of an evening—Mr. Macy, who had been dining at his club, told his wife and Mrs. Emmons, when he came home, that he had heard that Burleigh was very ill. He had broken his arm in some way. Mr. Macy had not been able to ascertain how the accident had occurred; but he believed that his arm was badly shattered, and that fever had set in.

"I feel sorry for him, poor fellow. He is exposed to the cold comforts of a boarding-house, and was never much of a favorite at that. His rough ways always kept people from seeing the real good that was in him."

"What is the matter, Kate?" said Mrs. Macy.

"Nothing!—a glass of water, quick!"

A proper administration of water, wine, and ammonia, with what Mrs. Macy considered an undue display of solicitude on the part of Mr. Macy, restored Mrs. Emmons.

"You should not have mentioned anything so horrible before Kate. She always used to do the fainting for the school," said Mrs. Macy.

Mrs. Macy herself was of a placid,

equable temperament. She had never succeeded in fainting under the most trying circumstances, and was fond of remarking that "fainting was one of the ornamental branches, which had been neglected in her boarding-school education."

"I think you should have gone with Ka—, Mrs. Emmons," Mr. Macy remarked to his wife, after Mrs. Emmons had left the room.

"O, dear, if you had seen Kate faint as often as I have, and for such trifling causes—" Mrs. Macy left her sentence expressively unconcluded. "But," she continued, "if you wish me to do so, I'll go and see how she is."

"I should think that you yourself would feel anxious to do so."

Mrs. Macy did not say so, but she thought, if her husband had expressed less anxiety, she might have felt more.

Kate Emmons had thrown herself in a great tufted chair, and buried her face in her hands. She looked up as Mrs. Macy entered.

"O, Sue! I am so glad you have come! There is something I must tell you. I have a confession to make to you," she said, in a low, eager, repressed voice.

Sue had felt anxious enough to have satisfied even her husband, when she had first seen Kate's pale, startled face; but, at the word "confession," a hard feeling contracted her heart, and hardened her voice.

But Kate was too self-absorbed and too self-reproachful to heed this.

"I meant to have told you, several days ago, about the vase," commenced Kate; and then followed the story of her trifling adventure, as she thought it at the time, but, as she knew it now to be, of her mean, wicked, cruel selfishness.

"I hate myself," she continued, passionately, "when I remember that my ridiculous little sensitiveness kept me

from thinking of even thanking him for saving me."

Sue comforted her, as best she could, by suggesting what she should do in the future to expiate the folly of the past. She took out all the puffs, and braids, and curls, and stroked back the wavy, brown hair, and then she drew up a footstool, and her head underwent the same process; and the two sat there in the firelight, and talked and talked—very much as they used to do in the Miss Haims' days—about good and evil, about the wisdom and folly of life, and how hard it was to find happiness, and how it wasn't at all the thing you wanted after you had found it.

When Sue kissed her friend good-night, and Kate, with her arms around Sue's neck, cried afresh because she was such a "little beast," and had again morally beaten and berated herself on account of her sins, they mutually concluded that they were more like the *old girls* who had laughed and cried together in the "lang syne," than they had either of them known themselves to be for years. They recalled some of the thorns they had trodden upon, and some of the roses they had plucked in the path of learning, and wondered how they ever could have thought that the twenty-seventh proposition, book third—Kate was sure that was the one, but Sue thought it was the seventeenth, book fourth—was worth so many sighs and frowns as they had bestowed upon it, and how they used to exult in calling the teachers "dragons," and "green-eyed monsters," and things—such things as only exuberant school-girl fancy could devise.

"And your letters, Kate," said Sue.

"Ah, yes, my letters!" said Kate, with a far-off look.

"You were very happy, were you not?"

"I always had my own way."

The answer seemed to satisfy Sue, for she said no more about it.

Mrs. Macy had always liked Mr. Burleigh, in spite of his roughness; indeed, in her presence, Mr. Burleigh was not sure that roughness was a godlike quality. It had even occurred to him, vaguely, that some of the refinements of life might be pleasant, if not useful; but such thoughts, if they ever assumed the definiteness of thoughts, were readily dismissed, because they failed to give a coherent answer to that practical question, "What's the use?"

"Kate," said Mrs. Macy, the next day, "perhaps I'd better go by myself to see Mr. Burleigh. He don't like ladies very much; but he is used to me, and I can deliver any message from you. I can tell him how sincerely you thank him, and how very sorry you are for the accident."

But Kate was willful; she must see him and thank him herself; perhaps she might never have another opportunity. Did Sue think she valued her own life so lightly, or had so little appreciation for a brave deed? In short—for here Kate waxed eloquent and pathetic, and eloquence and pathos lose much of their force when one *only tells* of them—in short, nothing that she could ever say or do would or could express her gratitude. Mr. Burleigh was astonished, but not displeased, when he saw that lovely, gentle face bending over him and the brown eyes filled with tears, while Kate entreated him to believe how deeply grateful she was, and that she knew she could never, *never* repay him. He thought the wounded arm was better from the moment that she touched it with caressing fingers, and felt a soothing sense of her presence long after she had left him, in the subdued light which had taken the place of the previous glare, and in a certain air of repose and sympathy which the hitherto defiant furniture had assumed. The great armed chair no longer rudely turned its back to the sofa, and the other chairs, which had taken reckless and

drunken attitudes—such as standing on their heads and leaning back in a maudlin manner against the wall—had reformed, and gave indications of becoming hereafter respectable members of society. The table, whereon a blacking-brush, an ink-bottle, a pair of slippers, a boot-jack, and—a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems! had disputed supremacy, was now resigned to the sole occupancy of the poems, a newspaper or two, and a vase of flowers. Even the top of the dressing-bureau could be distinctly seen! Mr. Burleigh confessed to himself that this was all very pleasant, and then he dreamed—and there are dreams and dreams, you know.

Mrs. Macy, too, expressed a kindly interest. And under such pleasant auspices, Mr. Burleigh grew better; but his convalescence seemed a lingering one—indeed, one can hardly judge how long it might have lasted, had not his rooms again lapsed into something of their former order, or rather disorder. Mr. Burleigh discovered that things were not so comfortable, and wondered if they had ever been quite so bad before. He was quite disgusted with the mournful and exiled appearance of the furniture as Bridget arranged it, and much better pleased with his own efforts, although he could never be entirely sure that that *tidy* was quite right. He had fastened it on the chair more than twenty times. It was a bright and cheerful little affair, crocheted of red and scarlet wools, with a profusion of rose-buds and forget-me-nots embroidered on it. Mr. Burleigh was quite certain that the rose-buds ought to droop; but that reversed the position of the forget-me-nots; finally, the subject assumed so great a degree of importance that he considered it best to consult some person of taste in regard to it.

It is just possible, however, that when he made his first appearance at Mr. Macy's, he was so overwhelmed by the cor-

diality of his reception that he failed to give due prominence to the subject. I do not think, upon the whole, that he even mentioned it, for he called very soon again.

All of this time Mr. Burleigh was growing inconsistent: he had forgotten that he was a responsible individual and had a reputation to maintain. It became evident, long before Mrs. Emmons' visit was concluded—Mrs. Emmons had become reconciled to San Francisco during the bright February days, and was undismayed by the accounts of the summer winds—that whatever might have been "Mr. Burleigh's way," it had become very much modified; it had already lost much of its individuality, and there was reason to believe that it would eventually become quite like the "*ways*" of the rest of mankind.

"Mamma," said little Ettie Macy, who had been allowed to sit up one evening after her usual bed-time, to replenish the wardrobe of her paper-doll, which was really in a shocking condition—not a single walking-suit fit to appear in the street with, and the round hats so old-fashioned!—"Mamma, when Prince Kumndkastchme—"

"Prince who, child?"

"Well, Elsie told me about him, last night. He was a Prince, or a giant, or somebody. I'll go and ask Elsie."

"No matter; but what about him?"

"Why, when I fall out of a window—Oh, mamma, that dress must be flounced to the waist!—and Prince Kumndkastch-

me, with handsome blue eyes and beautiful brown whiskers, comes to my rescue—"

Here Miss Ettie paused, for, although she had a highly developed taste for the dramatic, she was but six years old; and mamma was certainly putting too much black in Dolly's eyes.

"So Elsie told you all of this, did she?" said papa.

"Oh, yes, and lots more I just don't remember; but the end of it was, he'd marry me. Fairy stories all end alike," said Miss Ettie, decidedly.

Mrs. Emmons blushed, as she had a habit of doing of late; and Mr. Burleigh was assiduously looking for a ball of worsted, which had rolled under an ottoman, or behind a sofa, or somewhere.

"But it's only in fairy stories that people do such horrible things, Ettie. In real life, ladies mostly crochet or knit, and behave themselves with propriety."

"The fairy stories are a great deal nicer, papa."

One day, Kate dressed in white satin and orange blossoms for Mr. Burleigh, who certainly looked ten years younger than when Kate had first known him, and had grown particular as to his hair and neck-tie. He lapsed into his old ways by stepping on the bride's dress at the wedding-breakfast, however. The bride said he was a naughty man, but she'd forgive him, because he didn't mean to. And Ettie said it was even nicer than a fairy story, because the plum-cake was real.

A VISIT TO MELROSE.

WE sat together over the last of our dinner—Dean and I—feeling a little put out about the weather. We had seen Edinburgh pretty thoroughly, considering the depth of the snow in the streets, and the density of the smoke that overhung “Auld Reekie;” but it seemed too bad to leave the east of Scotland without having visited any other of a score of places, whose names, history, and romance were familiar from boyhood. We had not even got out so far as Hawthornden or Roslyn Castle; nay, more, the climb to Arthur’s Seat was declared to be impracticable. It was provoking enough to find ourselves blockaded by a storm during the only days that we could spare to a part of Great Britain from which we had for years anticipated so much. So we sipped our coffee rather gloomily, and watched the changing light on the pinnacles of Sir Walter Scott’s monument, just across Prince’s Street from the hotel; and saw the shadows deepening in Gray Friars’ Church-yard, and the lights coming out, one by one, in the many-storied houses up the slopes of High Street. Presently the moon brightened the distant spire of old St. Giles’. “‘Go visit it by the pale moonlight,’” said Dean; “we won’t give up Melrose anyway.” So we resolved that nothing short of an actual breakdown or collapse should cheat us out of that treat. There was a consolation in the thought; and we went out for a final stroll, somewhat comforted by the combined influences of dinner and hope.

It was about noon the next day when we pulled our small luggage out from under the seat, and, descending from the cars, looked about us for a hack. There were just two vehicles at the station, and

these of a character that had never blessed our tourist’s eyes hitherto. They were neither hack, carriage, horse-car, nor omnibus, but were like one-horse horse-cars set on omnibus wheels. We trusted our fortunes to the better-looking of the two, and learned from the porter that our destination was the “King’s Arms.”

After a lunch at the hotel, we buttoned up our overcoats, and sallied forth. We had received some general directions as to the whereabouts of the Abbey, and we jogged along good-naturedly through the narrow streets of the village. The houses were small and mean, the road snowy and not very well broken. However, the way was short; and presently we found ourselves in a little *cul-de-sac*, across the farther end of which ran a high, close board-fence. We knew that the ruins were beyond that; so we made a vigorous attack upon the barrier, but were a good deal nonplused by finding it too high to climb over, and too strong to be broken through. Here was a dilemma, indeed. Had we come thousands of miles only to find the object of our pilgrimage boxed up? Turning round in our bewilderment, we discovered a low, thatch-roofed cottage close at hand, and upon the door of the same a modest little sign, with the words, “DOOR-KEEPER OF THE ABBEY.” Approaching this, we knocked, expecting some withered and gray veteran would answer our summons. Such places are usually put in charge of superannuated, garrulous old soldiers, who repeat a stale array of dates and names, pocket their shilling fees, knuckle their foreheads, and turn you out with cool nonchalance. But here the cottage door was opened

gently by a young woman of about twenty years, with graceful form and neatly fitting garments, a face the very picture of "rustic beauty and rural health," with deep hazel eyes and the richest chestnut hair. Dean stood, open-mouthed and silent, having apparently forgotten the reason of his coming. The young woman turned, with a little start, toward me, and I relieved her apprehension by inquiring very mildly, "Could we see the Abbey?"

"Will you come in? I will be ready in a moment."

We thanked her, but would wait by the gate.

"Here's luck!" said Dean, sententiously; and then he lighted a cigar with great deliberateness, to show that he was not excited, I suppose.

"You will pass through this gate, gentlemen," said our guide, opening a little wicket at one side of the street. We found ourselves in the roofless nave. The snow lay thick over all the floor, and weighed down the ivy on column, arch, and buttress. Its pure white contrasted admirably with the rich, rose-colored sandstone and the dark-green of the climbing vines. The first glance reveals to one only the brokenness and raggedness of the ruins; but when the eye follows and completes the curves, dwells upon the details, and compares the diversities that make the one whole, there is no heart left in the writer who would convey an idea of its gracefulness by words. The charm is wholly of proportions, of lines, of unwordable details.

While I am seeing this, our guide is clearing the inscription of one or two flat stones, shoving the snow briskly to this or that side with her feet. There was no possibility of guessing the number of the shoe, for it was sensibly incased in rubber, and thick woolen socks were drawn over all. "Here," said she, standing triumphantly upon a flat stone, and glowing a little with the exercise,

"here lies David, King and Saint of Scotland." "Good gracious!" said Dean; "who would have thought it?" The brown eyes of the Door-keeper grew larger in mute astonishment; and I suspected, from my friend's ready embarrassment, that he had answered in a fit of absent-mindedness, and now feared that he had not spoken much to the point. We had passed on to the east end, by this time. "The heart of Bruce lies here," said the Door-keeper, marking a spot in the snow with the toe of her shoe. "Is this a favorite spot for burying hearts?" queried D. He smiled very creditably when he said that, and, had he been in a parlor, he would have been understood; but the young woman replied, in a very commonsense way, that she "did not know of any other hearts buried there, except with the folk that had owned them."

I did not hear much of the conversation after this, for some time. To tell the truth, I purposely fell behind. I have always had a monomania, if not a kleptomania, for relics; and have worn out most of my pockets, and much of my conscience, in carrying off with me bits of flint, sandstone, marble, granite, feldspar, and even of brick. I must give myself the credit, however, of never having marred a wall, block, pillar, or any architectural beauty, of whatever value, in these hours of madness. But how I did covet a bit of that Abbey! I had a thousand uses for it. Chess-board, checker-board, paper-weight, inkstand, and what not else, could be made of it. Not less than one hour did I spend in trying to get behind that simple maiden. Cheerfully I give her the credit of being a faithful custodian. I presume all relic-hunters look alike in some way, for she suspected me from the first; and when at last I did pick up a very pretty piece of a leaf that had been broken off from a capital, and lay in a sheltered corner, what did she do but pretend to point out some peculiarity of the carving, borrow-

ing it "to show to the other gentleman," and then put it carefully away on the sill of a high window. She was tall and I am short, and the window was just two inches out of my reach.

After this I accepted the situation, and came back to hear what the conversation was about. Pointing to the narrow arch above the north aisle, "That," said she, "has been very much admired." "Ah, yes," said Dean; "I don't wonder at it." He was looking straight at the back of her head. When I came near enough he whispered to me, "Did you ever see such hair as that?" In truth his admiration was not to be wondered at, for neither in abundance, nor in richness of color, had I ever seen its equal.

When we had explored every nook and corner, declining to do the churchyard, on account of the snow, we asked, as a natural question, where we could get good photographs of the Abbey. I had become sufficiently interested in the matter to feel a slight gratification in the fact that she had all sizes and varieties in the cottage. "Would we be pleased to walk in and warm our feet?" Ah, if all the ruins of Europe only had such *ciceroni*! How it would increase the transatlantic travel. I don't know that I ever saw a cozier place to warm one's feet in. The low-ceilinged room was a gem of comfort. A blazing grate, large, stuffed arm-chairs, and convenient footstools: if you haven't been to Melrose, go in the winter, and go on a cold day, so that your feet will need warming. Fortunately, our feet were very cold, and there was an abundant supply of views, stereoscopes, and so forth; so it is no wonder that we found insuperable difficulties in the way of making hasty selections. I have three or four album-sized photographs lying about somewhere now, testifying to my taste on the occasion.

We went back to the hotel about dusk, and ordered dinner. In all honesty, I want to recommend the "King's Arms"

of Melrose. It is one of the few oases in much experience of hotels. The meats were the best cooked, the attendance the most assiduous and yet unobtrusive, the beds the whitest, and the prices the most reasonable of any that we found in Scotland, or England.

After we had somewhat prolonged the dinner, Dean said that he was bound to see Melrose "by moonlight;" declaring that, after what Scott had said of it, he would not, otherwise, think that he had seen it. It was of no avail that I suggested that the night was as dark as Egypt, and the air filled with a drizzling mist. He resolutely buttoned up his coat, lighted his pipe, and sallied forth. He came back speedily, denouncing Scott and every body else, except his own foolish self. My private opinion was that he meant to buy some more views; but if he did get them, he never said any thing about his exploit.

According to the law of the "King's Arms," all smoking before ten o'clock must be in the tap-room. We went down there—it was on the first floor, near the entrance—partly to enjoy a little of the fragrant weed, and partly to see what a Scotch tap-room might be. It was not larger than twelve by fifteen feet, and a huge oaken table, with its benches, occupied the half of that space. The floor was of red brick. At one end, a grate of coal smoked and fumed, without producing the slightest possibility of heat. We were alone, at first; but a couple of grizzly-looking farm-hands came in and sat down opposite us, each cherishing his tall mug of "bitter beer." They had a great many words with the waiter about the price, he demanding fourpence, and they stoutly maintaining that beer was worth only "thrip'nce" in all Scotland. In the meantime, our side of the table was reinforced by a tall man, in heavy, gray tweed—a youngish man, with, however, a preternatural oldness about the eyes and mouth. He was fol-

lowed by a small tray, bearing a decanter of whisky, some hot water, sugar, and a glass.

It required no divination to set him down as a "commercial traveler." There were probably twenty thousand in Great Britain at that same hour, dressed in very nearly the same garments, sitting down to precisely the same refreshments. His tongue was already a little thick with previous potations, but he was only the more ready to talk. He was in a loquaciously melancholy mood, and disposed to rehearse the decline of dignity in his "profession."

"The time was when a commercial man had a position in society. Why, only a few years ago, his coming was the event of the year to such a village as this. He would give dinners, at the best hotel, to all the tradesmen in the place. They used to hurry to see his samples, and bought up stock for a twelvemonth. Now, it was a beastly business—a beastly business, and no mistake. Most of the shop-keepers told him that they had more travelers than customers at their counters. He had to fight to get a hearing, and then didn't sell enough to pay for his grog. It was—"

"I say," broke in one of our neighbors across the table, "would ony of ye gentry like to hear a speech?"

He was a gray, heavy-whiskered, deep-eyed countryman, with just so much of intelligence in his face as comes from many evenings at the tavern, and an occasional drover's errand to the boro'. He had evidently talked out his *confrère*, who sat glowering over his pint stoup, with only an intermittent nod at the flood that was poured into his ear. We answered the abrupt inquiry with "O, yes," "Yes, certainly," and a vigorous "Hear, hear!" from the Traveler, who was rapidly approaching that state wherein the current of thought and talk may be quickly forgotten or changed, without exciting either protest or surprise.

"Na, na," responded the would-be orator, "ye dinna think sic a mon as I can mak' ony speech: I ken weel ye're makin' spoort o' a body."

"By no means, my good friend," interposed Dean. "We should be delighted to listen—"

"Hoot, mon, can na ye speak English?" broke in the irate and befuddled Scot. "Sure, there are ither gentles here that ken their mither tongue!"—looking at the rest of us.

"San'y, gie us the speech, an' be o'er wi' it," said the Commercial Traveler, using Scotch-English, "pure and unde-filed." "These be frien's, guidman, that hae foregathered wi' us frae across the braid Atlantic. Mak' a speech, noo—your best—for the Americans."

"Americans! Wha is the American that can mak' sic sangs as Robie Burns? Deil a haet do I care for them."

"Gang awa, ye auld foo' wi' a' yer clavers. I hae a grannie thet is mair glib-gabbet than yersel'; will ye gie us the speech ye made in Edinbroo, or na?"

"To be sure I will, mon," said the self-made Cicero, who had been delaying only that our expectation might be raised to a proper pitch. "It's a speech I mad' in the High Street of the boro' the day they pit up the stane to Robie Burns." Then, lifting his beer-mug with impressive solemnity above his head, he broke forth:

"The Duchess of Gordon said she had been in all the coorts of Europ', and she never saw a man that so tuck her aff her feet as the A'nshire Bard. And I said: 'Was there ever a statesman that saved an Empire; was there ever a warrior that crossed the Alps (and Hannibal was the first); was there ever a scholar that had all the learning of Oxford, and of Cambridge; was there ever a writer that made no end of beuks, that had the anniversary of his birth kep' by all the world as the A'reshire Bard?' Shure," added he, bringing the pewter

down upon the table with a triumphant whack, and reverting wholly to his dialect again, "ye did na ken that sic an auld, awkward mon as I could speak so unco' weel about Robie Burns."

We clapped the old man to his heart's content; and what was, perhaps, more to his purpose, the Commercial Traveler ordered another pint for his benefit.

It is said that there is a peculiar invigoration in the tongue familiar to one's childhood, so that when all else is forgotten, it refreshes and stimulates the mind. Our commercial friend was sober in Scotch, but unmistakably drunk when he reverted to English. We learned from him, however, that the grizzly orator opposite had, at Burns' centennial, in Edinburgh, got incontinently jubilant, and had made some little speech—taking at the time—and was so elated with his own success, that he had repeated it, according to the authorities of the Melrose tap-rooms, at least ten times a day ever since. Our friend also informed us, in much confidence, that *he* was a relative of Burns, "strange as it might seem." We assured him that we had no doubt of it. But the only part of the genealogy which he could recall at the time was that his "own name was Armour, and Burns married an Armour"—leaving a very considerable gap to be filled up by the imagination.

Mr. Armour revived momentarily upon the entrance of Commercial Traveler, No. 2, whom he introduced to us as "Mr. Muir—a man that could do any mortal thing you asked of him."

Mr. Muir had with him the village blacksmith, and, in very whole-souledness, was treating the grimy man. But he fired at his sooty friend a lively fusillade of poetical quotations, which the smith received as a hippopotamus would a broadside of green peas. Longfellow, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, and Shakspeare were declaimed at him in turn, and, through the whole, the "hon-

est man" sipped his hot punch with the sublimest indifference to these literary fire-works.

"I say," roared out our friend from across the table, the bottom of whose mug reminded him of a new-comer, "would ye like to hear a speech? The Duchess of Gordon said she had . . . What do you mean, mon, by pittin' up yer hand in sic a fashion? Are ye speerin' at me noo?"

"Na; but that's the way I do at Kirk, San'y—and were ye na goin' to preach?" replied Mr. Muir.

"The Duchess of Gordon said," broke out our ambitious friend, with a still louder roar; but, by dint of a violent pantomime, in which a fourp'ny bit played a conspicuous part, our orator subsided into mute contemplation of a new mug of beer.

"You have been to see the Abbey?" said Mr. Muir. "I am afraid you will not think much of it now. When I was here in July, by some good fortune, it happened that the village Kirk was undergoing repairs, and I found service was held in the place hallowed by so many religious associations. The minister stood in the chancel, and we sat about in choir and nave as best we might. The shadows from the mullions of the windows wore graceful patterns on the close lawn where was once a floor; the rooks flitted silently about, or looked down upon us from the broken walls with inquisitive eyes. I had often visited the place before, but I think now that I never saw the Abbey until that day. Gothic architecture was born of a devout heart; and when service is silent, even Westminster is but a corpse—the corpse of an angel, to be sure, but no more. Come again in the summer, or forget that you have ever been here."

Dean said this accounted for something that had begun to trouble him. Now, *he* had spent an hour or more in the Abbey that very day, but here, to-

night, he found that he couldn't remember how it looked. He began to argue with me about the necessity of coming back in the summer, affirming that, otherwise, we could not truthfully say that we had seen it.

By this time, Mr. Armour had become solicitous about the weather, and concluded to take "only a little walk." Mr. Muir had disappeared somewhither, and our noisy man had just braced himself for a fresh burst of "The Duchess of Gordon," when a friendly waiter informed us that the parlor was open, if we preferred to finish the evening there.

Most certainly we did prefer it, for it was a comfortable, well-carpeted, high-ceilinged room, on the second story. There was a magnificent fire glowing in the grate, an abundance of easy-chairs, and a solid walnut table at hand. As we entered, two gentlemen were smoking by the fire, having the table drawn toward them, so that it was within easy reach. They saluted us with kindly words of welcome, and arranged the chairs so that we, also, might enjoy the pleasant, open fire.

"How is the weather?" said one of the gentlemen, turning toward Dean. "It is fresh, is it not?"

"I—I really don't know," said Dean, looking very blankly across to me. By a rapid process of guess-work, I ran through the words—fresh, freshet—that must mean thaw. "Yes, sir; it is raining, I believe."

"Ah, I thought so!" said both.

Thereupon, without more ado, we were acquainted. Without formal introductions, we learned each other's names. (This was north of the Border, you know, in Scotland, and not in England.) So we compared pipes, for we all chanced to be smoking these. They tried some of our tobacco, because it was from America; and we took a pipeful of theirs, because it wasn't. And when we had compared notes upon these, they insisted upon our

knowing the virtues of "Scotch toddy." We protested that we were temperance men of the strictest sort; but that was of no avail, because they were, too. Scotch toddy, however, was an exception to all ordinary drinks, and was highly recommended by the medical profession.

"Isn't that so, Doctor?" said Mr. Anderson, appealing to his friend.

"Quite so," said the Doctor; "that is, of course, when taken in moderate quantities."

"Oh, certainly;" and Mr. Anderson, whose face was all hospitality, nodded to the waiter, who had just appeared in answer to a pull at the bell-rope.

After that (I hardly know how it happened) the tassel on the end of that bell-rope danced a perpetual jig. Dean had drawn up his chair close to Mr. Anderson, and the Doctor and I became intimates. Mr. Anderson was an enthusiastic admirer of the national game, and for one hour he explained its mysteries to his American friend; and received in return all the *minutiae* of base-ball. I never saw men enjoy any thing more than these two did this "mutual interchange."

The Doctor and I were, of course, more dignified. Somehow we fell to talking about that glorious John Brown, of Edinburgh, and how I envied the Doctor in that he knew him. Then we branched off upon the collegiate and professional institutions of our two countries. From that it was an easy digression to Virgil and Horace. Once in these fields, there was no desire for change.

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"Gentlemen, the rules of the house require the closing of the parlors at midnight, and it has struck twelve," said the waiter.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed four voices.

* * * * *

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but it is one o'clock; and, really, I must—" said the waiter, at the same time making an expressive gesture toward the gas fixtures.

I remember the final *tableau* of four friends shaking hands all around at the parlor door, amid a small whirlwind of good wishes and "guid nichts," while behind them the sleepy Jeems was turn-

ing down the lights to secure himself against their possible return.

Yes, go to Melrose, of course; see the Abbey, and put up at the "King's Arms;" but don't trust to Scotch toddy as a medical necessity, nor believe that you can discuss either base-ball or Horace over it until one o'clock, without a headache, and some twinges of conscience, in the morning.

A FLOCK OF WOOL.

IT has been reserved for California—which has vulgarized *dairy* into "milk-ranch" and *shepherd* into "sheep-herder"—to make the latter less respected than any other man, save John Chinaman. In pristine times, shepherding was reputable enough. Palestine, from first to last, was a land of shepherds, and its greatest monarch learned first to sway the ancestral crook. The Egyptians—though, in their later days, men who had the smell of flocks and of herds upon their garments were an abomination unto them—were well content before, to sit under a dynasty of Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings.

Theocritus and Virgil make their lasso-lorn swains wail beneath the ilex and the beech, lolling on their backs, and uttering erotic sentiments among their flocks of goats—a singular place for poetical emanations. In the crisp and cranky air of the Highlands, where we hear the Ettrick Shepherd calling to his *collie*, "Sirrah, they're a' awa," we may, with him, become poetical; but what is there that is natural in the elevated talk of Lycidas, delivered in the midst of a flock of villainous goats? The keeper of sheep even the exquisite courtier, Horace, honors; and he does not scorn to liken himself to the tawny dog of Spar-

ta, which, with ears erect, pursues the wild beast through the forest.

But who celebrates the praises of the Pacific shepherd? So bad a savor has fallen upon his business that even the word *shepherd* promises to be eliminated from conversation. It is amusing to see the number of shifts and dodges by which, from him who measures his farm as Dido did, down to the hireling at \$25 a month, every one tries to give the despised substantive the slip. On the poll-lists of Monterey and San Luis Obispo counties, citizens whose worldly substance is in wool, record themselves under the abominable appellation of "sheep-raisers." He who owns a Mexican grant, but lives in the metropolis, and does not know *bronchoccele* from "loss of the cud," desires to be known as a "wool-grower." It is quite the mode in the South, with certain who affect Spanish ways, to call themselves *rancheros*. The man who actually does the labor is a despised "sheep-herder." A man may have broken stones for the Commonwealth, charging nothing for his labor; he may even have presided at a political ward meeting; but if ever he comes so far down as to be obliged to follow the sheep and fill his belly with husks, in this fat country, it would be better not

to mention the matter to his acquaintances.

One reason—and it is, perhaps, the principal one—for this disrepute into which shepherding has fallen, may be found in the quality of the persons who have generally drifted into the business.

During the sleepy half-century of missionary rule, the few flocks of the country were driven to their broad and quiet pastures in the valleys by the Indians, or by Spaniards of very low degree. Then came the golden discoveries of Sacramento, and in a few months there swept upon these shores a tide of noble and adventurous manhood, of whom a vast number, having failed miserably in heaping to themselves riches, were obliged to get hold of a clew in any other direction that invited. There were no farms then, and the few who found employment in any thing found it as shepherds—so descending to the level of the contemned "Greasers." The curse of "degradation," which the Negroes of the South have riveted upon plantation labor, the Diggers and half-breeds have trailed over shepherding in California.

No other race less sturdy and stubborn than the Anglo-Saxon, in its contempt for inferior races, would find this a matter of much significance. Accordingly, we discover that the comparative number of Europeans shepherding in the State is noteworthy.

It deserves to be said, however, in behalf of the American, that he finds little congenial in this calling. Of all men of these modern times, imagine our dyspeptic and red-hot generation loafing over the golden, sunny hills of California after a flock of silly sheep! It is easy to see what cut of men would naturally gravitate into the business. None but the riffraff are there—vagrant miners, who gamble off their wages as soon as they draw it; runaway sailors from ships in San Francisco, who sell their blankets for a pillow-case of biscuits, and then go

two days without any thing to eat; vagabond soldiers, who fall asleep on their post, and let the *coyotes* pull away a sheep.

The great sheep-runs of California, like those of Australia, seem to be a sort of mild form of Botany Bay for their respective mother countries. Old shepherds, of long experience in either country, will tell you of dozens of men, college-bred, whom themselves or their friends have exiled—not, perhaps, like Barrington's patriots, "for their country's good," but for the suppression of scandal—and who now are gathering their mystical and melancholy crop of wild oats, at the same time they watch the sheep, upon the hills, pick theirs—"comrades of the wolf and owl." One of the great shepherds on the Nasciminto told me that, during one year, he employed on his *rancho* a bishop's son, a banker, an editor, a civil engineer, and a book-keeper, all of them college *alumni*.

Every summer day, at noon, there are many hours when the shepherd lolls at ease, beneath a tree, which, if not conducive to the cultivation of his *silvestrem musam*, are, at least, salutary in the light they throw upon his college larks, and in their suggestions of what might have been. Even the latest magazine is sometimes found in the shepherd's camp. Neither are the Muses altogether neglected—"et me fecere poetam *Pierides*." I have seen following the sheep a bankrupt genius, who—not unmindful of the example of Alexander the Great, who is said to have always carried about with him a piece of good literature—carefully treasured in his pocket poems of his own composition, clipped from the newspaper.

At this point, it will be worth while to digress a little, to say somewhat of California laborers in general.

Within the last two years, I have made it my business to walk something

over thirteen hundred miles within this State, and about an equal distance in the South, and may say that my opportunities for observation have probably been better than those of most newspaper writers, at least, who collect their impressions in railway coaches, or in the hospitable drive through the orchard. My sympathies are naturally with the working-man; nevertheless, I am bound to say that the White labor of California is less stable and less reliable to-day than the Black labor of the South. This is not saying that the causes are with them entirely, nor even in principal part. California has the best circulation of money, and the best circulation of labor, of all the States. The roads are as full of confirmed and incurable tramps as were ever those of the South in the worst days of the anarchy of emancipation which I witnessed. Farmers willingly give \$5 a month more to him who will stay three months, even, than to him who stays only one. Laborers are off every whip-stitch. One wants to go down to Arizona; another one has cracked his knee-pan; another one fears the ague; another one has just heard from Sally.

The Labor Exchange is, perhaps, a benefit for San Francisco; but, as to the outside regions, I doubt its utility. It stirs up the labor of the country; like the heart in the human body, it continually draws from the extremities, only to project forth again. Above all other things, the agricultural labor ought to be stationary. There are five hundred more idle men in the metropolis every day than there would be if the Exchange did not exist. Labor in the country ought to be sought there, and not in the city. It is not far to seek. Whatever California may have been, nobody ever sets out now for employment—desiring to find any thing but some evanescent and evaporating “job”—who can not find it before night. The Exchange fur-

nishes another excuse for these miserable jobbers to throng into the metropolis.

On the other hand, the employers of California are not the most exemplary. Farm laborers are universally banished into the barn, or stable, to sleep—an indignity which is not put upon White Men, even in the South. Many exact labor on Sunday. Owning the most generous soil in the world, the farmers and shepherds of this State set upon their tables more wretched food than you will find in Arkansas. The bane of the country, in the southern portion, at least, is large *ranchos*, absenteeism, and the consequent management of laborers by overseers. This banishes the best men into the city. California resembles ancient Greece in the inferiority of its rural population, both served and serving, compared with city dwellers. There is something dry, something dusty, something windy about the country which repels men; in the city alone can they nourish up the juices of life. The most wretched houses, the most wretched gates, the wildest betting and racing, the least hard and downright work that I have seen in any of the States, save Texas only. As Dickens says he can always judge a hotel by its castor, so you can always judge a farmer by his gate; and I have seen just three farm-gates in California for which I had any respect.

To return to our muttons. The anchorite life of the shepherd is eminently conducive to meditation and philosophy, if he be so inclined. Far in among the mountains,

“By the brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink,”

he has his cabin of “shakes,” eight feet by ten, and his hurdle of brushwood. Once in a fortnight there comes to him, from the great outside world, a donkey-load of news, and mutton, and beans. The supercilious *coyotes* examine and

defile the corners of his habitation. He hears at midnight the coarse, rough hairs of the grizzly brush against his cabin door, and the hungry howl of the panther floats athwart his dreams. What long, long thoughts are his, as he lounges "mony a canty day" over the ripe and yellow mountains, all tenderly *mauve* with haze. This is his health. This is the *aroma philosophorum* which shall prolong the years of his days on earth. In the morning he leads his flock on the oaten mountains, by the borders of the brightly ever-green *chamisal*; and at evening, on the scraps of plains and valleys, among the moss-hung oaks, and the whited, plummy tufts of the bunchgrass. Or, from some "specular height," he looks down on the saturnine and awful desolation of late autumn: the far, dun reaches of rolling tables, thinly flecked with the dwarfish oaks, and the sharp-cut, purple peaks. Or perhaps you will find him squatted with his faithful dog between his knees, while, in the vast mustard plain about, you can not see a sheep, and only hear the multitudinous crackling and surging in the mustard. You will not heed his tatters, for his gadding flock has led him many a chase in the sage and rosemary—the same which are commissioned by the birds to collect from his sheep their internal revenue. There is no heirloom crook in his band, but, instead thereof, a plug of navy tobacco. Ah! this exposes him at once, and cuts short all the poetical fancies we might have devoted to him; for, perhaps, there is moored even yet in San Francisco Bay, or at San Diego, the ship from which he ignominiously deserted.

But perhaps he is a Digger Indian, for I have seen one such in this capacity. He was employed on an acquaintance's *rancho*, and a most eccentric shepherd was he. He was young, and had a face as round as the moon, and had pretty black eyes, which scintillated with mischief. He would turn more somer-

saults, and hang head downward from more trees in one day, than any other mortal. He tied numerous small sacks of pebbles and other little kickshaws on the limbs of trees, apparently as charms. One day, his employer missed his hatchet, and thought it was hopelessly lost, but finally discovered that the *muchacho* had carried it for weeks, and had cut innumerable Latin crosses on the tree-trunks. A revolver was bought for him, but he regarded it with dislike. At length, he was persuaded to carry it two days in succession. On the second day, he saw a wildcat, crept toward it with true Indian stealth, lay flat on his belly, held the pistol to his face, and fired. It kicked him in the ear, and after that he would never carry it again. A genuine child of the Forest, his movements were perfectly cat-like, and he never called aloud to his sheep, but imitated the *coyote* or the cat. He was the only Indian whom I ever heard whistle; now and then timidly piping a little chirrup in imitation of his employer. The Indian nature is either too melancholy or too vacuous ever to find vent in this civilized accomplishment. But I have often heard his childish voice repeating over and over again, among the echoing hills, with the most musical intonation I ever heard, phrases in that most musical of languages, the Spanish, such as: "*Pobre cordero manco*," "*El chiquito coyotito*," "*El coyotito chocolate*."

He had the Indian indolence, seeming scarcely to look at his sheep throughout the day, but he brought them all at night. O, for the divine art of taking your time for it!—for the inimitable and indescribable felicity of limberness and of laziness with which that Indian piloted his sheep among the hills! Set an American at it who was in any degree representative, and he would run, and whoop, and swing his arms, and tear his breeches, and protest the flock was absolutely going to the devil all the while—which they undoubt-

edly would be, for he would be worrying them into a leanness like that of the Pharaonic cows. Let them eat, man, and you sit down on this cool stone.

May my right arm forget her cunning if I do not justice, also, by his bitch, Todd! Let me give her portrait: Just the size of a *coyote*, which may possibly have assisted in her genealogy, but with black, straight hair, a little curly on the tail; white belly, feet, and tip of tail; tawny legs, and two tawny spots above the eyes, which were red where they usually are white; sharp snout; eyes close together, but pleasant; ears short, and keenly pricked up. A single incident will show her fidelity. She was trained to hunt for and fetch up feeble lambs, which lie asleep behind the flock. On one occasion, she was sent back some distance, and found a pair of twins. Unable to bring both in her mouth, and afraid to leave one, lest it might be devoured by the *coyotes* before her return, she lay down and guarded them through the night. When found in the morning, the two little foundlings lay warmly housed beside her, while an impudent young *coyote* lay stretched on the ground—a warning to all intruders.

Every spring, the sheep are divided into flocks ("bands," every body says in California) of about a thousand each. When all the pastures are green, and the hill-sides fragrant with the prodigal flowery wealth of the land, and through all the heat of summer, shepherding is a task of pleasure, and the shepherd can read a novel every day, if he desires. But in autumn, when the acorns drop, and the long streamers of moss begin to grow heavy in the early rains, and fall, it is a prodigious pother of running to keep them in bounds, and their gadding propensities greatly stir up the wrath of the shepherds. It is then, also, that *coyotes* are most troublesome, and considerable loss ensues among straggling sheep; but no wise shepherd would, on that ac-

count, clear his ground of trees. In addition to their effect on the climate, they are, in drouthy years, the only reliance.

Herein, too, is the great rock of peril to the shepherds—*i. e.*, in the occasional droughts. I know a run of at least 10,000 acres, on the Nacimiento, which, in the great drought of '63-4, barely maintained 2,000 sheep, and that only at the sacrifice of hundreds of the best trees.

It is this possibility of the recurrence of droughts, and the impracticability of making any considerable provision against them, so far as shepherds are concerned, which sadly cut into the capacities of California as a wool-producing country.

The great preponderance of annual grasses is also a drawback. Bunch-grass is the only important species which is able to survive the summer, and is not dependent on its seeds for a fresh start in autumn; but its tufts are so scattered that they scarcely cover a sixth of the ground. This is what makes the summer capacity of the runs so weak, and, indeed, the whole capacity: for a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Would that I had the pen of a Virgil, that I might fitly celebrate the excellences of bunch-grass! It is all that saves California from being, as a pastoral country, a great impostor—a wonderfully picturesque, richly colored, and aromatical impostor.

Can nothing be done to thicken up this perennial grass? It is useless to sow annual grasses, for, during at least three months, they are nothing but powder. Harrowing has been suggested. To the present generation of horse-racing and betting farmers, it may appear absurd to harrow high and wooded hills, but they would better not laugh. They may yet come even to that. What is certain is, as I am told by a careful observer, that a harrow pulled accident-

ally through a field of wild *alfileria*, just at the beginning of the early autumn rains, brought an incredible streak of grass, while, on both sides of the harrow's track, it was not worth mowing. A word, etc.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, shepherding is pretty profitable. On a *rancho* of 15,000 acres, a man may—if he have not too many neighbors to pare off his margins—keep 15,000 sheep. I will set down the annual expenses in a table:

Interest on investment.	\$14,400
Herdin ^g	2,500
Shearin ^g	900
Haulin ^g , (1 cent)	750
Repairs, (say)	250
Total,	\$18,800

In San Luis Obispo and the best wool counties, one hundred per cent. (one lamb for every ewe) is looked for; but when the genial gods smile on the flocks, they often give one hundred and thirty or fifty per cent. increase. Five pounds of unwashed wool is the average for California.

Fat sheep.	\$24,000
Wool, (spring clip)	9,750
Wool, (fall clip)	2,730
Total,	\$36,480

This leaves a yearly profit of \$17,660. Land is here computed at \$5 an acre, but there are millions of acres in the State which would make good the above computation, that are not worth above \$1.50 an acre. Wool, too, is estimated at only 13 cents, which, as soon as the clips are a little more bred up, will be quite too little. All things taken togeth-

er, the shepherd has the best outlook of all who depend on the soil in southern California.

The various climates and needs of California must determine the best breed for each locality. In the raw and nasty ocean gusts, such as whistle down the Salinas Valley, Merinoes seem to be pinched together, and do not prosper even as well as in England. More than that: the Merino fleece deteriorates in the littoral humidity, as it does along the Thames, and has to be bred up by occasional importations from dryer climates. But in the parched summers, away from the coast, like those of their native Spain, they thrive better than do the English long-wooled flocks, and their mutton is nearly as toothsome. While the grass is green, South-Downs grow lustily and juicily, but the withering summers sap their hams. Cotswolds make immense carcasses, but both they and South-Downs are too dainty feeders for California. Their mutton is too fat and too tallowy for southern eaters, but it suits the robust stomachs of San Francisco better. The native mustangs make good mutton, unless it is flavored with browse, but they are great gadders; and, as for wool, you might almost as well go pluck a crow.

Until California has more populous cities, wool will rank mutton in importance; and, for the production of this, Merinoes probably are, all things considered, best adapted. English long-wooled breeds generally require more care, and juicier pastures, than can easily be given in the present situation.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IN the year 1818, Ohio was the Promised Land to the pioneer. On the waters of the Ohio River, and the shores of Lake Erie, settlements had been made, and embryo cities had sprung up. But vast tracts of unbroken forest filled the interior. Could one have floated over its unbroken sea of tree-tops, how pleasant it would have been to have seen it in the soft light of a May morning, with its wilderness of green—the peculiar soft shade of the beech and the maple, interspersed with the snowy-white flowers of the dogwood; or to have beheld it in the dead of winter, swaying in the wind, laden with countless icicles, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow! Imagine the immigrant approaching the borders, or penetrating into the depths, of this boundless forest. The ox-team, the log-chain, the axe, the iron wedge, the plow, perhaps the scythe, but rarely the hoe or the rake, are his chief means and implements of husbandry. He has his trusty rifle, and his wife her large and small spinning-wheel, for wool or flax. An iron bake-oven and skillet serve the purpose of a cooking-stove, and knitting-needles, the loom. The camp-fire is made at the close of the last day's journey, in the depths of the forest. The clearing commences on the morrow, by felling the first trees, which make both the material and the place for the cabin-home. The brook furnishes them water, and its meandering course their first boundary, and guide homeward in their short wanderings. The cabin has no need of nails for its floor, or its roof, and its chimney no brick or marble. The clearing for the house, then the potato and the corn-patch, are all that one year's labor of one man can

hope to accomplish. On each succeeding year, inroads are gradually made upon the forest, by the "deadening" process. Doleful is the sight of those dead trees, contrasted with the surrounding green; but thus only can the surface of the ground be brought to the light and sun. To cut down, and "log," and burn the green wood, would be almost impossible. It is said that a party of immigrants, from France, (tradesmen, barbers, etc.) settled on the Ohio. After felling the first large sycamore-tree, (it was much like the work of beavers) they cut up the tree in ten-foot lengths, and essayed in vain to burn them. Finally, they hit upon a happy expedient, *i. e.*, to *bury* the troublesome customers; but, after digging, and delving, and rolling in the huge logs of one monster, they abandoned the place in despair, and, floating down the river to New Orleans, found more congenial occupations.

Once, a "clearing" was attempted on a large scale. It was for the site of a public institution. The inhabitants within a radius of ten miles were invited to a "chopping bee." Each one brought his axe and day's provisions. No spirituous liquors were allowed. The work was ordered by an elected Marshal of the day. The front rank of trees, for say ten rods in width, were chopped partially through on either side; then the succeeding ones, in like manner, for a space of perhaps twenty rods. Then the last rank were felled simultaneously by the united force, when, with a crash which increased to a thundering volume, it bore down on the next, till all lay prostrate. And thus, for three days, did this volunteer work of war on the forest progress.

But the lone settler had to wait until his tow-headed boys became men, before he could behold his twenty or thirty acres of corn or wheat land free of dead trees and stumps, and his log cabin give place to the brick dwelling, with barns and smiling orchards around it. Then, home wants supplied, a market was needed for the surplus. The horses and cattle could be driven over the Alleghany Mountains; but \$100 for 1,000 bushels of corn was a poor recompense for so much outlay of time and strength. No wonder the rising generation heard with interest, and acted instantly on the information, that the Promised Land had really been found "out West," in southern Michigan and northern Indiana—the land of prairies—not the boundless ones of still unknown Illinois, but those, like the lakes to the sea, more beautiful than grand! Thither the stream of emigration tended till it became a "rush." Sons of the Forest, still they sought the shelter of the bordering groves for their dwellings, or else in the shade of those singular, but beautiful "islands"—or groves in the midst of the prairie—dense and dark within, but bending their graceful boughs over the pure sward of grass all around, bright with green and gay with flowers. Emerging from the dismal Maumee Swamp, of forty miles in extent—through sloughs of mud, and over log bridges, where five miles a day was thought progress—into such a land, where thousands of acres of rich, rolling, black, sandy soil lay open to their astonished gaze; where there were no trees or stump-roots to interrupt the plow, and where even the horses' hoofs were reddened with the juice of the wild strawberry, no wonder they were content for awhile! The first settlers were chiefly "Buckeyes" or "Hoosiers," who still spoke of their Ohio homes as "in yonder;" but, now and then, a Live Yankee, whose wit was equal to his muscle, appeared. Such a one told his story, in

answer to the inquiry, "How came you to be so rich in so few years?"

"I was," said he, "but a boy when I was sent from Ohio to New York with a herd of cattle, driving them over the mountains. The cattle sold, and with \$500 of my own in my pocket and time on my hands, I looked about for a speculation. Happening to hear a man say he wanted to make a kiln of bricks, but had no one who could tell him whether the soil of his own ground was suitable, I offered my services, pronounced the soil 'all right' (it *happened* to have the proper admixture of clay and sand); engaged to undertake the job, without knowing the first step of the process; hired hands who knew more than I did, but being careful not to betray my ignorance, rode five miles each evening to a neighboring yard to learn the trade. I was nearly discovered when the head man said, 'Is it not time to turn?' The term 'turn' was 'Greek' to me, but I replied, 'I have to cut a handspike in the woods; will you begin to turn in the meantime?' I was enlightened when I saw the draft stopped in one end of the arches, and opened in the other. The kiln was finished, and pronounced of the first quality; with an additional \$500, I pushed on to this Promised Land; was the first one on this prairie to lay a fence-rail, or to build a house or barn. I welcomed all comers to my farmer's tavern—charging them, however, \$4 a bushel for their corn, and twenty cents a pound for bacon; and while this state of things continued, and my herds had the 'range' to fatten on, I prospered, and bought lands. When lands became valuable I sold out, and went into merchandise. But now, competition having made trade dull, I have again sold out, and intend to retire to a farm, with a brick house and a full-bearing orchard, near the city of St. Louis, where I propose to spend my days."

The first settlement of western Mich-

igan was coeval with the era of the cradle in husbandry and the wagon and stage-coach in locomotion. Illinois, soon after the treaty with the Indians in 1834, opened up a wider field for enterprise, and, with it, progress of every kind. The settlers went on to the broad prairies of Illinois before the Government had surveyed the lands. They made farms and laid out and improved towns; built dwellings, stores, mills, and churches, before the land had passed, by sale, from the Government. The settlers' "Protective Association" kept off speculators. At the Government sale, each actual settler had protection in his right to purchase, without competition, a certain amount of land, (about one quarter-section for each family) and the locality was determined by the Register of the Protective Association. If a speculator bid against an actual settler whose claim was recognized, a rope-noose was thrown over his neck, and many stout hands stood ready to tighten it, in case the bid were repeated. The warning was usually sufficient.

Southern Illinois—the earliest part settled—was favorable for cattle, and central Illinois for the growth of corn, while the northern prairies were thought peculiarly adapted to the production of wheat and oats; but it was found by experience that wheat sown in the fall was "winter killed," because exposed to the bleak winds and the great variations of temperature peculiar to the prairie lands. Spring-sown wheat was generally substituted; but this produced inferior flour, because the grain was immature when the heats of summer came on.

With the general settlement of the State came the era of railroads. The Reaper took the place of the Cradle, and the Locomotive of the Wagon and the Stage-coach. Vast grain warehouses and wholesale establishments indicated a new era in trade at the central mart—that wonderful city of progress, Chicago.

Had gold not been discovered in California, the tide of emigration might have rolled back its volume from the borders of the Mississippi and Missouri. Agriculture in California was developed under the pressure of necessity. Mining and trading were the chief occupations of its early inhabitants, after the discovery of gold. It was the hope of making fortunes rapidly by these means which induced the large emigration over the plains. Vast herds of wild Spanish cattle and horses were to be seen prior to that time, but few inclosed and cultivated farms. Ranches, including leagues of land, were bounded mostly by natural limits, such as mountain ranges or streams of water.

But even gold-diggers, like the king, are served by the field. Farming became a necessity of the times. The disappointed miner was often driven to it. It was, however, first thought absurd to cultivate the soil, which, for six months in the year, was as hard as a rock. Gardens, they thought, might flourish in moist spots; but how could extensive tracts be cultivated without irrigation?

Agriculture in California was the outgrowth of hard-earned experience, and by *unlearning* most previous ideas and *disusing* accustomed methods. The suburban farmer of Massachusetts and of the Iowa prairies, were equally at fault. The agricultural books and almanacs which said, "This is the time to sow or plant" such and such seeds or roots, were utterly useless. The soil was different in different localities, and required various methods of treatment. That chief implement of husbandry, the plow, though made in the Eastern States and brought here in great variety, underwent changes in structure consequent upon experiments and inventions suggested by the peculiar nature of the soil. California plows were manufactured in Illinois to supply this demand; but the local blacksmith could always improve upon

any Eastern-made article, because he was familiar with the peculiar need of his own vicinity.

The adaptive productions were not to be judged of by old rules. The richness of the soil, and the warmth of the climate, were no evidences that corn could be successfully and profitably cultivated; nor, because wheat, oats, and barley could be grown to advantage, was it to be inferred that potatoes and vines might flourish in the same vicinity.

The climate was found to be determined by local causes more than by degrees of latitude. Besides, the well-known variations of temperature by the elevation of mountain districts, the effect of coast winds and fogs, the sheltered condition of certain valleys, or the exposure to currents of air from the desert or the mountain, all had to be taken into account. The times for plowing and sowing, the method of curing and baling hay, of leaving the loose or the gathered crop on the field, the sacking of grain, the practice of selling all farming products by the pound, though minor items, were all peculiarly Californian. The improvement in stock-raising resulted from the natural desire to import those kinds which would be the most profitable; and it would only pay to bring the best so far. The Spanish wide-horned and lean-bodied cattle, and the Spanish half-Indian horses, unaccustomed, like the Indian, to labor, and as untamable and wild to all but the *vaguerro*, whom nothing could dismount, soon gave place to the choicest kinds to be found in America or Europe. The more southern counties, as affording the widest range, were first considered the favorite section for herding cattle and sheep; but an experience of one season of unusual drought, caused the more northern and mountainous districts to be sought after. By the sudden disappearance of the superabundance of cattle and sheep, the price of beef and mutton rose; and it

has never returned to its normal condition.

The original vineyards and orchards of the old missions formed but the nucleus for improvement and expansion in that line; and the American farmer went on planting and adding the best native and foreign varieties to the existing stock. He learned, by trial, that irrigation was not necessary or desirable, for it caused the rootlets to sprout out near the surface, only to wither the tree or vine; learned that the pulverized surface acted as an absorbent of the moisture from beneath; learned that the valley lands, where the first vineyards were planted, although they produced most luxuriantly, yet were inferior, for wine-producing qualities, to the hitherto neglected and dry hill-sides; learned that, even there, irrigation could be dispensed with; and, in fine, that this was the most favorable country and climate in the world for the production of fruit, grapes, and wine—and rapidly went on developing the fact.

One of the peculiar features of the farming interest, in its incipient stages here, was the spasmodic character of the efforts made to meet the market. This resulted chiefly from the fact that the market was local and limited, and therefore liable to be soon glutted. If an article had borne a good price one season, every one seemed eager to plant it the next, and thus overstocked the market; and, avoiding it next season, made equally serious mistakes. Fortunes were made and unmade in the production of the potato, because the price had a range of from one and a half to six cents per pound, according to the nature of the supply and demand.

The experiment of successful farming, by men of limited means, in overcoming all these difficulties, was naturally followed by the employment of capital, first invested in large herds of sheep and cattle; then in vine and fruit culture,

and the production of wine; then in "dairy ranches;" and, lastly, in extensive grain farms, now gradually extending to yet-to-be-developed branches of industry, as silk, hops, sugar, rice, and cotton.

The "gang-plow," the "header," and the use of steam in threshing and otherwise, and kindred improvements, have aided this expansion. No interest has been of greater importance to the whole country, than the raising of wheat in such quantities, and of such quality, as to meet with a foreign demand which equals in value all the products of the mines.

The ratio of improvement and expansion, in all branches of farming industry, has been almost in arithmetical progression, during the last five years. It has been a healthy growth. Like a mechanic who has learned his trade, or the soldier his drill, the time has come for action. As a new adjustment of the basis of trade is about taking place, so, in agriculture, a new era has arrived. The railroad has brought and will bring capitalists here to see; and, with them, "seeing is believing."

Nor will the other want, equally important—of men, as well as money—go unsupplied. Every hard winter and lingering spring will hasten many a half-formed resolve to make a home in this milder climate and productive soil. A monopoly of unimproved lands, in the hands of speculators, will defeat its own purpose. The design of the purchaser is, doubtless, to make them profitable to himself; but, to do so, he must make them profitable to the community. But how? Would he sell in small farms to practical farmers, the price must not be beyond the limits of ability and profit. It would pay him, as a speculation, to give away a fifth part to every actual settler who would agree to put the value of his purchase in improvements thereon. Or, would the owner use the land as the

basis of operations, and make a business of farming on a large and systematic scale? Then he would be called a benefactor—not a speculator. Then would we see more of those model farms, which prove the productiveness of the soil and the profits of agriculture.

Those extensive dairy ranches, where the only supply of grass is the native wild oat, though now profitable enough to the owners who lease them out in parcels, could be made to support four times the amount of stock, and give employment to double the number of persons—and so prove advantageous both to the proprietor and the community. Let only the most valuable stock be retained, green food be supplied during the dry season, grasses like *alfalfa* sown—which will be perennial—skilled labor employed, and a general system adopted embracing all valuable improvements: then would the vast area of territory not stand in contrast with the products of the dairy; then would the very fogs be found to be worth money; and whether in large or small divisions, or carried on by one man or owned by many, the dairy ranches would prosper, and a new era of progress would be introduced in this direction; the leaven of the old Spanish methods would be worked out, and the Yankee style, so profitable to Eastern dairymen, would be here expanded and improved upon, till neither by the Isthmus nor the Railroad would we import, as now, an article because its costly production requires a costly price.

If contact with the Eastern States brings cheap labor, this will not operate to the injury, but the benefit, of the farming interest, which has too long suffered by competition with mining prices, while more constant employment will counter-balance the loss to the laborer himself. Finally, neither the small farmer, nor the rich one, need hesitate now to move to the front where this pacific contest is going on.

The experiment has been fully and successfully made. Let commerce bring the luxuries of Asia. Let the mines yield their silver and gold. Let the railroads bring the people from every land.

But let the agricultural capabilities of this unsurpassed land be fully developed; and then—and then only—will her undeniable superiority be demonstrated.

AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN NEW MEXICO.

ON a warm, pleasant afternoon in the latter part of August, 1866, our command reached the post to which it had been assigned—Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Our ambulance was driven to the top of a little hill, where I had leisure to admire the singular beauty of the surrounding country, while my husband was superintending the pitching of the tent.

The command to which we belonged was the first body of Regulars that had been sent across the Plains since the close of the war. Fort Bayard had been garrisoned by a company of Colored troops, who were now under marching orders, and our soldiers were to build the fort, which, as yet, existed only in the General's active brain. The Pinos Altos Gold Mines were only twelve miles distant from here, and all the other mines—copper and gold—lying within a range of fifteen miles, had been prosperously and profitably worked, by Mexicans and Americans; but after the breaking out of the war, when the troops had been withdrawn from the Territory, bands of roving, hostile Indians had visited one mine after another, leaving in their wake mutilated corpses and blackened ruins. The news of the soldiery coming to this rich mining country was drawing miners and adventurers from far and near, and Pinos Altos promised to become a mining district once more.

Looking around me, I saw a number of officers approaching from where the 125th Infantry was camped. They came

to welcome us to the camp, and I should have liked to receive them "in style;" but all I could do was to smooth my hair with my hand. The tent was not yet pitched, and I certainly should not leave the ambulance, for I had observed hosts of centipedes crawling out from under the rocks that had been removed to make room for the tent-poles. The officers grouped themselves around the ambulance, and after congratulating us on our safe arrival, wondered how I had ever found courage to come to this place. "Did it not seem an age since I had parted with the last lady, at Fort Selden?" and "How would I like living here—the only lady in this wilderness—without quarters, without comforts of any kind?"

"Oh, I shall do nicely," I said. "I have not slept under a roof since leaving Fort Leavenworth, five months ago, and all the comforts we are in want of are commissaries; which of you, gentlemen, is Quarter-master, by the way? I should like to send to the Commissary to-day, though it is after issuing hours."

"Yes, certainly," said the Quarter-master; "but our supply is limited just now. What do you wish for?"

"Sugar, coffee, tea," I enumerated; "canned fruit, rice—"

"Stop! stop!" hurriedly exclaimed the Quarter-master; "all in the world we have in the Commissary is soap, salt, and beans. We have taken our coffee without sugar since the Apaches capt-

ured the last train, and we rather hoped to get commissaries from your train."

Accustomed as I had become to live on "hard-tack" and bacon occasionally, when it was dangerous to light fires, on account of "drawing" the Indians, this piece of information did not dampen my spirits in the least; but at night, while the cook was preparing our supper of coffee, bacon, and soda-biscuits, the Orderly Sergeant of the company made his appearance at the entrance of our tent, and, after the usual military salute, presented a large tin-pan filled with sugar, and a bag with coffee. "The men," he said, "had requested that their rations of coffee and sugar be delivered to the Lieutenant's wife, till the next train should bring fresh supplies." The men had styled me "The Mother of the Company;" and this was only one of the many proofs of good-will and devotion I was constantly receiving, in return for some little trifling kindnesses I had shown one or the other, while crossing the plains and deserts of Kansas and New Mexico. A little piece of linen, to tie up a bruised finger; a cup of vinegar, a lump of white sugar, to change the taste of the wretched drinking-water, to some poor invalid, were held in sacred remembrance by these men; and some of them had risked their lives, in turn, to procure for me a drink of fresh water, when sick and faint, crossing *Jornada del Muerto*, that terrible Journey of Death.

Our tent looked cozy enough, when finished and furnished. A piece of brilliant red carpeting was spread on the ground; the bedding was laid on planks, resting on trestles; the coverlet was a red blanket; the camp-chairs were covered with bright cloth, and the supper—served on the lid of the mess-chest—looked clean and inviting. The kitchen, just back of the tent, was rather a primitive institution: a hole dug into the ground, two feet long, a foot wide, with two flat, iron bars laid over it, was all

there was to be seen. Two or three mess-pans, a spider, and a Dutch-oven constituted our kitchen furniture; and with these limited means, an old soldier will accomplish wonders in the way of cooking. Before enlisting, one of our servants had been a baker; the other, a waiter at a hotel: and, between them, they managed the task of waiting on us very creditably. To be sure, my husband's rank entitled him to but one servant from the company; but then I was the only lady with the command, and our company commander was considerate of my comfort.

Reveille always comes early; but that first morning in Fort Bayard, it came *very* early. The knowledge that we had reached "our haven of rest," after a five months' journey, made me want to sleep. I wished to feel sure that our tent was not to be struck directly after breakfast—that the bed would not be rolled up and tumbled into the army-wagon—that I should not have to creep into the ambulance, and ride, ride, ride, all that day again. But we had agreed to visit the great Santa Rita Copper Mines that day, in company with all the officers; and Charley was rapping at the tent, to say that breakfast was almost ready. We started directly after guard-mount: five officers, six men—who had been detailed as escort—and myself. We were all well mounted. My own horse, Toby—the swiftest and strongest of them all—was snow-white, with delicate, slender limbs, and tall, even for a cavalry horse. The camp was located in a valley, some four miles square; gently rising hills inclosed it on every side; beyond these, on one side, rose the San José Mountains, and, in an almost opposite direction, the Pinos Altos Range. All these hills and mountains were said to contain metal; copper and gold, and even cinabar, could be found. And we were now making our way to the foot-hills, where the officers had promised to show

us some rich leads they had discovered. We dismounted when we had reached the place; and some of the escort acting as guard against Indian "surprises," the rest were set to work, with picks and hatchets, to dig up specimens. They had not long to dig, for every rock they struck contained copper; and frequently the little specks of gold in it could be seen with the naked eye.

But it must not be supposed that these hills were barren, or destitute of verdure. On the contrary, as far as the eye could reach, even the highest mountains were covered with grass, scrub-oaks and cedars; while in the valley, and on the hills, there was one bright carpet of grass and wild flowers. The white tents in the valley, with the flagstaff in the centre, and the flag just moving in the morning breeze, the dark-green trees shading the tents, the stream of water (called by the Captain Minne-ha-ha) running around the camp—all this looked so refreshing, so beautiful, after those long day's marches among the sand-hills of the Rio Grande, and the weary tramps over the burning deserts we had lately left behind us, that my enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch.

"Why don't somebody claim this delightful country?—why don't people in the army resign, and own mines, and settle down here to live?" I asked—very irrationally, I am afraid.

"My dear madam," said the Captain, leading me to the edge of the hill, and pointing downward, where, amid the long, waving grass and bright, laughing flowers, I discovered the charred logs of what had once been a miner's cabin, "neither the beauty of the country, nor the wealth of its minerals, has been overlooked; and hundreds of men have lost their lives, in trying to wrest from the Indian's grasp what would be a benefit and blessing to civilization."

I wanted to go near enough to touch with my hand two graves that were close

by the burnt logs, but the Captain refused to let me go. It was about fifty yards from where the guard was placed; and that, he said, was almost certain death. He promised, that as soon as the Mexican guide should return from Fort Craig, he would place him, with a sufficiently large escort, at my command, to visit the whole of the surrounding country. The guide—old Cecilio—had lived in this country before it had come into Uncle Sam's possession; had had many a narrow escape from the Indians, and knew the history of every mine and shaft in all that region. Pointing to the San José Mountain Range, the Captain said there was a wagon-road leading along its foot to the Santa Rita Mines, but that he knew of an Indian trail, which would take us there much quicker. Remounting, we resumed our journey.

New beauty surprised us every little while: sometimes it was a little silver rivulet, running over the most beautiful ferns; then a group of trees and red-berried shrubs; and again, a clump of rare flowers. But one thing weighed down the spirit like lead, in these wild regions: it was the death-like, uninterrupted silence that reigned over all. There was nothing of life to be seen or heard—no bird, no butterfly. The lizard slipped noiselessly over the rocks at your feet, and the tarantula gaped at you with wide-open eyes, before retreating to the shelter of her nest in the ground. But even the carrion-crow, following wherever human beings lead the way, never left the limits of the camp.

We had now reached a deep ravine. A shallow creek was running at our feet; dark, frowning mountains seemed to hem us in on every side; our horses looked tired, and the Captain very unexpectedly announced that he had lost his way! He said he felt sure that this creek was to be crossed *somewhere*, but not here where our horses were drinking now. Old Cecilio had always accompanied him

before this, and—and—in short, we were lost! Just then, one of the men rode up to the Lieutenant's side, and said something to him in a low tone. "Where?" asked he. The man pointed down the creek. The officers dismounted to examine the ground, and found the fresh tracks of eight or nine Apache Indians. To be sure, there were eleven men and officers on our side; but our horses were pretty well worn, and the camp twenty miles away, for aught we knew. The men looked to their fire-arms, while the officers consulted. If we were attacked here, the Indians, even if they could not take us, could starve us out before any party sent out from the fort could find us. Therefore, to proceed was our only chance. Perhaps, if we could succeed in reaching the top of the next mountain, we might discover some landmark showing us our way back to camp. Some one proposed to search again for the trail to the copper-mine; but the Captain told us it was one of the favorite haunts of the Indians when in this part of the country, and this party had probably gone there now. At last we moved on, the escort so disposed that I was covered on every side. The mountain was steep, and covered with sharp rocks, cactus, and *chaparral*, which appeared to me moving and peopled with hideous forms. Every moment I expected to hear a savage yell, and see a shower of arrows flying around our devoted heads. Many a time a finger was raised and pointed silently, so as not to frighten me, to some suspicious-looking object; but all remained quiet, and we reached the summit at last, only to see that we were surrounded by mountains still higher and steeper than the one we had climbed. Giving our horses but short breathing-time, we made the next ascent, hoping then to see our way clear; but again we were disappointed. Never before, perhaps, had the foot of the White Man left its impress on these solitary

heights. There was untold wealth hidden under these sharp rocks, and in the crevices and clefts that looked so dark and treacherous in the afternoon sun; but even the mines of Golconda would have had but little interest for us just then.

We had now come to a mountain that we must descend some five hundred feet before we could make the ascent of the next. With trembling legs, the horses began the steep descent; the first horse stumbled and fell, and then the men were ordered to dismount and lead their horses. I wanted to do the same, but was told to remain in the saddle, as I could not mount quick enough, should the Indians attack us. When the horses found foot-hold at last, it was almost impossible to urge them on; so some of the men volunteered to reconnoitre in different directions, while the officers remained with me. At last, one of the men, having reached the summit, telegraphed to us that he had discovered some friendly post, and made signs how we were to travel round the mountain. Sundown saw us in camp again, worn-out and hungry, but by no means daunted or discouraged. Santa Rita was to be abandoned until the old guide returned; but Pinos Altos was to be visited without him, in a day or two.

Poor Toby was tired and jaded after this exploit, so he was allowed to roam through camp, at his "own sweet will," without lariat or picket-rope; he could always pick out our tent from the rest, and he came to look into it, one morning, just as the cook had laid a freshly baked loaf of bread on the mess-chest to cool. I had been in the habit of giving Toby a bite of our lunch whenever the command halted, and I could reach the lunch-basket; he was satisfied with any thing I gave him—a bit of bacon, a piece of "hard-tack," a lump of sugar—and thinking now, I suppose, that he was being neglected, when I did not look up

from my sewing, he quietly withdrew. The next moment, I heard the men outside shouting, "Thief! you thief!" Stepping to the entrance of the tent, I saw Toby, the loaf of bread firmly between his teeth, making his way, at a 2:40 gait, across the parade-ground. This made our bill of fare rather meagre for that day—"slap-jacks" taking the place of the bread. But, then, we would soon have eggs, the cook said; and he could do so many things with eggs. Now, these eggs were some that we expected certain chickens, then *en route* from Fort Cummings, to lay for us. An officer there had had some chickens brought up from El Paso, at great expense and greater trouble; of these, he had promised us three dozen, and they were now coming to Fort Bayard under escort of ten cavalry-men. I had made Charley promise, on honor, never to ask to kill one of these for the table, but to content himself with using the eggs they would, should, and ought to lay. Toward evening, the escort with the wagon came in sight; all the men rushed down the road to meet it; and when the box containing the chickens was opened and the flock let loose, the whole company gave three cheers, and, for days afterward, the men could be heard, all over camp, crowing like roosters. They never seemed to get tired of feeding the chickens extra handfuls of corn, religiously bringing to our kitchen any stray egg a gadding hen had laid in the company hay.

The morning was cool and bright, when Copp and Toby, capering and dancing, as though we had never been lost in the mountains, were led up to the tent. The escort was already mounted, and every man of the twelve looked upon this as a holiday. They all had their curiosity to see Pinos Altos; but the clean gauntlets and white shirts had been donned in honor of this—to them—great event: escorting the first White

lady, an officer's wife, into Pinos Altos. I can never tire of speaking of the magnificent scenery in this part of New Mexico. It was not New Mexico—it was a small piece of the Garden of Eden, thrown in by Providence, from above, in sheer pity for the Americans, when Uncle Sam made that Ten Million Purchase, known as the Gadsden. We galloped along a smooth road, made by the men for hauling fire-wood over, for a mile or two, till we crossed the Minneha-ha, and shortly after struck the Pinos Altos road. It had been a well traveled road at one time, though the Indian only had crossed it, in his wanderings, these three or four years past. Scrub-oak, and shrubs for which I knew no name, by the way-side; the aloe plant and cactus, *grama* grass and wild flowers, peeping out from under fragments of moss-covered rock; here and there a cedar, or pine, made the impression that we were inspecting extensive pleasure-grounds; the little stream—Whisky Creek—that found its winding way down from Pinos Altos, was bordered by willows, and, though shallow, afforded us all a cool drink. The road rises almost from the time of leaving the fort, but so gently at first as to be hardly noticed. Part of the escort rode before us, for those romantic-looking hills, springing up here and there on our way, had many a time served as ambush for the savage hordes that infest all this country; and more than one grave by the road-side spoke of sudden attack, of sharp contest, and final defeat.

An officer alone would have thought it unnecessary to take so large an escort as ours, but the commanding officer had stipulated that the Lieutenant must not undertake these rides with me unless he took twelve men. The Indians would risk any number of their braves, he said, to get an officer's wife into their possession; and then he would have to turn out his whole command to rescue me. So,

to save him this trouble, we promised to obey orders.

There was one curious hill, that I never passed without counting from six to twelve rattlesnakes wriggling up the side of it. This Rattlesnake Hill was about half-way between camp and Pinos Altos; and a mile or two beyond, I saw the first tall pines, from which this region takes its name. They were giants, in fact; it made me dizzy to look up to the tallest point I could see, as the tree swayed gently to and fro against the deep-blue sky.

Our horses were walking now; the hills grew into mountains, and came closer round us; the road was hardly a road any more—I doubt that any thing but Indian ponies or pack-trains had ever gone over it, till the “boys in blue” came here—and the inconsiderate thorns caught and tore my “best” riding-habit at every step. We could now see the red earth the miners in this section liked so well to find; they had been prospecting all along Whisky Creek, but had gone higher and higher, till settling in Pinos Altos proper, at last. Up, up, we went, till I thought we must be nearing the clouds. The air felt sharp and cool, even in the midday sun, but we had not yet reached the summit.

At last the advance-guard halted, and one of the men, turning, uttered an exclamation of wonder and surprise. The Pinos Altos people had cut down the tall pines as much as possible on this side, because the Indians had always approached under cover of them when they had made their attacks on the place; and now, without hinderance or obstruction, we had a view, such as I have never enjoyed since. All the mountains I had thought so immensely high lay at our feet, and away beyond them I could see far into the country—for hundreds of miles, it seemed to me. To the right of us, we could peer into Old Mexico; the Three Brothers—three peaks very simi-

lar in appearance and close together—were pointed out to me; and over that way was Janos, they said—the first town after crossing the border—the place our deserters and fugitives from justice always tried to reach. Five minutes’ ride now brought us in sight of Pinos Altos—a few straggling shanties, built of logs, brush, or *adobe*, just as it happened to suit the builder. Beyond Pinos Altos the world seemed literally shut in, or shut out, by mountains; there was snow on the highest peaks nine months of the year; no one had felt inclined to explore them as yet—indeed, it was all people could do to draw their breath comfortably here, I thought. The streets in this city had not yet been thoroughly regulated, as some of the inhabitants had found it convenient to commence mining operations in, or immediately outside, their houses; and, following a good lead they had struck, had sometimes continued these operations till some other miner, with six-shooter in hand, had declared no man had a right to dig “round his shanty.” Some other miner had coaxed the waters of Whisky Creek on to his “claim,” situated on the other side of town, having dug for this purpose a ditch some five or six feet deep. Still another had sunk a shaft twenty feet deep, at his front door, so as to “hold that mine” for two years. But mining was not confined to the streets of the city, by any means; companies of five, six, or twenty men had ventured out as far as their number would permit. It would not have been a very safe occupation at the best; for even our men, when sent to cut hay within sight of the fort, had to work with their revolvers buckled on, and their carbines within reach. How much more, then, did these men risk, in lonely, out-of-the-way places, where no succor could reach them—where only the serene sky overhead, and the red demon inflicting the torture, could hear the last agonized cry that es-

caped the blanched lips of his writhing, helpless victim.

As we approached, the miners laid down their picks, and stared at us. Here and there a Mexican woman, who had followed the fortunes of her lord and master into the wilderness, appeared at the door of some shanty, her head covered with the inevitable *rebozo*; and, taking a quick survey of our party, would vanish the next moment to communicate the news of our arrival to her *amigos* and *compadres*. "Taking" the ditches, but carefully avoiding the shafts, we came to a house rather larger and better-appearing than the rest, and were invited by a mannerly Spaniard to alight and rest in his "house." His wife waited on us in the pleasantest manner; but the building we had entered consisted of only one room, which was store, sitting-room, kitchen, and all. The news of our arrival spread like wild-fire; miners from far and near hurried to Rodriguez' store; and the place being small, the circle around us was soon as close as good manners would allow of—and good manners they all had, Mexicans and Americans. Those who could not find room inside, were out by the door, patting Toby, examining my side-saddle, and asking questions of the escort. Señor Rodriguez was in the habit of weighing the gold the miners found in the course of the day, and buying it for greenbacks, or exchanging for it such provisions as he had on hand. A huge, bearded Mexican stepped up to the little counter now, and emptying his leather bag of its shining contents, selected the largest piece—the size of a hazel-nut—and presented it to me, with an air of such genuine honesty, such chivalric grace, that I felt I could not refuse the gift without wounding the man's feelings. I could only say, "Thank you," in English; but having accepted this first offering, I could not refuse to accept from the rest the largest piece of gold each miner had found that

day. The first piece had been the largest found.

Taking our departure when the sun was almost hidden behind the mountains, we could not shake off a nervous feeling as we picked our way through the labyrinth of rocks, trees, and shrubs, for this was the favorite hour for Indian attacks. They hardly ever attack a train or camp after night; their chosen time is just before dark, or early in the morning, before sunrise; of course, they are not particular as to what hour of the day they can appropriate your scalp, but they have seldom or never been known to attack the Whites at night.

We could already see the camp-fires in the distance, when a number of stealthily moving objects in the road attracted my attention. Toby snorted as though an Indian were already clutching at the bridle; but a most discordant yelping, barking, and howling struck my ear just then like the sweetest of music: a pack of *coyotes* only had gathered around us. They followed us all the way to camp, and, surrounding our quarters, kept up their serenade till broad daylight. A band of equally musical wild-cats had chosen the infantry camp as the theatre for their performances; and an occasional roar from one of those long-built, panther-like animals called California lions taught me that there was life and animation in Nature here at night, if not in the day-time.

Old Cecilio having returned during our absence, we started out, the next morning, after guard-mount, on another exploring expedition. When the hills, shutting in the valley with the fort, had closed behind us, we halted for a moment to look down the road by which we had first approached Fort Bayard. There, before us to the left, lay the San José Mountain Range, grand and stately, partly covered with cedars, pines, and firs. Winding along the foot of the range, the eye could follow the course of the beau-

tiful, silver-clear White Water, bordered by willows, ash, and poplars. The most fantastic rocks rose abruptly out of the water, here and there, covered with moss and vines; an aloe plant or cactus generally adorning the highest point—growing where not a handful of earth could be seen, from which they might draw life and sustenance. To the right of us—ah! there was New Mexico, its barren hills, its monotonous plains, “the trail of the serpent” lying over all; for the Indians had only lately set fire to the grass, and it had consumed the scant vegetation.

An hour's ride brought us in sight of the ruins of the San José Copper Mines, on the side of the mountain. It was rather steep climbing to reach it; but the plateau, on which the works lay, must have been a quarter of a mile across. Placing sentinels, we inspected the old mill. Every thing was rude and primitive, but huge in dimensions; and the different *jacals* that surrounded the *adobe* building corroborated the guide's statement that some fifty men had been employed here, “and they had fought bravely and sold their lives dearly,” he said, “the day they were attacked by the Indians, three or four years ago.”

“A White Man,” Cecilio continued, “a Rebel, had led this band of Indians, and, adding his knowledge of the habits of the White Man to the cunning of the savages, but few Americans or Mexicans could escape these fiends. This wretch never erred in the aim he took—a ball through the neck always sending his victim to his last account—but here, on this spot, he had found his match. Some American, whose name the guide had forgotten, had sent a bullet through his traitor's heart, at last; and the Indians, never resting until the brave man had been laid in the dust, then left this region, because, possibly, there was nothing more to destroy.” Clearing away the brush and rubbish at our feet, the guide

held up his hand—“And here, *señora*,” he said—pointing to two sunken graves marked by pieces of smoothed plank—“here they are buried side by side: the Rebel who led the Indians, and the White Man who killed him.” It was nothing uncommon to meet with nameless graves in this country; but a thrill passed through my heart, as I looked at these two mounds, where friend and foe slumbered so peacefully, “side by side.”

It was dangerous to tarry long in one spot, the guide reminded us. The orderly brought Copp and Toby, and we pursued our way through the laughing, blooming valley. Nuts, grapes, and hops grew wild here; and peaches, Cecilio said, grew near the Santa Rita Mines, but they had been planted there by the former inhabitants and *employés* of the mines. The mines originally belonged to a Spanish lady, to whose ancestors seven leagues of the country surrounding them had been granted by the Spanish Government, long before the territory belonged to Uncle Sam. Her representatives had worked the mines with a force of some two hundred men, till the Indians had overpowered them, and destroyed the works. The immense piles of copper-ore, on either side of the road, told us that we were nearing Santa Rita, at last; and there, just at the point of the San José Range, lay a large, strongly built *adobe* fort. Buildings of different sizes and kinds lay clustered around this, which appeared to be furnace and fastness at once. Placing sentinels, we commenced exploring above ground; under-ground I refused to venture, in my cowardice. We found works of considerable magnitude; I counted twelve bellows, in a kind of hall, that must have been sixty feet high, but the rafters and beams overhead had rotted, and the weight of the mud, with which all roofs are covered in this country, had borne down the roof, and half covered an enormous wheel, some forty feet in

diameter. Every thing about this wheel that was not wood, was copper; not a vestige of iron, steel, or stone, was to be seen around here: it was copper, wood, and *adobe*. But copper was everywhere—copper-ore, so rich that the veins running through it could be scraped out with a penknife; copper just smelted; copper beaten into fantastic shapes, as though the workmen, in their despair, had meant to use these as weapons against the Indians, when attacked here, years ago. For the same band, with the White leader, had attacked these works; and Cecilio showed us the dents the Indian arrows had made in the little wooden door the men had succeeded in closing, when first attacked. But the families of these men had lived in the buildings outside the fort; and to rescue wife and children from death, and worse than death, they had abandoned their place of safety in the fort, and, with the Superintendent leading them, they had fought the savages bravely, but had been defeated and slaughtered, at last. Leaving nine men with me, the Lieutenant, guide, and three men descended into the shaft, went some five hundred yards, and, on their return, reported that every thing looked as though deserted only yesterday.

Having confidence in old Cecilio, we now took the trail we had missed the other day, as this would enable us to visit the San José Gold Mine on our way back to camp. We could ride only "Indian file," but soon came to a mountain composed entirely of white flint. Sand

and earth, carried here by the wind, and bearing grass and flowers, could be scraped aside anywhere, discovering underneath the same semi-transparent rock. Again we took the narrow trail, which brought us to what appeared to be the entrance to a cave, in the side of a hill; a wooden cross was fastened over it, and a road, built entirely by hand, led to the half-consumed remains of a number of buildings, on the banks of a creek. The guide and Lieutenant entered the mine alone, leaving the men for my protection, but soon returned, as fallen earth blocked up the passage near the entrance.

"But O, *señora*, the gold taken from this mine was something wonderful," the guide said, enthusiastically; "and there is still a whole 'cow-skin' full of it, buried in one of these holes"—pointing to different shafts we were passing on our way to the burnt cottages. "When the Indians came here the White Men tried to take it with them, but were so closely pursued that they threw it into one of these places, intending to come back for it; but all they could do, later, was to bury their people decently, and the gold is still there—left for some stranger to find."

The eyes of the soldiers—gathered around the graves we had dismounted to see—glittered at the old guide's tale; but the sight of these lonely, forgotten graves could awaken but one thought in my breast: How long would it be before another group might bend over our graves and say, "I wonder who lies buried here!"

THE YEARS.

What do I owe the years, that I should bring
 Green leaves to crown them King?
 Blown, barren sands, the thistle, and the brier;
 Dead love, and mocked desire,
 And sorrow, vast and pitiless as the sea:
 These are their gifts to me.

What do I owe the years, that I should love
 And sing the praise thereof?
 Perhaps, the lark's clear carol wakes with morn,
 And winds, amid the corn,
 Clash fairy cymbals; but I miss the joys,
 Missing the tender voice—
 Sweet as a throstle's after April rain—
 That may not sing again.

What do I owe the years, that I should greet
 Their bitter, and not sweet,
 With wine, and wit, and laughter? Rather thrust
 The wine-cup to the dust!—
 What have they brought to me, these many years?
 Silence, and bitter tears.

MACKEREL-CATCHING.

ARE you troubled with any pulmonary disorder, with dyspepsia, or "blue-devils?" Are you *blasé*, fatigued without exercise, and suffering from a sense of unrest, without knowing the cause? Are you tired of fashionable watering-places, where unappeasable *bon ton* requires you to wear a different costume for every hour in the day, and do ridiculous things to keep other fools in countenance? If either of the foregoing evils afflict you, come with me on a Mackerel cruise; not for an hour, a day, or a week, but for the whole season—one hundred and twenty days of which must be passed at sea. I will promise you more real enjoyment, more actual zest, than you have experienced for years, and a fresh lease of life. Permit me to introduce you to our handsome, manly, curly-headed, broad-shouldered skipper, Joseph Littlejohn, of Portland, Maine, commanding the schooner *Royal K*, of forty tons' burden. You will find him one of the frankest, most kind-hearted of men, with a reputation for Mackerel-catching unequaled on the coast. This is Tom Soulé, of Gorham, the most noted "splitter" in Maine, and an experienced fisherman. He once won a wager that he would split ninety Mackerel in one minute. The rest of the crew we shall become better acquainted with by and by. They are five in num-

ber, which, with yourself, the skipper, the splitter, and I, make nine who are to keep company for the cruise. The terms upon which we go are, that the vessel is to receive one-third of all the fish we catch, for which it is to furnish food, fishing-tackle, salt, barrels, and make all other needful provision. We must not, however, forget Bounder, that huge, superb, and wondrously sagacious Newfoundland dog, who is every one's pet, and no one's enemy.

We all live together in the large cabin, and are all on the same footing as regards rank, except the skipper. Each takes his turn on watch, and, when under sail, the skipper generally takes the helm, and mentally chalks out his own course. Along the starboard bulwarks, just below the rail, are fastened a lot of small wooden cleats, neatly wound with blue fish-lines, and it is necessary to furnish our lines with "jigs." Take those small slips of white paper, each three inches square, form them into little tunnels; now pass the blunt end of a fish-hook into the point of the tunnel, and secure it with a bit of thread, so as to leave the shank of the hook in the centre of the tunnel: in the meantime, we have placed some pewter on the fire, to be melted, and, having reduced it to liquid, we pour a small quantity into each tunnel, where it immediately congeals, and holds the hook in its tenacious grip, with nothing but the curb and barb projecting. The paper is then removed, and the pewter rasped down to the shape and size of a "brit," which is a small, silvery-looking fish, greedily devoured by Mackerel. A hole is then drilled in the end opposite the hook and the line made fast. And such is the instrument of slaughter that you are to depend upon for success. Just under the main rigging dead-eyes, and on the rail, is a bait-box, fitted with sharp, revolving blades, to cut up small fish and clams, which are thrown into the sea from a scoop, and

allowed to sink, for the purpose of "trying for Mackerel," your "jig" keeping exact pace with the bait as it goes down. Seven or eight fathoms is the deepest "try;" and if the fish are there, they will soon announce the fact, by taking the hook. It is the duty of the deck-watch to do this business; and if he finds the fish biting fast, he gives warning, with the cry, "Here they gnaw," which brings all hands to their posts. The Mackerel gradually follow the bait to the surface, and the fishers shorten their lines to suit. In the meanwhile, the schooner has been hove-to, with jibs down and sheets eased off, allowing her to drift gently to leeward, and forming a smooth "slick" on her weather-beam. Between each two fishermen stands a half-hogshead tub, into which the fish are snapped off the hooks as they come over the rail. When a Mackerel arrives within six or eight inches of the hand, a quick, sudden, backward jerk detaches him from the hook, and lands him in the tub; and, by continuing the motion, the jig is again launched into the water, to be immediately seized by another fish. Each man has two lines, and when the fish bite lively, the exercise is sharp and vigorous, employing both hands and arms as rapidly as they can be moved. The hold is filled with salt and barrel-shooks, for curing and packing the catch.

Now, I have taken you all over the *Royal K*, explained all that is necessary to know just yet, and started you fairly on the cruise.

The Mackerel caught on the coasts of Europe differ considerably from those taken in American waters. In size, color, habits, and flavor, there are marked distinctions. Whether they undergo a notable change in their transatlantic voyage of more than three thousand miles—during which they are never seen nor taken—or whether there is a radical difference between the species known in Europe and that caught on the Ameri-

can coast, is a question yet to be solved. Toward the close of April or the first of May, they appear in our waters about Cape Henry; but if the spring be somewhat forward, their advent occurs nearer the capes of Delaware. At that season they are generally thin and worn, as if suffering from the effects of their long and dangerous trip, and are hardly fit for packing; but are taken in considerable numbers to be sold fresh in the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Comparatively few vessels engage in the business at that time, and it is not until they cross the latitude of New York, on their way north, that the real Mackerel fleet is fitted out. Then Gloucester, Provincetown, Plymouth, Boston, Portland, and a host of other New England sea-ports, send their schooners to the grand gathering of these much-prized fish. Four or five fleets, each numbering from fifteen hundred to three thousand vessels, all schooners, and none over sixty tons, line the coast in pursuit of Mackerel. Sometimes two or three of these fleets unite, dotting the ocean with their snowy sails for many miles, all heading in one direction, and all governed by well recognized rules. In Boston Bay; in the Gut of Canso; off the shores of Newfoundland, and along the coast of British North America, it is not unusual, at certain times, to see a fleet of four or five thousand Mackerel-catchers, manned by thirty or forty thousand seamen. The fish steadily pursue a northern course, growing larger and fatter as they go, until they reach latitude 49° N., when they turn toward the south, and as steadily progress in that direction as the weather becomes colder, but disappear almost suddenly after reaching Block Island. They are then in the finest condition; and it is an old and accepted tradition among Mackerel-catchers, that on their return trip they become so fat that they can not sink, unless a quantity of ballast is taken in their bel-

lies, in the shape of gravel. The truth of this assertion I am neither prepared to doubt nor accept, on general principles; but I have frequently found good-sized gravel in very fat Mackerel returning south, while I have never seen any thing of the kind in those going north. About the middle of November they depart, no one knows where, and are absent about five months. It is not uncommon for vessels to be surrounded by myriads of Mackerel which will not take the hook upon any conditions, but swim about as unconcernedly as possible. Should they disappear suddenly, we know that a large school of dogfish, or Mackerel sharks, has commenced an assault; and it is then indispensable to change ground, and seek some other place.

We are now in Boston Bay, on the 10th of June, 1845. It is a flat calm—the sea as smooth as if it had been oiled. Over three thousand sail of Mackerel-catchers are in sight from our decks. Far and wide extends this floating city. Bait is thrown, and the lines down from every vessel; but, as no Mackerel are found, we try for cod, hake, haddock, or pollock. Jibs are hauled down, and the booms steadied with sheets and tackles. The whole fleet is rocking listlessly to the ocean-swell, and there is a perfect absence of interest among the crews. Casting our eyes to the eastward, we suddenly perceive a great commotion in the water. Its smooth surface is broken with many dots of white foam, and numberless jets of spray are cast upward, showing that a large school of black-fish—a species of small whales—is entering the bay. This sight creates intense excitement in the fleet, which now exhibits every sign of active life. Several hundred boats are quickly dropped from the davits, and hauled alongside. A couple of harpoons, a lance, hatchet, and two hundred fathoms of whale-warp are hastily thrown in, and as quickly fol-

lowed by four men—one harpooner, one boat-steerer, and two rowers. You and I do the pulling, while more experienced hands attend to other duties. We head for the incoming, bounding, jumping, spouting school; and all the other boats are doing the same. A huge semicircle, cutting them off from the ocean side, is soon formed, and swift pursuit made. Nearly every member of that black, surging mass will yield from two and a half to five or six barrels of the best oil; besides the intense excitement of the chase. We approach them rapidly, as they, confidently and unconscious of impending danger, engage in their aquatic frolics. There is a huge fellow just ahead, but out of reach. Never mind; he will rise again directly, to blow. He is coming up; our experienced harpooner poises his weapon, all ready for the dart. The deadly iron leaves his hands with nervous force and unerring aim, and the stricken monster pauses for an instant in his agony, uncertain what has happened. That instant is sufficient to catch a couple of turns around the loggerhead, and the rattling rope rushes into the sea, blazing with the fire kindled by the victim's speed. Throwing his flukes high in air, he sounds at once, bending his course toward the azure depths, in the vain hope of escape. We know that the bay is only forty fathoms deep, and he must return after having reached that depth. Directly the warp gives out a hissing, quivering sound, while it runs out faster than before. Our victim is again seeking the surface. There he blows!—one hundred and fifty fathoms away, and three points off the port bow. Quickly the stem is turned in his wake, and then commences a fearful struggle. All but the harpooner take seats well aft, to raise the boat's bow out of water as much as possible, while he stands ready to cut, hatchet in hand. The warp has been belayed, and away we go, ten knots the hour, the water

foaming above the gunwale, but restrained from coming on board, by the strong outward pressure and great speed of our career. In the meanwhile, some eighty or one hundred other boats are in like condition. The stricken whales rush in all directions. The brightest lookout must be kept, to guard against the imminent contingency of fearful collision. On every side, we see boats darting over the placid waters with terrific speed. They cross each other at right, obtuse, and acute angles, with an almost utter recklessness. Each will run every risk, sooner than cut. It is now a question of nerve and experience. There comes the *Gentile's* boat, fastened to a huge bull. Its course is directly at right angles with ours, and, unless one or the other cuts, or a whale gives in, there must be a grand smash. Whether he will cut us in two, or we divide him in halves, has yet to be determined. We are coming together with terrible energy, and there appears to be no escape, except by cutting. The boats are not a hundred yards apart. "Cut!" shouts the *Gentile's* harpooner. "I'll see you d— first," is the elegant rejoinder of our man. The quick glancing of steel in the bright sun, and the sudden stoppage of the *Gentile's* boat, show that his nerve failed; and, while he gives vent to anger in loud, repeated curses, we ride by like a steamer, leaving him to howl his anathemas upon the air. In due course of time, our prey is secured; and, Provincetown being near, we take the light night-wind and enter the harbor, where our whale is disposed of at a fair rate. Two or three dozen other craft have done the same; every body is pleased, and a sense of hilarity becomes manifest. A jovial dance is quickly improvised, to which the girls flock with unconcealed glee, and the night is passed in merry-making.

With the dawn, anchors are weighed, and we are once more at sea. Away to

the northward, all the rest of the fleet is seen standing toward Thatcher's Island, under a press of canvas. We lay our course for the fleet, with a good capful of wind, and the almost positive assurance that Mackerel have been struck. We arrive late in the afternoon, and find over three thousand sail of Mackerel-catchers at anchor, taking fish as fast as they can haul them. There are only two hours and a half left to us: so rounding-to, near a large schooner of sixty tons and sixteen men, we go to work with a will. By dark, we have secured seventy barrels of Mackerel; nearly the whole fleet has filled up; our decks are waist-deep with fish, and they are sliding over the rail with every roll. After dark, Mackerel will not bite, and the work of packing away those we have taken is now commenced. Tom Soulé places himself behind the splitting-board, armed with three or four keen little knives. In front of him stand three "gibbers," whose duty it is to seize the split fish with the left hand, and with one motion deprive it of gills and intestines; after which, it is thrown into a large tub of sea-water, flesh side down, to soak away the blood. In the meanwhile, skillful hands are putting barrels together from the shooks, and packing the Mackerel in those barrels as fast as possible, taking care to salt them flesh side up. By five o'clock in the morning, the work is accomplished, decks washed down, sail made for the open bay, and the crew—except one man—seek repose. All the vessels that have filled up now lay their courses for their respective ports, to meet again on some other good fishing-ground farther north. The fact that three thousand sail of Mackerel-catchers filled up in one day, affords conclusive evidence of the enormous numbers of those fish upon the American coasts. It is possible that another similar fleet was doing quite as well elsewhere, at nearly the same time; and I know that within three days after

the event recorded, immense numbers were taken off Squam Beach, by a very considerable fleet. Our catch disposed of, we hasten to rejoin the Mackerel armada—and Littlejohn has made a very shrewd guess as to its whereabouts. There they are, cruising to the north and west of George's Banks. We are now nearly four thousand vessels, stretching steadily to the northward, and all in the best spirits.

It is night. Every schooner is on the starboard tack, with nothing but the fore-sail set, and hauled close on the wind. Not a breath curls the ocean's surface. In the port fore-rigging, ten or twelve feet above the rail, gleams a bright lantern. Numberless lights stream over the deep, marking its face with long, shimmering, golden lines, dancing and glittering with the swell. There is no lack of musicians in a fleet like this. The violin, trumpet, flute, fife, and bugle find performers on nearly every craft present. There are many fine voices, and considerable musical taste. Every thing in the way of harmony, from the productions of Mozart and Mendelssohn down to Negro minstrelsy, may be heard on all sides. Not more than fifty yards separate one vessel from its next neighbor. The voices of different crews can be distinctly heard for more than a mile, and the music of their instruments sweeps over the waters with dulcet sounds. By ten o'clock, unbroken silence reigns—none but the watch holding the decks. Two hours glide by, and we hear the tinkling of a distant bell sounding midnight, far to windward. The warning is caught up and repeated by each vessel, following down the gale, and giving all to know that a change of direction is required. Clear and resonant comes the announcement; every helm is put up, and every vessel laid on the port tack. In this way only can safety be assured, and prevent one from running into another, in dark, rough weather. At day-

light, the watch tries for Mackerel, and, if successful, the whole fleet soon becomes keenly alive to the fact. The vessels huddle together where the school is thickest; bait is thrown only in sufficient quantities to entice, and never enough to feed, the expected prey. For thousands of yards, in every direction, the water seems to be alive with them. They are biting greedily on the surface, and no one stops to bait his hook. The eager fish seizes the barbed steel as soon as it touches water, and is drawn in and snapped off in a twinkling. The sport waxes fast and furious, nothing being heard but the quivering throes of the Mackerel, as they die amid thousands of fellow-sufferers. In an instant, as if by some preconceived and universal consent, they disappear down in the depths. Mackerel-lines are hastily drawn in, and those for dogfish and sharks substituted. The skins of the former are valuable to cabinet-makers, and for the manufacture of the substance called shagreen; while the sharks' livers make excellent oil for binnacle and signal lanterns. They are merely thrown into a cask, and allowed to remain, the oil distilling itself by natural process; after which, it is carefully strained, and put away for use. In the same manner, the cod-liver oil, so much in vogue for pulmonary complaints, is obtained; but the latter is subsequently put through a course of purification by the manufacturers.

Night again comes, as serenely, as calmly, and as gorgeously as a full and most brilliant moon can make it. The far-stretching fleet, with snowy wings, rests easily on the unruffled bosom of the deep. A strange and unlooked-for hush is upon the waters. Nothing is heard save the low creaking of booms. Thirty-five thousand of New England's hardiest sons are sleeping on the wave in that grand ocean city. At midnight the clear, ringing bells again give warning for miles and miles; but with their sound

comes a grand awakening. Rockets, guns, pistols, all sorts of fire-crackers, bombs, and blue-lights rend and illuminate the air, while resounding hurrahs from that great army of strong men burst upon the ear with startling effect. It is the Fourth of July. Those stalwart men have become children again, and are boisterously carrying out the patriotic programme of their childish years. They have prepared for the occasion, and are determined to honor it in becoming style. Additional lanterns are hoisted on each vessel; the sea is a blaze of light; musical instruments of many kinds are pouring forth martial notes. "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White, and Blue," and "Yankee Doodle" are pre-eminent favorites. While the enthusiasm is at its highest, a heavy gun is heard booming over the waters far on the eastern horizon. It is a steamer of the Cunard Line bound from Liverpool to Boston, and crowded with passengers, many of them our own country people, returning after a short, or, possibly, protracted absence. Her speed is carefully "slowed down," and her huge hulk comes onward majestically, right through the fleet, with the American flag at the fore and England's ensign at the main. Her decks and cabins glitter with lights, and the former are crowded with gallant men and gentle dames, looking with wonder on the immense floating city through which they are moving. Her commander is reminded, by our appearance and acts, that this is the Fourth of July; and, with true chivalry, he mans his guns and salutes the fleet while passing, receiving such deafening shouts in recognition of his graceful act that the responding cheers of his passengers are almost unheard. An hour or more is consumed in these international courtesies, when the steamer finally takes her leave, amid a shower of rockets.

Let me now introduce the reader to

another feature of Mackerel-catching, called "lee-bowing." Please to observe that farthest vessel—the one just visible on the leeward horizon. You perceive that her jibs are down and her sheets eased off, which proves that she is either trying for or catching Mackerel. She is watched with anxiety by the whole fleet, and her movements are carefully noted. Should she remain any length of time in her present position, it may be regarded as certain that she has struck a school. She does remain. Now, watch that schooner nearest to her, and note her manoeuvres. Up goes her helm, and, squaring away, she runs down, passing just under the stern of the lucky vessel, and, rounding—to under her lee, commences to "heave bait," which is greedily pursued by the fish, and in a few moments she has got the greatest part of the school just before monopolized by her competitor. But the victory is of short duration, for every other vessel has followed suit, and the first robber is in turn despoiled by the second, and it by the third, until the whole fleet runs "on right into line," as soldiers say when executing the same movement. The vessels now present the appearance of an immensely extended straight line, no vessel being more than twenty yards from the next, on either beam, and the whole as straight as an army corps on parade. Finding herself deprived of fish, the first vessel now hoists jibs, trims sheets, and moves handsomely ahead of the line, when, having gained a fair distance, she tacks, then wears, runs down the whole line, and once more occupies the position of leewardmost vessel, doing to others as they have done to her. Every other schooner follows in turn, and in this manner "lee-bowing" is sometimes kept up for ten, and even twenty miles, with results satisfactory to all. No animosities are engendered by this sort of fish piracy, nor does it even give rise to disputes. It is conceded as a right to which each

is entitled; and this right is claimed by all.

I might take you to St. John's, Newfoundland, and other British Colonial sea-ports, where we have the greatest frolics, and take the most Mackerel; where the girls hail our appearance with undissembled joy, and the men with ill-concealed jealousy, while they greedily demand three or four prices for their products, and readily accept the heavy sums we leave for our purchases—but it is not needful. I might, also, take you, to the Magdalen Islands, and show you the herring-fisheries so largely prosecuted in that locality, but I care not to tire your patience. A word or two more, and we must part company, for the cruise is at an end. The quality of Mackerel does not depend so much on their size as on their fatness, and proof of the latter consists in the deepness of the crack on the inside of their bellies, where the fat mainly exists. A smart "gibber" will frequently give to a No. 2 Mackerel the appearance of being a No. 1, simply by the skill with which he opens and "cracks" the fish, when depriving it of gills and intestines. A sharp, sudden, and violent opening jerk, with the finger-points of each hand ranged in line along the outside of the belly, and pressed briskly toward the "gibber" at the moment of snapping the Mackerel open, will produce the required result, provided the fish is at all fat; if not, it will open without cracking, like a piece of leather, regardless of size, and is then termed a "leather belly," unfit for packing. Such fish are usually ground up for bait.

It has been asked, Why is not Mackerel-catching pursued on the Pacific coast? The answer is: Because all the Mackerel ever taken in this ocean are "leather bellies"—shrinking to one-third their original size when salted, and wholly unmarketable in that condition,

being hard, dry, and flavorless. When fresh, they are quite palatable, but must be eaten very soon after capture, as they become poisonous if kept a few days. In 1855, a small quantity arrived in San

Francisco, from Santa Barbara; they were eagerly purchased, but a dozen or more persons were made seriously ill from eating them. The experiment was never repeated.

THE STORY OF AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

THEY who have read the life of Audubon need not be told that, of all the neglected sons of science, there are none to whom recognition comes so tardily, or from whom popular interest is as long withheld, as the Naturalist. Whether his practical Pantheism takes him out of the plane of human sympathy; whether there is a secret and divine compensation for this human forgetfulness in the fascination of his study, or the acquisition of special knowledge; or whether a certain heroism is always found in combination with this taste, we can not say. The world only knows that, out of a life of exile, and often of danger, out of self-imposed wanderings and mysterious labor, he at last lays at its feet a technical catalogue, and a sheaf of special pictures, more or less monotonous in subject, which only a very small portion of its people are able to appreciate, and a still smaller part able to purchase and possess. So it is apt to comfort itself with the belief that to him the birds sing more sweetly, even if he has not that occult knowledge of their speech which was one of the gifts of the Arabian magician; that to him the flowers are fairer, the skies bluer, and Nature more opulent and open-handed. For which opinion he does not seem to care; and yet, somehow or other, a life which the material world is apt to view suspiciously, as a shiftless blending of vagabondage and monomania, has a better chance of getting into history than one that leaves behind a palpable monument.

That some such life as this was lost in the death of Andrew J. Grayson it is the object of the following memoir to show. The exact quality and importance of his work, and his claim to a position among the few Ornithologists of the American continent, will, of course, rest upon another memorial, in the shape of a "History of the Birds of Northern Mexico," yet to be published—the sketches and materials for which are now in the city of San Francisco. Pending this, it is proposed to tell the story of a somewhat eventful life; of a taste formed and indulged under great disadvantages of circumstances and education; and of a purpose which the allurements and material preoccupation of California life could not shake. The difficulties which beset Audubon and Wilson in the West in the early, bustling, pioneer days of the Republic—the contact with hard, unsympathizing practicalness, and the pecuniary test of all labor—were, of course, intensified in Mr. Grayson's California experience. His inquisitive rambles and explorations seemed almost an insult to a people to whom "prospecting" had but a pecuniary significance. His scrutiny of the delicate shades and tints of his feathered friends, seemed little less than lunacy to the miner who had but one idea of "the color." And yet it was, perhaps, this unsuccessful quality as a pioneer which has given Mr. Grayson a prominence above those who suffered equal hardship in a baser pursuit; which lifted such men as Audubon and Wilson

above the Boones, and which gives to Coulter, Nuttall, Drummond, and David Douglass an honorable pre-eminence over other pioneers, which is not entirely based upon their priority of arrival.

Andrew J. Grayson was born August 20th, 1819, in Louisiana. His childhood was spent on the banks of the Ouachita River. This river—one of the most lovely and picturesque streams of that gloomy region—divides the pine hills on its western bank from the swamps which stretch for a hundred miles to the east, even beyond the great Mississippi. It was a region sparsely inhabited, save by wild animals. Bayous, stagnant lakes, cypress swamps, with impenetrable forests of canebrakes and swamp-oaks between, were its main features. It was the home of the alligator, the mosquito, and malaria. A narrow strip of arable land (above high-water mark) bordered the banks of the Ouachita, which was mainly used for the production of cotton. There were but few habitations in the locality. His father's plantation was surrounded by an endless forest on either side of the river, which was gradually cleared by the few settlers who straggled in from time to time. There was but little society, and no schools or churches. The entire occupation of the people was the cultivation of cotton, which then commanded a high price.

With no congenial companions around him, the youthful Grayson spent most of his time in the woods with his gun, or on the banks of the river with his fishing-rod. His health being impaired by frequent attacks of chills and fever, his parents gave him an invalid's privilege to take such recreation as he pleased. At length, an Irish school-master arrived in "the settlement." A school-house was built of logs, and he was duly installed with a school of about twenty pupils. The school prospered for about six months, when the school-master be-

came so frequently drunk as to insure his dismissal. In a short time, his place was supplied by another with the like failing, and whose administration was equally short. Sometimes, the school was without a school-master for months: intervals which Mr. Grayson unconsciously profited by, in studying the habits and characteristics of the birds and beasts that swarmed this prolific region. Something of the spirit of the Naturalist accompanied him even in these boyish rambles. It was said that he never took pleasure in shooting birds, although he carried his gun, and often shot game; yet the main pleasure was being alone in the forest wilds, with the birds for his companions.

At last, another Irish instructor, by the name of Tobin, caused a great change in young Grayson's mode of life. The new teacher was a very disagreeable man, and he was to board (according to the custom of country school-masters) at the house of Mr. Grayson's father. Many a reprimand did Grayson receive, even in the presence of his father, from the new teacher, for hunting bird's-nests, or fishing on Sunday. Tobin continued his school for a year, and it was during this time that Mr. Grayson made his first attempts at drawing; stealing sly moments, when his teacher was taking his noonday nap in his arm-chair. His drawings were mainly birds, foliage, flowers, etc.; and he had, as he and the other boys thought, a very pretty picture of a beautiful little wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*). But he was engaged one day upon what he considered his best picture—a river scene—when Tobin awoke, and seeing two boys looking over Grayson's shoulder, watching the progress of the picture, he slyly came up, and caught him in the act. Grayson hurriedly put the picture in his desk. But it was too late: his teacher had seen it, and ordered him not only to produce that, but to bring out the entire contents of his desk for

his inspection. He refused to obey, and the order was enforced by a severe blow on the side of the head. Scarcely knowing what he did, in a moment of frenzy he picked up his slate, and breaking it over the old man's head, took to his heels and ran. When Mr. Tobin came home in the evening, he caused young Grayson to be called into the presence of his father, when he exhibited all his poor pictures in derision. "Look at these," said he. "That is the way your son spends his time at school. I can do nothing with him; you must find for him another school."

His father scanned the pictures, and threw them into the fire; giving his son a severe scolding for this manifest waste of opportunity. The fracas with old Tobin was the cause of his father's sending him at once to the College of St. Mary, Missouri. But he was prohibited from taking drawing-lessons.

A year after Mr. Grayson's return from college his father died, and the estate was divided among the numerous heirs. Disposing of his portion, Grayson commenced business on his own account. Opening a country-store in a very rough and very new town, on the pine hill-side of the river, he invested all his inheritance in this establishment; and at the end of two years, the only store in the small town of Columbia was closed, and defunct. It was the old, old story. Mr. Grayson had no business tact whatever, or any love for trade. Most of the time the store was left to the care of the clerk, while the young proprietor wandered about in the woods with his gun.

But if he had the characteristic ill-luck of such natures in his business speculations, he certainly had also the equally characteristic good fortune in matrimony which is the poetical compensation of unpractical men. The lady to whom at this time he joined his destiny, was, in after-years, his devoted companion and untiring helpmate in his ornithological

studies. To her he briefly outlined his future plans, which involved a trip to California—then a *terra incognita* to most of the world, and more especially to the denizens of the Ouachita. But Mr. Grayson, while in St. Louis, had learned a great deal of this remote region from the trappers of the American Fur Company—the Choteaus and Minards, some of whom were old school-mates. They gave such glowing descriptions of California and Oregon; of its fine climate and abundance of game, that Mr. Grayson's spirits were filled with a desire to go there. He longed for new objects of study in Nature's great field, yet unexplored. The zoölogy of his native country was familiar to him, as well as its botany. Few knew the Forest better.

In 1844, he and his wife left St. Louis for California and Oregon. Of that eventful trip, Mrs. Grayson wrote as follows:

"By some, Mr. Grayson was looked upon as crazy and heartless, for attempting such a dangerous adventure with a young wife and child. A wife, too, who had been unused to the hardships such a trip would devolve upon her; but I was as full of romantic adventure as my husband, and could not be persuaded from accompanying him; and I must say here, that the trip across the Plains was one of the most happy episodes in my life. There were some warm friends in St. Louis that encouraged Mr. Grayson in his great undertaking. We, of course, could not cross the Plains alone; we must get up a company of sufficient strength to be able to defend ourselves against the Indians, and to assist each other generally. Messrs. Kembly & Field, proprietors and editors of the St. Louis *Reveille*, and Mr. George Curry, one of the co-editors, who has since been Governor of Oregon, were his warmest advocates. The expedition was gotten up, and the rendezvous made at Independence, Missouri. There was a sufficient company of hardy Western farmers, with their fami-

lies and wagons, collected, and waiting for the time to start. At length, about the first of April, we started on our long journey to the Pacific shores.

"We were for six months constantly traveling before we reached the Sierra Nevada. In the meantime, my husband was often miles from the train, hunting and exploring the wild region through which we passed, every step of which, he said, gave him that pleasure which suited his taste. Few birds escaped his observation, and he kept a list of all the new ones he saw, which I, as well as his fellow-travelers, considered as time ill-spent. But when we reached the forests of the Sierra Nevada, his enthusiasm knew no bounds."

They arrived in October, 1846. Mr. Grayson immediately left his family in Sonoma, and volunteered his services in defense of California. In a short time, he was honored with a commission from Commodore Stockton. He organized a company of mounted riflemen, and continued in service until the final treaty was made. He was thrice honored as bearer of dispatches—once from Commodore Shubrick to Captain Merrin; once from Captain Merrin to Captain Mursden, and once from Merrin to Shubrick—all of which he performed expeditiously and with success, and received ample reward and thanks.

Throughout the following gold decade, his life was but the average experience of the Pioneer. He made and lost fortunes; paid the usual visit to his home, and, with the usual feverish restlessness, returned to California. Thus far, he had done nothing to justify even this brief review of a story then so common, and now forgotten. But his scientific tastes, it seemed, were not wholly put aside; his passion for Nature only slumbered. Those who are curious to know the genesis of any great work of Art or Science may find some interest in the following simple incidents, which seemed to con-

secrate Mr. Grayson to his subsequent labor:

"While he was absent on a surveying expedition to the Tulare Plains," writes his devoted wife, "I visited the Mercantile Library with some friends, to see Audubon's 'Birds of America,' for the first time. As soon as I saw them, my first thought was of my husband. When he returned, we went together to look at them again. It was easy to see that Mr. Grayson was delighted. He spent nearly a whole day in examining one single copy. He had never seen any thing like it before, and it seemed like a dream, in which all the little feathered friends of his youth passed in review before him. The familiar haunts of his boyhood came back to him; and he thought, too, of his own poor first essays at drawing. 'Why was I not permitted to learn, that I might make such a work?' he sadly asked. From that eventful day, his life seemed to find its proper channel. He resolved to create such a work, and call it the 'Birds of the Pacific Slope,' if it took him the balance of his life to do it. He knew already all the birds of California. But how was he to transfer them to paper, 'life-looking?' 'I will learn to draw and paint,' said he. 'I know, when I was a boy, I had this passion knocked out of me by an old country school-master. There is no one now to prevent me, and I will learn to draw and color equal to the great Audubon, before I stop. If I never complete the giant work, I shall, at least, leave a sign that such a person once existed.'"

Mr. Grayson's first attempt to perfect himself in drawing was encouraging. He was persuaded to allow some of these sketches to be exhibited at the State Fair, held in Sacramento, in 1855. They were acknowledged as works of merit, and received the first prize of a silver cup. None were more surprised than the artist himself. He knew so well his subject that he could not well make an

untruthful picture. But his drawings, however well they may have pleased the careless observer, were far from reaching his idea of the perfection that was his aim.

In three years, he had painted and described nearly all the birds of California. Some of the new species were illustrated in *Hutchings' Magazine*, and have since been referred to by scientific journals and Academies of Natural Science. Not content with being a self-taught draughtsman, he also learned the art of preparing and preserving specimens—many of which were sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

In 1857, Grayson and his wife sailed for Tehuantepec—a new field for his ornithological pursuits. It was his intention to make that point the most southern of his researches, and to follow his work up so as to include the birds of western Mexico. But the vessel—a small schooner—was driven ashore at Ventosa, and became a total wreck. Cargo and luggage were lost. Mr. Grayson saved nothing but his gun and ammunition. All his drawings, drawing-paper, colors, etc., were reduced to a pulp. Left in a strange land, without money or friends, their situation was embarrassing. Fortunately, however, the proprietors of the land at the *terminus* of the Tehuantepec road wished the ground surveyed, and a large city laid out. Mr. Grayson gladly accepted this office, and was soon placed in funds. From want of materials, he could not go on with his ornithological sketches; but he made collections and notes for future drawings and descriptions, and, before he left Tehuantepec, had a fine collection, and many of them transferred to paper. On again arriving in San Francisco, he was compelled to make a pecuniary sacrifice of his collections to a Naturalist. They were carried to New York. Some of them, it appears, found their way to the Smithsonian Institute, as in their annu-

al reports are found references to "Mr. Grayson's collection from Tehuantepec."

Soon after his return, he made a trip down the coast of Mexico, in company with his friend Hutchings, of Yosemite celebrity. They spent several months in exploring the coast below San Blas, in a small canoe. The lateness of the season and an inclement climate brought on an attack of the coast fever, which prevented his accomplishing much in the way of collecting specimens. But it decided Mr. Grayson's intention to settle in Mazatlan with his family, making that city his head-quarters for future explorations of western Mexico, whenever time could be spared from his business, and opportunities offered. Here he remained nearly ten years—until the day of his death—constantly engaged in making explorations by sea and land, over mountains and swamps, islands and deserts, and often stricken down with malarious fevers, caught in these perilous undertakings. His home occupation was the transferring of his birds, while yet fresh, to the pages of his portfolio, and enlarging his notes of their habits. The Boston Academy of Natural History, in connection with the Smithsonian Institute, furnished him with funds to explore the Sierra Madre.* But he could not enter upon the expedition until after the rainy season, which he did not live to see.

While the French were at Mazatlan, he made a trip to the capital of Mexico, and laid his work before the Emperor and Empress. It was highly approved, and a contract was entered into between him and the Academy of Science. Not only were they to publish the work—which was to have been done in Europe—but he was to be furnished with the means to complete it. The contract was published in the Imperial organ. After the fall of the Empire the Academy re-

* After his death returned to Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute.

fused to acknowledge any contract made under the Imperial régime.

In 1867 he visited the Island of Socorro, marked on the chart as Rerillagido, latitude $18^{\circ} 35'$ north, longitude 111° west. He wrote in his journal:

"There seems to be some fatality in my attempts to explore this island. On my former visit, two years ago, the supply of water was short, but we had a superabundance of provisions. I was compelled to return without accomplishing much. This time our vessel was a total wreck, and our provisions were short. After the ninth day, a vessel hove in sight. By firing the grass we attracted attention. With great difficulty we passed the breakers. We were compelled to leave every thing. I begged the captain to send off for a few things I prized the most, particularly the boxes of specimens; but when they returned, nothing could be brought off but two boxes. Thus the expedition was suddenly brought to a close. It was my intention, had we not been shipwrecked, to have spent a much longer time in examining this, as well as the adjacent islands; but *diis aliter visum*.

"Captain Abbott treated us with genuine hospitality; and as it would be out of his way to take us to Mazatlan, I told him to put us on the Tres Marias Islands. In three days we reached the Marias, where we remained four days. I made daily excursions in the woods for birds, but found nothing new but what I had collected on a former visit to this locality."

On the 20th of April, 1869, as a guest

on the United States steamer *Mohongo*, he left Mazatlan for a professional tour to the Isabel Islands, a group of rocks between the Tres Marias and San Blas; frequented by myriads of sea-fowl. It was here that he contracted the coast fever. He was ill but three months and a half. During his whole illness he was constantly absorbed with his studies. He seemed to have a premonition that he would not recover, and calmly arranged his affairs. He died on the night of the 17th of August. His last words to his wife were, "What a beautiful picture!"

A word more, to close this brief record of one of the few Pioneers of California who have tried to build unto themselves some better monument than the mere material memorials of acres of wood and stone. To be able to give one's name to a bird, or flower, may seem, to many, but a small ambition; and yet, materially considered, it is quite as likely to be perpetuated, as to give it to a street, or town, and is much more likely to define the tastes and individuality of the giver. And, in looking over the remarkable collection of this self-taught Ornithologist—remarkable as well for its accuracy and detail, as for its mute record of nobly devoted labor and scientific skill—it is not too much to believe that the Association of California Pioneers will gladly take upon themselves the honor and responsibility of giving to the world, under their own auspices, a contribution to Science which reflects so much lustre upon the name of Pioneer.

CONCERNING POPULAR ASSASSINATION.

WHEN Thomas De Quincey discoursed of Murder as a Fine Art, the social constitution of the country in which he wrote was such as to confine him to its mere method of execution. Murder was not only discountenanced by British law, but its nature was defined with a certain precision, which left to the speculative mind little scope for inquiry into its ethics. Although some attempt has been made by repressive legislators in America to impose shackles upon the homicidal genius of the people, these the high spirit of that people seems to have very properly burst. They have evidently adopted a code of practice departing widely from that of statutory enactment; one sufficiently liberal in operation to leave us quite free in venturing upon original speculations, and relieved from restrictions depending for their authority upon prescription or tradition, or the intemperate zeal of legislators. Three rather conspicuous murders by men—of Key by Mr. Sickles, of one Hiscock by a Mr. Cole, and of the journalist Richardson by an elderly attorney named McFarland—together with an assorted line of similar executions performed by women, have furnished the public mind matter for much pleasing, and not unexciting, reflection. The variety of circumstances attending the cases has also been such as to bring them home, in a very vivid and *quasi*-personal way, to a large part of the male population, as well as to not a small part of the female. This has, also, been sufficient to remove the restraints attempted to be imposed by the written law upon the inherent homicidal rights of man. It leaves the subject, resolved into its elements, free to be considered

in its relations to society, and to those subsisting between the sexes.

It is not to be denied that we have imposed upon ourselves—by a thoughtless acquiescence in customs which sprang up in a different society, under different conditions, and at a period of comparative barbarism—restraints which would seem to be ill-adapted to our more enlightened social polity. Among these, the restrictions upon homicide are an undoubted instance; and it is gratifying to the patriotic mind, to remark how the strong common sense of the American people has broken through rules which savor of feudal oppression, and have asserted, both in thought and action, an independence truly democratical. It has been said that “Revolvers make all men equal;” and we are now to recognize in the Revolver the efficient, practical protector of those equal rights to which, as our glorious Declaration declares, all are naturally born. The objection to its method of proceeding—that it is “summary”—will suggest itself only to a mind tainted by the principles of the feudal common law; while others will recognize in that very quality one of the more conspicuous merits of the process.

Our society is based upon two fundamental principles: that the male man has a right of property in his wife; that the female man, prior to surrendering that right of property, possesses it in herself. But the third principle: that the male also possesses some right of property in *himself*, is not yet recognized. These are the practical formulas under which are to be expressed the three “inalienable rights,” vaguely defined as those of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit

of Happiness. Happiness is understood to lie in the proprietary of a sexual mate. Pursuit of the mate, therefore, requires jealous protection. Her (or his) acquisition, results in a merger, or suspension, of the personal liberty; and, under that condition, the enjoyment (so called) of life becomes of inconsequential value. Hence, the whole scheme of society is reduced to the pursuit and preservation of the social mate. And if, upon examination, we find that our artificial laws are imperfect in their protection of this first and great right, we might expect that a people of quick practical sagacity would apply a means, both ready and efficient, for correcting the deficiency.

In regard to the pursuit of happiness, or Courting, it would seem that, in the lower animals, this time is a specific season, of the year—the spring. The faculty of speech, however, distinguishing man from them, also enables him to pursue the business throughout the circling months. His superior intelligence impels him to bring it to a crisis during the autumnal period—partly, perhaps, because the more pressing business of the year is then over. The harvest or the fall trade (as the case may be) is concluded, and between this season and the ensuing plowing-time, or opening of the spring trade, there occurs an auspicious interval to devote to the soft delights of love. Nor is the practice of pairing confined to any period of human life. In temperate climes, it is true, it is tolerably well bounded by the ages of fourteen, on one hand, and eighty-four on the other. And while the condition corresponding with that of the lower animals during their pairing time does not accord with natural seasons, it is a mental state exhibiting external symptoms analogous to those described in the language of Professor Agassiz, “Then their physiognomy is most animated, their song the most melodious, and their attire the most brilliant.” This,

which sounds uncommonly like a bit of playful satire, directed at the enamored of our species, is simply a grave remark, intended to enforce the importance of noting the season of the year at which the plumage of birds may happen to be described. These remarks have a practical application of no light homicidal importance. When we remark a man (male or female, and no matter of what time of life) whose “physiognomy is the most animated, song the most melodious, and attire the most brilliant,” we are to take heed that that fellow-being is engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness; and, as such, that it has certain inalienable rights which the rest of us will probably find it to our advantage to respect. But during this period, the right of Murder is conceded only in a qualified and restricted way. The liberty to Pursue must be extended to one individual as well as to another, and if he (or she) whose pursuit prove unsuccessful, commit homicide or foëminicide upon the person of the successful party, there is some risk of a conviction of manslaughter. This—in addition to the expense of legal proceedings—may be followed by a temporary, but unpleasant incarceration, while the formal petition for pardon is being prepared. In particular sections of our country, where the influence of early Puritan teachings is still clearly discernible, the presentation of this petition is deferred by law until the succeeding term of court; and this, sometimes, does not occur until after an interval of several weeks. Thus, we see that there are certain restraints imposed upon the natural right of Murder as incident to Pursuit; nor can we, in candor, pronounce them wholly destitute of a show of justification. But, however this exercise of governmental power may be thought arbitrary, or may, in individual cases, be felt galling, the liberty of the citizen in protecting the Happiness which he shall have once reduced to actual pos-

session, by throwing around her a cordon of homicidal safeguards, is wholly unrestricted. And this brings us to the second natural division of the subject—*i. e.*, the male and female right of property in its mate.

This division, together with the succeeding one, is the most important of the series, inasmuch as it is that under which the greatest number, and most striking instances, of Murder will be observed to fall. At the expense of appearing prolix, we must here indicate certain fundamental differences between the two principal schemes of modern law. Under the Common Law, the relations of *baron* and *feme* were, in their practical operation, those of master and slave, extending to the right of castigation, and subject only to the higher rights, or rather privileges—founded in prescription, however they may have been originally gained by will, force, fraud, or usurpation—of the lords of the manor. And thus possessing a right of property in his *feme* which was theoretically absolute, the ferocious *baron* would fight with other *barons* who might come within the range of her favor. Thus, at last, the doctrine came to be accepted by common consent—and, perhaps, without being subjected to sufficiently rigid scrutiny—that the English social scheme rested, as a foundation, upon the principle of conjugal *female* fidelity. In practice, as well as in theory, the *feme* had no rights whatever, except the ineradicable one of making trouble; nor was any property in her *baron* recognized in her, except in the case of Queens, and a few other influential females, who, most probably, usurped a power which they exercised to the extermination of prettier ones who had no friends. On the other hand, under the Civil Law, the relation of marriage was one of contract. Contract implied two parties, and a reciprocity of rights; and the contract being broken by one party, was held, by

the common sense and conscience of mankind, to bear with relaxed obligation upon the other. Now, as one party *invariably* violated its conditions, the other came to do so with scarcely less uniformity. With the development of civilization and religion, the privilege became recognized in one nation as an indefeasible right; and the *cavalier servante* took his place at the domestic hearth. In a neighboring nation, the privilege appears to have become attached rather to the Royal prerogative. In a third—and the highest in intellectual and social rank—although the practice is erected into a system, its recognition is deemed accordant with decorum and propriety, only in the fields of dramatic and romantic literature.

While we here clearly perceive the origin of the marked differences of social custom in modern societies of high civilization, we can not take time to consider the very limited privilege of Murder which existed under the Civil Law. We need merely remark that the countries in which its baleful influence is felt, are those in which the power of tyrannous Government is greatest, and that of the people is least. They have departed farthest from the original state of Nature; nor can we, perhaps, more strongly point the extent of their departure from our own characteristic civilization, than in noting that among the Italians, where Assassination of some very fair quality has prevailed, it has usually taken place during the period of Pursuit—the very period during which, alone, we subject it to legal repression.

The passion of our British progenitors for fighting, operating, together with their conjugal rage, upon simple and untutored minds, led them to adopt that curiously irrational system of combat—the duel. This can scarcely be said to have proceeded upon a theory, for it is opposed to any and every effort at ratiocination, however defective—a posi-

tion now generally conceded. We can only account for the origination of the custom, in an age when men would rather fight than eat, by the fact that they *would* rather fight than eat. The rational method—equally obvious and logical—of avenging an invasion of one's proprietary right, of punishing the invader, and of deterring other predatory spirits, was to assassinate him. But this, as we must infer, was found unexciting; and perhaps, also, was deprecated by many as a precedent, to the application of which they would object to subject themselves.

It is here that we may feel an honest pride in the quick, practical intelligence of the American mind. For some years, the people practiced dueling without any particular examination into its nature. No sooner, however, was their attention specifically called to this, than they instantly detected its fallacy, and, with a prompt decision which may be claimed as characteristic, threw it aside. But, of course, a case soon arose, to which the rejected method of treatment had been applicable. The individuals upon whom, by force of circumstances, it was thrust, were equal to the occasion. Their severely logical minds perceived the alternatives of the situation. They established the precedent of Assassination. The issue was presented to the whole American people, and a triumphant verdict of approval was given by the national voice. The subsequent leading case of Cole-Hiscock affirmed the judgment. Jurors were compelled to found their own formal verdict upon a legal fiction which excited some clamor among precisians; but it, again, was a pointed instance of the practical dexterity of the American mind, (even in the small quantity subsisting among an average jury) in wresting rigid theories to the accommodation of particular cases. We may imagine an English barrister of an ingenuity adequate to conceive the theory

that a defendant was sane the instant before, and the instant after, committing homicide; but we can not imagine his attaining to the eminence of effrontery necessary to present that theory before her Majesty's judges; neither are we able to fancy an English jury attaining to the arctic impudence necessary to offer such a verdict.

But when once set as a precedent, and approved by the common sense of the nation, the fiction is less difficult to be acquiesced in. Some of the most important remedies under our Common Law rest upon fictions which are even wilder than this. They were resorted to in order to protect rights of less sentimental estimation than those of conjugal proprietary, and they have been commended as monuments to the honor of judges who thus successfully taxed their ingenuity to mold their stubborn materials to the promotion of substantial justice. Looking at the Cole-Hiscock case in a similar spirit, (and acquiescing in its national approbation) we may conclude that there is less to quarrel with in the fiction then adopted than there is in the law by which the fiction was called forth. Between the dates of these two leading cases—to which that of McFarland-Richardson is to supply a third—occurred a great number of others throughout the Union, the disposition of all which went to this point: that, by the common consent of the American people—that common consent which was the source of Common Law, and now enforced by a number of cases lending it the nature of prescription—a man convicting another of adultery with his wife shall kill the adulterer. In another leading case, (Pollard, of Richmond) a father was justified in killing a slanderer of his daughter's virtue: *à fortiori*, therefore, would he be justified in killing her seducer. But he is thus justified by his relation as her natural protector—a position which may be occupied, according to circumstances, by

a brother or other relative, or a guardian who is no relative.

But we can not yet look upon the law applicable to married women who may pistol other females seducing the affections of their husbands, as wholly settled. So long as the offender is to be tried by a jury of men, we may assume that the Cole fiction will hardly be applied in its integrity. The present fabric of society is *not* organized upon the theory of male conjugal fidelity, nor a female conjugal proprietary. Perhaps an extension of that fiction, to cover the female case, might tend to loosen, rather than to cement, the foundations of the fabric. It is conceivable that miscellaneous assassination should thereby be promoted to an extent materially countervailing the influence of immigration; and the statistics of our national growth would receive a new element. The same practical sense which we have so highly commended in the American juror, might, in the case of a female homicide, lead him to reject the Cole fiction as mischievous. Yet there are three reasons, each of a certain weight, which would impel him to adopt that rule. The fact is undoubted, that the liberty of women is coming to be looked upon with a vastly more liberal eye, and the male mind is imbued with a sense—as yet vague and not quite defined—of the propriety of applying to her case the principle expressed in the vulgar adage, that what is sauce for the gander, should be sauce for the goose. If women be restrained of this Revolver method of maintaining their side of the conjugal relation, (we dare not use the expression, “Their conjugal *rights*,” for that would, at once, either put the masculine case out of court, or the feminine case completely in) a premium is held out to them to retaliate upon their husbands in kind: this should assimilate our social system to the French, of which these male jurors would entertain undoubted horror. And, third, she is al-

ready justified, under certain extreme circumstances, in pistoling a faithless lover. Therefore, her sex alone is not a disqualification for justifiable murder.

It is not by any means certain, then, that in the case of a wife killing a woman who had seduced from her the company of her husband, a male jury would fail to acquit. Perhaps, it is not wholly wicked to wish that such a case might arise, attended by peculiarly aggravated circumstances, in which the accused should be young and pretty, (for we are really wishing her acquittal) sufficiently conspicuous by the station of the parties to command national attention, in order that the national sense may be taken upon the proposition, and a question of much speculative interest authoritatively settled. Is it too much to hope, or even to suggest, to the many women of leading position in San Francisco whose circumstances afford the necessary conditions, that one of them should commit murder upon that other she? We think that we can promise the enterprising Curtia a verdict of popular and judicial acquittal. If it be true that the Sickles-Cole transactions are calculated to exercise a beneficial influence upon the public morals, or that exemplary breach-of-promise damages awarded to a discarded mistress operate in a similar direction, it must be altogether clear that a *modicum* of judicious assassination by injured wives would co-operate powerfully with those excellent moral agents.

It will be perceived that our administration of law in these matters proceeds altogether upon the assumption that the male is the party delinquent. Nor could it well be expected that men should be willing to render a verdict placing the female *particeps criminis* in that attitude. Nevertheless, we all very well know that, as a matter of fact, she frequently occupies precisely that position. Women jurors would experience none of that gallant delicacy. So long as men alone shall

commit conjugal murder, our present system works very well, nor is it desirable that it should be modified. The obligation to virtue, or rather the penalty of transgression, rests upon the man, and we are all quite willing that it should rest there. Society proceeds upon the understanding, that a man invading his neighbor's rights of conjugal property does so at the risk of assassination. The operation of this rule, in practice, can not fail to be advantageous to the public *morale*. Not until women shall themselves adopt the same practice, will it be desirable to relax—not the rigor, but the application, of the rule. In the case of assassinating an unmarried woman, no particular inquiry into the origin of the criminal intimacy will be necessary; but in case the female to be killed be also married, public opinion will probably require that before either of the parties criminal be slain, some effort shall be made to ascertain with which lay the weight of blame. The question will naturally arise whether *both* may be destroyed by the respective spouses injured. We apprehend that this will be decided in the negative, upon grounds of public policy, as presenting an opportunity for collusion and fraud; an unprincipled husband and a too-yielding wife might conspire to murder their respective partners upon a false allegation of criminal intimacy, in order to marry one another. This practice once justified by precedent, the mind recoils from contemplation of the vast possibilities of crime which might be converted into realities by dissatisfied married people.

But in respect to the important changes that are about being introduced into our social system, we feel it a duty to contribute our mite toward preparing the public mind. Women are asserting themselves in all directions, and may soon begin to murder. A dozen leading cases of Mrs. Coles, Mrs. McFarlands, and Mrs. Sickles may agitate society,

may have full and fair discussion, and be settled upon a basis of substantial practical justice. The cases of male defendants may come before male juries, and they may be acquitted. Female defendants may be tried before mixed juries, which may invariably stand—six men for conviction and six women for acquittal; and it may be found of no use to lock them up together, as the only effect will be to bring more or less of the men over to the women's side. Still another decade, and women will be tried by juries composed wholly of women: all the young and pretty ones will be convicted; the female Governor will refuse to pardon; the lovely convicts will all be hanged, until the men, rising in their wrath and might—and shrilly encouraged by *The Revolution*, (men's paper)—shall overthrow the Gynocracy, and found a new, composite Government, upon the broad basis that no young and pretty woman or man shall be executed—except for celibacy.

In regard to the Female property in herself: Still proceeding upon the assumption that, in unfortunate cases of unmarried people loving altogether too well, the male is the aggressor, we have conceded to the betrayed female the right of killing him. Society proceeds very well, with a distinct understanding upon this point, also. But the further ground of justification lies in the irreparable social injury done to the young woman. Under the coming dispensation, it is very plain that several modifications will be introduced into this branch of the subject, also. In the first place, severe legislative matrons will enact a horrible code of laws, aimed against the naughty women who beguile their innocent boys. It is not impossible, that, under the reformed views of society, the injury to one sex may not continue to be wholly irreparable, or that the injury to the other shall be held as of at least equal dignity. We must,

then, expect the young men to shoot, too. They do so already, indeed, upon the pretext of blasted affections, but are compelled to shoot themselves as a concurrent act. This necessity would, of course, either be abrogated, or a rule of equal severity would be applied to the young women. In the latter event, they, also, must shoot themselves; and, in contemplation of that necessity, we apprehend that they would begin letting recreant lovers alone.

A complete consideration of the relations of people toward other people, with a view to getting away their mates—in other words, the Divorce Laws, as administered in that reconstructed society in which the Coming Woman is to be an equal partner—would require a treatise to itself. But a few modifications of the present system are very obvious. Husbands suing would be allowed alimony by her Honor; decrees would always be recorded in favor of handsome husbands, unless the wife was specially ill-favored or old; then, they would decree that he ought to keep her. Wives would get decrees against ill-favored husbands upon the safe general ground that he was a brute. It would be extreme cruelty in a wife not to give her husband a new hat at the proper season; and for her to go to her club more than three nights of the week would be held a willful desertion. Should she go to church under vinous excitement, it must be construed as habitual intoxication; and to kiss voters in consideration of their ballots, an evidence of incompatibility of temper.

But we turn to the more pleasant themes suggested by an Utopian view of a possible Male property in himself: that is, a right to live, free from the prospect of being shot, either by, or on account of, a female man. It is plain that a considerable change must come over the spirit of our society before that state of affairs can obtain. In a certain sense,

our spirit must first be broken. The reform is not likely to be effected during the life-time of men now grown. So we must continue to go through the remainder of our allotted span, understanding that we carry life as in our hand, with a certain definite probability that the bullet of an expert practitioner of Murder will save the shears of Atropos the necessity of snipping our vital thread. Let us walk circumspectly, taking our blameless pleasures as we may, for we know not in what moment we die. Whoso shall consort with the unmarried female, let him note shrewdly her trick of countenance, lest she pistol him unawares. Let his commerce with her father, brother, guardian, and next friend be upon a basis of armed neutrality, remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of" Life, as well as Liberty. Whoso would visit the married female, let him be accompanied by a competent witness—both heavily armed. If the husband shall appear, they will do well to lay hand on their weapons, and perhaps, *ex abundante cautela*, to cock them privily. For these be stirring times, and the incautious visitor is in but a parlous state.

To people who have lived in lawless communities, and who, therefore, have been habituated to the consciousness that the protection of their lives may depend mainly upon their own exertions, this new resolution of society into its elements conveys little of the uneasiness which it excites in the breast of the more civilized man. The latter has really more on his conscience; and, indeed, in a large city, there will be some thousands who are acutely alive to the fact that they deserve to be Hiscocked. When this is supplemented by the further thought, that, if detected, they will actually get their deserts, and that their secret lies in the keeping of a female man of uncertain temper, the position is one of strong agony. This will raise up a guilty fac-

tion, who will oppose the Murder Code, and through whom it must, if at all, be overthrown. Fortunately, many will be men of position and influence. Perhaps one of them will be actually shot, and the fellows of his order may form a Protective League, to get the husband hanged. It is always to be expected that any Governor of a State would be in sympathy with the movement, and would refuse to pardon the rogue. One such precedent could not fail to produce prodigious moral effect, and we should soon find husbands recurring for redress of wounded honor to the Divorce Courts.

It may, perchance, be more than suspected that the writer of these remarks is not a married man. He is *not*. He is young, and with a bright future before him. He only pleads—and earnestly

—for life. Perhaps, when it is understood that this plea is put forth in good faith and in sincerity, it may command greater weight with some minds, than if these remarks were thought to be inspired merely by a shallow levity. Is it too great a boon to ask of society—only to live? Must the young spirit be broken, and the bright life be overclouded, with a harassing fear of untimely murder? Is the sweet of woman's society to be turned to bitter, and all its happiness dashed, by a well founded terror of overzealous parents or blood-thirsty husbands? These are momentous questions; and we commend them to the careful thought of our countrymen. After all, perhaps the statutory notions of murder are only a prejudice. Who knows?

THE CHAPEL OF ST. FERDINAND.

THE morning of February the 14th gave evidence that old St. Valentine, the patron saint of birds and lovers, did not appear to be in the Paris calendar; for we neither heard nor read of him.

It was a sunlighted day—a charming day for suburban excursions—and having gone through the ceremonies of *le petit déjeuner*, we concluded to give our vacant hours, first, to a visit to the Memorial Chapel of St. Ferdinand; and then, at the fashionable hour, to a drive through a portion of the “Bois” (de Boulogne, we Americans would add; but fashionable parlance forbids that addition, and the abbreviation of the “Bois” is the present accepted phrase).

We ordered a *voiture de remise*—the red-numbered carriage—as being more in keeping for a stranger's drive in the “Bois,” than the somewhat cheaper and less aristocratic *voiture de place*, with its yellow number.

Public conveyances, in all countries that I have visited, are under better municipal management than in America; and travelers are most carefully guarded from the impositions that are constantly attempted—and too often successfully—in our large cities.

A *remise* holding two persons is really a very respectable concern for travelers, who, having no equipages during their brief visits to cities, are well pleased to find so respectable a public carriage as is this *voiture de remise*; and which, in truth, is very like a brougham, and is quite as pretty and comfortable. Many of them have high-stepping horses, and most respectably clothed and respectful drivers. These latter are by law compelled, as soon as you engage them, to hand to you a printed card, with their number, and the rules and prices.

Our porter had ordered quite a stylish carriage, with the driver in half-livery, wearing a cockade, and an overcoat with

capas. The fare for each hour, in the city, or "course," as it is designated, is only two and a half *francs*; beyond the fortifications, or into the "Bois," the price is three *francs* per hour, with a few *sous* or *centimes* to the driver, *pour boire*.

Parted, then, from the rest of our company, Miss S—— and I, seated in the *remise*, were driven through the Place de la Concorde, adorned by the lofty marble statues of the principal cities of France—grand, colossal, crowned cities, with their appropriate emblems of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Vintage around them. There were Lille, Strasbourg, Bordeaux, Nantes, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen, and Lyons. The basements of the statues connect with grand stone balustrades, ornamented by twenty elegant columns bearing lamps. There are also two white marble groups of wild horses, held in check by their marble grooms. The beautiful fountains, with their tritons, nereids, and dolphins, sporting in and spouting the waters; the six colossal figures that are seated around the shaft of one fountain, with their feet resting on the prows of vessels; the *genii* of the pearl, coral, and shell-fisheries, with many other artistic arrangements, conduce, with the ever-lulling sound of falling waters, to delight both the eye and the ear; and there, in the centre of this bituminous-paved court—in the Place de la Concorde—towers the grand Theban Obelisk of Luxor, with its Old World hieroglyphics, and on its base the gilded representations of the vast and complicated machinery that was used in its transportation from the Old World, and in its elevation in art and science-gathering Paris.

The Obelisk is formed of the finest red syenite, and on each face are lines of hieroglyphic inscriptions, commemorative of Sesostris. It took three years to remove this monolith from Egypt to Paris. The stupendous work was safely accomplished; and it was placed in its

Paris home in October, 1836, under the reign of Louis Philippe.

Our drive was onward from the Place de la Concorde, through the gay scene of the Champs Élysées, to the western termination at the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile—passing which, a short turn to the left, brought us to No. 10, in the Route de la Révolte, and we were at the gates of St. Ferdinand.

In this drive, I have given you, in part, a description of the Place de la Concorde, in its present imposing beauty and grandeur, where—intersected by carriage roads which are bordered by elegantly carved bronze lamp-posts, supporting lamps to give brilliancy at night—has been spread out the bright side of the picture. But from another ramble, or drive, you will read of other posts than gas-posts, and of past horrors that have made this a place of any thing but Concord.

As I have written, we were at the chapel-gates. The bell at the portal was rung, and, as its sound reached our ear, the mechanical opening of the Parisian gate was accompanied by a little clicking sound, and the door stood ajar. All was still—no person visible—as we entered and stood in the court-yard that holds the Mausoleum of the Duke of Orléans. Crossing the court, we entered the chapel, which is not very large, but well proportioned. It bore a funereal appearance. A respectful guide, in deep mourning, met us at the threshold, and, with the propriety of demeanor so marked in France, conducted us into the chapel. The chairs were covered with black, and, as the guide lifted the covers from two chairs, he exhibited some very tasteful and well executed embroidery, in white and black. It was the mourning work of the Queen of France, and of her daughter—the Queen of the Belgians—who was the mother of the ill-fated Carlotta, Empress of Mexico. The windows, of stained glass, illustrated scenes in the lives of the patron saints of the Bour-

bons. It was not the patron saints, but the *souvenirs* of the dead Prince, I came to look on, and they were of a most interesting character; yet no eye could be indifferent to the beauties of "The Descent from the Cross," which, in marble, adorns the high altar of the chapel.

On our right hand was the tomb we sought; opposite, on our left hand, was another altar. That was dedicated to St. Ferdinand. A marble group represented the Prince on his death-bed; his head, slightly raised, rested on the knees of a supplicating angel, who, with uplifted eyes, seemed to be imploring Heaven's mercy for the sufferer she sustained.

This marble angel was the work of the Princess Marie, the accomplished sister of the Prince, and she had designed and executed it in her happier and more hopeful days; for it was the pleading angel that she had made for the baptism of her brother's oldest, lost son, the Count de Paris. What strange mutations of fortunes have befallen the Bourbon race! It was at the request of his suffering mother, the Queen, that the angel was placed at the tomb, as a support to the statue of the dying father.

At the early age of thirty-two, while for him life was full of promise, stern and sudden came his summons to eternity.

On a cloudless day, in the middle of July, the Prince, attired in a General's uniform, started from Paris in an open carriage to drive to Neuilly, to take leave of his family, on his road to the camp at St. Omer. It was a short, and usually a safe drive. His horses became frightened and unmanageable; and, in his attempt to jump from the carriage, his feet became entangled in his military cloak; he fell, head foremost, on the stones, and never spoke after. The death-bed of the Bourbon heir was in the kitchen of a small grocer—M. Lecordier—whose little shop and residence were on the

road-side, just on the spot where now stands the Memorial Chapel.

The whole story of that mournful afternoon for this stricken race is depicted from life by M. Jacquand, in a painting that is placed opposite the door, in the sacristy of the chapel. All the figures are portraits of life-size. Stretched on the grocer's bed, lies the dying Prince. The eyes are closed, and the gray tint of death has gathered over the handsome face. The shirt is open at the breast, and a drop or two of blood is upon the sleeve. The scarlet pantaloons and stripe denote his military rank; a portion of his clothing scattered on the floor, makes up the foreground of the picture. His head is raised on pillows, and a physician, with a sad expression of knowledge, is supporting him, and is applying his hand to the temple artery. Louis Philippe kneels at the foot of the bed, and, with clasped hands, gazes with asking eyes at the physician who supports his dying son and heir. The poor Queen is stricken to the heart, unable to support the view of the still, tranquil death that is stealing into the heart and arteries of her son. She has buried her face in the pillows of the couch at which she kneels. The Princess Clémentine also kneels, with hands clasped across her eyes.

This is the principal front group. On the left-hand side stand his brothers, the Dukes of Montpensier and Aumale, and the priest of Neuilly. There are other historical personages grouped at the sides of this most interesting picture, and prominent among them stands the tall, venerable Marshal Soult, and the bright-eyed M. Guizot at his side. As a background, there are painted the utensils of the French kitchen, in which, after four hours of heavy breathing, the pulses of life ceased their throbbing in the veins of the Bourbon heir. The time of these events is marked by two mourning clocks of black marble. One

of them is surmounted by an urn, and points to ten minutes past four o'clock, the instant of his death. The second clock presents, in bronze, France bending in grief over a broken column. The time is marked, ten minutes to twelve, the moment when the death-summons threw him prostrate on the street-stones. On the column is the date, July 13, 1842.

Just where the Prince breathed out his short span of life—which was less than two-score years—is placed the marble monument, so angel-guarded. The little grocery and the adjoining land were promptly purchased by the King, and in one month after—on the 21st of August, 1842—the corner-stone of the Chapel of St. Ferdinand was laid. The Chapel is of stone, fifty feet long and twenty wide. It presents the appearance of a mausoleum. One little year had elapsed, and when another July came, a royal *cortège* of mourning Bourbons were in the finished Chapel of St. Ferdinand, when the Archbishop of Paris, in his rich vestments, consecrated the church to God.

Louis Philippe caused to be built, within the court-walls, across the little court, just opposite the door of the Chapel, a house of four apartments, with sash windows, opening to the floor of the veranda, where the Bourbons often came, to be near the monument of their dead one. Ivy and violets wound round the columns of the veranda, and nestled, in their purple beauty and sweetness, in the grassy nooks of the little court-yard; and for this secluded spot of death and memory were the palaces of France often relinquished.

In the meantime, there were frequent mutterings of coming tempests—the fearful storm of blood and conflict between man and man. Louis Philippe made the fatal mistake of his race. He thought that France was made for the crown. He built for himself and his family a colossal fortune. To overawe an often-

turbulent people, he erected fortifications and barracks. It was not outward provincial France, nor was it the crowned cities, from which he was, by fortifications, to defend himself and his giant strength—a numerous family. The lightning was within, the thunder-cloud was over the Tuileries, and they saw it not, until one morning in February, about four and a half years after the completion and consecration of the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, the *bons garçons* of Paris started out—not to their daily avocations, but to the work of ripping up the paving-stones of the streets, and of commencing the long-disused work of making barricades.

It was a heavy day's work, that of the *bons garçons*; but Louis Philippe had interfered with their projected banquet, and they resolved to stop him, as he had stopped them, by his own argument—Force! They were, at that time, to have held a grand banquet on the grounds of General Thaires, on Washington's birthday—February 22d. The King said he would forbid it, and if it became necessary, he would arrest the originators of the "idea." He forgot what a powerful thing a French idea is, when the contagion has spread.

An English lady, who was residing in Paris in 1848, told me that she was attracted to her windows by very unusual noises in the streets; that she looked out, and saw the "blue blouses" tearing up the paving-stones, while women and children were running forward with chairs and tables, to assist in making the barricades. She instantly felt that the hour of revolution had arrived, for all disinterested strangers, who were lookers-on of the game, had predicted that if the King stopped the meeting he would lose his crown. He did stop the meeting, and he lost his crown; and, as "John Smith"—a most remarkable name to select on that remarkable day—he walked away from place, fortune, a throne,

France, and the grave-stones of his heir in the Chapel of St. Ferdinand.

Strangers may visit this tomb, and strangers' feet may press the little gravely walks of the pretty court-yard; or they may enter the Chapel for the daily mass that is regularly said for the soul of the dead Bourbon: but none of that name or race can enter there. The royal *habitués* of the pretty and unpretending little mansion that was built for them, in their grief, are all exiles in far-distant lands. The house is now the residence of the priest who prays for the repose of the departed soul, and the family are as alien to the spot as is the lone cedar that the dead Duke brought from Mount Lebanon, and which now stands guarding his grave, among the dark cypresses of the grove.

We left a small gratuity with the attached servant of the Bourbons, and then passed to the outside world to drive through the Porte Maillot into the "Bois"—beautiful, unrivaled "Bois!" even now, when, in winter, the dark gray boughs of the leafless trees are around and above us, and scarcely any verdure visible save the tall, dark pines in the glades, with their stiff, green, bunched branches.

Nature was unclothed, but Art had invented diversified beauty. Grand equipages were in all the avenues; dames and maidens, with their attendant beaus, were on horseback, pacing the "Rotten Row" of the "Bois." In the main avenue were four lines of carriages, slowly moving up and down. We were in the line, and had ample opportunities to observe and comment on this gay scene of "Paris in the season."

An open carriage, with the royal livery, plain as that of a Baronet of England, came sweeping past, with four horses and postilion. It bore the little Prince Imperial of France. What may be the final destiny of that bright child of chance and fortune is in the veiled future. Heirship to the throne of France has, for the

last century, led to terrible misfortune, to suffering, and to early, uncrowned death.

Shortly after his equipage had passed, came that of the Empress *en route*. The Empress was accompanied by one lady, with whom she was listlessly conversing. She was dressed as any lady of quality might have been—with rich simplicity. A small white hat was placed high above her rich, light-colored hair. She wore a dark *mauve* dress, black velvet jacket, and pearl-colored kid gloves. She was decidedly handsome, but not fresh-looking, and an expression of care and anxiety marked the lines about her mouth. The entire surroundings of the Empress and the Prince were unostentatious. My friend could not at all conceal her disgust, and said to me: "Imagine our Queen passing in this quiet way. Why, every thing around her gleams with scarlet and gold, and every body crowds to look at her—most happy to have an opportunity of seeing her Majesty. What do you think of this? What ever can you make of it?"

"Nothing, but that France is not England," I answered.

We drove on until the shadows admonished us to return; then out through the avenue Imperatrice, (Empress) past the grand circle that holds in its centre the famous Arch of Triumph, (the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile) the cost of which was £417,812. It is ninety feet in height, and twenty-five in width. From the platform on the top is presented what is called the finest view of Paris. To enjoy it, 272 steps up winding stairways must be accomplished. The two fronts of the splendid arch are east and west. You look through the long line of the Champs Élysées to its eastern termination of the palace of the Tuileries; you turn to the western front, and look through the avenue of La Grande Armée, toward the palace of Neuilly—one of the palace-homes of the Bourbons—toward

which the Prince and *père* were driving when he fell among the street-stones on the spot where stands this mausoleum—the Chapel of St. Ferdinand. He had just left the ancient palace of the Tuileries, the home of the Kings and Emperors of France, and where Louis Philippe resided when the Blue Blouses used the street-stones to send him hurriedly

forth, as the wandering John Smith: he who was King by the grace of God.

The Tuileries are now occupied by his royal successor, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, by the grace of universal suffrage, is an uncrowned Emperor, and pacific ruler of France. His only boy—"Imperial," he calls him—stands as a target for undeveloped fate.

"JIM."

Say there! P'raps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew—
Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us!
Eh?

The h—— you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben—
No-account men:
Then to take *him*!

Well, thar—Good-by—
No more, sir—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?—
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Dern'd old
Long-legged Jim!

THE RATIONALE OF SLANG.

THERE is much lurking wisdom in the corruption of words, nor is it productive of any great evil, for words, if left alone, are apt to become corrupt of themselves. It almost seems that language is continually undergoing a sort of fermentation. But what is language? Wilhelm von Humboldt best defines it as "the breaking forth of the power of speech, according to the mental cast of a people;" and there really does seem to be something in the phonetic differences of tongues significant of the character of the nations which use them. The stateliness of the Roman; the volatile quickness of the Greek; the confused philosophy of the German; the coarse directness of the Celt, and the gabbling readiness of the Gaul, find echoes in the sounds of their respective tongues. English and Chinese are beyond the reach of inference.

The grammar of a language is supposed to embody or sanction all possible methods of using that language correctly: that is, in accordance with established precedents. But the mind naturally seeks relief from fetters which would chain it to a tread-mill path of expression through all eternity, and breaks for itself new paths. The most generally used of these is that by purists stigmatized as "Slang," but which may respectfully be defined as the spontaneous outburst of the thought-power become vocal. When genuine, it is no perversion of language, and rather a refinement than an innovation, consisting of old words in new senses, or new words in senses heretofore difficult of expression. It is spoken poetry, entirely dependent for its effect upon comparison and metaphor, and replete with invention—which is a truer test of

song than rhyme or metre—and by its freshness carries us back to the childhood of the human race.

Grammar itself is but Slang agreed upon, while Slang conceals the rudiments of future grammar. Call it a parasite, if you will: the mistletoe is greener than the oak, and enlivens the leafless winter of the trunk which nourishes it. Slang is the antithesis of pedantry and the illustration of history, while it often consists of words that say themselves, as it were, and thus enrich the language they are thought to deform.

The inventions of Slang, unlike the innovations of Neology, are spontaneous, and grow upward; they are found in all languages, but most abound in those of the Teutonic stock. The innate Norse love for the grotesque appears as plainly in the Gothic moldings of language as in the fantastic decorations of architecture. The mazy arabesque of the Saracenic order is, in like manner, the type and result of the intricate and aimless convolutions of Oriental subtlety.

I have termed Slang the illustration of history; but it illustrates much more. Give me the slang expressions of a people, and I will have some inkling, not only of their social habits, their customs, and their government, but even of their geographic and climatic conditions. Let a man say, disparagingly, of another, whose sagacity has been commended, "That's all very well, *but he has no back country*," and I am at no loss to imagine the physical aspects under which his life has been cast. When I read, in the essays of a transcendentalist, of "the thin rinds of the finite," I do not need to be told that the author has been nurtured

in a land of juicy melons or generous pumpkins.

Much of our English slang consists of antique expressions, long obsolete or dormant, but again, after the lapse of generations, asserting their native force. We continually find examples of this in the old English poets. Chaucer says, of the miller's wife:

"As any jay she light was and jolif,
So was her joly *whistle well swette*."

and of "Dorigen," in the "Frankleine's Tale: "

"But natheless she must a time abide,
And with good hope must *let her sorrow slide*."

He also speaks of "rime dogerel," and of a town yclept "Bob up and down," which almost rivals the unique nomenclature in vogue among our mining camps. But it is needless to multiply instances to prove that our colloquial barbarisms are the most ancient and pure of idiomatic expressions.

Slang may mix metaphor and confuse synonyms, but, if it be genuine, may still be understood at once. The word illustrates its own meaning, as the sound does, in some sort, "echo to the sense." A Southern General, more conspicuous for courage than culture, wishing to reprimand his "old regiment" for riotous conduct in a town of Tennessee, commenced by saying that he "felt deeply *lagranged*." The word thus accidentally coined has, throughout an extensive region, become a common expression for chagrin, and may, in time, find its way into the dictionaries, to the great perplexity of philologists. Words, at first considered as innovations, gradually—if there is worth in them—grow to form an integral part of the language. Much of what is deemed Slang by the present generation may become very good English in the course of a century. "You bet" may be the usual rejoinder of emphatic assent among English-speaking gentlemen, a hundred years hence: it already manifests an upward tendency.

But the sudden introduction of new expressions by professed word-mongers is not to be tolerated, though a gaping public sometimes regards the new epithets with favor, especially if the inventor be a writer of established reputation.

There are many systems of deviation from the assumed standard which might be classed as Slang, were they not unworthy such denomination. The *argot*, or *flash*, of the swell-mob; the complicate and high-sounding political vernacular of the more blatant mob; the jargon of philosophy and criticism; the cant of religion; the technicalities of arts, when used beyond their scope—all that world of words with which the vulgar "talk shop," on all occasions—might be denounced, at one fell swoop, as Slang, were the meaning of that term wholly without moral restriction. But that is not Slang which has any ulterior purpose than emphasis, or illustration. The dialect of thieves and vagabonds belongs to the world of slums and sewers—a pariah tongue—yet, as set forth in the pages of Bulwer and Hugo, or in the travesties of Maginn and Thackeray, it seems to possess much order, as well as Spartan force. This can not truthfully be said of the second species: political *argot* is the abuse of good words, such as "freedom," "patriot," "manhood suffrage," and other euphuisms. Vilely perverted on all sides, many time-honored words which once conveyed an infinity of meaning, are fast falling into absolute disgrace. "Public interest" means the interest of our party. The Hon. Jeremiah Mander, whose silent abilities in committee-rooms have raised him to opulence, is a "patriot" and so forth; illustrations are readily found for each member of the category of what the South finely calls "the rabble-charming words which carry wild-fire wrapt up in them." Political Slang is not only wrong, but empty and frivolous. It is well for our people that so much of it is mere sound. The *vox populi*, whatever may be said

of it, is often *vox et prateria nihil*. The jargon of philosophy would be Slang, were it intelligible enough: it is the Chinook of science, except in the relativity of conation required to use it.

Of religious Slang, or the *patois* of the *unco guid*, it is better not to speak otherwise than briefly. Much of it is cant; but the undoubted sincerity of many who use it, elevates it to a certain dignity, and induces its mention here. Perhaps I may be harshly judged as blasphemous, in classing the lingo of inordinate sanctity with profane utterances; but, to my mind, the Rev. Cream Cheese, though more harmless, is no better than Tartuffe. The accepted saints, the holy men whom the world reveres, have never been over-given to this phraseology. Besides, the pet phrases of each individual reader's own denomination—if he have one—are scrupulously excepted, and assuredly not intended to be alluded to. With this saving clause, it may still be permitted to call many religious expressions indefensible Slang. There is a large and varied class of them, going through the whole range of literature and conversation, from the unctuous and habitual phrases of doctrine to which even urban clergy are somewhat addicted, to that soft, enclitic sigh with which agrestic divines are wont to punctuate discourse.

Other technicalities and professionalisms are below special notice, being generally more ridiculous than hurtful.

Nor are provincialisms to be considered as Slang: they might rather be called the foundations for future dialects—were it not for the continual intercommunication which prevents—like those which diversify conversation in England and Scotland. We Americans have nothing of the kind, though words in general use throughout the country attain in particular sections peculiar signification, or may be pronounced in a peculiar manner, but never assume the magnitude of a dialect. I remember an

incident which occurred during the "Kansas excitement," tending at once to illustrate the importance of correct pronunciation, and conveying a moral. A stalwart, but illiberal Missourian was the proprietor of a ferry on the main track of emigration. Dreading the effect of an influx of New England innovators, he established a test which was satisfactory to himself, though one can not but doubt its universal applicability. He kept, tied by the horns to a tree on the river-bank, one of the "milky mothers of his herd," and, on the arrival of a customer, was wont to inquire whether he "saw that thar brute," and what he "mout call" the same. If the applicant "reckoned" it was a *cow*, he could go on his way rejoicing; but should he "guess" it to be a *keow*, or, in a moment of hapless impudence, ask his questioner if he didn't s'pose every body knew a *keow*, he must needs seek some other crossing-place, as well as depart under a heavy weight of malediction. Even so did the *sibboleth* of the sons of Ephraim betray them to their foes at the passage of the Jordan. Who says that history does not "repeat itself?" Each section of the country has peculiarities of this kind, but in none of them is the language of the educated classes affected by them. No other country so wide has so uniform a language.

It is wonderful that this is the case, considering the differences and various admixtures to be found in many of our States. Polyglot California, Texas with her Spanish, and Louisiana with her Frénch, have enriched the language with new terms, but have not affected it "as used by the best writers and speakers." The misuse of adjectives is the most generally prevalent source of our deviations from correctness. Our "nice young man" may not be found over-nice, after all; and our "clever gentleman" is often any thing but clever—indeed, this latter appellation is well followed by the more important and significant phrase, "and

a good judge of whisky." This fault seems to result from that tendency toward hyperbole to which our intellects and imaginations are so subject. We are eminently a poetic people, but vent our poesy in epigram. I have heard an old lady declare herself "powerful weak," and a landlord speak of the "transient public." In no part of the country is this disposition to exaggerate so manifest as in our own State. Every thing is so expansive, that ordinary modes of expression are too narrow to convey the ideas of our people. Last fall, while on a *pasear*, I saw, flying over the great Salinas Plain, multitudes of large white geese, seemingly of a species unknown to me. Eager for information, I accosted the first inhabitant I chanced to encounter, asking him concerning the name and the nature of the fowl. Of the former he knew nothing, but, on the latter point, expressed himself sententiously as follows: "I shot one, the other day, and took it home; we b'iled it and b'iled it, but 'twas *tougher than the wrath of God*." I stood aghast at the idea of such toughness, as well as shocked by the profanity of establishing the Divine indignation as a measure of tenacity, but told my informant that it was well he had attempted to cook his goose by boiling, as it certainly would not have been friable. He smiled not, but, with a stolid countenance, assured me that I might safely hazard my physical existence upon the truth of *that* assertion. I rode on, musing. Our people excel the famed Orientals in the richness and vastness of their metaphorical expressions.

There are certain pure vulgarisms which are universally called Slang, to the discredit of the real article in the minds of the unthinking many. A few may be susceptible of defense, on the ground of origin: even "Let her rip"—the most vulgar of vulgarisms—doubtless originated in the expression of a

tender desire for the repose of some departed loved one, having most probably been adopted from a monumental inscription frequently to be found in English and Continental cemeteries, by some one not an active member of the Academy of Inscriptions. It should be written "Let her R. I. P." So with "Putting on frills"—meaning, the assumption of unnecessary "style:" this must have arisen from the teaching of philosophy, that manners form the outer garment of man's individuality.

To this class of expressions, which are expressly excepted from any commendation implied in this article, belong the vulgar names and terms of endearment, derived from and representing gross material commodities: *e. g.*, "spuds," "hash," "rhino," "spondulix," and the legion of appellatives for alcoholic refreshments and other necessities of life. This material Slang is brutalizing in its effect on the genius of a people, and destructive of the poetic principle which Slang should tend to foster. The "hands" in the barley-harvest are gathered on the porch, awaiting their meridian repast: a comely lassie, neatly clad and redolent with domestic odors, appears at the door. Her approach irradiates the swarthy faces and stolid features of the brown sons of toil; but, by a Circean word, she changes them to swine. What has the neat-handed Phyllis said? But one syllable—a magic one—"Grub." Alas, for the poetry of rural life!

Great is the power of words, and when the power works evil, or the idea is mean and sensual, let the word be unhesitatingly condemned; but when either a new word, or a new application of an old, increases the facility of expression, let us use it, remembering that all precedents were once innovations. Lord Bacon has pronounced it "as well to create a good precedent as to follow one."

ETC.

It is a good sign for California that in her best expression she is becoming more tolerant of adverse criticism, and less patient of meaningless praise. She is fast reaching that point when she will be able to drop the provincial "our" from the vocabulary of her press, and speak of herself in the third person, with the broader outlook and critical faculty that will come in this loss of self-consciousness.

Whatever significance may lie in the fact, it would certainly appear that the best external criticism on California has been made by a woman. Mrs. Calhoun's letters to the *New York Tribune* contain so many truths, which her quicker instinct caught in the hurry of a tourist's trip, and the slower masculine ratiocination lost, that we can not help speculating what she might have done had she not been burdened by a Vice-President, who, after the manner of Vice-Presidents, had the habit of getting in the way of instinctive truth, with a brass band and a speech.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

ROME, November 27, 1869.

The Suez Canal is completed. The Emperor of Austria, and the Empress of France, the Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Holland, the Viceroy of Egypt, and a host of other great personages, have floated through the Desert from sea to sea, and Mr. Lesseps' triumph is complete. The anxiety the poor man has endured during the last few days must have been dreadful. After his distinguished guests had arrived, and the preparations for the opening were all made, a rock was suddenly discovered in a yet unfinished part of the channel, of which they had had no idea. Of course, there were plenty of scoffers to predict failure, and even friends and well-wishers advised the putting

off the inauguration. But Mr. Lesseps never lost heart. Workmen were instantly employed to blow up the rock, and the dredging soon recommenced, with perfect success. The sand, when the water was let in upon it, lost in a great degree its shifting quality, and became a sort of paste, so that the apparently insuperable objection so constantly made to a canal through the Desert disappeared as soon as the flood-gates were opened. The Canal was solemnly blessed, after the Catholic and Mohammedan rites, the evening before the opening. Then came fire-works and illuminations, and a general festival. Next day, amid cannon-firing, and flag-floating, and great applause, the *Aigle* led the great procession. And majestically the *cortège* followed. What a scene it must have been, as the little fleet sailed through the great waste of sand—as this caravan of nations went forth to unite the waters of two seas! And then came the news that the fleet had anchored for the night in the Lake of the Bitter Waters. Sixty miles they had sailed through the sands. This lake is twenty-five miles long, and six or seven broad. It was, originally, a marsh. The basin was first filled with water from the Mediterranean to the level of water at Suez, and then the Red Sea was allowed to join its waves. This latter was so impetuous as to carry all before it. The tides rise in the new-made river, so that the water is six or seven feet higher at the high tide; but it is lost in the newly-created lake.

The next morning, the shorter and more agreeable portion of the journey was made, and at eleven o'clock the flags of thirty vessels were floating in the Red Sea, at Suez. No accident occurred to mar the journey. Several heavily loaded brigs followed the fleet, and it is estimated that during the first ten days, fifty vessels, representing 35,000

tons of burthen, will have made the journey between the seas and back again to their starting-point. Vessels of very heavy draught can not, of course, pass. In some places the Canal is but twenty-five feet deep, but it can easily be made deeper, if necessary. The *fêtes* have been splendid, costing the pretty little sum of 15,000,000 of francs. There remain some questions to settle. Mr. Lesseps is most anxious to widen and deepen the channel of the Canal, and to make other improvements. The Viceroy is over head and ears in debt. The Sultan strongly objects to the neutralization of the Canal, as an infringement on his rights as lord of Egypt. And, moreover, he is now most impatient to settle matters with the Viceroy, whom he considers a rebellious subject. But, at least, the Canal is a success, and another highway is open to civilization. A statue is to be erected in honor of Waghorn, the original projector of the overland route, at Suez, and the same compliment is to be paid to Mr. Lesseps, at Port Said. The latter has also received, from the Emperor, the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

The royal house of Italy has lately passed through great joy and great sorrow. The King's illness, of which, of course, you have heard through the telegraph, was most serious. His physicians were greatly alarmed, and bled him repeatedly, and a severe fainting fit took place, which they thought the precursor of death. One of them ventured, at last, on what was considered "a supreme remedy," and gave the patient a generous glass of wine. The disease, which was supposed to be pleurisy, proved to be miliary fever, and has now entirely yielded, though it will be long before the patient entirely recovers his strength. But the illness has been a fortunate one. It has revived the affection of the Italians for their King. They remember what they owe to him and his family; that his father died for their liberties; that Victor Emmanuel has again and again been himself their leader, when their freedom was at stake; and they realized how precious was his life to them when they feared to lose it. Just as they were beginning to hope, with trembling, for its preservation, the infant son of Prince Umberto and their beloved Mar-

gherita was born, and they passed from the greatest anxiety to the greatest delight. The child is called after the King. His title is the Prince of Naples, and his godfather is the city which gives him the title, represented by the Syndic and Common Council. Yet one more event in the royal family must be mentioned. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta (the Duke is Victor Emmanuel's second son) hearing of the King's illness, after their arrival in Egypt on their way to the inauguration of the Suez Canal, started at once on their return to Italy. The steamer upon which they had embarked—the *Castel Fido*—burst one of her boilers, killing ten persons, and wounding over thirty more. The Italians will not soon forget the events of that one week. The King is now in Florence, where he was received with great delight. The fever occurred at his hunting-seat. Parliament opened, and, of course, there was trouble; and also, of course, the Ministry has resigned. But as that is part of the machinery, without which the Government, apparently, could not be carried on, the event produces no effect.

The weather has been very cold at the north, with dreadful storms. Mont Cenis is closed. A passenger train was stopped by an avalanche the other day, and before the passengers could be dug out, another fell. In short, forty-five people were shut up in the snow for over twenty-four hours. They at last got on, in all sorts of ways—on foot, on men's backs, on mules, in wagons, and, at last, in the cars, to Susa. The Fell Railroad over Mont Cenis is not the proper style of travel for winter. We have scarcely known what was going on, and have had to read our week-old papers, and the telegrams, and make up details from our imaginations. A mail has, however, at last, arrived, and we are once more in communication with the world beyond the mountains. The storms which swept over them, and over the sea, (for the Mediterranean was also greatly disturbed) were preceded by earthquakes in the valley of the Rhine. In some places the shocks were very severe, especially in the Duchy of Nassau. Wiesbaden was abandoned by its visitors, who were greatly alarmed. There followed a season of extreme cold, and

then came these tempests. We, in Rome, have nothing to complain of, as yet. The weather is excellent.

A new baby has come to the Royal House of England, whose advent makes very little excitement. The Princess of Wales has a little daughter. The little Italian Prince gives his godfather three days of *festa*. The 27th, 28th, and 29th of the month are observed in Naples as days of great rejoicing, and illuminations, chariot-races, greased poles, free theatres, and various other amusements are the order of the day. Not only so, but very large sums have been given in charity, and, during the days of *festa*, thirty barks are to be distributed to as many poor fishermen. With these boats there is to be a regatta. The winning boat receives a prize of 170 francs; the second, third, and fourth in the race will receive eighty francs each, and the fifth and sixth forty francs each, as prizes.

The Emperor of Austria is already on his way back from Egypt. The Dalmatian insurrection is by no means at an end, and the insurgents can not be followed into the mountains during the winter: so that they must be besieged, and the troubles will, doubtless, continue for months. The Emperor and the King of Italy were to meet on the Emperor's return from the East. But the interview has been put off, on account of the King's state of health.

In Germany, the religious excitement is very great. The two parties of the Church are becoming more and more clearly defined. The German and Austrian Bishops have, almost all of them, sent addresses to the Pope, begging him not to proclaim his own infallibility. This feeling reaches France. The Bishop of Orleans has come out very strongly against it. The Bishops of Chalons and Marseilles publicly approve his views. There is great uneasiness among the Jesuits, who thought to carry easily all before them at the approaching Council, and especially to proclaim as a dogma the infallibility of the Pope by acclamation. A large number of the Bishops have arrived. All from England come.

Ten only, prevented by age or infirmity, will be missing from among the French prelates; but several of the Germans refuse to be present. Three only of the Spanish Bishops are expected. The Queen of Spain had again intended to be in Rome, but will not be here. She and her family, and Queen Christina, have gone to the island of Hyères for the winter. All the ex-Dukes of Italy, with the exception of the ex-Duke of Modena, are to be present at the opening of the Council. The Queen of Wurtemberg, who is the sister of the Czar of Russia, is staying at the Hotel Costanzi, where she was lately visited by his Holiness. On her second visit to the Vatican, she is said to have been reproved by the Pope for the conduct of Wurtemberg toward Catholicism, and, also, for the course of the Czar. She wishes to obtain permission for a marriage of mixed religion between the Grand Duchess of Russia and the King of Bavaria. The family of the Czar do not wish to have the young lady leave the Greek Church.

The transept is being decorated and furnished for the Council. The formal opening and closing of the meetings will take place there, on which occasions the Pope will be present. He will not attend all the meetings, however, and the business will be transacted in some of the Vatican halls. Nearly 1,300 people will have a right to be present at the gatherings of the Council.

One improvement in the external appearance of Rome is about to take place. The old Piazza Navona is to be restored, and, for this purpose, the miserable vegetable market has been removed. A vast number of churches have been repaired and cleaned. The column on the Janiculum, in memorial of the Council, is being made ready. The excavations at the Emporium are going on with great success. The collection of objects for the Exhibition of the works of Christian Art is already too vast for the space devoted to it. Money is flowing in very fast to the Papal Treasury. All is well, save the diversity of opinion among the dignitaries of the Church.

STIVALETTO.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE SUNSET LAND; OR, THE GREAT PACIFIC SLOPE. By the Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Perhaps there is nothing harder to be borne than ill-considered and extravagant praise. Abuse can be answered, and slander refuted; and in refutation and answer there is some excitement, and a chance that truth may be eliminated. But against good-natured misrepresentation there is no defense. The manifest good intent of the ignorant flatterer stops our proceeding. We may not smite that bland expanse of smiling cheek turned vacuously toward us. If even the Drama finds difficulty in inventing an epithet for the wretch who strikes a woman, what shall Literature say of him who chastises weakness when joined with good humor? So, we meekly consent to be made ridiculous; to have our enemies sneer at us and our true friends regard us as pretentious, because somebody chooses to overpraise us.

In some such delicate position as this Dr. John Todd, of Boston, Mass., has, with great ingenuity, placed what he is pleased to call "The Sunset Land; or, the Great Pacific Slope." When we say that he has written the most gorgeously extravagant and ill-digested statement of California that has yet appeared, we do so with a full appreciation of all that has been done in that way by other tourists. For Dr. Todd has as calmly ignored any previous extravagances as he has, for very obvious reasons, made any future rivalry impossible. He talks of California with the enthusiasm, but not the freshness, of a first discoverer. He repeats the old, oft-reiterated, and monotonous story of her wild youth, as though it were not as well known in Boston as San Francisco. He revives local anecdote—dead these ten years in the columns of country newspapers. And in all these discoveries there is a bland assump-

tion of cleverness, as of an elderly Jack Horner in the corner, over a Christmas pie. But the eyesight is dim, and the aged thumb fumbles vaguely, and often pulls out things that are not plums, but which look suspiciously like lumps of dough. Indeed, we might say that all of Dr. Todd's discoveries are apocryphal, and that perhaps the only original part of his book is its misstatements.

And this originality is often ingenuous. In those few instances where other tourists have thought it necessary to apologize for certain of our defects, Doctor Todd nobly takes it upon himself to bear false witness for us. Other visitors have said that San Francisco architecture was not attractive, *but* that it was very fair for our years, etc.; that the city had an unfinished look, *but* that it was gradually improving; our local press has, we believe, found fault with the administration of city affairs, *but* has intimated that other cities were no better off, etc. The reader will compare these feeble apologies with Dr. Todd's noble and straightforward mendacity. San Francisco architecture, he says, "would honor any city;" San Francisco has "nothing that looks young, green, or unfinished," and "is kept in order by its police, superior to any city in the land." Can we quarrel with good humor of this self-sacrificing quality? As soon might we find fault with the morality of "Caleb Plummer's" imaginative description of his dwelling.

It may be readily conceived that if Doctor Todd can so easily dispose of popular and disagreeable facts, in less pronounced and more abstract questions his conscience is equally good-humored and elastic. Our climate is heavenly; we are not hot, because we don't perspire. Our children are beautiful, because they are ours. Our trees are gigantic. Our Yosemite is superior to Lauterbrunnen,

because the latter has but one water-fall, and the former has half a dozen; because Lauterbrunnen has cliffs only fifteen hundred feet high, and Yosemite has cliffs nearly five thousand feet high. Indeed, wherever a tape-line can be used, Dr. Todd uses it to our advantage. But this is only the old tourist's refrain of bigness, breadth, length, and height; and the Doctor is not always as mathematical or precise. We learn that our Sabbath Schools "are perfectly bewitching," and that the Pacific Railroad "reaches into the spiritual world"—by a kind of celestial branch. This is, perhaps, not positive knowledge; but we trust that the Doctor may live long to enjoy our Sabbath School blandishments, and that, when his last hour comes, he may be furnished by some gentlemanly and courteous director with a free pass over the Celestial Extension of the Central Pacific Railroad.

It has been said that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. It is permitted to a few men like Dr. Todd—"whose heaven commences ere the world be past"—to visit California while yet in the flesh. But they must be good. "The right kind of men," says Dr. Todd, "are welcomed with a cordiality that is beautiful." They should, however, bring a small amount of capital, and their own napkin-rings.

And this is the substance of the latest work on California. At a period the most momentous in the history of the State—at an hour when every true friend of her interests feels that searching self-criticism and readjustment to new conditions are necessary; when there is much to be done, and much that is done that must be undone again; when those who are most confident in our future are the most anxious for present Truth; when we are struggling to free ourselves from old conceits, old prejudices, and old traditions, with the nervous consciousness that the wall is forever down between us and the searching gaze of our Eastern brethren—this diluted rinsing of old goblets drained to our honor, this stale rehash of the pampered viands of old days, is unblushingly spread before us! It is worse than trifling. It has the impertinence of the Barmecide's feast, without the wit and originality.

ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

There is so much that is simple and honest in Colonel Higginson's faith, and withal so much that was manly and self-forgotten in his practice of it, that we should be tempted to apply to him the epithet of "chivalrous," if it did not suddenly occur to us that this adjective has been sacredly reserved to define those gentlemen whose principles and faith are somewhat opposed to his. Yet we think that the most partisan of politicians will respect Colonel Higginson's sincerity, and admire the moral courage that led him to draw his sword, and cast his lot with a race that, in the estimation of many, had yet to win their right not only to be fought for, but to be allowed to fight for themselves.

In 1862 Colonel Higginson, then a Captain of Massachusetts Volunteers, was offered the command of "The First South Carolina Volunteers—the first Slave regiment mustered into the service of the United States during the late Civil War." It was an offer of flattering importance to a soldier, and yet one whose exact degree of honor was yet to be tested. It was a service that involved more than a soldier's skill, and yet gave less than a soldier's reward. The military service of the Slaves had been, thus far, only tentative. Whether the Blacks would or would not make good soldiers, was still an open question. General Butler had raised a troop in New Orleans; but they were recruited from the free colored population, the darkest of whom were—to borrow the General's grim illustration—"about the complexion of the late Mr. Webster." Now, Colonel Higginson's promised *protégés* were very black, and they seem to have been also very opaque in intellect. Unless these men could be brought to a decent standard of drill and discipline, Colonel Higginson was honest enough to admit that the fact of "their extreme blackness" could afford him, "even as a philanthropist, no satisfaction." But he accepted the charge—with what success we learn in the book before us.

From the Camp Diary—which treats of the preliminary discipline and trials of the regiment with Colonel Higginson's peculiar

humor and quick appreciation of character—to the more earnest and enthusiastic account of skirmishes and expeditions by land and sea, and the thoughtful conclusions in regard to the military adaptability of the race, there is little that is not interesting, much that is graphic and vivid, and more that is humorous and amusing. Divested of any past or present political significance, the story would still be most entertaining; while as a statement of the docility and capacity of the colored race, it must be—as far as Colonel Higginson's experience is valuable—quite conclusive.

Better than our author's philanthropy—perhaps we should rather say, an essential ingredient of it—is his humor: a quality which one is apt to regret as so rare among philanthropists. And Colonel Higginson's faculty of loving and laughing at his fellow-men, will not hurt him in the estimation of the healthy reader. That he saw the funny side of Sambo's character, did not prevent him from believing in its serious possibilities. And the reader will note the pathos, if he fail to detect the political significance, of the parental attitude which the gallant Colonel, all unconsciously, assumed toward his grown-up children, even to the recording of their "cunning" ways and sayings.

The writing of this book is distinguished by a certain quality which belongs to a few writers, for which we can not find just now a better term than "gentlemanliness." It is not that Colonel Higginson refrains from heroics, or that, having us at that disadvantage in which your philanthropist holds his fellow-man, he spares us all that he might say as a philanthropist, nor that his indignation is quiet and restrained when it might be so cheaply displayed; but that, having much to write about himself, and being, as it were, the central figure and hero of his story, he is direct, simple, and modest, as becomes "an officer and gentleman."

UNDER LOCK AND KEY. By T. W. Speight.
Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co.

It is to be hoped that the Great Mogul Diamond is lost forever—for all of the purposes of fiction—in the tarn of Ben Dallas,

where the cross and somewhat imbecile old "Lady Pollexfen" threw it, in obedience to a request—made in a dream—by an early lover. The Great Mogul Diamond, although it might be as large as a pigeon's egg, and shine with a more brilliant green light than any body is capable of imagining, was a ransom cheerfully paid to the voracity of the demon of the lake, in order to deliver "Graham"—a young man of whom nobody had before heard, and whom one feels to be a spurious character invented to meet the demands of the occasion.

It is, perhaps, as unfortunate for a novelist to burden himself with a possession of unusual and magnificent proportions, as it is for a man to draw an elephant in a lottery, or to be subjected to the dilemma in which "Parson Primrose" found himself after the family portraits were painted. There is eagerness, and hope, and expectancy until the object is obtained, and then a feeling of uneasiness, if not of blank despair, to know what to do with it. But, as has been stated, the diamond rests in the tarn, where it will have the opportunity of doing as much good, and is certainly safer than when merely "Under Lock and Key."

The significance of the title—and it is a happy one, and happily illustrated on the cover of the book—is one of its greatest attractions and merits. When an author has secured a felicitous title, he has won, if not half of the battle, at least a good advantage. It is unhesitatingly put down on the lists of a circulating library as a book which will be sure to take, for it piques curiosity. Under such favorable auspices, the story opens by describing a wise *old* child, who is living quite apart and alone in a large seminary for young ladies. The scene is, however, quickly transferred to a ghostly, or rather ghastly, English manor-house. After a few chapters of this, the heroine retires to a French boarding-school. In the meantime, a Russian gentleman, who lives in an unpretentious English country-house, in all the state of an Eastern magnifico; various military gentlemen, without morals or money; certain lawyers, possessing a supernatural insight into human affairs—lawyers whom we might say were lawyers *nascitur non fit*—in conjunction

with the G. M. D., occupy the stage. Most of these sacrifice their lives as the price of this costly bauble; but, at the last, the heroine is brought back, and marries a poor, but honorable captain; and, to quote the author's original quotation, "All is well that ends well."

FAIR HARVARD. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. London: S. Low, Son & Marston.

This book opens pleasantly enough, although it has an air of conscious humor which reminds one of the college-boy at home for his vacation. His self-conceit is irresistible, and no one feels disposed to quarrel with a quality which makes him happy and good-natured. But by and by his stories grow tiresome; his wit fails to elicit any thing but the sickliest of smiles, and his talk becomes so vapid, that when vacation is over we are glad to bid him "God-speed" back to the classic halls and the society of his adolescent companions, although he, to the end, shares with his female relatives the delusion that his wit and genius are transcendent. The bloom of college life is on all the pages of *Fair Harvard*. One's belief in epicurean breakfasts, lavish dinners, and sumptuous suppers, which constitute so important a part in that system of education, is not shaken by the *con amore* spirit in which they are written up. Neither should we be surprised at the redundancy of the classical quotations, nor the occasional lapses into metaphysics, nor yet at the erudition of the Boston young ladies in the pauses of a waltz, nor that the point of many of the college stories are not discernible. But we missed the vindication of the bloody games of foot-ball, and the accustomed admiration for the imposing, but outrageous ceremonies which attend initiation in the various college societies. We experienced a sense of relief that our author was emancipated from that much of the provincialism of college life, although he does not spare us somewhat lengthy, but graphic descriptions of them.

The quartette of friends, whose talk we listen to and whose jokes we laugh at, from their early Freshman days until, with many

sighs, they leave their *Alma Mater*, are admirably chosen. They possess the salient characteristics of New England, New York, Virginia, and Illinois. The New England man is metaphysical. The man from New York has an air of elegant nonchalance. The Southerner is fiery, and the Westerner earnest and epigrammatical. This was a natural and pleasing arrangement; the only remarkable circumstance is, that these gentlemen were always consistent. The New Englander was *always* metaphysical, and the other characters *always* assumed their wonted prerogatives. The deplorable absence of this characteristic in real life makes it, perhaps, the more refreshing to meet with it in fiction. Besides these, there was an interesting student, tinged with a pleasant melancholy, who fulfilled his mission by dying about the middle of the story. There was a moral certainty that he would do so, and the feeling of regret for his loss—for there was much that was genial and pleasant about him—was quite unaccompanied by surprise, as the relentless purpose was evidenced from the first that he would be sacrificed.

The sentiment is "high-toned," and much of it hypocritically simulated. There is no part of the book in which the genuine twang of college life and learning is not evident.

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA. Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and of a Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By Raphael Pumpelly, Professor in Harvard University, and sometime Mining Engineer in the service of the Chinese and Japanese Governments. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870. pp. 454.

Your modern tourist is nothing, if not circumnavigator: the run through Switzerland, the grand tour of Europe, and the voyage to the North Pole, all belong to an infant age of travel. Your modern traveler, who "spends his own substance to see that of other men"—as some venerable churl has phrased it—takes in the whole entire globe with one glance of his comprehensive mind, and rattles off his account of what he saw in New York, San Francisco, China, Japan, India, Persia, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and a breathless catalogue of countries, with the

same light and airy manner that Albert Smith would use in a description of a boat voyage down the Thames. He who wrote a book about the natural history of Walden Pond is utterly wiped out by the dashing tourist who dispatches the globe in a duodecimo, or gives us the world and its inhabitants in an octavo nutshell. To be sure, one must lose the conscientious exactness of Thoreau, and the minute fidelity of "Lemuel Gulliver," in a dash around the sphere; but one does not always want to know the habits of the bugs of Concord Woods, nor whether the mutton of Lilliput be superior to English beef. Mr. Coffin, in his *New Way Round the World*, was too thoroughly Bostonian not to see wherein Egypt was deficient in the institutions of his own beloved city, though Karnak might be lost sight of, and the tombs of the Pharaohs be of no account. And when we followed Mr. Dilke, in his great character of the Englishman traveling with a Purpose, we saw that his imaginative pencil sketched not only the small things that were, but the small things that were not—when they were needed for his aforesaid Purpose.

But Professor Pumpelly as far excels, in descriptive power, both these writers, as his massive and compact volume outweighs their more superficial results. We can not now recall any recent traveler whose diction is quite as perfect in style, and whose faculty of description so admirably supplements his faculty of seeing. He sees only what we would like to see; and while he does not weary one with tedious descriptions of things which strike only his own attention, he does not fill his landscape with the huge historic objects of the guide-books, leaving all the rest of the picture to be filled in by the strained imagination of the reader. Whatever else there may be about this book, there is no baldness. It is warm, glowing, human, and luminous, through and through.

In the latter part of 1860, Professor Pumpelly went across the continent, from the Atlantic States to Arizona, where he spent nearly a year in a vain attempt to "develop" a silver mine in the Santa Rita Valley. Of his wild life—harassed by wild Apaches, and threatened by equally wild bandit borderers—we have four chapters; and these chapters

are not the least eventful and stirring of the book. In November, 1861, he sailed from San Francisco for Japan, having received an appointment as Geologist in the service of the Japanese Government. A survey of the Empire of Japan—geologic, geographic, ethnologic, historic, and political—furnishes eight or nine chapters, one of which, on Japanese Art, is contributed by Mr. John la Farge, and is curious and interesting. A transfer to China from Japan is easily and naturally made; and in 1863 Professor Pumpelly became engaged as an explorer of the coal-fields of northern China, acting under an Imperial commission. Sundry discouragements combined to alienate him from this indefinite position, and he betook himself to Europe, across Mongolia and the tablelands of Asia. Here is a boundless field for observation and exploitation, and the author has not neglected his opportunities.

The chapters containing the geographical sketches of Japan and China, are valuable contributions to general literature. It is a pity that one can not say as much of that part of the work which relates to the moral, social, and political aspects of the people. The author says he dwelt beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Burlingame, late United States Minister at Pekin: and he appears to have thoroughly imbibed the views of that distinguished diplomatist; else he considers that his debt of gratitude to Mr. Burlingame can best be liquidated by an analysis and defense of the co-operative policy of foreign nations in China, about which there are so many diverse opinions just now. The author thought that the race of Chinamen were chattering animals—were producers of tea, and consumers of opium—until he was domesticated in Mr. Burlingame's family; and then he made haste to repair his first hasty judgment by such a florid and rosy estimate of the character of the people as has been seldom seen outside the Chinese pastoral poems. Instead of the lying, brutish, deceitful, and habitually immoral people, who have been heretofore pictured to us by those whom we have accepted as authorities on Chinese affairs, we have a simple-minded, guileless race, lacking only the crook and shepherd's pipe to transform them into Corydons and

Phyllis of the Celestial Flowery Land. Every thing is extremely lovely, and the only element of vileness is found in the foreign population. The average foreigner in Japan, according to Professor Pumpelly, goes about the streets breaking the heads of the natives; or, if he takes a steam excursion on the river, he experiences a savage joy in running down a boat-load of Chinese, drowning all who have not the good luck to be able to save themselves. This is lamentable—not in Mr. Pumpelly, of course, for he must be supposed to record the facts—but in the average foreigner in China. What is the moral status of the exceptionally bad foreigner in China, the author tenderly declines to reveal. The average specimen is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call by any name worse than that which Mr. Pumpelly gives him. Strange to say, this variety of foreigner in China has been heretofore unknown: he appears in no other work on the country. The average reader, however, will prefer to accept the less flattering estimate of Chinese character and Chinese interior politics which appears in the elaborate and painstaking work of Dr. Williams. His *Middle Kingdom* is regarded universally as standard authority upon Chinese affairs; as a book written by a man who has spent a life-time in China deserves to be.

But this is only a minor blemish in the work under notice, albeit the author evidently considers that part which relates to Western policy in China as one of its most important features. The views, such as they are, are the author's own, and are deserving of respectful consideration, at least; and we can forgive the unfavorable mention of the foreigners in China, as well as the too flattering picture of the adherents of the soil, to an author who can write as agreeably as Mr. Pumpelly. One closes a perusal of his book, only regretting that the writer has been obliged to be so rapid in his sketches across Asia.

DAVID ELGINBROD. By George McDonald, M. A. Boston: Loring.

A style of book-making in which foot-notes were appended for the benefit of those read-

ers who might chance to be not so well informed as the author, is now traditional. The conscientious reading of a book prepared in this way was rather a formidable thing; but, at the same time, it admitted of some degree of intelligibility. In the present reaction from the semi-barbarous customs of a century ago, people are apt to feel insulted at explanations, and they read unintelligible dialects with, perhaps, more faith than understanding. Bad as foot-notes are, if such an author as Mr. McDonald—who has much to say that is worth understanding—would render the Scotch dialect into King's English, he would be conferring a blessing upon his readers. The essential good of such a method would probably compensate for the loss of mere quaintness.

The character of David Elginbrod is strong, stern, and thoughtful; but he appears only in the opening chapters. Yet his simple, clear, and forcible views of life so impress the young tutor, Mr. Sutherland, that, in after-years, they rescue him from the horrible fate of being a mere pedant, and transmute the dross of common humanity into the pure gold of the hero. Genealogically, it is interesting to know that David believes himself to be a descendant of the Martin Elginbrodde of the well-known epitaph. Of the bonnie Scotch lassie, the rather cold and unimpassioned heroine, it is only necessary to say that she is a feminine counterpart of her father, David Elginbrod. The force and picturesqueness employed in the descriptions of Nature, and a happy perspicuity of language throughout, give the book a value which it lacks in the arrangement of the plot, and rather stilted character of the incidents.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By James Greenwood. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Mr. Greenwood, who seems to unite with much sturdy, practical philanthropy a zeal and enterprise that would make the fortune of any reporter for a first-class daily, will be familiar to most readers as "The Amateur Casual"—that courageous *littérateur* who assumed the livery of pauperism, and willingly shared its disgrace and privations, that he might tell the world how a moiety of it

lived and suffered. In the present volume, he dwells at length upon "Neglected Children," "Professional Beggars," "Professional Thieves," "Fallen Women," "The Curse of Drunkenness," "Betting Gamblers," and "Waste of Charities"—the "Seven Curses," not only of London, but, indeed, of all large cities. The record is not a pleasant one, and, while we pay our tribute of admiration to Mr. Greenwood's reportorial skill, we can not help feeling, alas! that there is but little reportorial exaggeration in the facts he has collected. He is seldom sentimental, but has his own theories of reform, and they are bold, practical, and worthy of consideration.

OUR HOME PHYSICIAN. By Geo. M. Beard, M. D.

A glance at the preface of this volume will be likely to prepossess the unscientific reader in its favor; and this prepossession will, probably, be borne out by the opinion of his family physician, to whom, as an intelligent, though unscientific reader, he will, of course, refer it. The author seems to be fully alive to the progress that has been made in medical science during the last few years. He says, "Instead of bleeding and calomel, tartar-emetic, and low diet, we now give tonics and stimulants, iron and quinine, cod-liver oil and whisky, air and sunlight, and a plenty of nourishing food." Grateful, indeed, should the present generation be that they have escaped the dangers of the old-time lancet and tartar-

emetic, and the fearful evils personified in the doctor as he was, and are now permitted to lengthen out their days with such blessings as arsenic, strychnine, quinine, iron, and whisky. And, perhaps, the more generally this volume is introduced into families, the better it will be for them, and the worse for quacks.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have added another volume of *Miscellanies* to the Household Edition of Thackeray; besides issuing, in the same form, the novels of his daughter, whose talent, though clever, seems, according to Dr. Elam's theory, to suffer the limitations of genius of the first rank transmitted one degree. The same firm has also collected *Emerson's Prose*, in two compact, solid, clear-typed volumes, of good library size and finish, and withal of a reasonable price. Every admirer of Emerson who has felt the want of a convenient and uniform edition of the Concord philosopher, will be grateful. A complete (Diamond) edition of *Lowell's Poems*—we believe, the only one—including *Under the Willows*, is also among Fields, Osgood & Co.'s later publications. It is a small volume, in a type too fine, we fear, to make any new readers; and, perhaps, useful only for reference by his admirers.

Sever, Francis & Co. have published a cheaper text-book edition of De Tocqueville, corresponding with volume first of the *Democracy in America*, under the title of *American Institutions*.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE FOURTH VOLUME

Commenced January 1st, 1870.

This magazine has become universally recognized as the best exponent of the Social, Literary, and Material Progress of the Pacific Slope, and it is the intention of the proprietor to retain in future numbers its characteristic reputation for

ESSAYS ON LOCAL MATERIAL RESOURCES;

TRAVELS AND GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;

STUDIES OF WESTERN MANNERS AND CIVILIZATION;

INDEPENDENT LITERARY CRITICISM;

With such other additions as may tend to the higher development of the Social, Literary, Material and Moral Resources of the West.

The increased emigration to California consequent upon the completion of the Pacific Railroad, renders a magazine honestly devoted to these special topics, a necessity to the immigrant, and Western traveler.

Our California Agent is now in the Eastern States for the transaction of all business connected with the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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Is published on the 1st of each Month,

By A. ROMAN & CO.,

Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

TERMS:—\$4.00 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

CLUB RATES:—Two copies, \$7.00; Five copies, \$16.00; Ten copies, \$30.00; and each additional copy, \$3.00. For every Club of Twenty Subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished GRATIS.

The volumes commence with the January and July numbers of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the first number of the current volume, and back numbers will be sent accordingly.

Bound volumes, each containing the numbers for six months, will be supplied at \$3.00 per volume.

The Postage within the United States is 24 cents a year, and is payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Foreign subscriptions must be prepaid, and the necessary amount must accompany the subscription.

The magazine will not be sent after the term of subscription closes, until it is renewed.

Contributions to the pages of the magazine are solicited from all parts of our common country. Western Sketches and Studies will claim (the merit being equal) a precedence. The name and address of the author should be placed at the head of every manuscript.

A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

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✂ Address all exchanges to “OVERLAND MONTHLY.”

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Instruction is given in the University by forty-nine professors and forty-two other teachers, lecturers, tutors, instructors, and assistants. The present number of students is eleven hundred and seven, divided among the following departments:

HARVARD COLLEGE. ADMISSION.—The requisites for admission to Harvard College, which have been slightly modified this year, are stated in the catalogue. Teachers may obtain recent examination papers on application. Lists of the public and private schools from which young men have entered the College during the last three years will be sent on demand.

The examinations for admission begin this year on June 30th, and September 8th, each occupying three days.

INSTRUCTION is given in the undergraduate department by twenty professors and thirteen tutors and instructors. From the beginning of the second year each student chooses his own studies in the main.

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NECESSARY EXPENSES for room, board, tuition, fuel, lights, and books, are about \$350 a year. Money is freely given and lent to promising students. There are, moreover, seventy scholarships, with a total disposable income of more than \$15,000 a year.

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Most of the above courses of lectures will be given twice a week through one term (nineteen weeks); a few once a week through one term, or twice a week through half a term. A separate fee will be charged for each course: \$10 a term for a full course, and \$5 for a half course. Students will choose their own

courses, paying the fees therefor in advance at the beginning of each term. There is no examination for admission. At the close of each course an examination is held; but attendance at these examinations is voluntary.

The University courses are intended for graduates of colleges, teachers, and other competent adults (men or women). They are open, free of charge, to all professors in colleges or professional schools, and to all officers of Instruction and Government in this University.

DIVINITY SCHOOL.—The full course occupies three years. The necessary expenses are about \$200 a year. Indigent students can be largely aided. The next year begins September 12th.

LAW SCHOOL.—The complete course occupies two years. Instruction is given by lectures, by moot courts, by cases given to students for written or oral opinions, and by exercises in pleading at Common Law and in Equity. The necessary expenses are about \$300 a year. The next year begins September 12th. The LAW LIBRARY contains 15,000 volumes.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The School is established in Boston, to secure the advantages which are afforded only by large cities. There are two sessions—the winter lecture session, from November 3d to February 22d, and the summer session, divided into two terms, one from March 20th to June 1th, and the other from September 3d to November 1st. Students have gratuitous admission to a large number of lectures delivered at Cambridge. They have access to two large hospitals, a dispensary, and an Eye and Ear Infirmary. The fee for the year is \$200; for the winter session, \$121; for the summer session, \$169.

DENTAL SCHOOL.—This School is established in Boston in connection with the Medical School. Its students attend the medical lectures upon Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, and Chemistry. Instruction is given in Operative Dentistry, Dental Pathology, and Mechanical Dentistry. The Lecture Session begins on the first Wednesday in November, and lasts four months. The fee, including demonstrator's tickets, is \$110.

LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.—This School embraces the departments of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mathematics, Engineering, Zoology and Geology, and Botany. Examinations for admission to the departments of Engineering and Chemistry will be held June 15th, and September 14th. The fee in the department of Chemistry is \$200 a year; in the department of Engineering, \$150 a year.

SCHOOL OF MINING AND PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—This School has for its object the instruction of students in Practical Geology, the Art of Mining, and kindred branches. The full course occupies four years. Examinations for admission will be held June 16th and September 14th. The fee for the first year is \$130; for the other years, \$200.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.—MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.—MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY.—These are three large and efficient scientific establishments connected with the University. Special students are received into the Observatory and the Museum of Zoology.

EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The annual term opens on the third Wednesday in September. Tuition, room-rent, and the use of books and furniture are free. Students of the School have the use of the University Library, and are admitted to the lectures delivered to undergraduates.

For catalogues or other documents, address J. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

Vol. 4.

No. 3.

THE
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

MARCH, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:

A. ROMAN & Co., PUBLISHERS,

417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,

Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 4.—MARCH, 1870.—No. 3.

TRAIL-MAKING IN THE OREGON MOUNTAINS.

WE left Oregon City, in July, for a contemplated long term of mountaineering.

If that preluding paragraph needs explanation, here is one, at the reader's service. Our party of six were all "Old Oregonians"—a title synonymous with "Pioneer" or "Forty-niner" in California—and meaning that what we did not know about crossing the Plains, mountaineering, camping out, and "roughing it" in general, was not worth mentioning. Some of us had come to the Oregon Territory as mature men, others as beardless boys; but, one and all, we were trained in the rude craft of woodsmen, hunters, path-finders—could drive an ox-team, or pack a mule-train, or keep the trail afoot like born aborigines.

It is but natural to suppose, that, having gained all this experience under the teachings of stern necessity, we ought to have been content to forswear further hardships of this sort, and remain quietly upon our farms in the beautiful valley of the Wallamet. But the love of adventure is a cultivable quality, and

"grows by what it feeds on." Not to deceive the reader by this aphorism, let it be here distinctly understood that love of adventure was not the impulse which set in motion the expedition of which we are now writing, but a still stronger love: the longing for the golden root of all evil, and the desire to sit under the branches of the tree it brings forth, as under our "own vine and fig-tree."

There had long been popular, in Oregon, a story of gold-discovery, made by the immigration of 1845, somewhere about the head-waters of Crooked River, an eastern tributary of the Des Chutes. Legends of a yellow metal so malleable that nuggets of it had been hammered out upon the tires of their wagon-wheels by the immigrants, had been revived from year to year ever since the discovery of gold in California; and various efforts had been made by chimney-corner explorers to determine the exact locality of the "digginga," with no better results than the final establishment of an opinion that they really existed somewhere in eastern Oregon, upon the bor-

ders of a lake, whose location was very indefinite. It was to confirm or explode the belief in the "lake diggings" that our expedition was undertaken. From our rendezvous at Oregon City we were to proceed, with horses for riding and "packing," by way of the road around the base of Mount Hood to the Dalles, and thence, according to our best judgment, into the unknown region lying to the south and east of the established routes of travel. Twelve years had elapsed since that immigrant party, while endeavoring to follow a cut-off, had blundered upon nuggets of pure gold, blunderingly hammered them out on their wagon-wheels, and then threw them away as a worthless curiosity—the greatest blunder of all.

We had no hope, therefore, of finding a twelve-year-old trail in a country of rolling plains covered with bunch-grass, alternating with alkaline deserts and extensive marshes. We were out as soldiers of Fortune, and trusted to find that goddess propitious; hoping, as Dennis was wont continually to assert, that "the devil was dead."

The road from Oregon City to the Dalles lies through a country thickly timbered with fir, except where small prairies occur at intervals between the water-courses. After crossing the Clackamas, the general level is not much broken until the last crossing of the Sandy—a rapid, rock-fretted stream, which, after many windings, makes its way from the snows of the Cascade peaks to its junction with the magnificently calm Columbia, a few miles above Vancouver. The first noticeably great ascent in the Mount Hood road is at Laurel Hill, where, for a distance of about one mile, it is a steady pull up, or a sliding descent down. The early immigrants well remember it. The first train which came through with teams from the Dalles made from eight to ten miles per day; their forces being occupied most of the time

in cutting out of the way trees, up which the forward wheel, on one side or the other, persisted in trying to run. The most skillful driving did not prove skillful enough to guide the staggering oxen through the narrow way provided by the road-makers.

If their wagons would run up trees on nearly level ground, what was their course when they came to Laurel Hill, with an incline of sixty degrees before and below them, and a heavy load urging the jaded oxen from behind and above them? As succeeding trains gradually widened the way, compelled to the labor by this tendency of wheels to be caught upon one side or the other, a new difficulty arose. It was better to be stopped by a tree than not to be stopped at all, or to find one's team or wagon rushing down the side of a mountain, like an avalanche, to certain death and destruction.

To overcome both this danger and the force of gravitation good-sized trees were felled, and, with the limbs left on to act as grappling-irons, were secured to the wagons in the rear; and in this manner, the descent was accomplished in safety. But woe to the careless or the unlucky wight, whose improvised "brake" became uncoupled. The best he could hope for, in that case, was, that a fore-wheel would dash up a tree, even if an upset was the consequence. It sometimes happened that the oxen struck their heads against a solid fir trunk: in which case their proprietor suddenly found himself *minus* that yoke of oxen, and *plus* a great many fragments of wagon and contents.

We recounted incidents like these, which we had witnessed on our entrance into Oregon, as we ascended Laurel Hill—now much improved—on our way out of it. I say "out of it," for a true Oregonian never includes that portion of the State lying east of the Cascades in his State geography. To him the Wallamet

Valley represents all of Oregon and "the rest of mankind;" and we were of that class. Another peculiarity of the pure Oregonian must be, that he was born in a Western or South-western State, was raised in Missouri, and has at some time resided in Yamhill County, of the Wal-lamet Valley. All this being predicated, he is sure of being not only a "simon-pure" Oregonian, but even of attaining to greatness, in some form or other. This faith in Yamhill is carried to such an extent that aspiring young men from other parts of the State find it necessary to take summer board over on the classic shores of the Yamhill River, as a starter on the road to success in life. The annals of Yamhill County would constitute an interesting agglomeration of testimony on this subject.

At Mountain Meadows—the highest point on the mountain road we were traversing, and not far from the snow-line on Mount Hood—we seemed to be right at the base of this majestic peak, where, disengaging itself from the company of lesser peaks, it springs up clear and free—a pyramid of rock and ice, thousands of feet higher than its neighbors—bold in outline, clear-cut, symmetrical, inexpressibly grand. For a little distance above us, as it appeared from our stand-point, the mountain was belted with a girdle of dark firs. Above and beyond that, all was sharply defined in white and black: glistening, white snow-fields reaching up and up, scarred here and there with projecting needles of basalt, or lined for immense distances by rocky ridges, and yawning chasms of blackness. So cold, hard, immovable it looked, it was difficult for the imagination to impute to its volcanic forces the formation of that vast basaltic and plutonic mass over which we were traveling. But we were aware of the deceitful nature of this frozen aspect, since we had witnessed with our own eyes, on a fine, clear morning in autumn, a column

of fire or molten matter shoot upward, from near the summit of Mount Hood—a distance that must have been a hundred feet—followed by another of dense, black smoke, which rose two or three times as high. The grand old mountain is not often stirred in these centuries of peace; but it holds within its bosom fires that have never gone out since the morning of creation.

The eastern and western slopes of the Cascade Range differ widely in the quantity and quality of their timber. Owing to the excess of moisture, of rain and fog—which their great height hinders from traveling across their summits—the western slope of the Cascades presents a perfectly wonderful luxuriance of vegetation. From the loftiest firs to the vine, maple, and ferns which form a tangled undergrowth, every thing has done its best at growing, until these mountain forests are equal, in point of impenetrability, to an African jungle. On the eastern slope is the opposite of this luxuriance. A small growth of pines is found, but not dense enough to conceal the sterile appearance of the extensive upheaval of trap-rock. In place of the coolness and moisture of the west-side forests, here is almost tropical heat and aridity.

At the Dalles is the culmination of this dryness and heat. Here is sand, gray, brown, and black rock, a river rushing through a fissure in the rocks, mountains for a background, a brazen sky overhead, stillness to suffocation, or a tempest of wind, and a hurricane of sand. Nevertheless, if you can find a comfortable hour in the twenty-four wherein to go sight-seeing, there are views here that for uniqueness are unparalleled. The Columbia here presents its most remarkable phase, being compressed from its usual majestic breadth of current into a stream of from one hundred and sixty to five hundred feet in width, flowing between walls of solid rock for more than two miles; while a broad bottom-

land of rock (to use an Hibernicism) extends along its margin, and rises into terraces on either side.

The town itself is bordered to the south by foot-hills, which rise slowly back, covered sparsely with pines and some deciduous trees. From the crest of any of these hills, you may have a view of Mount Hood and Mount Adams that is unsurpassed. The latter snow-peak is, if not so high as the other, of a beautiful and majestic form, rivaling in grandeur any peak in Oregon. The sunsets and sunrises upon these mountains, seen through the medium of the clear and dry atmosphere of this locality, furnish some of the most charming effects imaginable. Should you chance to be up about five o'clock of a July morning, you would be thrilled by the spectacle of Mount Hood's snowy pyramid standing out, clearly defined against the pale gray of dawn: not white, as at noonday, but pink, as the heart of a Sharon rose, from base to summit. A little later it has faded, and, by the most lovely transitions of color and light, now looks golden, now pearly, and, finally, glistens whitely in the full glare of the risen sun.

Some of the evening effects are equally beautiful, as at certain times of the year the sun sets in the direction of this peak as seen from the Dalles, wrapping it in the most gorgeous hues of the dying day. One of the most singular, as well as striking metamorphoses which I have seen Mount Hood undergo, was observed from the west side of the range in which it stands. At sunset, after looking as rosy as a rose, it suddenly turns pale, with a pallor that is absolutely colorless and ghostly; looking, indeed, for a few short seconds, like a spectre of itself. But all at once—as suddenly as it grew pallid—a second flush comes over it, only less warm than its previous color, but of much less duration. Fading away quickly, the mountain then assumes a

cool, bluish white, not at all like the spectral effect of a few moments before: and its daylight transitions are ended until another sunrise, though its moonlight ones may not be, for the snowy peaks are distinctly visible at a distance of sixty miles by the light of a full moon.

At the Dalles, our party made the final preparations for invading the Indian country, much against the advice and persuasions of the citizens of that post, who insisted that we should meet Indians on the war-path, not far to the eastward. So urgent were they that about three of the half-dozen began to waver, and, perhaps, would then and there have ended the expedition, but for the resistance offered to such a "backing down" by the other three, which included the historian of the campaign.

It becomes necessary here to outline, though with a discreet delicacy of touch, the several members of our exploring party. Commencing with the historian, who was also leader, and may answer to the name and style of Self: he was a young man of twenty-five, six feet two in his stockings, fearless, fond of adventure; two learned doctors, Doctor Mc—— and Doctor R——; two young fellows, who answered respectively to the names of Major and Jim; and a plain, stout, resolute farmer from Yamhill. Doctor Mc——, being in bad health, was not to be counted on as fighting material.

With this force we marched, about the last of July, out into the Indian country, trusting that, although the savages were at war with the "Bostons," the devil was dead, and we should elude the traces of his lineal descendants on this march. Vain expectation!

Proceeding south-eastwardly to the crossing of the Des Chutes River, over high, rolling plains covered with bunch-grass and destitute of timber, we found here another instance of the peculiar character of the rivers which cross the

great plains in the interior of the continent: the Des Chutes, at this place, flowing through a rocky *cañon*, whose perpendicular walls rise one and two thousand feet above its foaming flood. Just below this *cañon* and the falls of the Des Chutes is the crossing, which, had it been our purpose to encounter the lineal descendants before mentioned, we should have taken to convey ourselves across. But Self and party decided that it would be the better way to keep up the west bank of the river to the crossing of the Fremont Trail, near the junction of the Crooked River with the Des Chutes.

Fording the Tyghe—a rapid stream coming down from Mount Hood, and debouching into the Des Chutes not far above the falls—we proceeded south, over an open country, crossing the Metulla, a small stream having its source among a cluster of hot springs, boiling up out of the earth. Just to the south of these, and on another rapid stream from the snows of Mount Jefferson, is situated the Warm Spring Reservation, the home of the Wascopams, variously known as the Wasco and Des Chutes Indians. Here, again, we received warning it was not safe to venture into the Indian country with so small a party—the Snakes, who roam the whole territory to the south-east, having made a raid on the Wascopams, at the Reservation, a few days previous. The direction in which they were gone could not be known, but we were liable to encounter them.

This report rather dampened the ardor of the six. However, we once more resolved to go ahead, helping ourselves, and trusting the gods would help us. The next day's march was to the south, about twenty-five miles east of Mount Jefferson. This peak, though not so high as those to the north, was, in 1857, of an imposing appearance, shooting up sharply against the sky, in the form of an

irregular pyramid. Since then, a large portion of its pointed apex has fallen in, or otherwise disappeared. This mountain, too, we have seen throwing out flame and smoke within the past four years. With our eyes glancing, alternately, at the beautiful views offered us, and scanning the horizon for Indians, we kept steadily on until sunset.

So far, all had gone well with the exploring party, who were now pretty well convinced that his Satanic Majesty was defunct, and that they were destined to discover the root of every evil in very large deposits somewhere over on Crooked River. But, alas for human expectations! On clambering to the top of a ridge, on the lookout for a good camping-ground, we became suddenly conscious of the observation of about one hundred pairs of savage eyes, directed toward us; and aware, also, that this party of one hundred were on the war-path, as evidenced by the absence of their women and children, and by the paint and feathers in which they were bedecked.

Here was a supreme moment: one hundred to six—and one of the six not in fighting condition. To attempt a retreat, would have been to invite an immediate attack. In the few moments given for deliberation, visions of bloody scalps, of murdered immigrants, of smoldering farm-houses, were mixed with entrancing views of Yamhill; and voices sounded in our ears, whose tones had never been so sweet before. But nothing of this escaped our lips. A few brief words in council were all we uttered, in which were mixed some cautious recommendations from the invalid Doctor to attempt to save ourselves by flight to the mountains. The other suggestions were just a jumble of worthless expedients, as impracticable as flight. It seemed to Self that there was but one course left open which offered half a chance of life: and that was to advance boldly, and make our camp where we had intended,

in full view of these lineal descendants of his resuscitated Satanic Majesty. To this proposal, the two Doctors, and the Major, and Jim, and the Farmer pronounced a chorus of noes.

In the meantime, great activity prevailed in the camp of the enemy. There was running to and fro, gesticulating, brandishing of weapons, and a lively excitement among the one hundred: all of which promised little enough for our success in gold-hunting. These movements more than confirmed the determination of Self to make a bold stroke for another life-lease; and, spurring up his horse, he rode carelessly forward to a good camping-place, threw saddle on the ground, and let his horse go loose. Though doubtful at first of the expediency of this movement, the company followed their leader, and their little camp was soon formed.

The astonishment of the Indians at such bravado, was very great. After consuming some time in conferring upon it among themselves, their head-Chief signed to the leader of the Whites that he desired an interview. This being agreed to, the two met upon ground midway between their encampments, and held, according to Indian custom, "a talk." The band proved to be a war-party from the Snake tribe, ripe for any mischief, either to Whites, or hostile tribes of their own color, which might present itself. The Chief boasted much of their strength and prowess, and exhibited strong curiosity to know the errand of the Whites, and the secret of their bravery. To this questioning, Self made answer:

"You are a great Chief, and have many young warriors to do your bidding. If a great Chief thinks it a great action to set a hundred fighting men upon six poor travelers, he can do so: no one can prevent him. We are six children of the great father of the Bostons, who are traveling through your country to see

its beauties and its excellence. You can stop us; you can kill us; and our great father will send his fighting men to inquire into it. Do what you think wise and good. You see our camp. We have not run away from you. Our strong men number as many as you have fingers on one hand. We love peace: we have not come to fight: but we can die, if we must. We are not afraid."

To all of which piece of moral strategy the Chief listened with evident approval, evinced by expressive ejaculations. The little hint about our father's fighting men was not lost upon him. In the wars of the previous ten years, a wholesome respect for "Boston" prowess had forced itself into the Indian mind, always appreciative in that direction. Having promised to regard us as friends, he returned to his warriors, gave them their cue, and directly all was quiet in both camps.

Sleep was light in our company that night. At the earliest dawn we were on the march. To think of continuing our expedition in the direction first contemplated, had become impossible; to return the way we came, was likewise impracticable. We decided upon dividing into parties of two, in order to make faint trails, and to keep the same general direction toward the south for a certain length of time, when we expected to meet. By daylight, we had reached the forest among the foot-hills, where, by caution and vigilance, we hoped to elude any spies that might be sent to watch our movements. Traveling as rapidly as was practicable, our three divisions met before nightfall in safety, when we made our camp in silence, and without fire, the better to escape the vigilant eyes of any savage prowler.

It now became evident that the search for the "lake diggings" could not be prosecuted with any hope of success that summer. We had neither the men, nor the provisions, for such an undertaking. To roam about over the Snake

country, dodging the rascals at every turn, would require a far different outfit from that of the "honest miner;" and we had no mind to leave our bones bleaching in the August sun, as a memento of fool-hardiness.

But to get back to the Wallamet Valley: "ay, there was the rub." To return as we came, was not to be thought of. Our Snake friends were expecting us in that direction. To cross the Cascade Mountains, making our own trail: that was what we had to do. The undertaking looked formidable, and very formidable we found it. There is not limit in an article of this kind to descend to details of weather, time, camps, trifling accidents, etc. As to the route which we should take, there was a difference of opinion. Self would have preferred undertaking to cross in the direction of the head-waters of the Santiam, and, by following down that stream, to come out in the central part of the valley. Being overruled, the general consent was obtained to an attempt to cross in the neighborhood of that magnificent group of peaks, called the Three Sisters.

The neighborhood and immediate vicinity of this group is altogether one of the most interesting to the tourist and geologist of any portion of the Cascade Range. Far to the eastward of these, and in the direction of the "lake diggings," extends a vast plain of volcanic ashes, into which the legs of a horse sink eighteen or twenty inches. We traveled over this hopelessly sterile country the summer following the one of which we are writing, and found, not nuggets of gold, nor even a lake where a lake once was, but immense tracts of volcanic country, with numerous springs of boiling water about the sources of Crooked River. Due east of the Three Sisters, and on the east side of the Des Chutes River, is an extinct crater, whose present walls are not more than two or

three hundred feet high. Its diameter is about half a mile, and its form that of a cup. The lava from this crater, with scoria, obsidian, and ashes, cover a large extent of country.

A few miles north-east of the Three Sisters, and on the west side of the Des Chutes, into which it empties, is a spring of such dimensions that it supplies alone the water to form a stream as large as the Santiam River. Whence comes the supply of water in the spring? It is not often that we find a stream of that size bursting out of the ground in one vent like this.

The Three Sisters stand in a triangular group, the base of the triangle being toward the west, or joining on to the Cascade Range. Though perfectly distinct peaks—the northernmost being highest—they are connected at bottom by lesser intervening elevations. Like all the snowy peaks in Oregon, they rise from the eastern side of the range, and are seen most completely from that side.

Accustomed as we were to mountains and mountain views, the appearance of the Three Sisters forced from us the profoundest expressions of admiration and delight. So lofty, so symmetrical, so beautifully grouped! Nor were there wanting adjuncts, which, by comparison, gave an intenser interest to the scene. Among others was a solitary tower, or needle, of basalt, many hundreds of feet high, standing by itself at the foot of the mountains, like some grim sentinel at the foot of the Olympian heights.

Having made our camp at the foot of the north Sister, we prepared—those of us who were able—for an ascent. Two motives combined to urge us to this undertaking: one, a love of grandeur; the other, necessity of finding some lookout lofty enough to give us some landmarks by which to shape our course in getting through the mountains. The necessity of this latter will be fully comprehended when we mention that the base of the

Cascade Range is about eighty miles in thickness, and that every height, and depth, and shape of ruggedness are contained in those eighty miles.

On the north-east side of the mountain we had chosen to climb, the rise is, first, a sharp slope, covered with broken rock; then a vast snow-field of eighty degrees' incline, until the side of the mountain begins to appear almost concave, after which it shoots up nearly perpendicular to the top. Jim and the Major decided to try the snow-field, the same being crossed horizontally by crevices of great extent—as if the weight of the snow and the inclination of the bulk had caused great masses of it to slide a little distance down the mountain, leaving a fissure where it had broken off. While Doctor R—and Self chose a path up one of the rocky and nearly bare ridges that divide the snow-fields, Jim and the Major were pursuing their toilsome way up the steep ascent of frozen snow by cutting steps in its glittering surface with their hunting-knives.

As our way, if seemingly longer, was quicker and surer, we of the ridge looked down with amusement upon the labors of our inconsiderate comrades. By climbing, crawling, and clinging, they at length reached the edge of the first *crevasse*, and we could see them holding on to the edge, and looking over into it. As to their getting above it, we knew that to be impossible. Could they have thrown themselves across its fifteen-feet chasm, they must have inevitably slipped back into it from the glassy surface above. From their observations—as they told us afterward—it was impossible to judge of the depth of the *crevasse*; but they had chipped off from the edge large pieces of frozen snow and tumbled them in, listening to hear them strike, but hearing no sound. They could see down, they thought, about three hundred feet.

After satisfying their curiosity, they began to consider the probable vicissi-

tudes of a return to a lesser altitude. Starting cautiously down, and holding back by striking their heels into the snow—making but slight impressions—first one, and then the other, lost his hold, and slid swiftly, swiftly, ever more swiftly—darting like an arrow from a bow—straight down the mountain-side, toward the rocks below the snow-line. Jim, who was the most active and light of the two, managed to draw his knife from its scabbard and strike it into the snow, and, by holding on with a grip like a vice, to check his speed; but we, who were looking on from above, laughed heartily, in spite of the peril, to see him carried quite around his knife-hilt by the momentum acquired in the descent—like a plummet at the end of a string swung in the fingers.

Neither of the young men sustained any serious injury, though the Major was somewhat bruised by being rushed so, like a mountain torrent, upon a bed of broken rock. He made so light of his injuries, that he hastened to join us of the ridge, while Jim remained in camp, with the invalid Doctor and the Farmer. Thus reinforced, we made what haste we could, knowing what a day's work was before us.

We pass over the easily imagined experience of climbing rocky steeps over steeps, until the summit was attained. Only of the view which we three beheld from the peak of the most northern of the Three Sisters, have we room to speak. Indescribable as it is, we must try to describe it. To the north of us stretched the Cascade Range, with its wilderness of mountains, overtopped by Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood. To the south, the same wilderness of mountains was seen over the tops of the other Sisters, with Diamond Peak, South Peak, Mount McLaughlin, and a far-distant peak which we thought might be Shasta. To the east spread away immense plains, on which the river-courses appeared as

on a map, bounded by the Blue Mountains; toward the west, the valley of the Wallamet, and the Coast Range beyond, with all the familiar water-courses, the well-known *butter*, and the tracts of timbered lands. We could discern, if not the towns themselves, the places where they should be, and even locate, by the shape of the coast mountains, our beloved Yamhill. Taking the immensity of the picture, its charming variety, its lovely lights and shades, all in connection with the soft blue of an August sky over the whole, the scene was enchanting—first to joy, then to sadness—as are all pleasures too great for our grasp.

But, as an undertone to our *jubilate*, ran the thought that before we could reach the heart of that beautiful valley on which we oftenest turned to gaze, we must penetrate the many miles of forest, and jungle, and fern-brake, which intervened; must find our way, by sun, moon, and stars, over precipices, around chasms, across torrents, through the shadows of thick woods; and *must* find it straight and soon, or perish. This form of the potential mood, being duly considered, enabled us to impress upon our minds a particular map of the country beneath, with the points of compass. Being satisfied with these results of our lookout, we were left a little leisure to observe the appearance of objects more immediately about us.

In the snow at our feet, or rather in the thin layer of soil which was deposited upon the rocks, in places where the action of the sun and wind prevented the snow from accumulating, were growing several varieties of flowering plants with which we were familiar; the blossoms, however, being but the "miniature presentments" of their valley kindred. So fragile, of such delicate hues, were they, that a feeling of tenderness was inspired by their lonely position upon that bleak summit; and a question arose in the mind of the writer, which

had often presented itself before in a summer spent in crossing the Plains: For whose eye has all this beauty been spread, age after age, where human footsteps never come? Let those who believe every thing terrestrial was "made for man," seek out those places of earth where only God is, and study their adornments.

Just below the line of perpetual snow and ice grew a belt of cedars, with tops so flat that we walked out upon the branches for a distance of twenty feet either side of their trunks. Early in their struggle for existence, their tops had been broken off by the wind, and the weight of many winters' snows had retarded their upright growth, until the result of a century of aspiration was a ludicrously short stump, and immensely long and broad limbs. Above the region of firs, the cedar, mountain mahogany, and similar hardy trees, sustain a stunted growth, and are mixed, a little lower down, with pines. But the comparative height at which fir, ash, alder, and willow grow, is greater in western Oregon—owing to the mildness and moisture of the climate—than in dryer and colder countries.

On returning to camp that evening, our plans were laid for the work before us. We knew its difficulties well enough, and prepared as well as we could to encounter them. Three weeks had been consumed in fruitless marches already. In ten days, or twelve, at the farthest, we hoped to reach the Wallamet Valley. Rations were accordingly given out for twelve days, all extra baggage dispensed with, and the order to march on the following morning given.

The ascent of the Cascades from the east side is not attended with much difficulty, owing as well to the general elevation of the country east of the mountains—which reduces the actual height and distance to be gained—as to the small amount of timber growing on the eastern

slope. Proceeding without mishap or adventure worthy of notice, we had made but two camps, when, on reaching a lovely valley, set like a gem in the rocky little chalice of the surrounding mountains, we surprised an encampment of several hundred Indians—squaws, children, and old men—who were hidden away in this out-of-danger retreat, while their young men and chiefs were off on a “ram-page,” to the terror of both Whites, and Redskins of other tribes: in short, these were the families of the one hundred Snakes whose courtesies we so fortunately escaped. Not knowing but we were a detachment from some avenging army of Whites, the commotion our advent occasioned was truly gratifying; for the women howled, the dogs howled, the children howled, and the old men held up their hands in deprecation of the expected wrath.

Having enjoyed the riotous spectacle for a little while, we finally made signs of peace, and indicated that we wished for an interview. To the old man who responded, we communicated our desire and intention of going down into the Wallamet Valley. Had he any knowledge of the mountains beyond? Did he know of a trail? In answer to our inquiries, we received nothing but shrugs and sighs, and signs of doubt or horror. Get through those mountains! Certainly not. No trails—dreadful precipices—thick woods—impassable thickets—starve—have our clothes torn off; all of which was expressed by gestures and ejaculations, sufficiently descriptive for the commonest comprehension. Many days later we had realized all the old man's prophecies, except one: we *did* get through.

Day after day, and day after day, we struggled along; now keeping near to streams and down ravines, in the hope of facilitating descent, only to find that when we had arrived at the bottom of one mountain, we had another before us;

again ascending to the highest point in view to gather, if might be, some useful hint as to our future course; sometimes coursing along a shelf of rock for weary distances, without finding a way over or around it, and being forced to make a toilsome circuit of miles to overcome one bar across our path. Where we were it was impossible to tell, or to judge of the distance overcome in the desired direction. We knew the general course we were keeping, and that was about all.

When we had been in the mountains about as many days as rations had been provided for, Self discerned, one morning, a column of white smoke ascending above the trees away in the distance. To get to where that smoke was, became the object of intensest exertion. Let the reader imagine, if he can, the utter disgust of our party on discovering, after hours of strenuous effort, that the smoke was a column of steam arising from springs of hot *salt* water!

On another occasion, a band of elks, which we had stumbled upon in a little mountain prairie, furnished pleasant excitement for half an hour. Besides the natural instinct for game, we were then in a condition to relish an elk-steak, for our flour and bacon were getting very low. Advancing cautiously, several shots had been fired among the band before they took the alarm. The elk being vulnerable only in certain places, a true hand and sure aim are the more needed in an attack. The animal selected by Self fell at the first fire, the charge having entered just behind the ear and penetrated the brain. But the rest of the party had fired without killing, so that the scene instantly became one of panic and confusion. The creatures—quite wild—knew not the meaning of the attack, and fled, frightened by the unusual noise made by the guns. The hunters now pursued them indiscriminately. Our Farmer was, by this time, on foot, hallooing, and running almost side by side

with a fine animal, into which he had shot half a dozen bullets, without much checking his speed. They are very fleet of foot, and the race ended as might have been anticipated. Some of the animals received several wounds, but escaped with them into the forest, where it was useless to pursue them. An elk-steak for breakfast rewarded our enthusiasm, though the Farmer was quite put out at not bringing down his game; and all of us were somewhat out of breath for the next half-hour.

These diversions—well enough in their way—failed to amuse, for any length of time, our travel-worn, bewildered, half-famished party. From any indications to be discovered when we had been out ten days, there was no prospect of reaching the settlements before as many more should have passed. This discovery at once made it necessary to put ourselves on short rations, to which the elk-meat was a most fortunate addition. For the strongest of us, the deprivation of our accustomed food was not so serious an inconvenience; but it told on our invalid Doctor, who showed symptoms of succumbing.

Thus passed in toilsome wanderings still more days of eager expectation and blighting disappointment, added to which was actual hunger, producing weakness and despondency to alternate with these. At the close of the eighteenth day, we had chosen our camp, but could not find water, as we so often could, even on the tops of the highest mountains—cold, sparkling springs. Our invalid was unusually ill, suffering from fever, and calling for water. Self had taken a survey of the surroundings, and determined in his own mind in what direction water might be successfully sought for, and proposed to look for it there. Others proposed to assist in the search, but, with that perversity which characterizes the actions of men suffering from hunger or thirst, were unanimous in disagree-

ing as to the proper place to look for it. Yielding to the majority, Self set out to follow where the others led—the thirstiest foremost.

Meanwhile, darkness had come down upon us, to render locomotion more difficult and dangerous. More than once we suggested to the Doctor that we were traveling in a circle; but arguments—even references to the stars—were useless. "Come on!" was the word of command, and, having once yielded, there was nothing for it but to continue to obey. Blundering among rocks and precipices, just an accident discovered to us our danger in time to avoid plunging over a perpendicular wall of the mountain. This incident rather intimidated the Doctor, who began to talk of turning back to camp. "No need of turning back," said Self, "for, if we keep on, we shall get to camp quite as soon;" and, once more taking the lead, we picked our way without turning our horse's head. In a few moments, the sagacious animal which Self bestrode turned forward his ears, and, lowering his head, smelt the ground observantly.

"We are crossing our own trail: I will take you right to camp, if you will follow me"—a promise which was shortly performed, to the satisfaction and relief of all concerned.

The Doctor being persuaded to lie down in his blankets by the camp-fire, Self armed himself with a bucket in one hand and a revolver in the other, to go alone in search of water. Dark as it was, we were able to keep a certain course in our mind. With slow and cautious steps, we descended the steep side of a ridge, toward a spot previously observed, where we believed a spring to be. *How* the journey was performed, it is difficult to remember, and impossible to describe. The principal fact to be noted is that a spring was found where we went to find one, and that we returned in safety to camp, having taken about

an hour to go and return—a distance of three-fourths of a mile. From the moment of the appearance of the water, our invalid revived, and, although he knew that he had but one more morsel of food on which to make a slender breakfast next day, and did not know how many days it would be before he could get a “square meal,” his spirits became unusually buoyant. Nor were any of the party so dejected as circumstances fairly warranted their being.

On the following morning, hungry, but still hopeful, Self arose early to take observations. Leaving camp, and selecting the highest point in sight, we started for the summit. An hour of sturdy climbing brought us to the top. It was just at that time of morning when there hangs between valley and mountain-top a veil of mist. They of the lower world could not see the crests of the mountains: we of the mountains could not see aught below that veil. But what a glory we beheld in observing that which was left us. It was as if out of a sea of gold stood wooded islands—*islands of dark-green, crowned with snow.* With every moment some new and beautiful, but almost invisible change came over the misty sea in which they were bathed, and whose shores were the abrupt sides of mountains. Gold, violet, rose, amber, were reflected from that ever-shifting, soft, and vapory ocean, in transitions of enchanting loveliness.

Not long the scene remained. An August sun drank up those delicate vapors in great draughts, until before his fervid rays nothing but hard and tangible things could stand. But if the first scene had enchanted us with its unreal beauty, that which was now unveiled enraptured us with its real. Before our joyous, eager gaze was spread out once more the picture of the Wallamet Valley. Not now with interminable miles of chaotic mountains between us and it; but so near that it almost seemed as if

we could shoot an arrow into its green cradle.

There was mounting in hot haste when this news was received at camp. And yet so deceptive are apparent distances, and so tedious the labor of trail-making in the Oregon mountains, that we camped again that night under the firs, and went supperless to our dreams. The following day, about noon, we came out at a little farm-house in among the foot-hills. Such a Falstaffian regiment was never seen, as ours. Rags, rags, nothing but rags. Doctor Mc—— had his legs done up in strips of blanket; Doctor R——’s coat had neither skirts nor sleeves, and his nether garments displayed a “looped and windowed raggedness” beyond description. As for Self, there remained upon his person a shirt-collar, one shirt-sleeve attached to the collar by a shred, the crown of a hat, and the fractional part of a pair of trowsers. Remainder of the party in similar circumstances.

As this singular cavalcade came into view of the little farm-house, there appeared first the farmer, then the farmer’s wife, then the six tow-headed children of the farmer, and lastly, all the farmer’s dogs—“Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart”—who expressed the general disapproval of the family, by barking furiously.

Then spake Self, without circumlocution or delay: “Sir, if you wish to win heaven by feeding the hungry and caring for the needy, now is your chance. We have been three weeks wandering in the mountains, and for three days we have gone fasting.”

“I reckon we’ll try for heaven this once,” answered the farmer’s wife, as she bustled away to prepare a hasty meal, while the husband employed himself in satisfying his curiosity, and our numerous demands for toilet articles and clothing.

“Now, boys,” said Doctor Mc——, as we sat down to dinner, “you have not

eaten any thing for some time, and you must begin slow, and stop soon." company had reached his second biscuit.

Whether this was disinterested advice or interested strategy, we never were able to decide. But one thing is certain: the Doctor was devouring his sixth biscuit before any other member of the In a few days more, we were at home in Yamhill, a raggeder and a wiser man than when we bade adieu to its smiling landscapes, to go in search of lost diggings.

NOT YET.

Not yet from the yellow west,
 Fade, light of the autumn day;
 Far lies my haven of rest,
 And rough the way.
 She has waited long, my own!
 And the night is dark and drear
 To meet alone.

Not yet, with the leaves that fall,
 Fall, rose of the wayside thorn,
 Fair and most sweet of all—
 The summer-born.
 But O for my rose that stands,
 And waits, through the lessening year,
 My gathering hands!

Fail not, O my life, so fast—
 Fail not till we shall have met.
 Soon, soon will thy pulse be past,
 But oh, not yet!—
 Till her fond eyes on me shine,
 And the heart so dear, so dear,
 Beats close to mine.

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

A LONELY bay, whose cool, dark waters nestle close to tall lava cliffs, and lie within two palm-dotted promontories that seem to hold the still-ed waves in a loving embrace. Here and there a canoe breaking the long shadows, and idly rising and falling with the sleepy tide, while lying low along the shore its owner's grass hut peeps out from clustered foliage, sentineled by lofty cocoa-trees, whose tops are dark against the tropic dawn. The merest strip of beach keeps back the tiniest of silver wavelets, that, with the early wakefulness of all small things, gurgle, ripple, and play among the round pebbles and up against the banks, as if their only object in the world was to moisten with spray the slender ferns, curious parasites, and large, languid blossoms that droop indolently until they almost touch the sea.

Over yonder is the narrow line that marks the way to Kona. I can see from here how it winds its devious way, at first over bare slags, and then through grass-covered lava, that ages ago poured its crimson tide above these precipices, but has long since been lightly covered and carefully hidden by the bounteousness of Nature, who so often reveals to us her faith in the justice of compensation, and repays shallow soils by a surface beauty, both in human and vegetable life. A broad band of misty blue stretches up and down the coast: that is the close, primeval forest, growing thicker and darker as it nears the base of the volcanic mountains, whose snowy peaks gleam high above the white drapery of clouds, and catch the first rosi-ness that flushes in the east.

Far beyond outer point and sheltered

bay spreads the limitless ocean, swathed in its softest spell of dreaminess, and cradling a subdued world of pale gold, tender blue, topaz, and ruby.

Scarcely a sound breaks the quiet—hardly a stir on hill, or wood, or shore. The Spirit of Peace has folded her white wings, and sits musing on the charms of the landscape. And you, who have journeyed day after day through her realms; who have watched the violet shadows, lying broad on woody reaches and wondrous glints, flecking rocks, cliffs, dells, and trees; who have, all your whole life, perhaps, been kept to neutral tints—pearl-grays and pale *sepias*: you are in love with color and light, and ask only that Time should go on, and leave these frettings of *cirrus* skies, glitter of strange leaves, sweet summer song of "vocal groves," soft ripples, and low winds, until you find yourself envying the brown sea-birds that may float forever in the dreamy enjoyment.

Away through the woods the giant *ku-kui* shakes out his hoary arms, letting the blue and gold creepers tire themselves in twining about them. He makes vast patches of shade where grow the large-petaled, haughty blossoms, in whose pink cups lie gleams of wondrous brilliancy. There you may rest all day long, with no fear of venomous insect or poisoning serpent, since the dangers that lurk in other tropics are wholly unknown in this. You see nothing more formidable than a strange-feathered songster, who hops from behind a twig and wonders who you are; or a mammoth-leaved *pandanus*, who challenges your admiration; or a flower-bedecked native, with *ti*-leaf sandals on his feet and generations of harmlessness in his simple nature.

An early riser, in the shape of a scarlet-crested singer, perches himself on a tattered banana-branch, and whistles his mate to the novelty of a small steamer's departure. Not that said steamer will be off for a long time yet: she has too long rocked upon island channels, and coasted upon island shores, to be wholly without the native indolence of character. There she lies, crawled close to the primitive landing, crouched like some hideous creature, with her low, black hull, shaky old masts, battered funnel, and general "uncanny" appearance. A score or so of semi-nude Islanders are slowly rolling casks, *pulu* bales, boxes of oranges and sandal-wood on board. They are regarded with profound attention by groups of others; and, superintended by a waif from enlightenment, who, with a broad-brimmed straw hat thrust back from his heated forehead, loose linen suit, and account-book in hand, hurries here and there, with the restlessness of the race he typifies.

See how the sunbeams tremble through the atmosphere, and fall in points of high light all over the slumbering waters! You can look away down through the clear depths, on the silver sand glancing among the warm browns of the bottom, or spreading white and smooth—a fit carpet for the crustacean life that gathers upon it. Watch that curious, crab-like thing hurrying across, in his odd, side-long fashion! Does he know, I wonder, of the diamond rays he is stirring in his strange haunts below? Perhaps, indeed, he regards them with the *nonchalance* that he himself meets from a speckled philosopher, who, poisoning his delicate fins, sinks lazily down among the silken streamers into a bed of marine growth.

How soft and cool it is down there! What touches of jasper and porphyry, and what floods of sparkling crystal! A world of life, pulsant, vivid, real: the great, eloquent life, that ever is beating so close to ours.

Early as it is, the natives are all out, watching us. Groups of dusky children, with bright eyes, and awed, childish curiosity, peep from behind the rocks, about which they glide like young lizards. The women sit before the doors of their huts, smoothing out their shaggy, black hair, or sharing with their lords the interesting employment of watching the slow process of our departure. One of them has already, with true feminine skill, not untouched by feminine vanity, bound her long locks in two heavy folds about her head, and fastened therein a cluster of scarlet blossoms, which, doubtless, she well knows, gives her dark face and eyes a certain charm, and is well calculated to work havoc in the Hawaiian masculine heart.

At last, we are fairly off, and the orange-scented air of Kona gives place to a cool breeze from the ocean; the little steamer makes a great ado in crashing through the sparkling waves, leaving behind her a column of dense smoke, like an ugly stain between us and the shore. She is altogether an unique specimen of Pacific ship-building: her sails are full of burnt holes, as if the volcanoes were in the habit of occasionally showering hot stones upon them. Her decks are filthy; her rigging torn; her crew a mass of unkempt-looking savages, all jabbering Kanaka at once, going about in a slovenly manner, and half a dozen of them tugging at a rope with less effect than one of the sturdy White sailors that manned the *Comet*, on our way down.

The cabin is a dark, oblong hole, with rows of open bunks on either side, and the customary long table running down the middle, where meals are duly served to such passengers as have the hardihood to face the villainous smells generated by bilge-water, half-decayed fruits, and tropic heats. Heaven help the luckless wretch, that, tempted by white pillows, trusts his head in one of the berths. Fleas like vampires, roaches like ghouls,

and the fiend Nausea, lurk there in ambush, and will be sure to seize and drag him down at once to grimmest agony. For a "consideration," however, the attentive steward will supply all your wants on deck, where, with the pure air, lovely sky, and purple distance around, you may afford to ignore the limbo below.

The cabin passengers group themselves about the quarter-deck—lying on mattresses, propped up, reading, conversing in couples, or idly watching the receding hills. Overhead is an excuse for an awning, plentifully sprinkled with burnt holes, looking as if it, too, went through a periodical cinder-shower. It is held up by four rickety poles, which, as a matter of course, fall flat with every unusual motion of the boat, burying us all in the stifling mass. It is fearful, the hubbub that then arises among the native crew. They yell, pull, push, and pounce upon us, like so many fierce Othellos, intent on a universal suffocation, urged on by a shrill chorus of English expletives from the captain and mate. The dark thought crosses your mind, that, perhaps, they are all pirates, and this their way of disposing of unfortunate travelers. Very thankful you are to be extricated, half choked, from the sickening folds, which are fastened up again just as carelessly as ever; and, before long, the process is repeated, except that some of us soon develop a talent for "dodging," and amuse ourselves at the expense of those less agile, or watchful.

These catastrophes are invariably the signals for an elderly gentleman to summon his "boy," as he calls a middle-aged native servant, who forthwith proceeds to mix him a reviving draught. This "boy" has a genius for all sorts of cooking, and for concocting sweet drinks. The whole day long, he has some *fricassée* on the tapis, or is busy with his bottles, glasses, spoons, and syrups. His

master lies outstretched on a mattress, faintly nibbling at sweetmeats, toying with large, luscious grapes, or sipping, with the slow gusto of a genuine epicurean, some tropical compound.

To be sure, he is very generous, and shares his delicacies with a liberal hand; is surprised, in his indolent way, that, though I am from California, I have never seen "Mark Twain," whom he almost exerts himself to laud. I interest him by telling what the humorist wrote in the visitors' -book, at the Volcano House: that he could not go down to the crater, because the bottle containing his provisions got broken. This he appreciates, and at once orders up fresh supplies of sweetmeats. Alas for the ingratitude of humanity! When I am lucky enough to find my own head outside, I thoroughly enjoy seeing him shaken out of his inert attitude, and kicking frantically under the hot canvas; though, of course, I have to be very sympathetic and demure when he is pulled forth, flushed and furious, threatening to sue the boat's owners, and telling us all that he will faint, while he looks decidedly improved by the exercise—the "boy" fanning him wildly with one hand, and holding his favorite mixture in the other.

Forward, the decks swarmed with natives—men, women, and children—accompanied by their inevitable live-stock. They lay basking in the hot sun, like scores of salamanders; and, at night, they first carefully rolled up their pets, and then, satisfying themselves with a moiety of mat or old blanket, slept in utter content under the stars.

Almost all of them had young pigs and dogs, which they watched with ceaseless anxiety. Indeed, this passion for fondling animals seemed to be universal, and to have quite taken the place of natural affection for children, reminding one of those ancient strangers in Rome whom Cæsar so sternly rebuked. It was disgusting to see women crooning over fer-

ret-eyed puppies, and girls lugging in their arms the filthiest of hogs, while naked little ones wailed unheeded, or slept in little dusky heaps in the shadow of the bulwarks. Often a pair of ancient dames would engage in a neighborly gossip, while performing the pleasing task of shampooing an overgrown porker, who stretched himself out and grunted with as profound satisfaction as if he was wallowing in barn-yard mire.

For two days we skirted the coasts, or steamed through the channels, of the group, stopping at times at the roughest of landings, and running the risk of being swamped in the surf to get safely on board a dozen natives, with their colts, dogs, and pigs; or, slowly stealing along a coral shore, we watched the far mountains take on their tones of light and shadow, or listened to the sough of the sea against our little craft.

The difference between the ocean to leeward and a windward channel is astounding. In one, is the calm of eternal peace; in the other, old Boreas is piping all his wind instruments at once. Blue waves are lashed into sudden foam by the local "trades" that come racing madly over the grassy knolls, and sweeping creamy flakes of surf over outer reefs on the opposite shore.

Into such a caldron-like channel the frantic *Kilauea* dashes. For a time you are sure she is at the mercy of the elements. Her asthmatic engines gasp as if for their last breath, and her awkward old hull takes despairingly the wild billow, sinking back exhausted from it, as a farmer's cob shies and trembles at the leap that only sends a fresh tingle along the fibres of your thoroughbred. The back-swirl of the wave shakes her into position again, while her officers and crew make snatches at the sieve-like sails that threaten to drag the raking masts out of the useless old tub. At times the decks assume a temporary perpendicular, and then away we all go,

mattresses, pillows, books, and passengers, into a *delbris* that threatens to overtop the low taffrail and give some of us a bath; but, while we are speculating on our chances, a long roll sends us back, with a shower of salt sea-spray in our faces, when we gain our feet and laugh—as the traveler must always do at every mishap that may befall.

In a trice it is all changed. We have rounded a rocky headland, and before us lies a sea of silver, with gauzy shreds of white cloud flying over the dark-blue sky, while the greenest of hills smile to us from the land; smooth beaches fringe the shore; tawny sands spread under a golden sun, and upon them the long "combers" sweep up in flakes of foam.

Here a strange spectacle awaits you: groups of women and girls, armed with surf-boards about two feet in length, run out on the point of rocks until they are in a good position for the coming breakers; then, waiting for a large wave, just as it topples over they plunge into its seething bosom, and, balancing themselves on their tiny planks, with peals of merry laughter, or shouts of savage joy, they ride safely on the billowy crest far up on the beach. This feat they repeat, over and over again, amusing themselves, at times, by striking out seaward; looking, with their long, black hair streaming behind, their flashing eyes, and white teeth, as if they were of the race of mermaids that haunted the mariners of old.

Nothing can surpass the supple dexterity of these women. They know nothing of the cramped conventionalism of their White sisters. They wear broad stripes of scarlet, or yellow, or blue cotton, which they pass round the body, and divide so as to enroll each limb, leaving two ends to fly in gay streamers behind. Then, springing on their horses, they sit upright in their saddles, and dart off with the fearless grace of Amazons. Horses are as plentiful as dogs, and that is saying a good deal. You can buy a

steed—such as he is—at any price, from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars; and, in all cases, the saddle is of far more value than the animal. Hawaiian women are thus accustomed, from earliest childhood, to riding; their infant limbs are set astride as soon as they leave the maternal arms. This exercise is varied by constant surf-swimming; and so they grow up amphibious creatures—wild, daring, vigorous—incapable of enduring the confinement of high civilization, and totally deficient, as a class, in most of our requirements. The most prejudiced of travelers, however, will admit their quick kindliness, their prompt attention, their ever-ready disposition to assist a stranger.

I am of those who believe that Christianity has done much for Hawaii, and that its value to the native women—as, indeed, to all other women—has been beyond price. For her, it broke the bonds of the worst slavery that Paganism ever forged for feminine limbs. The serf, even in his darkest hour, knew that somewhere, far off, might be found the Czar and Heaven; but for the luckless daughters of these sunny isles, there was neither mercy here, nor hope hereafter. What wonder that they turned eagerly to the new religion—to the strange doctrines that held the soul only of weight with its God; that gathered to itself the maimed, the weak, the old, and the poor, and whose teachings breathed of liberty, as well as life.

In her old faith, her woman's lot was a curse—a bitter, hard, rayless curse—in which her daily existence was a long degradation, from youth to age. It was a death penalty if she ate with her husband, father, or son. She must stand at his back till her lord was gorged, and eat thankfully the refuse he chose to cast her. She must come at his beck, and be traded for like a beast. Truth, honor, virtue, were sentiments laughed to scorn by the brutal superiority of a savage's physical strength. Nature, how-

ever, as she always does, took her deadly revenge: a lower state of heathendom, or fiercer licentiousness, than what devastated these islands, is unknown in the world's history.

A woman, the wife of a great Chief, once had the temerity to set the law at defiance, and eat with her own son; and the courage to descend alone into the crater of Kilauea, which, like the poet's sacred isle—

"Had ne'er by woman's foot been trod,"

and which was freighted with traditional horrors for the whole land, and immediate destruction for the feminine feet that would invade its *tabooed* precincts. This heroine proved, in her own person, that the dreaded power of Pele was a myth, and then called on the people to abandon their cruel rites. History delights to honor our Zenobias and Maria Therasas, but no loftier purpose buoyed them to nobler deeds than hers.

I have been watching a group on the main deck, near an open hatchway, which illustrates, that, with her gain in freedom, the Hawaiian woman seems to have lost none of her attractiveness in the eyes of the sterner sex. This is surely comforting, in an age that promises us convulsions even in our own codes, and when the timid and distrustful are presaging such dire results as the utter abolition of all future flirtations.

A large-limbed, brawny youth, with keen, black eyes, square jaws, heavy mustache, and thick masses of hair—which, in spite of his civilized method of parting, keeps coming over his eyebrows—is engaged in the absorbing task of stringing a very long necklace of large glass beads, small shells, and scarlet berries. It evidently belongs to the damsel beside him, who leans her head against an old *wahine's* back, and divides her attention between him, an ill-favored white cur, and the White passengers. Her face would arrest any passing glance: it is that of a very young woman, with a *naïve* frankness, and a good deal of mis-

chief in it. A white straw hat is set jauntily on bands of shining hair, in which are twined the usual *ohelo*s. The hat is trimmed with a profusion of wide pink ribbon; in the front is a cluster of natural flowers, whose rare petals are put to shame by a flaming bunch of artificial roses, such as are sold at every trading store along the coast. Her *holoku* is a black ground, with gayly colored *bouquets* scattered over it, and the selvages at the seams conspicuously turned on the outside. You see how uncultured she is by the want of ceremony with which she kicks off her small shoes, and sends the cur racing after them.

What exquisite little feet, just matched by the tiny brown hands! If you glance at her neighbor, you will see that he, too, has singularly small and well-formed hands and feet—this feature being quite as common in the Islanders as it is rare in higher races.

It is wonderful with what patience and apparent content the stalwart barbarian threads and rethreads his string. The dog snaps at it, seizes one end, and tugs with all his might, encouraged thereto by his mistress, who showers caresses upon him in due proportion to his success in scattering the beads on the deck.

Lahaina lies low, beside the sea. It spreads along the beach, just under an amphitheatre of conical hills, that stand straight up into a cloudless sky. These hills are clothed to the summits in green, and cleft in deep gorges, across which beautiful rainbows constantly span. It has even more than the customary insular dower of loveliness, and looks, as you sail through rosy waves to its feet, as though it was the queen of all Hawaiian villages.

The streets are shady groves, cool under the tall mountains, and from the interwoven foliage. You wander in and out through them, at intervals catching glimpses of white walls and green shades, half hid by a climbing wealth of

vines. Suddenly a clear stream comes leaping along, tossing its pearls on the dark pineapple leaves, and making vain efforts to pull in some saucy bell-like blossoms that coquettishly bend over to the edge of the waves, and swing back in slow curves ere they can be kissed. Through an opening you see a long vista of perspective palms, with grass huts grouped picturesquely under them, and dozens of natives, in every possible costume, enjoying the afternoon sun.

Here we fared regally on the spoils of the tropics, in a wilderness of tangled beauty, owned by a quaint individual as quaintly dressed, who expatiated on the benefits of the climate for invalids, and was particularly jubilant over the fact that the town possessed neither a lawyer nor a doctor. We feasted on young, pulpy cocoa-nuts, and ripe mangoes, warm with the prisoned glints of southern suns—on large, dark grapes, delicate pineapples, and fresh oranges, lying in light wicker-plates upon their thick, green leaves.

It was pleasant to get off the rickety *Kilauea*, and plunge into the deep shadow of the trees again; to feel the tamarind brushing over your cheek with her feathery fingers, and the lime dropping golden gifts as you passed.

They seem as if they were old friends almost: these guavas, coffee-trees, *koas*, *kukuis*, and the *pandanus*.

Far too soon the night came upon the hills and village, and calling us with the clamor of the steamer's bell back to her cramped quarters. A purple mist nestled among the gorges, while far and near strangely warm glows lay upon the ocean.

We sailed out into this glory of color, leaving soon behind the calm outlines of a land fair as those Fortunate Islands that haunted the poets of olden time. High above, the lustrous stars hung out their vesper lights; while the winds and the waves hushed themselves under the evening benediction.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRUNK.

““O H, I'm wat, wat! oh, I'm wat and weary!”” sighed Bess, as she sank into the rocking-chair, and held two mud-disguised feet out toward the grate.

“And she does not look as if she would ‘rise and rin,’ even to ‘see her dearie,’ does she, mother?” said Rob, looking at her critically. And indeed, if, as John Brown, M. D., seems to think, “wat is wetter than wet,” Bess was “wat,” without doubt. It had been a “horrid” day—beginning with enough snow and sleet to make the ground white and slippery, and then, changing its mind to a drizzling rain—a day which could be agreeable only to a very wealthy person, who could spend it before an open wood fire, with some charming person with whom to converse in the pauses of reading the last work by the best author.

It needed no less than three gentle admonitions from Mother to start Bess up-stairs to change her soaking dress and shoes. The water-proof cloak—there was only one in the family—was out giving music lessons. It came in, presently, with the one who was wanting to complete the “group,” under it: our “little Grace,” as Mother always called her—I suppose because she was the youngest, for she was a head taller than Bess, and a head-and-shoulders taller than I was; which I always thought was a pity, for I was the oldest of them all, and ought to have been—after Mother, of course—the “head of the family.” But they all treated me as if I were about six years old; and I have taken more good advice in the course of my life than the celebrated old man who once had a donkey to sell.

Of course we were poor. Bessie and

Grace did not give French and music lessons at all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather, just for amusement. We were in hopes somebody would leave us something “some day;” but, as we had no idea who he was, nor when he would do it, we were obliged to “work hard for our living” in the meantime. We must all have been “Saturday’s bairns,” I think, if there is any truth in the old rhyme.

Next to the legacy—which, by the way, has not come yet—our hopes were centered in Rob, as the “coming man,” who was to raise the fortunes of the family. He was only eighteen at the time of which I am writing, but was already in receipt of a very good salary for a young man of his age. Of course, however, that was not enough for every body, even before “war times;” so Bess gave French lessons, and Grace music lessons, and I helped Mother to keep house and do the sewing and mending for the family; and, in my spare hours, I “copied” for a lawyer. We managed to keep the house going, and our clothes respectable; but such turning and twisting as it took to do it! I think there are some people in this world to whom certain passages in the lives of some other people would be a perfect revelation. That is rather vague, I admit, but I was thinking of the people who, when they want any thing reasonable, go out and buy it. Now, if it became absolutely necessary that one of us should have a new dress, it was a matter of debate in solemn family conclave, for two or three weeks, and we tried to discover how we could “make up for it” by going without something else. And as for a new carpet! The fate of a nation has been settled with

less consultation. There is this to be said, however: people who get things whenever they want them, certainly can not enjoy them as poor people do.

On this stormy afternoon aforesaid, we gathered round the grate as it began to grow too dark for us to sew or write any longer, and took the full comfort of our "blind man's holiday." It was Saturday evening, and we were all glad of that; and Rob had received, that day—it was early in the year—what he called a "love token" from his employer, in the shape of a fifty-dollar bill, and, as there were at least fifty twenty-five dollar ways of spending it, the conversation was rather more animated, even, than usual. We *did* have good times in that shabby little parlor. I often smile to myself, now, recalling the "smart speeches" that Mother and the girls and Rob used to make. I could not make them myself; which was as well, perhaps, for I served as "admiring audience."

We had just begun to think it was time to light the gas and go to work again—not that we had arrived at any decision about an "investment," but that time, even, was "skeerce and high" in those days—when the maid-of-all-work came in with two letters—one for Mother, and one for Grace. Of course, the gas was lighted at once, and the two favorites of fortune sat down to read their letters. They finished them together, and Grace turned to Mother with a flushed cheek and an "oh, Mother!" of regret and very faint hope.

Of course, they were besieged with inquiries, and the letters were read aloud. Grace's was from her "dearest friend"—no, it was not a lover; it was a *girl*-friend—and Mother's was from the said friend's mamma; and the gist of both was an earnest invitation to Grace to come to—for her friend's approaching wedding, to be one of the bride-maids, and to stay for the ensuing festivities.

Now, we all know that there is no

quicker way to spend money than in travel. — was a good way from home, too. This, as Rob, dear fellow, eagerly suggested, might be met with part of the fifty dollars. But people can not be bride-maids at evening weddings, and go to parties for two or three weeks afterward, with only one "best dress," no matter how handsome the dress may be; and Grace's was nothing extraordinary. To be sure, she looked lovely, whatever dress she had on; but even lovely-looking people might feel a little uncomfortable at a wedding, if they—being bride-maids—had on dark-green poplins. So, after a great deal of discussion, and a little mild "cussing" from Rob, who could not bear to see Grace's disappointment, it was sorrowfully decided that Grace must decline. There was nothing we could sell, conveniently, though the suggestions on that subject made a little diversion, for, somehow, we could not help joking, if we were as poor as rats; and I think that was one reason why we stood it so well as we did. Bess and I offered to sell our hair; but mine was an impossible shade of red, which Rob declared was matchless, and Bessie's was about two inches long, and in such close little curls that we all told her that whoever she made the offer to would think she was "fishing" for an offer for her head.

We subsided, at last, and every body's face was a little serious, for we felt sorry about Grace. She was far from strong, and the endless round in which she was engaged did not tend to make her stronger; indeed, she was not fit to face the storms which she had so often to encounter in going to give her lessons, as a troublesome little cough was proving. But we have to "accept the inevitable," so Grace took her desk and began her answer, to "put herself out of her misery," she said, when Rob, who was reading the evening paper, gave an exclamation, and said, excitedly:

"Hold up a minute, Gracie. Will it make any difference if you don't write that till Monday evening?"

"No, I suppose not," she answered, reluctantly. "It is not to be till next month, but I wanted to have it off my mind. Why, Rob?"

"Never you mind why," responded that young gentleman, loftily; "if it really don't matter, just please to wait; I'd do that much for you, any day."

Half laughingly, Grace replied, "Well, I 'learned to labor' some time ago, so now I suppose I may as well 'learn to wait,'" and took up her sewing again. She knew that there was no use in questioning Rob: his air of mystery was overwhelming. After he had gone to bed, we studied the paper attentively, hoping to find out the cause of his request; but in vain.

So, Mother stopped at Rob's door on her way to bed, and gave him a gentle admonition "not to do any thing foolish," which was met with a prompt "I don't intend to, ma'am."

The next day being Sunday, we had to stifle our curiosity and impatience, of course. Monday morning came, and we indulged in various speculations as to what Rob's mighty secret might be. I could see that Mother was a little uneasy, and Grace, too; for it would be "just like him," as Mother said, to get what he thought was necessary to enable Grace to go, out of his newly acquired fortune.

"And if he should do so," Grace said, "which Prudence forbid, I still could not go, for you know I have no trunk."

This was sadly true. The "family trunk"—it was the one Mother had on her wedding journey—was "past all surgery," having been ruthlessly handled by a mighty Irish porter on its last trip.

Rob came rushing in half an hour before dinner-time, still excited, and still deigning no information, save that he had leave of absence from the store that

afternoon, and that he wanted us to "hurry up dinner," as he had important business to transact. He ate his dinner hastily, and we saw no more of him that afternoon. He came in just at dusk, evidently flushed with triumph, and took up a post of observation at the window, where he had not waited long before he went quickly to the front door. Grace and I were in the room, and, of course, we went to the window, wondering what it could all mean, and half expecting to see the forty White slaves leading forty Black ones, with basins of jewels on their heads, although, as Grace remarked, we had not *seen* him rub the lamp. There was only one Black man there, however, and he was not a slave, even; but he was wheeling a very stylish-looking trunk up to the door, which, with Rob's assistance, he speedily transferred to the hall.

"Where will you have it, Gracie?" said Rob, composedly. "You'd better make up your mind before the man goes: it is too heavy for me to carry it by myself."

I was speechless with amazement, and thought I should certainly wake up presently; but Grace behaved beautifully.

"It had better go in the sewing-room, Rob," she said, with composure equal to his own; and into the sewing-room it was accordingly taken by Rob and the porter, upon which the latter was dismissed in lordly style by Rob; and then that potentate was driven into the parlor at the point of the carving-knife.

Bess was cutting the bread for supper, and had come to see what the commotion meant, followed by Mother; and Rob was assailed with questions by every body at once.

"If you will all stop talking for a few minutes, I will be very happy to tell you," said the hero of the evening; and then it occurred to us that he could make his explanation much better if we would keep still, which we accordingly did.

"Now, you will please not interrupt

me," he began, majestically, "and when I have finished, you can all say what you please. I saw in the paper, on Saturday evening, that there was to be a sale to-day, at the Express Office, of unclaimed trunks and parcels, and it occurred to me that I might find a trunk there that would do for Gracie. I did not expect her to use what was inside of it unless it was something very stunning, but I thought perhaps we could raise the wind for a new dress or two if we only had the trunk. So I went to the sale this afternoon, and I shall never again doubt that 'Fortune favors the brave,' for it was raining cats and dogs, and there was scarcely any one there; and this trunk was put up toward the last, when some of them had got tired and gone home. I had looked at it carefully before the sale commenced, and there is no mark on it, anywhere, not even a card; it is nearly new, besides; and so I put in for it, and if there was any chance of your guessing right, I would make you guess how much I gave for it, but there is not the least. Ladies," said Rob, holding up an imaginary hammer, and making his voice sound as much like the auctioneer's as possible, "this trunk, nearly new, and quite as good as if it was, bound with iron, and with a hump on its back, which adapts it to carry several bonnets of the present fashion, and with room for any reasonable young woman's entire wardrobe inside of it, went for the incredibly low price of nine dollars and a half!"

The orator had evidently finished—but I will not attempt to give the remarks that followed. Grace thanked and kissed him, and though we all felt uncomfortable about owning a trunk procured in this manner, we tried not to dampen his pleasure by letting him see it. We agreed to wait until after supper to examine the contents of the newly acquired treasure; so we adjourned to the dining-room, full of excitement, and speculating

largely as to what the mysterious stranger might disclose. We were too full of curiosity to be long at the table; and as soon as tea was over, we adjourned to the sewing-room to investigate the mystery, when it suddenly occurred to us that it would be easier to do so if we had a key to it. Rob, nothing daunted, set off to a locksmith's, whence he quickly returned with a large bunch of keys to try. We had come nearly to the end of the bunch, and were just beginning to think we should have to pry the lock off, when Rob managed to unlock it with a key that did not quite fit. Then he marshaled us all to the other side of the room, and said that Gracie was the proper person to make the investigation.

It was a little like having the "wonderful lamp" to get that trunk and its contents for nine dollars and a half, Rob said. It was filled with beautiful dresses, chosen and made with a taste that bespoke a lady-like owner. The place for the bonnet was occupied with pretty *fichus* and sleeves—not of lace, however, but of blonde, which is quite a different thing, as any woman knows. Then there were kid gloves, half a dozen pairs, at least—to be sure, they were sixes, and Grace's number was five and three-quarters; but that was a trifle—and pretty ribbons, and belts for the different dresses. Some of the dresses had been worn a little; others were quite new. There was no jewelry, and not a single article of white clothing, excepting the blonde things: so that, of course, nothing was marked. The probabilities were that it was one of a number of trunks with which some one had started for a long sojourn in some city. The dresses had evidently belonged to some rich and rather fashionable person of about Mother's age; for among the variety of blonde things there were two or three small articles of *real* lace, which were evidently intended to conceal the fact that "the parting line was all too wide" upon her

ladyship's head. At the very bottom of the trunk was one dress which had never been "made up," and looked as if it were meant for some one younger than the owner of the other things must have been. It was a curious thing—looking as if it had been made to order in some foreign country: a heavy, fawn-colored silk, sprinkled with purple pansies, which were so beautiful that we almost thought they must have been wrought with a needle.

The debate that followed, when every thing had been inspected, lasted until nearly midnight. Grace declared she could not use the things with any comfort, at least until after the trunk had been advertised. Rob reassured her upon this point by the information that it *had* been advertised by the Express Company, and that it was only after sufficient time had elapsed to allow of an answer coming from any part of the United States, that the sale had taken place. This was some consolation, but still it did not reconcile Grace to the idea of wearing clothes that had belonged to some one else. I could see that Mother had the same feeling, and that she would have preferred that Grace should give up the visit rather than use these things. She felt less scruple about the trunk, and even suggested that Grace should buy one or two dresses, simple and inexpensive; but Grace well knew the pinching that would come upon the rest of us, if she consented to this.

At last she consented to go, using only such of the dresses as were necessary to make her present a respectable appearance. Rob was triumphant again; and Mother, and Bess, and Grace, and I all stitched away, in every spare moment that we had, at the dresses, which were so ample that there was no difficulty in altering them to great advantage to fit Grace's slender figure.

When she wrote her letter of acceptance, she inquired particularly how the

bride-maids were to dress, and received, of course, a minute description in reply. We could not help thinking that her warm-hearted friend had adapted the dress to Grace's circumstances, for the material she mentioned was simple white tarletan. Grace was filled with dismay, however, at this announcement. The fact that there was a heavy white silk among the dresses had chiefly induced her to consent; and now, determined that no more should be spent upon her, she again declared her intention of declining. But here one of the family, who does not care to be particularized, came to the rescue, and sternly forbade Grace to write the proposed letter; saying, with an appearance of conviction which hid a quaking heart, that the dress should be forthcoming in time, and that none of the family should do without any thing else to obtain it. Grace, beginning to feel herself in the hands of Destiny, submitted; and the aforesaid individual wasted a small amount of midnight gas while she wrote, out of her large experience, a very poor "article" for one of the magazines—which, strange to say, was accepted, and, what was much more important, paid for—and the dress was bought.

So, at last, every thing was ready, including the pansy dress, which was so beautiful that we had persuaded Grace into having it made up; and our darling set off, one bright winter morning, full of pleasant excitement and delightful anticipations, and almost forgetting the compunctions about the trunk and its contents. Rob had painted her name on one end of her new trunk, and her initials on the other; and it was so like the trunks of forty other people at the dépôt, that Grace said she did not more than *half* expect to have it demanded of her before she reached the end of her journey. She had made arrangements with her scholars for an absence of three weeks, and we all rejoiced in her tempo-

rary freedom, hoping much from its effect upon her health.

"Of course," she said, as we stood on the platform, waiting for the cars, "I shall tell Hattie how I came by my 'fine feathers,' or else she would think I had been robbing a bank, or making Mother sell the spoons; but I do not know that any body else in — need know it."

We all agreed that it concerned nobody else; and then the cars came, and away she went, her bright face at the window as long as we could see it.

Her first two or three letters were radiant: the wedding had "gone off" beautifully, and the bride was being *flêted* by a host of relatives and friends. Then came a short, hurried note—she had been gone about ten days—saying that we might expect her home the next day, and asking Rob to meet her at the *dépôt*. We were still wondering over this, and forming anxious conjectures as to the cause of this change in her plans, when the next mail brought a longer, but equally unsatisfactory letter, saying that Hattie would not hear of her going before the three weeks were up, and was much grieved that she had limited herself to that space of time; so that, to please Hattie, and for "other reasons," she had consented to stay. "I know," she wrote, "that you will all think me very mysterious and 'contrary;' but I really can not explain until I see you. It would take more paper than I have with me to write it all out, and I never did like borrowing."

Of course, there was but one opinion in the family: it all *must* be a love affair; and we all agreed in thinking that Grace was treating us very shabbily, and that she certainly had paper enough with her to tell us his name and where he lived, and a few other important particulars—such as the color of his eyes and hair. But we were well aware that the youngest daughter of the house had her share of firmness, and that it would

be useless to ask any questions until her ladyship came home. We were so fully persuaded that it was a love affair, that we fell into a way of talking and speculating about the "great unknown," which has since struck me as excessively funny. Gracie had always been fastidious, and the family was divided in its mind as to whether the great unknown would be the impossible collection of perfections which we had occasionally heard described, or one of the extraordinarily ordinary men, who too often take the places reserved for paragons.

Our impatience made Grace's absence seem longer, of course, but it came to an end at last, and the day arrived which was to bring the absentee back to us. Bessie and Rob went to the *dépôt*, while Mother and I put the finishing touches to Grace's room, and to the preparations for the dinner and tea in one, which we had decided would be an acceptable offering to the traveler. "Though, to be sure," said Bess, "if she *is* in love, we are wasting provisions."

Well, she came back, the dear youngest, without her cough, and looking so much better for her holiday that I think we all felt as if we had had a holiday ourselves. We half expected to see the great unknown with her, and I said, a little disappointedly, when she was fairly settled in the parlor:

"So he did not come on with you?"

"You, too!" she exclaimed, half laughing and half crying. "What *does* ail all you children? Mother is the only member of the family who is still in her senses, I think, for Bess and Rob no sooner had me fairly out of the cars than they said that very thing to me, and when I asked who on earth they meant, they called me a humbug. Now, Mother, what *do* they mean?"

"Why, my daughter," began Mother, "it is only what your letters led us to expect. You have made a great mystery about it—more, I think, than was neces-

sary in your own family; but I hope we shall hear all about him now."

"My last hope is gone!" exclaimed Grace, in despair. "Mother is as bad as the rest of you; but if any body *would* tell me what you are all driving at—"

I thought it high time to cut the knot. "Why, Gracie," I said, "aren't you engaged to be married? or, at least, we thought that *must* be the secret."

"Let me look if any body has 'cut off your petticoats up to your knees,'" said Grace, between her laughs, and turning me round two or three times: "you've been 'asleep on the King's highway,' little woman, or you never would have dreamed of such a thing. No, you dear, foolish folks, I have not got into any such foolish scrape as *that*. I did not find what you call my impossible combination in —; my mystery is much more prosaic than that, and I am sorry for all your disappointments. But, indeed, I am as hungry as a hawk; let me eat first, and I promise to talk afterward, and tell you a story that will last at least half the evening, although it is not a love-story."

When dinner was over, we all drew round the fire with the modern Scheherazade in the middle of the group, and also in the biggest chair, in consideration of her probable fatigue.

"You know," she began, "what a discussion we had as to whether we should or should not make up that beautiful, odd piece of new silk that was in *that* trunk?" We all nodded. "Well, 'thereby hangs the tale' which I am about to tell you. I have myself to thank for it, for consenting to have it made, but somehow, I fancied it more than all the others, because I knew *it* had never been worn, anyhow. Of course I told Hattie all about the trunk and things, and she said Rob was an angel, and I might tell him so, and that she thought it was good fun, and that I need not have hesitated a moment: *she* wouldn't. She promised not to mention it, however; for, as I sug-

gested to her, other people might not look at it precisely as she did.

"I wore my bride-maid's dress to the first two or three parties, but one morning, when we were talking about a particularly large and magnificent one, which was to take place that evening, Hattie insisted that I should wear the 'pansy dress.' One of her reasons, she said, for wanting me to look my best, was, that an aunt of her husband's was to come that afternoon, and would probably go with us in the evening. She was very handsome, and went into society a great deal; and Hattie said if I made a good impression, it would reflect credit on her for her choice of a friend. Of course this was all her nonsense, but I saw she really wanted me to wear the dress; so, to please her, I yielded, although I felt a greater reluctance to putting it on than I thought I should.

"Mrs. Carruthers—the aunt, you know—arrived in the afternoon, but I did not see any thing of her until we went to tea; then I was introduced, and fell in love with her immediately. She is one of the most fascinating people I ever met: very handsome, and just a little bit stately, with the sweetest voice I almost ever heard. She must be very 'well preserved,' for she certainly does not look old enough to be Mr. Clayton's aunt, excepting that her hair is white; she wears it in lovely soft curls at her temples, and it looks as thick as mine. She is a West Indian by birth, but has spent most of her life in this country. She must have seen how she fascinated me, and she was very gracious—though, to be sure, she was that to every body—and Hattie told me, after tea, when we went up to dress, that she should be jealous of me if her aunt liked me much, for she was as much in love with her as I was.

"Hattie came to my room when she was dressed, and fixed the flowers in my hair—some pansies, as nearly like those

in the dress as possible, which she had bought for me without my knowledge—and said all sorts of flattering things about how I looked; and then we went down to the parlor together. Mrs. Carruthers was already there, standing before the fire, and looking like an empress in her black velvet dress. As soon as we came in and she caught sight of us, I saw her give a great start, and then turn pale. If she had not been such a thorough lady, she would have stared at me, I felt, and my guilty conscience about the dress made me blush, of course.

“Doesn't she look lovely, aunt Margaret?” said Hattie, like a goose; though I will do her the justice to say that she had not noticed what I had.

“She would justly regard such a remark from so new an acquaintance as I am in the light of an impertinence,” said Madame, with dignity.

“Poor little Hat *froze* in a moment. You may imagine that I did not feel much more comfortable, and we were all glad—at least, I know I was—that Mr. Clayton came in just then, and told us the carriage was ready. He did not notice how constrained we all were, being ‘only a man,’ you know, and talked very pleasantly all the way; but, although Hattie and I did our best to second him, we felt too much chilled to succeed very well. Hattie, poor child, thought that she, with her unlucky speech, was ‘the cause of our anguish;’ but I had a feeling in my heart that it was something worse, and I *knew* I had met with the rightful owner of my trunk. But still I could not see why she had turned pale, if she did recognize the dress. I do not think that either Hattie or I enjoyed the party. I had the pleasure of thinking that I was the ‘innocent cause,’ besides the knowledge that I must either enter into an explanation with Mrs. Carruthers of my own accord, or have her ask me for one, or suffer from her freezing manner should she be too proud to say

any thing. My dilemma had three horns, you see; and I chose the first. When we came home, Mrs. Carruthers and I were left alone together in the parlor for a minute; so I rushed upon my fate, and asked her if I might come to her room a few minutes when we went up-stairs, as I had something to say to her. She looked surprised, but said ‘Certainly;’ and before any thing more could be said Hattie came back, and we all went up-stairs. Hattie was so sleepy that she just bid me good-night at my door, instead of coming into my room to talk over the party, as she usually did, so I hurried off the hateful dress, and wrote that little note that surprised you all so much; and then I put on my wrapper, and went and tapped at Mrs. Carruthers’ door, with the calmness of despair. She let me in, and asked me to sit down, and then sat down herself, quite near me. She did not look so freezing as she had looked all the evening, either. I did not wait for her to ask me what I wanted, but just plunged right in, and told her the story from beginning to end; not making out that we were in a destitute condition generally, but trying to make her understand that it was only *extras* that we had to do without. She never said a word until I stopped, and then, when I looked up to see how she took it, she came and stood right in front of me, and took my face in her hands, and kissed me! I burst out crying at this, like a great baby, but I could not help it; for I felt so relieved, and it was so sweet in her to behave that way. She petted and comforted me, just as you might have done, little Mother; and when I was quiet again, she said, ‘My child, you have saved us both much pain by your frankness, and relieved my mind in a manner of which you can form no idea until I tell you *my* side of the story.’ And then she told me all about the trunk.

“She lost it more than a year ago, just

as she was returning to the West Indies for a visit. She had several trunks, of course, and this was a new one that she bought expressly to hold her dresses and laces, after the others were filled. Through the carelessness of her son—who had charge of all her baggage, and had it “expressed” from — to New York, whence she was to sail—this trunk was sent off without any name or direction, not even a card on it; and of course the vessel would not wait, when they could not find it among the other baggage, until all the Express Offices could be ransacked. The trunk having nothing whatever by which it might be distinguished, she gave up all hope of its recovery. Her nephew did inquire and advertise for it, after she and her son had sailed, but was never able to hear any thing of it. She resigned herself to her fate, caring more for the loss of that beautiful dress—which she was taking out to a favorite niece of hers—than she did for her own things. *That* was my ‘pansy dress,’ of course. But now comes the real romance of the trunk, that I have been saving up for the next-to-the-last chapter; the very last is about myself.

“She asked me if I had any objection to her seeing the trunk, as she had a particular reason for wishing to do so. Of course I had not; so she came with me to my room, where it was standing, and then waited for me to raise the lid. Then she asked me if I had any papers in that little pocket on one of the trays, that you, perhaps, remember seeing; I said I had not; and then she asked me for my pen-knife, and opened the pocket, and slid the blade along the inner edge somewhere. She smiled at my look of astonishment, saying that she would explain her impolite proceedings in a moment; and from between the two linings, which she had separated in this way, she drew out a little folded paper. Then she took my hand and said, with her voice all

trembling, ‘My child, how can I ever thank you?’

“She could not say any thing more for a few minutes, but when she could speak steadily again, she told me what it all meant. I can not understand law-talk, but it was some deed, or something, which involved nearly all her property. I did not quite understand it, but it was somehow in this way: When she first lost her trunk, she did not care for this thing, for there was another one just as good with her lawyer, but his office had been burnt down within a month or two, and a relation of her husband’s—her husband died ever so many years ago—had found out all about it somehow, and was laying claim to the property. She had no proof to sustain her word—though, of course, every body who knew her well believed her—and now this deed, or whatever it was, had saved the property for her. She had to come on to — to consult with her lawyer about it, and was going to begin a fresh search for the trunk the next day. The reason she had turned so pale when she saw me in that dress, was, that the niece to whom she was taking it had died soon after Mrs. Carruthers last went to the West Indies. I had reminded her of this niece, she said, when she first met me; and when she saw me in that dress, she was dreadfully startled.

“I still meant to come home the next day, after we had had this talk; for I thought it would be pleasanter for every body, and so I told Hattie in the morning, after she had heard all about it. But they were both so lovely, and really seemed to want me so much to stay, that I concluded to do so. Mrs. Carruthers would not hear of taking the trunk and things back. At first, I felt dreadfully about it. But if you could only have heard how she talked! She said she had never had a daughter, and that it would pain her more than it *could* hurt me to accept the things, as a remem-

brancer of the great service I had done her. As if I had done it on purpose! And Hattie sided with her: so that I had to yield. And Mrs. Carruthers said I must be sure and have the rest of the dresses made up when I went home: it would please her so to think I was wearing them.

"And now comes the last chapter—with *my* fortune in it. She is going South, in three or four weeks, to visit her son, who is married and settled there; and she says she is commissioned by her daughter-in-law to bring a governess for her children; and she wants to take *me*! The salary is just three times as much as I get now for my music lessons; and she says, that although she *may* be partial, she thinks I can not fail to like them, and to be happy there. She did not want me to decide without consulting Mother, and all of you; but she would like an answer as soon as possible.

"There!—'my story's done;' and now, my very patient and attentive audience, you may all make your remarks."

These were many, as may be supposed; and we sat up talking of Grace's good fortune, till Mother fairly drove us to bed. Of course, it was decided that she should accept the situation.

Mrs. Carruthers answered her note of acceptance with one of cordial thanks, in which she begged permission to stay a night with us on her way to her son's home; and Grace and she could then proceed together. It was a little out of her way, we knew, and Grace had ex-

pected to meet her at some point between the two cities; so that we felt very much pleased with the thoughtful kindness which the proposal showed. She came, and we were all as much charmed with her as Grace had been; and it took away much of the sorrow of parting with our darling, when we saw what a friend she had secured.

She passed three happy years in her Southern home—for such she felt it to be—coming home for her vacation every summer; looking stronger and prettier each time, we thought. She often saw the kind friend who had been the cause of her good fortune; and the love between them seemed to increase with each meeting. At the end of three years, two of the children of whom she had charge were sent to school; and although her employers urged her to stay until the third should be prepared for school also, she could not disappoint Rob, by refusing his proud and happy letter of entreaty, that she would come to the home where he could "keep us *all* now, and let us do nothing from morning till night if we wanted to." So we are all together once more, not "doing nothing from morning till night," by any means, but consulting our own inclinations a little more than we used to do about the *style* of our work.

Rob talked of buying another trunk for himself, and setting out to make *his* fortune, but concluded to stick to the surer, if somewhat slower way in which he had started; and he has had no reason to regret having done so.

ON THE LOWER CALIFORNIA COAST.

THE west coast of Lower California is high, broken, and extremely barren: no green hill-side or verdant valley cheers the tired mariner, when closing in with its shores; not even the solitary habitation of a *ranchero* appears, to give evidence of human or animal life. Many lofty peaks of the Sierras have a sombre, reddish hue, when seen through the hazy atmosphere which often hangs about the land, in this temperate latitude; and the variegated, precipitous cliffs, which, at many points, look as if overhanging the ocean, far surpass in picturesque beauty the "Gay Head" of our New England coast.

On rounding Cape St. Lucas, a few scattered dwellings indicate that the soil of the southern extremity of the peninsula, in places, is susceptible of cultivation, and its productions equal to the necessary wants of its inhabitants.

The Mission of San José meets the sea at the head of a large, open bay, bearing the same name. Along the gulf shores at several points are seen, through the gaps and gorges, the moldering and nearly deserted missions, founded long since by the Jesuits.

Although the west coast is exceedingly barren and uninviting, there are many bays and lagoons, that formerly were the periodical feeding-grounds of innumerable whales, and the herding-places of vast numbers of sea-elephants and seals. At the proper season of the year, ships have been seen in the smooth bays, or about the open roadsteads, lying to their anchors—ships wearing the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the British, the tricolor of the French, the ensign of the Russian with its double-headed eagle, the checkered flag of Bremen, and occa-

sionally a straggling cruiser from some one of the South American republics—giving life to the otherwise dreary scene. The shores teemed with parties of sealers, or sea-elephant hunters, busy at their work of procuring skins and oil to load their respective vessels; not unfrequently, too, were seen the crew of some whaling vessel strolling about on a day's liberty.

The whaling-masters pursued their business either in the bays and lagoons, or along the outside coast, as their varied judgment dictated. The sea-elephant oil-ship, resorting to a safe harbor there, fitted out her shallops and boats, which coasted along the shores, landing through the surf, and capturing their prey upon the beaches within a few yards of the water, or up the ravines near by. The sealer landed his different parties on island or coast, periodically returning to embark the rich peltries, to be sold in the Chinese market, or at the fairs of the great fur marts of northern Europe.

At the present day may be seen the remains of the rude houses of the sealers and sea-elephant hunters. From the size of their houses, we gain some idea of the grand scale on which these enterprises were prosecuted. Many of the ships were of the largest class of those days, with a numerous crew, well armed, and all the discipline kept up that is ordinarily found on board a vessel of war.

Although it may seem to have been a useless expense to put a sealing-vessel on a war-footing, yet the occasional brushes with Spanish cruisers, and Chinese or Malay pirates, made the heaviest armament necessary. Moreover, the sealing-vessels of the north-west coast were not always employed in taking seals

for their skins, and directly disposing of their costly cargoes in China or Europe.

If the ship's cargo was sold in China, the exchange usually amounted to more than would freight two vessels of the same class. Hence the shrewd merchant that managed the affairs of the vessel secretly planned the final exchange to reap his golden harvest.

Teas, as well as many other bulky articles, made up the largest portion of the cargoes for the United States; and if the *sealing-ship* made a second voyage "to the coast" before returning home, the rich silks and other costly stuffs suited to the tastes of the wealthy classes of Mexico and Central America were put on board, and the ship returned to the coast under the guise of a sealing-vessel, with thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise snugly stowed in the hold, to be landed, if possible, free of duty; and when the ship was found in Spanish waters by their cruisers, many a spirited chase followed, and not unfrequently the use of their batteries only saved them from capture.

The variety of adventures necessarily connected with the business, as well as the certainty of large pay, if a successful voyage was made, brought together young men full of life and energy; so that, usually, the sealing-parties left on shore would pass their time cheerfully. The climate was almost invariably pleasant. Two or three days of constant work came when the seals collected in large numbers on their favorite beaches; but much of the time being taken up in curing, and preparing the skins for shipment, their labor was light, and performed during regular hours of the day. At night, in their camps, they indulged in games and athletic sports, such as the fertile brains of half a score of young heads, ripe for frolic, could divine with the primitive means at hand. A piece of canvas, or the flesh side of a cured seal-skin, supplied the place of a card-

table; and in various ways the seal-club was used by those fond of competing with each other in trials of strength. The loss of a comrade in the surf would sometimes cast a gloom over the whole company; but a change to the ship, or to some other point, or island, dispelled their sorrow.

Although the west coasts of the Californias are remarkable for their few hidden dangers, and the lower coast especially favored with regular north-west winds with but slight interruption throughout the year, and a climate most agreeable, yet it has been, beyond question, the scene of much suffering, and even death, to numbers of hapless seamen, who have deserted along the coast, or whose ships have been wrecked—from causes, in many instances, hidden in mystery, but probably on account of the great errors in the charts of the time. It is singular that so little was known about the west shore of Lower California, from the Bay of Magdalena northward to the port of St. Quentin, up to 1855. The large, open Bay of St. Sebastian Viscaino, fronted by the mountainous island of Cerros, or Cedros, was regarded by the masters of the numerous whaling-vessels that frequented the coast as a dangerous bight, which must be carefully avoided. Elide Island, that lies on the west shore of this bay, and has yielded many thousand tons of guano, was at that time a *terra incognita*.

Several lagoons, lying south of Elide, were not geographically and commercially known until the year 1855, when the largest one was first visited by the American whaling brig *Boston*, and her tender, the schooner *Marin*. It was found to be alive with whales, as well as many kinds of sea-fowl, and endless varieties of fish swarmed in its numerous branches. This lagoon is thirty to forty miles in extent. The passage into it is fronted by a sand-bar, with continual breakers lining each side of the channel.

Soon after the first visit of the *Boston*, it became a noted whaling-ground, and a large fleet annually congregated there. The whalers called it "Scammon's Lagoon," after the master of the *Boston*. The shores around the lagoon are extremely barren, and in many places nothing is found but dunes; and, at other points, the nearly barren waste produces only scattered bunches of stunted shrubbery, intermixed with the cactus and prickly pear.

On the south side of the lagoon are found the remains of a wreck. From the meagre data obtained, it appears to have been the ship *Tower Castle*, bound from the Pacific to Europe. It is supposed many things were saved from the vessel. The crew built a comfortable house, and were well provided with the necessary articles for cooking purposes; nor was there any lack of supplies for the table, except fresh water—a scanty allowance only having been saved. Soon after the disaster, the commanding officer improved a favorable opportunity to launch a boat, and proceeded to the nearest port to obtain a vessel to take off the remainder of the ship's company, and whatever of value had been saved of ship and cargo. But, before his return, the supply of fresh water became exhausted; none could be found by digging, and a fruitless search of the back country for springs or standing pools only hastened their end. They watched anxiously for the return of their comrades, who had gone to bring them relief; but no distant sail gladdened their eyes, as they gazed seaward from early dawn till night shut in from their view even the roaring breakers that rolled up along the shallow shore. The stoutest heart weakened, and one after another sank down in despair and death. On the return of their comrades to rescue them, a journal was found, kept by one of the party, in which was recorded the fact that one after another had died from

thirst. The last writer says, "Feeling the same symptoms as did my dead shipmates, it is but reasonable to expect that my time will soon come." This was the pathetic and final record in the journal.

From the time of the discovery of the gold deposits of Upper California to the present day, frequent desertions from among the crews of whale-ships cruising on the coast have occurred—in some instances, a whole boat's-crew leaving the vessel in the night, many miles at sea. It has been no unusual thing to find whale-boats along the shore, thrown high upon the beach by the heavy surge, which caused instant wreck, and no traces left to tell from whence they came, except the ship's name to which they belong, branded upon them. Their crews frequently have perished from hunger, thirst, and exposure, before being able to reach even the temporary abode of some roving *vaquero*. A few instances have been known where some one, more enduring than the rest of his wayward companions, has pressed forward, and, by good fortune, met some herdsman looking for stray animals, who, sharing his scanty food and mounting him on his horse, has brought the wanderer to camp alive.

As previously mentioned, the coast is bold; the shoalest water extending any considerable distance from the land is off the Bay of Ballinas, near lat. $26^{\circ} 41'$ north. From the deep soundings, twenty miles or more from land, the water gradually decreases in depth to the shore. At the head of Ballinas Bay, a lagoon makes inland for a distance of fifteen miles. It was seen by Captain Poole, in the whaling bark *Sarah Warren*, in 1858. He examined its mouth, hoping to find a safe passage in, but at that time did not succeed. In the summer of 1859, he again visited it, in company with another vessel, when a passage was found which was deemed practicable for a vessel drawing twelve feet. The channel is

very narrow, and, were it not for the strong land and sea-breezes, which blow with great regularity, the entrance would not be practicable for sailing vessels. The certainty of these winds is worthy of note, as it is well known that no dependence can be placed upon the land-breeze at any other point along the coast, from Cape St. Lucas to San Diego. It generally begins to blow from the land about daylight, and continues till near noon, making a fair wind out of the estuary. From midday till one, two, or three in the afternoon, it falls calm; then the fresh sea-breeze springs up, making a fair wind in. During the winter of 1859, seven American whaling craft resorted thither to try the new whaling-ground. This lagoon, like all the others on the coast, has a sand-bar stretching across its mouth, with but little more than twelve feet of water on it at high tide.

The first to arrive off the bar was a bark and her tender. The commander spent several days in sounding for a desirable depth in the channel, but could not decide about going in where there would be but a few inches of water under his ship's keel, even in a calm. Soon after, two other barks and two schooners arrived. All were of light draught, and well adapted for navigating shallow water. The commander of the first fleet had concluded not to venture into the place, unless some other captain would follow with his vessel, and then the question arose who should go first. Either would have preferred to be last, so far as safety was concerned; but, to have the credit of being the first one to sail in the unknown water, raised an ardent desire in both commanders to be first. At last, a plan was hit upon by the master of the larger fleet to put an end to the question: which was, to send his chief officer on board the smallest tender, to sound in one of the false channels, where there was sufficient water for so small a craft to float, and to make the best of his

way up the lagoon, far enough to find a good anchorage for the large vessels, when they should get in. This being done, no more was said about who should be the "first one in." Soon after, the sea-breeze sprung up, and the man with the largest number of vessels under his command took the lead, and all entered the lagoon in safety.

Not long after their arrival, a party landed to make a short tour inland: they had proceeded but a few miles along the banks of an *arroyo*, before they were met by a number of muleteers, who expressed much surprise when informed that half a dozen vessels, or more, were in the lagoon near by. An old man, whom they called Don José, and who appeared to be a sort of patriarch among his clan, informed them that he had many times come down from the distant mountains to the *estero*, but never before had he seen any thing on the water but turtles and porpoises.

The country immediately in the vicinity of this lagoon, on either hand, is nearly level, and extremely barren; a few stunted *mesquite* trees are now and then met with, and a species of rush-grass grows in many places, but so scattered that no evidence of any thing but a sandy plain, or low marsh, is seen about the shores. To the south-east, rises a long table-land to the height of a thousand feet. In going to the foot of this peculiar elevation, and near to it, you pass through what might be termed a forest of the largest species of cactus, some of them reaching the height of fifty feet. On ascending to the summit of the table, there is nothing to be seen inland, but a wild, broken, and mountainous country, as far as the eye can reach, with here and there a green gulch, or slope, of limited extent. To the northward, there appeared to be a belt of comparatively level land, extending across the peninsula to the Gulf of California.

The *rancheros* from the interior, and

traders from the gulf ports of Loreto and Moleje, came to trade with the vessels, bringing cattle, dried fruits, and the wild oranges of the country, to exchange for coarse cotton fabrics, tobacco, flour, and ready-made garments. After making their purchases, they seemed in no haste to depart, especially if tendered the hospitalities of the ship. To roll in their *serapes* on the deck, to take a night's sleep and snuff the salt air, seemed to be a pleasant change for them; and, after remaining on board till a lengthy visit was passed, they would frequently loiter about on shore for days, or weeks, coming off to the vessels, and returning, as opportunity offered.

The most widely known and largest sheet of inland water on the whole coast is Magdalena Bay. Situated just without the tropics, it is not subject to the heavy winter gales of Upper California, nor to the violent autumnal tempests of the coast of Mexico. A soft and pleasant climate prevails, with but little variation. The entrance to the bay is three miles wide, quite deep, and free from hidden dangers; a diversity of scenery bounds its shores. Margarita Island—a range of abrupt, barren peaks—separates the eastern and larger portion of it from the ocean. On the west, is the high Cape of St. Lazarus, bordered on each side by low sand-hills dotted with clusters of *chaparral*. On the north, are found low, brown cliffs, meeting a flat country, with many small estuaries winding through it, their banks clothed with a thick growth of mangrove-bushes, presenting a pleasant contrast to the dazzling sand and broken cliffs that predominate along the opposite side. The extent of the bay is forty miles in length, and ten in average width. The waters produce a variety of fish; and the estuaries, before spoken of, swarm with mullet, "mangrove-groupers," and several species of smaller fry. On the trunks of the

mangroves, where the tide reaches them, excellent oysters grow in abundance. Toward the foot-hills of the interior are found deer, antelopes, hares, and varieties of birds.

A lagoon forms a junction with this "gulf"—as termed by Sir E. Belcher, R.N.—near Cape St. Lazarus, extending northward twenty leagues. Only a narrow strip of land separates it from the sea; and, between its head and Cape St. Lazarus, there are two passages.

Species of a whale called the California Gray resort to the coast during the winter months, and the females go into the lagoons and bays to bring forth their young. The bay and lagoons of Magdalena have been the great central whaling-ground for this species of *Cetacea*, as well as a place where vessels could get some few refreshments, such as "beef on the hoof," dried figs, clams, fish in variety, and "oysters that grow on the trees;" and, also, if in great need, wood and water. The thick, clustering mangroves on the banks of the meandering estuaries supply the former; water is found by digging in the sand-beaches along the north shores of Lee Bay. In years past, this great bay whaling-ground, situated in a region where fine weather prevails—a safe and spacious harbor, with the most needful stores at hand, and but few immediate attractions on shore to allure the seamen from their ships—arrested the attention of the whaling-masters of the North Pacific fleet; and, for several consecutive years, the number of vessels anchored in Magdalena Bay, during the winter months, surprised even themselves. The fact of that peculiar species of whales crowding the bays and lagoons along the coast became generally known among the whalemen between the years 1846 and 1848.

In the winter of 1848, fifty-two ships anchored in the Bay of Magdalena. The whaling began with great spirit; but it was a new whale-ground, in shallow wa-

ter, and the species of *Cetacea* a peculiar one, whose habits, when pursued, the whalers knew nothing about. There was hardly a ship that did not have one or more of her boats stove daily. Again: although the bay was large, and the whales plentiful, the fleet was large, and it was a time when all the ships "broke out and coopered their oil." Every ship's cooper and his gang were busily at work with their heavy hammers, driving the hoops on the casks; and the whole combined produced a deafening noise upon the water. This, with the chase and capture of the whales, the staving of boats, the smoke and blaze from the try-works by night, soon drove the whales to the outside shores. The ardent hopes of the most sanguine were sadly dampened. A parley was held by the captains, and the matter was fully discussed as to what course was to be taken in order to secure "a good season's catch." Rules and regulations were drawn up and agreed to by all that decided to remain and "try their luck" through the season; but many ships, after the first few days' whaling had passed, left, to cruise in the open sea for sperm whales, till the northern season should come round again. Disappointed in their new whaling enterprise, they usually left with many maledictions on "Margarita Bay," (as it was usually called) and the whales, especially, were given a multitude of significant names, several of which are in vogue at the present day, such as "rip-sack," "muscle-digger," "hard-head," "gray-back," "devil-fish," etc. After suspending the whaling for a few days, and a number of ships leaving meanwhile, the whales again returned to their favorite haunt, and the whalers, soon learning "how to work around them," the ships that remained generally "made a fair season's catch."

As season after season passed, the yearly visits of the whaling-ships that came to the bay occurred with such reg-

ularity that the natives came in numerous parties to the shores for the purpose of trading. About the beginning of the year the *rancheros* from the interior, and occasionally merchants from some of the largest towns on the gulf shore, would congregate on the points most accessible to the shipping, bringing with them their products for sale—consisting of cattle, tropical fruits, cheese, leather, soap, pearls, shells, and silver articles of native workmanship—which were exchanged for clothing, coarse cotton goods of gaudy colors, tobacco, and some few articles of cutlery.

There being no officer of the customs stationed at this point, a limited, but profitable trade was carried on till the whaling season terminated. While the ships lay there, the tents of half a dozen parties of petty traffickers were often seen, with their cattle and other commodities around them, and trains of mules picketed near by—giving the shore an aspect of primitive California life. Although few in numbers, all shades might be seen—from the darkest Indian, with his coarse locks, to the clear complexion of the old Spanish or Anglo-American races: the latter but rarely. A few of their number, more energetic and industrious than the rest, would seek employment on board ships that were short-handed, or busy themselves in taking the fat from the inside of the whales' carcasses that drifted from the ships to the shore, after having been stripped of their blubber. Some seasons, quite a business would be carried on in "carcassing," as it was called, whole families engaging in the work, cutting the fat from the entrails of the monstrous and shapeless remains of the animals left dry at low tide; then trying it out in pots, and putting it into casks furnished by the ships; then disposing of the oil thus obtained—of an inferior quality—at a low figure, taking their pay in articles of *trade*, at triple the original cost. The scene on shore at such

a time beggars description. Lounging *rancheros* and *vaqueros*, in their flaunting *ponchos*; horses, cattle, mules, and donkeys, that looked as if they had nipped the last bunch of grass a long time before reaching the salt water; dirty half-breeds of both sexes, besmeared with grease and filth; squalling children, half clothed, or with no clothes at all, according to the temperature of the weather and their parents' finances, all mingled together, each, seemingly, following the bent of his or her own inclinations; a few individuals, either gambling or butchering their cattle, to be disposed of among the shipping; families that had completed their purchases of bright-colored calicoes, blue drillings, butcher-knives, and bandana handkerchiefs, getting ready for their long *jornada* to their homes among the mountains; and last, but most filthy of all sights, would be a bevy of natives picking away at the huge skeletons of whales, like mammoth carrion-crows: all, together, making up a motley group rarely met with elsewhere.

Soon after the first whaling-vessels visited the lagoons, two ships, which had arrived early from the north, were lying quietly at their anchors, their crews feasting on the bountiful productions of the bay, and relieving themselves from the confined and monotonous life on board, by making excursions on shore among the rugged peaks of Margarita Island, or through the estuaries that thread the northern shore. Sometime during those rambles, one who had the curiosity to see the top of the island, after a fatiguing climb, paused to rest, and take a survey of objects around him. Knocking about in the *débris*, he chanced to pick up what he believed to be the "precious gold itself," and, hastening back to the ship, made known the discovery to his Captain. A second expedition to the place developed the supposed gold deposit more fully, and a large number of

specimens were brought to the ships, and examined by the two captains and their officers, who pronounced them to be "pure gold, sure enough."

One of the two ships was among the largest and best-appointed in the whole Pacific fleet, and the Captain of high reputation, not only as a successful whaling-master, but a man of much shrewdness, great energy, and a strict disciplinarian. His judgment generally bore great weight with his brother captains. His decision was listened to with willing ears, when he addressed all hands in this wise: "Yes, men, this is the real stuff. Now, we will go to work and get as much of it as we wish, and let them catch 'devil-fish' that want to. There is powder for blasting in the magazine, iron and all the other materials on board to get up quite a set of mining implements; a forge with plenty of coal, and a good blacksmith into the bargain: so, the sooner we are at it, the better." Immediate preparations were made to commence mining. It was now an admitted fact that all hands were to dig gold and become immensely rich. But the question arose, "Who is going to dig gold on the one-hundredth or two-hundredth lay?" This was a serious matter, and fully discussed at night, in the blinding darkness of the fore-castle; for Captain L—— never permitted a light to be burned forward, after the regular hours.

After due deliberation, all the crew came to the firm conclusion that "they would not dig gold on a lay: one of their number had discovered it, and really they had a better claim to the mine than the officers." "But," said they, "we are willing to allow the 'old man' a good price for his 'grub,' the use of his tools, and will charter his ship, if he says so, to take us and our 'rhino' home." So, it was agreed that all hands should go aft and let the Captain know what was up, as soon as they should be "turned to" in the morning. "But, who is to be

spokesman?" asked one. All pitched on Jim Dow, who, however, declared that he had "rather go a devil-fishing than face the old man, and do the talking."

After some delay, one of their number volunteered to be spokesman. At the appointed time in the morning, the crew assembled aft, and asked to see the Captain. He soon made his appearance, and every one could see by his determined look that it was no time to bandy words. Their speaker respectfully informed him that "the crew thought it was hardly a fair thing to dig gold on a lay."

"The d——l you don't!" replied the Captain. "You're a pretty set of fellows! If you go to cutting your flukes out here, I'll send the whole *posse* of you a whaling, and a precious little good will this gold do you when the voyage is up! You're a set of stupids, from beginning to end! Why, I'll give any of you \$50,000 for your share—and what more do you want? Go forward; I won't hear another word from you!"

The command was promptly obeyed, and soon the order came to "turn to," which was obeyed likewise. Night came again, and, when all had gathered in the forecabin, the new speculation was the engrossing topic of conversation. Jack Dow said, "As for my part, I think the matter stands about like this: we've got the 'old man' and \$50,000 on one side, *sure*, and devil-fish, stoven boats, and a greasy job on the other, and I goes in for the side what's got the spondulics."

This speech satisfied all present, and the next day every thing went on cheerfully. Drills, crow-bars, and other mining tools were made as fast as willing hands could work, and any of the ship's whaling implements that could be turned to account were immediately appropriated to the new adventure. A kind of knapsack was made of heavy canvas, for each man to transport the precious metal

from the mine to the ship, and this sackful, delivered on board, was the "stint" of each one daily.

Every succeeding morning, as the sun rose over the dark peaks of the island, might have been seen a train of men slowly plodding up the steep, with the white sacks to their backs; and before the close of the day, singly or in squads, they returned to the ship and deposited their treasure in the strong casks that had been originally designed to receive the swimming treasures of the deep.

In the meantime, Captain L——, anxious about the genuine quality of the metal, dispatched a party, with specimens, to one of the gulf ports, where there was an assayer. A few weeks elapsed before his return; but the sanguine miners, in their excitement, not doubting the true worth of the ore, went on briskly with their work. In due time, however, the messenger returned with the report that "it was nothing but iron pyrites!" This intelligence fell with crushing despair on the whole party.

What a fall from rich gentlemen of leisure—which they already had been in their own anticipations—to poor Jacks on board a whaler! All felt chagrined: some affecting to laugh it off, others remarking that "the 'old man' had got sold once in his life." But one of their number replied that "all hands might as well own up that they had been sold as well as the Captain. There is not one of us," said he, "but has got more or less of the stuff stowed away in a sly corner, expecting to play sharp with the 'old man' on the lay business." Such, indeed, was the fact, many having appropriated choice nuggets to private benefit, secreting them in bags between the timbers of the vessel, while others hid their coveted treasures in their beds, or carried them constantly about their persons.

The following morning, all hands were called, and ordered to "make a muster aft," and the whole ship's company im-

mediately assembled about the quarter-deck. The Captain at last made his appearance. A long silence ensued, when, raising both hands, he exclaimed: "If any man ever divulges any thing about this here scrape, I'll be the death of him, and haunt him in purgatory! And, mind you, there has got to be some oil taken this season, or else you'll see some cedar

split! The whales are already in the bay, and the sooner we are at it the better."

Thus ended the gold-mining on Margarita Island.

It is but justice to state, however, that this Captain and his crew of amateur miners made the most successful "season" of any on the coast.

IN XTO.

THE road from Tübingen to Schaffhausen—the one celebrated by its university, the other by its Rhine-fall—is picturesque, but wild and rough in its surroundings, when compared with Baden and Würtemberg—those gardens of blissful civilization. There the men are thrifty, the women are handsome, and the children pretty and intelligent. As you leave those civilized centres, the songs become more harsh: it is the transition from perfect musical harmony, innate and cultivated, to the Tyrolean freeman's song—innate, but not cultivated. The manners remain hospitable, but somewhat rough and curt. The dress is national, but quaint; at least, it seemed so to me, when looking at the red stockings and the black, short dresses which the women wore.

We stopped at Hechingen—a so-called town, but more like a large village. I took a stroll around with my traveling companion, an old merchant from Elberfeld. It was a very picturesque, but wild-looking landscape. Abundant growth of forest-trees and brush-wood; abundance of springs and rills. But few cultivated spots; not many cottages, and those not trim and neat, as in the blessed country we had left. Our road went lower and lower, then ascended between thick bushes and trees, then we came out on what was like a level spot,

where, to our astonishment, we beheld a most beautiful church.

The building was of stone, and of medieval architecture. Huge trees surrounded it. Before us was the entrance-gate, open; and through the dim light of the middle aisle, we could see the wax tapers burning on the altar, and the bowed heads of some worshippers. The organ struck a sombre, mellow note, and we were going up to the entrance, when we were struck by the appearance of two ladies, in deep mourning, who alighted from a two-horse carriage, and walked slowly to the church-door.

A valet followed them at respectful distance. They were both veiled. One—apparently the younger—was tall and graceful. The other, somewhat bent, walked slowly, and, before entering the door, threw back her veil, and looked to the right, where the church-yard extended over a softly undulating ground.

She stood still, held her right hand over her eyes, and, after looking steadily, said to her companion:

"*Schon da! schon da!*" (Already there! already there!)

"*Die Unglückliche!*" answered her companion; and, taking her arm, somewhat abruptly conducted her into the church.

Of course I, too, had looked in the direction of the church-yard. From the

face of the unveiled lady, which I thought extremely sunburnt, my eyes had glided along with hers, and rested for a moment upon a kneeling form, in mourning, near a tomb-stone, over which a graceful cedar began to throw some shade.

The exclamation, the answer, the sudden entrance of the two ladies into the church, left me and my old companion a moment in surprise.

"Again a love-story," said he, with the wan smile of age and mercantile pre-occupation.

I did not answer. That lady with the sunburnt face was something more than *distingue*. That carriage, though only with two beautiful bay horses, had something peculiar. The coachman looked proudly down, as if conscious of superior service. The second valet stood talking with the outrider, who had alighted from his courser, and I heard him say, "*Arme Gräfin!*" Then the outrider, looking toward us, put his finger on his mouth, and evidently began another subject of conversation.

All this passed in a moment; and I, with my twenty-six years, felt in a blaze of curiosity, astonishment, and what not.

"Come, let us go!" said my old friend.

"Don't think of it," said I. "I want to know who they are."

"*Junger mensch,*" said he, "you are romantic! It's none of our business. Come."

"But I want to know."

"To know what? Let these *Herrschaften* alone, my young friend. You are in a strange country; don't meddle. Come."

"Well, go, then," said I, impatiently. "I'll be at the hotel within an hour."

My old friend smiled, and left me. I went up to the outrider, and, lifting my hat, asked him who the ladies were.

He stared at me for some time; then, making up his mind that I was a stranger, he said:

"The younger lady is the *Erbin-
sessin von Hohenzollern Hechingen*; the older one [and here he took off his riding-cap] is the *Kaiserin von Brasil*."

I actually blushed up to my ears; for, though bred in a monarchical country, and accustomed to the aspect of Court and Royalty, I must confess that this sudden rencontre of the Empress of Brazil, the widowed wife of Dom Pedro I, with her sister, the hereditary Princess of one of the oldest German Principalities, in this secluded spot, in a manner somewhat mysterious, gave the full reins to my youthful imagination.

I hastened to the church-door, and, entering, saw the Priest in the act of elevating the Host. The bell tingled, the worshipers knelt, and among them I could discern the Empress, kneeling, with bended head: to her right was the Princess; to her left, a lady in deepest mourning, who, when they arose, left the church through a side-door. I had a glance at her face. It was strikingly beautiful, of dark complexion, but very pale. I could see the traces of tears. It was a face one could not easily forget.

The Empress followed her a moment with her eyes; then touched the arm of her companion, who slightly shrugged her shoulders, and at once turned round toward the entrance. They passed close by me, who, you may believe, made my deepest bow, which was rewarded by a most graceful inclination of the imperial head.

I followed them. They paused at about the same spot where they had stood when coming to church, and the Empress, as before, turning toward the church-yard, looked awhile, then said, mournfully, "*Immer da! Arme Gräfin!*"

"*Schwesterlieb!*" said the Princess, beseechingly, "do not worry! Time will cure."

It was evident they took me for a stranger, for they spoke loud enough to be heard; and, I must confess, curiosity overcoming discretion, I remained where I was, apparently taking a view of the surroundings.

"No," said the Empress, "thou knowest not Maria: a volcano which will burn itself out."

"*Gottes will! Gottes will!*" said the Princess, and, taking the Empress' arm, went to the carriage.

Before entering it, I saw the Empress making a sign to the outrider to approach. He did so, and stood with bended head before her. She spoke some words to him, evidently in a whisper; they mounted the carriage, the Princess followed, and off they started.

The outrider remained, looking to the church-yard. After a few minutes, I saw the veiled lady coming thence, with slow and measured steps, stopping at the church-entrance, where the Priest stood, seemingly waiting.

"*Liebe Gräfin!*" said he, "*sey doch getröst*; you know I was with him to the last."

She stood still, heaved a deep sigh, looked at him with a woe-stricken face, such as I never have beheld before nor since, placed a purse in his hand, paused, then said, "*Sechs monate, täglich eine*," and went to a carriage, which, in the meantime, had driven up.

The Priest crossed himself, then said, with a sigh, "*Arme Gräfin!*" and went in, closing the church-door after him. The carriage drove off, and the outrider, mounting his horse, disappeared.

I stood for some moments, as in a dream, utter loneliness around me: not a soul to speak to.

At last, I went to the church-yard. I found my way to the young cedar-tree. It was not *in* the limits of the consecrated ground; it was close to it, but evidently separated from it. I found a mound, and a small head-stone. There,

near the stone, were placed a few fragrant flowers. On the stone was no name or date, but only these letters:

In Xto.

In Christo! That was all.

Whatever may be our belief, or unbelief, a grave is the *ultima thule* of human existence, and, when looking at the heap of earth covering the moldering dust, our thoughts seldom stop there. I was, in those times, very religious, which, with my romantic, impressible disposition, sometimes led me into extravagance. That "In Christ" made at once a saint of the silent inhabitant of that solitary mound. And, combining this with the *Gräfin*, so beautiful, so sorrowful, I became almost wild with—curiosity; reader, it was curiosity.

I walked off, but was struck with the quaint appearance of a grave just beside the one I left: not in the *consecrated* ground, either. Four posts limited the narrow space usually occupied by a middle-sized grave. On top of each was placed, and firmly fastened, a skull, painted white. The posts were black; the grave had a marble slab; there were no flowers, no shrubs, no trees. I read the inscription on the slab; I copied it, and give here the translation:

In Memory of

RODOLF VON HAMMER,

Who was murdered on the 12 of June, 183—.

PEACE BE TO HIS SOUL.

I did not remain long at this grave. I became morbid. I hastened to the hotel, where I arrived just in time for dinner, and found my merchant friend smoking his meerschaum pipe, and reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

"Well," said he, when the first cravings of hunger were satisfied, and while the host brought his best *landwein*—which was poor enough—to enliven our dessert, "what have you found out?"

I told him all, with the volubility of a pent-up volcano; but when I came to

the church-yard graves, the host, who had been walking up and down with a sort of uncalled-for obsequiousness, put his hand on my shoulder, and, pressing it significantly, said, in a rather low whisper:

"*Um Gottes wille, Meinherr*, be silent; don't say more."

And when I looked up in astonishment, he indicated with his eyes an elderly gentleman, seated at the end of the table.

"Don't say more," said he; "that gentleman is the father. He might hear, and oh! it would grieve him. He is so good, so *liebenswürdig*, *Meinherr*, you would be sorry to offend him."

I was astonished; and my merchant friend said, somewhat triumphantly:

"Well, what did I tell you, my young *Herrschaft*? You *will* get into trouble. Don't meddle with other people's business."

While he said so, the gentleman to whom the host referred arose slowly from his seat. He was tall, with handsome, striking features, though his snow-white hair—which fell in waving locks over his slightly stooping shoulders—spoke of age, and his whole appearance of grief and sorrow. He approached with very measured step, and as I, instinctively, turned round to him, stood still before me, bent a little down, laid his right hand on my shoulder, and, in a deep, guttural voice, said, "*Junger mann*, have you *seen* the grave? have you *read*?"

I felt his hand trembling on my shoulder; his whole appearance inspired me with a mixed feeling of awe and sympathy.

"Have you read?" he repeated, with increasing emotion.

I tried to arise, but he kept me down with an iron grasp, and repeated louder still, "Have you read?"

"Yes, *Meinherr*, I have," said I, almost faltering.

He released his grasp, and, folding his arms, stood in dignified, erect position, almost defiantly, before me.

"And what do you think of it, *junger mensch*? Rodolf was a noble boy, *Meinherr*, worthy to be a king's son—the last Von Hammer . . . I am the Baron Von Hammer, *Meinherr*."

I bowed, and expressed, as politely as I could, the honor of making his acquaintance.

"The last Von Hammer, sir, *the last—the last!*"

His voice became almost a scream, when I was relieved from my anxiety how this would end, by the appearance of the Priest I had seen that morning at the church, whom the host had caught passing by, and introduced just in the nick of time.

"*Und wie gehts, Herr Baron*," said he, in a soft, mellow voice; "*wie gehts, denn?*"

And thus saying, he took him by the hand and led him to a seat. The Baron sank down, apparently exhausted, and, covering his face with both his hands, gave way to an outburst of grief, which was heart-rending to behold.

I stood almost like a culprit, and the Priest, looking up, saw me—perhaps recognized me—and came toward me with extended right hand:

"*Herr fremdling*," said he, in a whisper, "please to withdraw into the next room. I shall see the Baron to his home, and probably stay with him this night. He needs comfort, and I am the only one who can give it him."

I was in the act of withdrawing, when he may have seen, in my half-bewildered, half-grieved appearance, that I wished for something more. He smiled, as an old man of benevolent disposition might smile at a young man, a stranger and novice in the world.

"The Baron," said he, very softly, "is ill, and must take to his bed: I know it. If you want to hear how he is, come this

evening to his house, and may be I can give you some information."

He smiled again, pressed my hand very kindly, and went back to the Baron, who, by this time, had recovered from his paroxysm, and gazed with a blank stare before him.

"*Kommen sie, Herr Baron,*" said the Priest; "let us take a little walk."

The Baron arose, put his arm through that of the Priest, and both walked slowly out.

I followed them with my eyes till they were gone; then, turning round, I looked for my mercantile friend. He was gone; but, before I had left the room to seek him, he met me, carpet-bag in hand, and said:

"Come—the carriage is ready; we must be off!"

"How?" said I, "why such a hurry? I thought we would go toward evening, and I had even a mind to stay here overnight."

"Bah!" cried he; "overnight! What for? Come, let us go."

"Well," said I, "*you* go, then; I stay. I'll join you at Schaffhausen, in the Eilwagen."

"*Ach Gott!*" said he, half angry, half laughing. "*Well, Gott befohlen!*"—and so he went off.

I was not very sorry, and went strolling through the country, until the sun began to sink behind the horizon, when the moon, three-quarters full, lighted my way, and, with little trouble, I found the road to Hammersburg—a relic of the olden times, partly in ruins, partly inhabited. I crossed the draw-bridge, passed through the huge gate-way, over which I could discern the roughly sculptured coat-of-arms of the poor Hammers; entered a large court-yard, inclosed by ruinous walls, and felt awed by the utter desolation and loneliness around me. Not even the bark of a watch-dog broke the silence. Through one of the lower windows I saw a faint light glimmering.

I went in that direction; perhaps it was my footsteps on the stony, rough soil gave a warning, for I saw a narrow gate opening, and the well-known form of the Priest appeared in the pale moonlight. I went up to him. He took my hand, and said in a whisper, "Tread softly; the Baron is very ill, very nervous. Follow me," he added, letting go my hand, and taking the lead through a narrow passage, until he opened a door and made me pass into a roomy apartment, lighted by a solitary lamp on a small, old-fashioned table. He showed me a seat, and left me for a moment, as he said, to see after the invalid.

The walls were hung with family portraits—some full-length, some cabinet-size. I took the lamp, and examined them. I soon perceived one which evidently was that of the Baron in earlier years. Next to it was a cabinet-size portrait of a young man, whose features were handsome, though somewhat harsh and defiant. A crape surrounded the gilded frame. "That must be Rodolf," thought I; and this one next to him—a beautiful, life-sized painting of a lady—must have been his mother. The only son and child was placed between the parents.

The door opened, and the Priest came in. Seeing me looking intently at the portrait of Rodolf, he approached, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, "A noble-hearted young man, *Meinherr*, noble-hearted!" And the tears stood in the good man's eyes. He heaved a deep sigh; and, taking the lamp from my hand, placed it on the table, then led me to a balcony, over which the moon cast a soft and pleasant light, and said:

"Sit down here, and listen to a tale sad and harrowing, of which the last vicissitudes will soon be gone."

"It was not always as lonely here as you find it now. A few years ago this was a happy family, though adverse cir-

cumstances began to threaten ruin. The Baron and his amiable wife were sure that their Rodolf would redeem the fortunes of their falling house; and, certainly, no young man ever gave better promise. His studies had been successful, and his heart was, as it were, exalted and ennobled by the love he bore to Maria Von Zeller, a beautiful and pure-minded young lady, a distant relative of the Baroness, who, being an orphan, resided with her adopted parents."

"The same I saw this morning?" I interrupted.

"The very same," continued the Priest, "the very same. They were playmates in childhood, and it seemed impossible they should not be once united in stronger bonds than those of friendship. But, just when Maria began to bloom into maidenhood, the Empress took her departure for Rio Janeiro; and she being appointed one of the Ladies of Honor to her Majesty, family pride could not resist the temptation. Maria, herself, seemed willing to accept the appointment, and one morning she left us, accompanied on the road by the Baron and his Lady. Rodolf remained alone. He was wretched. I tried to console him, but it was in vain. I believe he was somewhat conscious of the effect which his rather stern and willful disposition had produced. He felt sure of *his* love, but not so sure of hers.

"A year passed, and Maria's letters were frequent and tender. Those addressed to Rodolf were like what a sister would write to her brother, and did not answer his passionate and vehement demonstrations. After two years, her letters were addressed exclusively to the Baroness. Then there came one which necessitated a long interview between the Baroness and her son. When I saw Rodolf again, he looked an altered man.

"What *is* the matter, Rodolf?" said I, taking his hand.

"O nothing," said he. "Gone, gone,

all gone!" continued he, falling on my neck, and sobbing bitterly.

"Since that time he spoke little, did little, and, not strong enough to rouse himself, brooded and brooded, till people began to think he had lost his senses.

"Three months elapsed, and the Empress, a widow, came to see her ancestral home, and to rest from the weariness of foreign splendor. Maria Von Zeller, the affianced of Don Lopez de Guzman, accompanied her, of course, and continued to reside in the palace. She never came here. The Baron and Baroness went to see her. She carefully avoided Rodolf, who, in his brooding mood, probably was ignorant of her arrival.

"And, when three months more had passed, the Baron, his wife, and myself were sitting, on a moonlight evening, like this—"

The Priest was, for a moment, unable to proceed. I was too much absorbed in his narration to interrupt him. At last he went on:

"We were sitting on this same balcony, on the same seats, in silence, thinking over past times, and how things might have been, when, of a sudden, we were startled by loud words—the thrilling, angry voice of Rodolf being distinctly heard.

"*'Fort mit ihm!—fort mit ihm!'*" he cried.

"You see from here the entrance-gate? You see, next to it, an opening in the wall? It overhangs a precipice of more than one hundred feet. There we saw, in the moonlight, two men struggling. I saw Rodolf dragging a man toward the opening—some house-servants pulling at the man. A moment more, and we heard a yell, a wail among the servants, a running; and, when I looked back, I saw the Baroness fainting away, the Baron trembling and crying out, 'It was Rodolf!—it was Rodolf!'

"Having given all care I could to these unfortunates, I went down, and,

coming to the entrance-gate, found two servants holding, with all their power, a man of athletic form, foreign appearance, with dark, flashing eyes. In the struggle, he saw me advancing, jerked his assailants back with a last effort, then crossed his arms, and stood defiantly, breathing hard, and evidently disposed to resume the battle.

"I approached him, and said, 'Who are you?'—at the same time motioning to the servants to abstain from further attempts.

"*'Señor,'* said he, in a voice wherein anger was strongly mixed with deep emotion, 'I am Don Lopez de Guzman. I arrived a few hours ago, and hastened to see my affianced bride, Doña Maria. She is here, *Señor?* She is with her adopted parents, of whom she spoke so often, is she not? At the gate I met a young man. He stopped me, asking me what I wanted. I told him. A moment he stood still; then muttered some words, pushed me back, and acted like a madman. I went on, forced my way through the gate, when, all at once, he screamed loud; caught hold of me; dragged me; other men came and took hold of me, until I jerked him off, and disposed of the two remaining, as you have seen.'

"'He threw him down—he threw him down!' cried the two men, and, in their anger, were going to attack the stranger once more, when a sight arrested them which I shall not easily forget.

"It was the bruised, mutilated, lifeless body of Rodolf, carried by two or three men, and laid down at the very feet of Don Lopez.

"'You have murdered him!' they all cried, with increasing fury. '*Mörderer! mörderer!*' they screamed, and they would have fallen upon him like a pack of wolves. But I interposed, and cried, loudly: 'By the Holy Virgin, men, do not become murderers yourselves! There is justice in this land of ours, and justice will be done.'

"*'Señor,'* said I, in Spanish, to the stranger, 'I believe what you say, but allow yourself to be a prisoner, and prevent further mischief.'

"He immediately extended his two hands to be bound, and said, with a bitter smile, '*Padre*, this is a sad welcome, indeed!'

"I must hasten to the end of this woful tale," continued the priest, after a pause, "for it is getting late, and the Baron may want my presence. Poor, poor Baron!

"When the Empress left Brazil, it was with the intention of returning, and Don Lopez, a Spanish gentleman, recently established in Rio Janeiro, waited for that return to wed his bride, the Gräfin Maria. She often had mentioned to him the friend of her youth, Rodolf, but never as one who had loved her. With filial piety she had spoken of her adopted parents, and often said how anxious she was to rest once more under their roof. But when she returned, and was made acquainted with the state of Rodolf's mind, she naturally remained with the Empress' household, and wrote to Don Lopez to propose to join him at Rio Janeiro. The letter came too late. Already he was on his way to Europe.

"Don Lopez was tried for murder. His demeanor in the court was dignified and self-possessed. But neither his assertion that he had not exceeded the natural right of self-defense, nor my corroborating evidence, could outweigh the tumultuous and strangely unanimous testimony of those ignorant, but excited men, who all declared they had *seen* him throw Rodolf down the precipice. There was a strong feeling against the foreigner, increased, perhaps, by the decease of the Baroness, who never recovered from the shock received that fatal evening. Judgment was passed, and Don Lopez was condemned to death.

"And the poor Gräfin Maria! I had immediately gone to see her. With noble faith, she believed in the innocence

of her betrothed. And when I gave her to understand that Don Lopez begged to see her once more, she paled and flushed, and paled again; then rose and said: 'Oh, *Vater*, could I have pleaded his cause! I'll go, *Vater*, I'll go!'

"We went. It was the third day of grace; the following would be the last. From the palace to the prison door Maria said not a word, but sat in the carriage with bended head, covering her tear-flooded face with both hands. We were admitted to the gloomy cell, where Don Lopez lay, handcuffed, on a bed of straw. What a light shone out of those dark eyes when he beheld his bride! She threw herself, sobbing, on his neck, kissed him over and over, and, at last, sat down, weeping bitterly.

"*Querida mia!*" said he, in mellow tones, and holding one of her hands with his powerful, but chained right hand. '*Querida mia!* thou hast not doubted me? Don Lopez is no murderer!'

"It was long before Maria could speak. Then they talked long and rapidly, in a whisper. At last, Maria knelt down, pressed her betrothed once more in her arms, rose, turned toward me, and, on my arm, walked slowly out. She never spoke a word during our drive to the palace, nor has she ever since mentioned to me the name of Lopez. The words she spoke to me at the church-door were the first I heard. She walks like a shadow among the living, and, it is thought, will soon follow her betrothed.

"The following morning, at dawn, I entered the prisoner's cell. I administered the last rites of our holy religion to Don Lopez, who, before taking the sacrament, said, in a very composed voice:

"*Padre*, I die innocent. Let my burial be decent. Let a stone mark the resting-place. No name on it. The Guzmans are no murderers! But I appeal from this judgment to that of Christ. *In Christo! Padre; in Christo!*"

"Ah!" said I, interrupting the Priest, who was overcome by emotion, "that is the reason of the inscription I saw."

"So, you have seen it?" answered he, recovering. "Yes; I thought such was his wish. I got permission to give his beheaded body a decent burial; and I planted the cedar-tree over the grave. There his betrothed comes daily to weep. . . . But now, my young friend, it is time to leave. I must go and see the Baron. Farewell, farewell," added he, pressing my hand in his. "Remember, in your prayers, the poor *Gräfin*; and, if ever you come in this neighborhood, visit me in my little dwelling, behind the church, quite near to the *Gottes acker*."

I left him, strangely affected. Coming near the gate, I looked through the fatal opening in the wall. I thought a moment on what had passed here, not a long time ago, and walked slowly and thoughtfully to my hotel.

For two months I traveled through Switzerland, and, changing my intended route, I came back to Schaffhausen; thence to Hechingen. It was in the afternoon when I arrived, and having, this time, no aged friend to counteract my first impulse, I walked the same road we had gone over together; came to the church; went to the grave-yard; found soon the cedar-tree, and was not a little affected when beholding, beside Don Lopez' grave, another, evidently of recent date, covered with a slab, on which there was no name, but only

In Xto.

Turning round to go to the presbytery, I perceived, next to Rodolf's grave, another. I understood, and, when I met the Priest, he scarcely could tell me any news.

"It was her wish," said he, with a deep sigh. "She never spoke a word; only, when near her agony, she whispered, '*Sey es in Christo!*'"

DAISY.

Could you have seen the violets
That blossomed in her eyes,
Could you have kissed that golden hair,
And drank her baby sighs, —
You would have been her tiring-maid
As joyfully as I;
Content to deck your little queen,
And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
Hide in their graves of snow,
Drawn all that gold along your hand,
While she lay, smiling so, —
O, you would tread this weary earth
As heavily as I;
Content to clasp her little grave,
And let the world go by.

CAMP-LIFE IN ARIZONA.

WE reached Tucson just in time to attend Major Smith's wedding. Looking on the scene that night, I quite forgot that I was in Arizona. The bride was faultless in white *moire antique*, blonde veil, and satin slippers. Wives of the military officers and civil dignitaries of the Territory were not behind in elegance of dress and appointments, and the gay uniforms and regulation epaulettes of the officers made up, altogether, what Jenkins would have called a "brilliant and *recherché* assemblage." The General, on whose arm I had been leaning during the performance of the ceremony, was the first to salute the bride; and then the band (six or eight "musically organized" soldiers on furlough from Camp Grant) struck up one of those soft, thrilling waltzes that only the dark-eyed Mexicans could have taught these

susceptible individuals. I am afraid that I was less interested in the dancing than in the supper, which was a source of unlimited wonder to me; but accounted for, perhaps, in part, by the knowledge that the groom was Quartermaster of the United States Army, and the father of the bride one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Tucson.

I was to spend the summer in camp, some sixty miles below Tucson; and the Colonel, his wife, and I started out on the following afternoon, with a dozen cavalymen as escort, and reached camp just at guard-mount the next morning. The officers who had not been fortunate enough to obtain the Post Commander's permission to attend the grand wedding, soon called at the Colonel's quarters to hear the news in general, and accounts of the festivities in particular. The Colo-

nel's junior Lieutenant had been particularly anxious to attend, and had been pining away, he said, since the day the Colonel had left camp without him. The commanding officer himself called while he was still complaining; and, to make amends for his cruelty to the youth, the Captain requested that I should choose him (the Lieutenant) to act as escort and cavalier on my first ride. The Lieutenant declared himself amply satisfied with the reparation made, and started joyously to prepare himself, when we were a little surprised to see him turn very abruptly, and re-enter the room somewhat quicker than he had left it. Behind him appeared Braun, the cook, beating the ground furiously with a heavy piece of wood, and screaming, at the top of his voice, "Look out! look out! he's half dead, but he can crawl yet!" And, crowding to the door, we saw a most beautiful specimen of an Arizona rattlesnake, some six feet long, trying to escape from Braun's vigorous blows. But the blows had been well aimed, and the snake soon lay motionless at the corner of the *adobe* kitchen, inside which Braun had first discovered it, curled up on the flour-sack.

Some time after, when I left my tent, equipped and ready to mount my horse, I noticed that he stood just where the snake had breathed its last; but, since I no longer saw it there, I concluded it had been taken away from under the horse's feet, and thrown out among the weeds. What my screams were like when, on retiring to my tent for the night, I stooped to look under the bed (pursuant to a time-honored custom) before getting into it, and there found the snake curled up for a comfortable night's sleep, I will leave my lady readers to imagine; they brought half the garrison to the spot. The snake was killed over again and buried in the ground, six feet deep.

People are accustomed to think and

speak of Arizona, as though the whole Territory were one waste of sand and dust. Yet, could but that fearful scourge, the Apache, be removed, there are portions of this country that would soon vie, in life and beauty, with the most populous sections in California—only small portions of it, I must acknowledge—and here, at the foot of the grand old mountain overlooking our camp, was such a spot. The grass and wild flowers are always fresh and green, from the showers of rain that fall almost every week during the summer months here; and the sun, as it sinks slowly behind the mountain, tints the sky with brilliant, yet delicate hues, such as I have never seen elsewhere. Riding forth on such evenings, nothing could exceed the sense of unbounded joy and freedom I felt, notwithstanding my fear of the Indians, whom I always expected to find behind the first little hillock, or the next clump of trees, which the Colonel had forbidden us to pass. Sometimes we would play "Central Park," on these rides—the Colonel and his wife, my companion and myself, and all the officers who did not happen to be on duty. Keeping within the lines the Post Commander had designated as "safe," we would pass and repass each other—some on horseback, some in ambulances, and others on foot—assuming all the style and air of New York *Elite*, as we bowed and saluted afresh, every time we met.

The Colonel was the only married officer in camp, so it was a matter of course that the General—who was expected on a friendly visit at the post—should be entertained at our quarters. Not that we had room enough to invite him to share our abode—his bachelor friends might give him quarters—but we would give him a state dinner, on the day of his arrival. The Colonel's quarters consisted of one *adobe* room, which served as parlor, sitting-room, bed-room, and dining-room, in wet weather and on

festal occasions. Besides, it was the tent devoted to my use; and opposite both stood what had once been another *adobe* house, but was now a roofless ruin, with crumbling walls, containing gaps, here and there, marking the places where doors had once been projected. This was our kitchen, as a large, open fire-place in one corner, a big pile of ashes in the other, and a large home-made table in the middle of the mud-floor, plainly told.

Did I say this structure was roofless? I beg pardon: there was a piece of canvas or tent-cloth spread over that part of it where the cooking operations went on, only it was not long enough nor strong enough; and, when it rained, the rain-water, that gathered in a pool directly over the fire-place, was always sure to break through and come down, extinguishing the fire and all hopes of dinner, just as Braun would get ready to serve that meal. It was comical to watch Braun, after such mishaps. With his india-rubber blanket thrown over his shoulders, he would pick his way, through the deep puddles of water on the floor, to the ash-pile, opposite the fire-place, and there seat himself; and, with his shaggy head supported by his smutty hands, would grimly stare at the pots and pans, filled and bespattered with ashes from the recent cloud-burst of canvas.

Our supply of canned fruit and vegetables had almost given out, when the time was set, definitely, for the General's visit; and we devoutly hoped that the Commissary train might come in from California before the General's arrival. But when it came, we found that the usual amount of toll had been taken at Fort Yuma; so that there was very little left for the military posts in Arizona. Among the dishes served for dinner were baked beans, and a meat-pie. The latter the General gallantly took to be chicken, when told that I had had a finger in the pie; but the dessert was

excellent, for we had still some fruits and jellies left, with plenty of sugar, spice, and wine.

I have forgotten the exact words of the old saying, that "no mortal must prize himself happy before his days are ended;" but I know that the Colonel's wife and myself were just exchanging congratulations on the success of our dinner, in an undertone, while placing dessert on the table, when an orderly stopped at the door, and, dismounting, announced the arrival of the Major from the neighboring post, together with his wife, his Lieutenant, and his Lieutenant's wife. The ambulance was already at the door—the Colonel's wife held up her hands aside in horror—Braun was rattling among the dishes at a fearful rate: where *should* we get dinner for the new-comers, if he had made away with the remnants of the feast? But, thanks to Braun, very soon a warm dinner graced the table, and the gentlemen—who had left their meal and dessert untouched, on the ladies' arrival—unwittingly assisted us in serving quite a handsome repast to the late arrivals.

The next day was devoted to visiting some curious springs, not far from camp. The Captain sent a large escort with us, as the place was not considered safe from Indians; but we forgot all danger while viewing the scenery along the banks of the creek, or river, into which the springs emptied. It was grand, although desolate in its utter loneliness and silence. The petrifications made by the water of the springs were, possibly, still more remarkable. No sculptor could chisel more delicately, from marble or stone, than the leaves, the flowers, and the vines that were here preserved in undying beauty. Running over bright, green ferns, in some places, it was singular to mark how the water was gradually *freezing* the tender leaves into stone. They still looked green, but felt brittle and crisp to the touch, as though a sharp

frost had overtaken them; and brushing these leaves aside, underneath were found those already brown, and in a state of perfect petrification.

After admiring all there was to be seen on this side of the stream, we felt a natural desire to cross over and see the other side. The gentlemen brought huge stones to pile up in the water, and the ladies were assisted over. The General acted as my cavalier, and it so happened that we were the last to cross. The rocks were wet and slippery; and stepping from one to the other, just in the middle of the creek, where the water was deepest, I glided out, or the rock turned, and I went into the water, drawing the General, who held me by the hand, in after me. Fortunately, the water was not very deep, and the sun hot, so that there was little danger to be apprehended, either from drowning or taking cold. But, for the rest of the day, it was a matter of speculation with the whole party whether the General had meant to commit suicide, or I had contemplated self-destruction—whether I had tried to drown the General, or the General had wanted to consign me to a watery grave; till it was finally determined that the double drowning-match must have been a preconcerted thing between us, as we had “plumped in” at the same time, and, but for their timely interference, would probably have reached the river Styx arm-in-arm, as we had jumped off the rocks together.

The camp seemed very quiet after our guests had departed; though dull or tedious, as many complain, a camp can never be, as long as the War Department does not take fife and drum from Infantry, and the bugle from Cavalry—as it has already taken regimental bands from both. Reveille awakens the sleeper from his dreams in the morning; and throughout the day, the ever-changing and ever-returning calls shorten the hours till “tattoo” and “taps” send us

to bed again at night. Waking up in the night, the long-drawn, monotonous “twelve o'clock, and all is well” of the sentinels on guard gives one a delicious feeling of safety and security; although, at the same time, what may seem to be the *coyotes* yelping and barking close to your tent, may be Apache Indians. During the day, every duty, military or household, is regulated and performed by the different calls of the bugle. The Colonel's wife would ask of the cook, “Braun, is it not time to put the beef on the fire for dinner?” And Braun would answer, “It is only a little after fatigue-call.” Or, if I asked the orderly, “When will you have time to take my saddle to the company saddler's?” he would answer, “After stable-call.” “And how late is it now?” “Water-call has just gone.”

There is one plague in Arizona, more to be dreaded, I think, than scorpion or tarantula, centipede or rattlesnake: it is the fever. I will leave it to the pen of the Army Surgeon I met in Tucson to describe the different phases and stages of this dreaded disease, and will only say that more than one-half the men of the garrison, and the greater number of officers, had succumbed to its insidious attacks before the summer was half spent. The Colonel, too, was falling a victim to it; and the Post Commander giving the Colonel permission to leave the camp in quest of health, we concluded to return the visit of the ladies at the next post. My plan, to make the trip on horseback, was violently opposed at first; the Colonel was too sick to ride on horseback; the Captain, as commanding officer, could not leave the post (for there was no officer well enough to take his place); the Colonel's senior Lieutenant was already in the camp whither we were going, on business, and the junior, with all his songs, and laughter, and gayety, was brought very near to death's door by the fever.

When the time came I mounted Black

Prince, and found the Captain, on his iron-gray, by my side. The Colonel and his wife occupied the ambulance, and the Captain rode with us some five or six miles. My side-saddle contained a pocket large enough to hold a pistol; and the Captain had sent me a derringer, on the previous day, to carry in it, as he did not consider my undertaking quite safe, though we had ten cavalymen as escort. On the point of taking leave from us, the Captain ordered three of the men to ride close behind me; and then turned to ask:

"Are you sure you have that pistol with you now?"

"Why, certainly, Captain," said I: "it is in my traveling-bag, in the bottom of the ambulance."

The Captain looked blank.

"Just like a woman," he was impolite enough to say. "If the Indians come, of course they'll give you time to go to the ambulance, to hunt up your valise, and find your pistol."

An indignant reply rose to my lips, but the next moment pity took the place of indignation: the poor man was a bachelor. And I then and there formed the Christian resolution to introduce him to all the pretty girls of my acquaintance, in San José, Alameda, and San Francisco, the very next time he came to California, on furlough.

I believe, to this day, that the Captain threw an evil eye after us when we parted, or used some other spell to bring the Apaches on us, to punish me for acting "just like a woman;" for when we approached the point of a range of low hills, rising out of the valley we were traversing, the Corporal in command of the escort suddenly halted the train, and rode up to the ambulance. I, too, rode up, just in time to hear the Corporal report to the Colonel, that he had seen the head of an Indian, peering over the edge of the hill, a moment ago.

"The more fool you are, then, for halt-

ing, and giving them a chance to cut us down," said the Colonel, angrily. "Tell the men to look to their arms. Ride close beside the ambulance," he said to me, hastily: "there is no time to dismount now. See—there they come!"

Around the sharp corner dashed the wild, horribly painted figures of some fifteen or twenty Apaches, mounted on little, fleet, shaggy ponies, yelling like so many devils; and leaning far over their horses' sides, they aimed their arrows at us, while following the curve of the road, that brought them directly on us. They had evidently not expected the ready fire that received them, for their horses swerved from the road. Passing to the right of us, they galloped on, shrieking and yelling, till they were far in the rear of us; and then, without a moment's hesitation or consultation, they abruptly turned, and charged on us once more. But the Colonel had already given his orders.

"Whip up your mules," he called to the driver, "and let your horse have his head." He continued to me, "Keep close by the ambulance, and the men will cover our retreat."

We soon left the men behind, for we were on open ground, and had no ambush to fear. Once in awhile a stray arrow would reach us, whizzing through the air, and frightening the animals into greater speed; but the soldiers—following us at just sufficient distance to prevent the Indians separating the ambulance from the escort—received the "brunt of the battle" on their devoted heads. I had no need to guide Black Prince: he understood the situation as well as we did. So I could turn, from time to time, to cast a hasty look on the confused scene behind me.

The Colonel was by no means idle; and once, when some of the bravest "braves" had almost succeeded in cutting us off from the escort, and surrounding us, it was his revolver that sent the

balls which made some of the savages yell even more horribly, before dropping bow and arrow from their stiffening fingers. I had often heard it said that the Indian warriors, when going forth to fight, were fastened to their horses in such a manner, that, even though they received their death-wound, the enemy never saw them fall. It must have been so in this case; for, though the men had counted five of them, reeling, and ghastly through all their pain, not one had fallen to the ground. But they did not again attempt to cut us off from the escort. The soldiers drew closer to the ambulance; and though some of the Indians followed us for miles, probably in the hope that the one mule which had been badly wounded would give out, and leave us to their mercy, we wore out their patience at last, and reached the camp just in time to save the mule from dying on the road.

Of course, neither the men nor the horses had come off unscathed; but as no scalps had been taken by the Indians, the men regarded the attack as rather a pleasant little episode, particularly as it made heroes of them during their stay in the camp.

Quarters were not more plentiful here, than they were at our post: so it was decided that we four ladies should take possession of the Major's quarters, while the gentlemen—the Colonel, and his senior Lieutenant, and the Major—were to occupy the quarters of the Major's Lieutenant, who was also the Quarter-master of the post. The Colonel's senior Lieutenant was Quarter-master at *our* post; and his stay here was connected with some Quarter-master transactions. When tea was over, the gentlemen adjourned to the Lieutenant's quarters, opposite the parade-ground, and some distance off. A long while we waited for their return, as they had promised to come back to say good-night; and when tattoo was gone, and "taps" were sound-

ed, we retired for the night, half expecting to hear the gentlemen's knock on the only door the house contained, sometime before we fell asleep; but we slept without being disturbed. In the morning, the Colonel's wife expressed her surprise that the Colonel had gone to bed without bidding her good-night; the Major's wife betrayed her indignation, and the Lieutenant's wife—but recently married—said such a thing had never happened to her before. Nine o'clock came, and with it the Colonel.

"What had kept him away last evening?" his wife asked.

"O, the Post Quarter-master had had some very difficult papers to make out—had his quarterly accounts to send in: so they had helped him till eleven o'clock, and then went to bed."

Ten o'clock brought the Major.

"Why had he not returned last night?"

"O, the Post Quarter-master had had some very difficult papers to make out; it was no more than their duty to help him: so they had all sat up till twelve o'clock making out accounts, and then went to bed."

Eleven o'clock came, and with it the Colonel's senior Lieutenant.

"Was it right to neglect the ladies, as he had done last night?"

"Well, no; but the Post Quarter-master had had some very difficult papers to make out; it was no more than fair that they should help him: so they had all sat up with him till two o'clock, and then it was certainly too late to bid the ladies good-night."

The Post Quarter-master himself failed to put in an appearance altogether; and when his wife visited their quarters, late in the afternoon, she found him in bed, with an excruciating headache. So we all came to the conclusion that those Quarter-master papers must have been *very* difficult indeed to make out.

A dark rumor reached our ears some weeks later—which, however, we utterly

refused to believe. The soldier on duty as orderly, while we were at the camp, was reported to have said, that, on the morning following the day of our arrival there, the floor of the "little back-room" at the sutler's had been thickly strewn with playing-cards, cigar-stumps, and empty champagne-bottles. We never could quite account for this singular phenomenon: the soldiers, of course, are neither admitted to the sutler's "little back-room," nor do they, as a general thing, take champagne and cigars with their

surreptitious games of cards; there had been no officers at the post except those mentioned. So the most natural conclusion we could come to, was, that the sutler, a young man of twenty-four, (who, I always thought, had quicksilver in his veins, from his utter inability to remain in one position longer than five minutes) had passed the night in that "little back-room," playing *solitaire*; and had drank champagne, and smoked cigars, to keep from falling asleep over this most harmless and interesting game.

OF AND IN GUATEMALA.

A LARGE majority of California's population has experienced, once at least, the novelty of the Panama Isthmus transit. With the fear of fever before his eyes, the six hours used in making the trip is hardly long enough, for any one but a born poet, to thoroughly enjoy the tropical charms of which he catches such fleeting glimpses on this railroad trip. But if any of our erratic, ever-wandering Californians, on their return from Europe, surfeited with sight-seeing in the common way, wish to experience a new sensation, let them stop at Panama a week, settle down into the quiet laziness of the place, and then take the Panama Railroad Company's steamer for the coast of Central America, and they will be amply repaid for the time and trouble.

Central America is almost a *terra incognita* to the generality of even the well-read public. Nicaragua dwells in the memory of a few who recollect, probably too well, the hardships of the old transit route. Walker brought it into some notice, as well, during his filibustering expedition. The familiar name of Costa Rica reminds us that there must be a place down there which produces coffee—and that is all. San Sal-

vador, we read occasionally in the papers, has experienced another revolution. But of Guatemala—the largest and most productive, with a population of more than all the rest of the Central American States, and with a rapidly increasing commerce—a newspaper paragraph, at times, gives us the information only, that "all is quiet in Guatemala."

After leaving the roadstead of Acajutla, in San Salvador, six hours' steaming will bring you to the wharf at San José de Guatemala. There is no harbor; from the coast line of Salvador, as far as Mexico, there is no break to the low beach which borders Guatemala on the Pacific; and the long ocean-swell rolls up on the hard, sandy beach, with a roar that can be heard for miles inland. San José is not a port, though, by courtesy, called so. A long, iron wharf pushes directly into the Pacific Ocean, seven hundred feet. The iron piles are screwed into the sand, and are apparently secure; but to stand upon the end of the wharf, amid the foam and spray of an equinoctial gale, strongly suggests insecurity to the spectator. This wharf was built by English engineers, in 1868, and cost over \$150,000.

Along the beach, at intervals, as far as the borders of Mexico, are various small villages and *embarcaderos*, sometimes consisting of only a single thatched warehouse, where cargo is sent down and stored from neighboring estates, and where, during the season, small vessels take off the produce of the country—using lighters from shore to ship. The names that figure on the maps of the country, as San Geronimo, San Luis, Sesocape, and Champerico, are simply *embarcaderos* of this kind.

The custom-house of Guatemala is peculiar. In the first place, it is situated at the capital city, ninety miles in the interior, and all duties are paid there. All goods must be imported through San José, and are laden from the wharf, under custom-house supervision, into ox-carts, and forwarded, without seal or check, to the interior. No vessels can load any thing on the coast without a customs officer on board, who must be brought back to San José, when a clearance is there given.

Ox-carts are an institution of Guatemala. You realize that you are in a Spanish country, as soon as you come within hearing of their creaking wheels. The rudest kind of a square frame on two wheels, with a couple of dry hides thrown over a hooped top, constitute a cart. A load is about twelve hundred pounds, and, over the level country, is drawn by two oxen, yoked Spanish fashion, but in climbing the mountains, six or eight animals are needed. Unlike their neighbors of Costa Rica, who still use wheels of solid wood, the Guatemala teamsters prefer the American kind. Usually, thirty or forty carts load up at once, and form a kind of caravan; and, as the trip to the capital usually takes from ten to fifteen days, the teamsters each night make their camps by the roadside, and help one another in caring for the cattle. A peculiarity of these carts is the continual breaking of axles; and,

if one cart stops, the whole caravan halts. A properly sized tree by the road-side is immediately felled, hewed to fit the wheel-hub, the cart reloaded, and the caravan moves on again, having lost from three to six hours' time. As this thing happens every day or two, to one or other of the forty wagons, it would appear to an outsider, as if three or four spare axles, carried along with the train, would help matters somewhat; but some of the ways of the Guatemala teamsters are inscrutable.

For forty miles from the coast, the country is apparently a dead level, overgrown with the most luxuriant of tropical vegetation. The familiar banana, plantain, cocoanut, and orange-tree frequently meet the eye, while the *lignum-vitæ*, India-rubber, and cedar are pointed out to the curious. Vines and parasites of all kinds are pendent over the road, making a delicious shade from the scorching sun; while, to remind the traveler of home, myriads of morning-glories of every hue border the roadway.

From the lowland of the coast, the road ascends to the table-lands of the mountains; and, after rising above the level of the surrounding vegetation, it is worth while to look back. The scene that meets one's vision words can not adequately describe. From one's feet to the sea, and on either side, in the limit of vision, extends an ocean of foliage—the colors harmoniously mingled with more than painter's skill—while Nature paints the sky, as well, with a glorious tropical sunset, which, to look upon once, is a feast for the memory ever after. Behind rise the sharp and graceful outlines of Guatemala's evil *genii*, with their tops encircled by caps of mist, now made iridescent by the sun's departing rays.

Antigua, Agua, and Frio are the names of the three volcanoes you pass on the road to the capital. At the foot of Agua was built the original city of Guatemala.

A lake of water had formed in the crater of the volcano, and, the pressure becoming too great, the water forced an opening, and swept upon the town, drowning most of the inhabitants, while an earthquake, following shortly after, completed the destruction of the city. The remaining part of the population then founded a new city, about twelve miles distant, at the foot of Antigua, which they attempted to make earthquake-proof, but without avail; for, in 1770, or thereabout, the place was entirely shaken down, with frightful loss of life. The ruins of twenty-six churches show, to-day, the strength with which they were originally built, but show also the impossibility of guarding against such freaks of Nature. Walls ten feet thick, of brick and cement, were thrown down. The fragments, after nearly one hundred years of exposure, are, to-day, as firm and hard as rock itself.

After this last catastrophe, the capital was removed forty miles into the interior, to the centre of a large plain, where, as yet, it has met with no material accidents, beyond occasional overthrows of its Government. Antigua-Guatemala, as they call the last-ruined capital, is very peculiar. It still contains a small population, who are principally engaged in producing cochineal—the lava soil of the neighborhood being excellent for the cactus plant, upon which the cochineal insect is raised. The old, ruined churches are curiosities; the old government-houses, with the Spanish arms over the gate-ways—built when Guatemala was a province of Spain—are interesting. But one of the oddest sights is a cotton factory, with its steam-power looms and machinery, which has taken possession of a ruined church. The boilers are in one aisle, the stable is where the altar stood, and the looms and spindles are scattered throughout the building, and in the adjoining houses, formerly used by the clergy. About sixty miles from the port, the

road passes through the town of Amatitlan. The town, with a small lake of the same name, occupies an extinct crater. The land is very rich, and level as a floor. After passing the town, and ascending the hill a short distance, the view of the plateau is exceedingly fine. The *adobe* houses are all whitewashed, together with the walls which separate the fields of cactus, and glisten in the sun. The lovely lake, winding irregularly about the town; interminable gardens of green cacti, symmetrically laid out; the volcanoes, near enough to lend their shadows; and foliage not excessively abundant, to make too prominent a feature—all tend to make a picture that even a weary traveler could not fail to appreciate.

Amatitlan is the head-quarters of the cochineal cultivation on this coast; and, in the season for gathering the insects, the road is thronged with crowds of men and women, with baskets on their heads and brooms in hand, trooping to the fields in the morning.

In describing the cultivation—or, rather, propagation—of cochineal, we must premise that in each field of the cactus plant—which are of the broad, flat-leaved variety—is a rack, or covered framework, where thousands of leaves of this plant are piled up, each separate from the other. On these leaves, which were broken off the plant at the close of the last crop-season, are the full-grown insects, which, in their home in the rack, lay and hatch their eggs. When the rainy season is over, a small quantity of the young bugs is placed in a piece of cotton cloth, and, with a thorn, pinned on the plant in the field. The young insects live on the juices of the leaves, and gradually spread over the entire plant, waxing plump and juicy, and, when sufficiently grown, are brushed off with hand-brooms into baskets. They are killed by being placed in hot ovens, and are then ready for market. A portion of

the field is left ungathered, for the purpose of filling the racks again for next season's hatching.

Cochineal cultivation is somewhat of a lottery. If rain should fall after the bugs had spread themselves over the plants, the entire crop would be washed to the ground, and "all the King's horses and all the King's men" could not put them back again.

It is strange how commerce clings to old forms and prejudices. The cochineal that Guatemala produces is known in the world's markets as Honduras cochineal; because, fifty years ago, the products of this coast were shipped to Europe through that State. And Guatemala indigo, which was raised in San Salvador, is sold in London and New York to the amount of several millions of dollars annually—the cultivation of this plant having ceased in Guatemala many years ago, on account of the heavy mortality among those raising it.

For miles before reaching the capital city, the main road is filled with a busy crowd, all carrying heavy loads: the men with packs on their backs, supported by a strap over the forehead, Indian fashion; and the women with full baskets on their heads. Long before daylight, there is a crowd at the city gates, waiting for the opening; for the Indians are early risers and hard workers.

Guatemala is not a very handsome city, as you approach it—situated in the midst of an open plain, without trees, or aught to relieve its nakedness. It reminds one of a toy town, built by children on a nursery-floor. But it is clean and neat, as a closer inspection proves. The streets are free from dirt or garbage, and in some, running water helps to purify the air. One of the peculiarities is the public wash-houses, or, rather, tanks, where the poor bring their clothing and soap, and work away from morning to night. There are four or five of these establishments, all of which were built

and presented to the city by private individuals.

Being the largest city between Panama and Mexico, she claims to be somewhat metropolitan; but any county-town in Kansas is not so perfectly isolated. The population is variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand people; but, as there is no census ever taken, and there are no personal taxes, it is somewhat difficult to estimate it fairly. The daily influx from, and outflow to, the adjacent country, must be from ten to fifteen thousand souls.

The State of Guatemala contains from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom about twenty thousand are Spaniards, or their descendants. There are less than five hundred Europeans of other nationalities, and the balance are Indians. In 1869 there were, besides the United States Minister's family and the Consul, but four other resident Americans in the State.

The capital city is not only the seat of Government, but of every thing else in the State. The only schools are there. The only custom-house, the post-office, the army head-quarters, are there, and the entire imports and exports of the State are negotiated there. The proprietors of the large sugar, coffee, and cochineal estates mostly reside in the city, leaving their establishments under the charge of *administradores*.

The city possesses a theatre, built by the Government, which is loaned, rent-free, to any troop of performers who may wish to use it; but, as the inhabitants are not a play-going people, it is closed most of the year. The building is quite large, and an ornament to the city: built in the Doric style, and in the centre of a large square, which is prettily laid out, with walks and fountains; while orange-trees, in fruit, add to the pleasing appearance.

The *Plaza de Toros* offers about the

only public amusement to the people; but this is an exceedingly mild affair, in comparison with the bull-fights of Madrid or Havana. Tame bulls are driven into the ring, and pricked at by harlequin *mala-dores*, until the wearied animals decline to run after the red rags which are flouted in their faces; when a fresh bull is driven into the ring, and the old ones walk quietly out to recuperate till the succeeding Sunday, when the same harmless farce is acted over again.

The Government of Guatemala is nominally Republican; but, as the last President nominated himself for life, it might well be called a Dictatorship. In fact, nine-tenths of the natives are ignorant as to what their Government is; and as the Indian population pay no taxes or rents, or any thing else, it matters little to them who holds the reins. The governing class is, mostly, either Spanish-born or of Spanish descent, although the last President, Carrera, was a native-born Indian. The revenues of the State are derived from licenses, duties on imports, road-taxes, etc. The privilege of making rum is farmed out to some individuals, who have incorporated under the name of "the Aguadiente Company," and yields to the Government about \$300,000 annually. Imports have to furnish most of the funds needed, and in a peculiar way. For example: A barrel of wine will pay import duty, say \$3; road-tax, \$2; tax for lighting streets of the capital, \$1; tax for hospital purposes, \$1; for school purposes, \$1; for interest on war-loan, fifty cents; for funding debt, \$1; and so on, till the actual amount of tax levied is sometimes quadruple the nominal duty.

The style of living is about the same as in most Spanish countries. Large houses, all on one floor, with a centre court-yard. Inside the gate-way stands the family carriage; but no horses belong to the establishment, being entirely unnecessary, as the carriage is simply a

customary article of furniture. Dancing, and music, and gossip, as in all civilized countries, with the daily attendance at Mass, fill up the time.

A trip to the coffee and sugar estates of the Costa Grande is worth the time and labor it costs. Leading from the city is the old road over the mountains, which passes the Lake of Atitlan and the Indian towns of Solola and Quesaltenango, and thence on to the borders of Mexico. The road is only passable afoot or by mules, and is probably as bad a road, or path, as there is in North America; but the rocks are actually worn down by the myriads of feet which have trodden them during several centuries. Cortez brought his followers over the same road, when he came from Mexico and conquered Guatemala.

The Lake of Atitlan lies at the bottom of an extinct crater, and is about twelve miles long. The view from the upper edge of the crater is exceedingly grand, rivaling Lake Tahoe, and worthy of being classed with the Yosemite. Some idea of the height of the surrounding precipitous walls may be formed from the fact that it takes four hours to climb down to the edge of the lake—the mules, in many places, sliding upon their haunches. The volcano of Atitlan, with its head always enveloped in a cloud of smoke of its own puffing, rises from one side of the crater. A Bierstadt could make Lake Atitlan world-famous.

Among the mountains live the larger part of the Indian population, many of their *pueblos* containing from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. They raise both wheat and corn, and are skillful in weaving both woolen and cotton fabrics. They govern themselves, and do it well, without any aid from the Legislature. Annually, the natives of a *pueblo* choose *Alcaldes* and a *Gobernador*, who administer justice—usually in the shape of a cat-o'-nine-tails—for the ensuing year.

It is rare to find, in the Indian towns,

except near the capital, more than a dozen people who talk Spanish; the natives using their own language, and wearing their peculiar costumes, as before the conquest. They implicitly obey the dictates of their chosen rulers. It is related of an Indian town in the interior, that the Government had given permission to the Aguadiente Company to erect a distillery of rum there. The *Alcaldes* objected, on the ground that it would tend to promote drunkenness and crime. The Company persisted, and erected their factory at considerable expense. The *Alcaldes*, finding it could not be prevented, did the next best thing. They ordered every Indian to pack up, and then marched the whole town off to a new locality, away from temptation. This, although a rather novel proceeding, was not as difficult as it might seem, as the houses, or huts, are only built of light cane, and thatched with palm-leaves.

In most native towns are one or two Catholic churches, some of them bearing signs of considerable antiquity; and the priests connected with them, many of whom are Indians, have converted, to a certain extent, a large part of the population. The churches, internally, are hung with tawdry and tinsel finery; and, on feast-days, which occur weekly, a band of musicians usually enchant the native ear, by beating drums and the *marimba*. The latter instrument is not displeasing, for a short time, but soon grows monotonous. It is of Indian origin, and is formed by placing a row of wooden tubes, of graduated size, open at the top and bottom, in a frame, and then hanging loosely, on strings, strips of wood of various sizes over the mouths of the tubes. The strips are beaten usually by two players—one taking the bass, and the other the tenor notes.

The Costa Grande, being the land lying in the foot-hills near the sea, is the richest portion of Guatemala, and there are the sugar and coffee plantations.

The production of both these staples is carried on in about the same manner, the world over; but Guatemala possesses some qualities which are worth noting. In sugar, her soil is wonderfully productive—favored spots having yielded eighteen thousand pounds of raw sugar to an acre, exceeding, by double, the highest production of Louisiana, and even excelling the Sandwich Islands. The country is excellently well watered, and never fails a crop. In coffee, also, the State is fast taking rank as one of the important localities to which the world must look for its future supplies. Nearly the entire cost of coffee-raising is in the picking and cleaning the berry for market. The Spaniards estimate that about four cents a pound cover the entire cost of furnishing the berry in a condition for sale; but as the plantations are mostly small, and the owners improvident, it is customary to pledge the following year's crop, to raise funds for preparing the one in hand.

The plea of "poor labor," used in most tropical countries to cover personal failures, does not hold good in Guatemala. The Indians are willing to work at a real (twelve and a half cents) per day, and "find themselves." They are strong, docile, patient, and only wish to be treated properly to work well. Peonage is in force, and many natives are in debt to the estates; but, if an Indian is beaten or reprimanded without just cause, he leaves his work, and seeks some new master, who will pay his debt, and, he hopes, treat him better.

It is exceedingly rare that a loss is made through advances to the peons. The *Alcaldes* of the village to which a peon belongs insist that he either work out his debt, or find some one to pay it for him.

In traveling among the mountains, entirely isolated from civilization, it is, at first, unpleasant to meet, day and night, such numbers of half-naked people, ev-

ery man of whom carries in his hand a sharp knife, about two feet long, called a *machete*; but experience will show that one has nothing to fear. From all those who can understand Spanish, the stranger will meet with civility unto obsequiousness; and the Indians will always give him the road without a moment's hesitation. A White Man seldom attempts to visit the towns near the northern border of the State, although there is much that is interesting to study in the people, and there are ruins of very

old cities; but the Indians, though not dangerous, place obstacles in the way of travelers, by refusing them food and corn for their mules, and positively object to a stranger sleeping overnight in their towns.

An occasional steamer to or from Panama touches at Guatemala; but many years can not pass before American enterprise will do something to place this rich country in a more prominent position in American politics, as well as in commerce.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ALTHOUGH much has been written concerning British Columbia, nevertheless it is a country comparatively little known. The nature of much of its interior is merely conjectural, and the sections settled by Whites form only a small portion of its vast extent of territory. No accurate estimate can be made of the number of its inhabitants, who, probably, do not exceed forty thousand in all—ten thousand Whites, five thousand Chinese, and the remainder Indians. When first settled by Whites, the aborigines were far more numerous than they are now; diseases, resulting from debauchery, and the ravages of the small-pox having since materially diminished their numbers, and, in some instances, destroyed whole tribes. Mentally and physically, they are much the inferior of the prairie Indians. Short and stunted in stature, with feeble limbs, deep chest, broad features, sallow complexion, thick lips, wide mouth and nostrils, restless black eyes, oblique in shape—suggesting Mongolian origin—low forehead, long and coarse hair, parted in the middle and cut even with the chin—resembling the eaves of a thatched roof—covered, from head to foot, with filth, and

enveloped with a blanket equally as dirty, the Siwash presents a picture as repulsive to the imagination as it is to the eye. The tribes inhabiting the interior live by hunting, and are a somewhat nobler class than the coast and river Indians, who subsist chiefly on fish. The natives of the northern and western coasts of Vancouver Island are considered to be a treacherous and hostile people, frequently committing outrages on unprotected settlers and shipwrecked mariners. The Siwashes are an indolent, degenerate branch of the human family, given to debauchery in its grossest forms, strangers to virtue or common decency, already doomed to speedy extinction; and their departure to the happy hunting-grounds of their fathers will be unregretted.

When an Indian dies, his property is placed on his grave, and if, at the time of death, possessor of a horse, it is killed and skinned—the flesh considerably devoured by his heirs, and the hide hung over the grave; or, if the owner of a musket, it is first deprived of its lock, then treated in the same manner as the hide. Tinware and brass-kettles, all bottomless, are frequently seen hanging in their cemeteries.

Immediately after the death of a medicine-man, or doctor, they proceed to install another in his stead, to fulfill the duties of that office—numbers offering themselves as candidates for the position. Hideously painted, and decorated, from head to foot, with feathers and down, these candidates are led into a circle, where they are joined by other members of the tribe, male and female, similarly decorated, and armed with murderous-looking knives. A chant is struck up, accompanied by the beating of a drum, to which the performers keep time by marching in single file around the circle, brandishing their knives, and, at regular intervals, kneeling, uttering in unison a fearful groan, which has a terrific effect. To this monotonous chant the candidates are compelled to “trip the light, fantastic toe,” day and night, unremittingly, until exhaustion prostrates them. The last one standing—being the successful candidate—is then compelled to suck the blood of a living dog, which, maddened by hunger, he often devours. Feasting and dancing complete the ceremonial—the whole operation frequently lasting nine or ten days. Such is the terrible ordeal their students pass through before graduating: superior physical endurance being the qualification necessary to obtain an Indian medical diploma.

As carvers in wood and stone they are very ingenious, and are exceedingly good chasers in gold and silver. The writer has seen a beautifully finished flute—an excellent specimen of carving—all of which had been done with a common iron nail.

Missions have been founded among them by the Jesuits, Wesleyans, and Episcopalians: by the Jesuits, over half a century ago; by the Wesleyans and Episcopalians since the discovery of gold in 1858. The Episcopal mission, established in 1859, at Metlakatla, by a Mr. Duncan, has proven a very successful undertaking, enriching him and great-

ly benefiting the poor Indians, many of them having been taught useful trades. An important soap manufactory has also been established there, and successfully worked for some time.

Prior to 1858, British Columbia occupied the obscure position of a fur-trading company's trapping-grounds, and owes its origin as a crown colony entirely to the discovery of rich deposits of gold within its limits. As a gold-field, its name resounded to the extreme ends of the earth; and the fabulous accounts of its vast wealth attracted to its shores the representatives of all nations, colors, and creeds. The population of California was seriously drained by it. Steamboats left daily, crowded to an excess, bound for the new El Dorado. Some, however, in their mad excitement to get there, preferred risking their lives in open boats, rather than trust the rickety, overladen steamers. San Francisco property-holders looked on with dismay at the exodus from their fair city, and actually felt alarmed concerning its future, fearing that the discoveries on the Frazer had given a death-blow to their prospects, from which they would never recover.

Many of the “rushers,” excited beyond measure by the glowing accounts constantly arriving from the North, portrayed the country, in their lively imagination, as glittering with the precious metal, and conscientiously believed that the only obstacle on the way to wealth lay in the difficulty to reach the mines; consequently, they occupied their time on the way up making bags and treasure-belts, to convey down the fortunes which awaited them. Meeting with a succession of reverses as disastrous as unexpected, thousands were compelled to drink the bitter dregs of disappointment. Similar results followed the discovery of gold in Cariboo, at a later period. These unsuccessful ones, actuated by the bitter feelings engendered by their disappointment, were equally as unjust

in their condemnation of the country as others had been partial in praising it. The *Times'* correspondent was unjustly censured—ay, cursed!—and without cause, as the reader will perceive, in an account of the yield and condition of the mines at that period, which appeared in that paper.

The Government of the Colony is an irresponsible one, comprising a Governor and Council. The former is appointed by the Home Government, without consulting the people's wishes, and as to the latter, two-thirds of their number are the Governor's nominees, the remainder being chosen by the people; but the election of the popular members of the Council is a privilege of the Governor, he being literally invested with absolute power.

Formerly, Vancouver Island was an independent colony, having a responsible government and no tariff, both of which she very unwisely abandoned for the sake of union with British Columbia. To this fact we may mainly attribute the depression of Victoria, the capital of the Colony, at the present day. The present system of government is naturally an unpopular one, and can not long exist. The people are almost unanimously bent upon obtaining union with the Dominion of Canada; and, inasmuch as the measure for the confederation of the British Provinces of America is an imperial measure, it will undoubtedly be speedily consummated, providing the Dominion will agree to construct a railroad across the continent, from sea-board to sea-board, and the Imperial Government will grant the Colony a responsible local government.

British Columbia has suffered greatly from the want of direct communication with the East—many reforms, which were absolutely necessary, having been withheld, or delayed so long, on account of the great distance to England, that they were no longer required. A bill has been lately presented to the Domin-

ion Parliament, requesting permission to construct a railroad from Fort Garry—through the North-west Territory westward, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—to the confines of British Columbia: consequently, we may confidently look forward to its construction, at an early period, to the Pacific Coast. The only natural difficulties, which were formerly supposed to exist, have, through Mr. Fred. Black's recent explorations, been proven to be entirely imaginary. His explorations extended over that country situate between William Creek and the Leather Pass, at the head-waters of the Frazer River, which was previously considered by many to be an impassable barrier of mountains, but which proves to be, comparatively speaking, an open country.

The elective franchise is extended to every nationality and creed, excepting Indians and Chinese, who are excluded, because of the improper use made of them at elections, through their ignorance. The only qualification necessary to entitle a man to vote, is, three-months' residence in the district. No distinction is made between the subject and alien, excepting in the right of holding public office, pleading in the courts of law, pre-emption of farming land, and legislative membership, from all of which the alien is excluded.

British Columbia's existence in the future, as in the past, depends entirely upon the extent and quality of its mineral resources. So far, it has been entirely dependent upon the yield of its gold-fields, and these, being alluvial deposits, are very unreliable and quickly exhausted. Coal has been found, and profitably worked for years, at Nanaimo, and other basins have been discovered, but remain undeveloped. Silver, copper, lead, and iron croppings have been found throughout the country, but the capital and labor expended in the development of these minerals have been very limited, and

thus produced no satisfactory results. Nuggets of native silver, some weighing several ounces, have been frequently found in some of its rivers, indicating the presence of ledges of that valuable mineral. Quartz-mining is only beginning to attract the attention of its mining communities. The first quartz-mill—four stamps—was taken up to Cariboo, its principal mining district, last fall. This is only intended to test the value of those quartz-ledges which have been already found, many of them containing gold, discernible with the naked eye. One ledge, worked with arastras, yielded \$50 to the ton, last summer.

Cariboo, the only mining district of any importance discovered after the Frazer River mines, is connected with the sea-board by means of a magnificent road connecting with the navigable head of the Frazer, at Fort Yale. This road, which passes through the lofty range of the Cascade Mountains—a range identical with the Sierra Nevadas of California—is a magnificent monument of the superiority of engineering skill over natural difficulties. Thirteen miles above Yale, a beautiful suspension-bridge—made in San Francisco—spans the mighty Frazer. It was the construction of this road which involved the Colony in debt; but it was an absolute necessity to build it, regardless of cost, or abandon the gold-diggings. This road is now rapidly decaying—the embankments, where required, having been formed with logs, are now rotten; and, unless masonry is substituted in their stead, it will require a thorough overhauling every four or five years, at an enormous expense to the Colony.

William Creek—so called from having been discovered by a German named William Dietz—is the most important creek discovered and developed in the country. Its yield of precious metal for four years was immense; but poor Dietz reaped little, if any, benefit from his

magnificent discovery—his claim proving to be one of the poorest on the creek. At the time the *Times'* correspondent wrote his famous letters on Cariboo, the mines were in a flourishing state—"all prizes, no blanks." The "Steele," "Abbot," "Grier," "Cunningham," "Adams," and other claims were newly discovered, all immensely rich and shallow—not more than twelve feet deep. The "Steele" claim yielded \$62,000 to each share in one season; the rest at the same ratio, and some even more. Farther from its source the creek proved to be deeper and more difficult to prospect, but still its richness was undiminished: for instance, the "Wattie" claim, one hundred feet square—owned by one man—yielded \$150,000, or \$1,500 per foot. The "Diller" claim yielded 1,236 ounces, as the result of five or six men's labor for one day. This was the largest "wash-up" for one day's work ever obtained in the Cariboo Mines. The "Ericsson" claim yielded 1,100 ounces, as the result of one day's washing. About a quart of dirt scraped from the bed-rock with a candlestick, yielded seventy-five ounces. The "Aurora" claim, after being considered as 'worked out, yielded 1,170 ounces for one week's work; and, in a claim which had been previously worked three or four times over by Whites, a party of Chinamen discovered a small crevice containing \$10,000. The average yield of a great many claims, during that golden period, was estimated at two hundred ounces each, per week. But those golden days are gone by, and a claim is now considered a good one if it pays steadily the wages of the country—\$6 per day. In fact, many of the claims which now pay small dividends would have been abandoned, had not Chinese labor—which was at first much opposed—been accepted.

From the scarcity of trails, and the impassable nature of the country, which is mountainous and thickly wooded, the

mining district of Cariboo has been limited, ever since its discovery, to a radius of about fifteen miles. Within this radius are a number of creeks, which, although discovered before William Creek, still remain in their primitive state, having been abandoned for the more alluring prospects of that creek. These are now re-attracting the attention of the miners, and will, probably, ere long, prove valuable additions to the gold-producing creeks of the Colony. Another creek, which promises to be an important one in the future, is that of Lightning, considered at one time as equal, if not superior, to William Creek in every respect. Thousands were attracted to it, and labored hopelessly, but vainly, for years, to get at its hidden wealth. The difficult nature of the ground, and the vast quantity of underground water, baffled all attempts to bottom its deep channel. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended on it, and the fortunes of thousands were hopelessly wrecked. Experience and unwelcome reverses have taught those hardy miners many valuable lessons; and, as the creek is again being taken up, their labor is attended with better success—some companies having mastered the difficulties they had to contend with previously. Some of its benches proved exceedingly rich, and portions of the channel, which have been worked, proved equal to its reputation for wealth. It received its name in the following peculiar manner: An exploring party, while traveling through its valley, were suddenly overtaken by one of those terrific thunder-storms common in the mountain regions; and one of the party, feeling greatly inconvenienced by the severity of the storm—being drenched to the skin—exclaimed aloud, "By —, this is lightning!"—feeling fully convinced in his own mind that this was the most emphatic expression he could use to express his opinion of the inclemency of the weather. The name was at

once applied to it, and "lightning" it unfortunately proved to be. It was from this creek that the largest nugget of pure gold found in the country was obtained, weighing thirty ounces. A nugget weighing thirty-seven and a half ounces was, also, found on Lowhee Creek, but it contained eight ounces of quartz. The benches and bars of Frazer River, so famous in years gone by, still give lucrative employment to about two thousand Chinamen, annually; and Kootenay and Big Bend, each having been the object of a rush, are still important mining camps. On Thompson River, a tributary of the Frazer, the Indians obtained, last winter, \$30,000 worth of dust, by means of the rocker; and the results of each winter's operations, since 1859-60, have been similar. The new district of Peace River will, probably, prove an extensive and valuable mining camp. Gold in large quantities has been found on its bars and benches, years ago; but it was not until last summer that miners succeeded in finding a continuous lead. This mining region will ultimately be the means of populating the rich and boundless agricultural lands of the North-west Territory, which lie in close proximity to it.

The mining laws appertaining to gold are generally considered as liberal; but those relating to other minerals are open to objections, and require reforming. The resident Gold Commissioner in each mining district is vested with almost unlimited power, which he uses at his own discretion. An alluvial claim on a creek comprises one hundred feet in length, with the width of the valley, providing it does not exceed three hundred feet; a hill claim is one hundred feet in length, and extends from the base of the hill to its summit; a quartz claim is one hundred and fifty feet of the general course of the ledge or vein, following all dips and angles. Three claims only—one of each of the above class—may be pre-

empted on the same creek, by the same individual; but the same number may be pre-empted on every creek, and he may purchase an unlimited number. A miner is compelled, under penalty of \$250, to procure a mining license, for which he pays the Government \$5. This compulsory law was made to compel Chinamen to take mining licenses, which they previously evaded. To secure a title to claims bought or pre-empted, a sum of \$2.50 is paid for recording each purchase or pre-emption. License and record are valid for one year only, and the latter is valid only on the condition that the miner does not fail to represent his claim for seventy-two consecutive hours during the mining season, viz.: from 20th of May to the 1st of November following.

Notwithstanding the fact that British Columbia is, strictly speaking, not an agricultural country, still its agricultural resources have proven equal to the demand, having produced the staple articles of consumption for the last few years, at such a cost as to defy the competition of California and Oregon, from whence these articles were formerly imported. In some parts, its soil is rich and productive; but the majority is of a light, sandy nature, of little depth, and with a loose, gravel bottom. It is thus, naturally, quickly exhausted. Many of the benches of the Frazer have a good depth of rich soil, and produce good crops without any apparent exhaustion. Two thousand five hundred pounds of superior oats to the acre, and two thousand pounds of the best Chevalier barley, have been obtained at Williams Lake. The barley was used in a distillery there, and yielded as much spirit as any barley grown. The lowlands of the Lower Frazer will ultimately become the granary of Vancouver Island. Thousands of acres of invaluable land, now occasionally inundated by high tides, can, by a simple and inexpensive process of diking, be recovered, and brought under

cultivation at once. But, as a grazing country, it is undoubtedly unequalled on the Pacific coast. The extensive valleys of the Frazer, Bonaparte, and Thompson Rivers form an unlimited range for hundreds of thousands of head of cattle. The present number of horned cattle in the Colony amounts to fifteen thousand head.

Its fisheries are, also, one of its valuable resources. The waters, both salt and fresh, abound in fish. During the "run" of salmon up the Frazer, they are so numerous that they actually push one another out of the water, and literally line the shores with their dead. Last summer, the "run" was uncommonly large, and some idea may be formed of their numbers, when the Indians caught as much as three thousand pounds' weight of fish each, in one night, with a small hand-net. The destruction was so great that the Chiefs actually issued orders to their followers to desist catching them, for fear the "Sochla Taihee," or Divine Chief, should become offended with them, and send no more fish in future. The fish penetrated even into the heart of the Cariboo Mountains, swarming in every clear-watered stream. One man left his dump-box, and commenced fishing with his sluice-fork, catching, in one day, four hundred salmon!

The import trade of the Colony is about \$1,500,000, and the export trade about \$750,000—\$650,000 being the products of the Colony. The exports of coal amount to about \$200,000 per annum, and those of furs about the same; lumber, \$120,000; fish-oil, \$25,000; fish, \$17,000; wool, \$6,000; and cranberries, \$8,500.

The revenue for the last few years has averaged about \$600,000, naturally causing the taxation to be very heavy. Much of this goes toward paying the high salaries of the unnecessarily numerous staff of officials by which it is overridden.

At present, the Colony suffers from

the depression which appears to prevail over the whole American continent; but caused, in its case, mainly by the decrease in the yield of its gold mines, and partly by the loss of trade occasioned by the abolition of the free port of Victoria, which diverted the trade of San Francisco, Sandwich Islands, Portland, Puget Sound, and other places, into other channels, greatly to the detriment of Victoria, which is thus in a state of extreme depression, and rapidly decaying. This city, scattered, as it is, over a large area, publishes its early presumptions. Assuming much, it realized little; and its founders, who fondly believed that it would become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast, live to see it unable to maintain its position as a second-rate city. Decreasing almost daily in population, and neglected by those remaining, it presents a most deplorable object to those who have seen it in brighter days. Although favored by Nature with every requirement for a beautiful city, it is unadorned by art, as few of its buildings can be said to lay claim to architectural merit; and, when we say that its best residences are neat, we have said all. Probably, neither it, nor New Westminster, the late capital—which is in much the same condition—will ever regain their former positions. The newly discovered gold-fields of Peace River will open a new and shorter route to the

interior, and establish a new city in a central position on the coast of the mainland, which will ultimately become the *terminus* of the Canadian transcontinental railway, and the future commercial *dépôt* of British Columbia, thus stripping them of their present means of support. As a mineral country, British Columbia is only in its infancy, and is a field that encouragingly invites the enterprising capitalist to develop its hidden wealth, only awaiting the magic touch of capital to reveal itself in all its dazzling greatness. We consider its present depressed state as temporary, and soon to be changed for a brighter and more prosperous state. And, as we peer through the misty veil enveloping the dim future, we behold it as a country gridironed with railways, converging to two points—one on the sea-board, and the other at the Leather Pass, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Its interior is dotted with busy towns and rising villages, and the melodious hum of the busy machinery employed everywhere in raising its mineral wealth from the bowels of the earth, arises on the wings of the gentle breeze, and proclaims the prosperous condition of a country both great and wealthy. A judicious and liberal outlay of the public money, in cutting trails and constructing roads through its interior, would hasten the coming of that much-desired and prosperous era.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

THERE is about certain old things a glamour of association, which, of itself, gives them an inappreciable advantage over the new, and, to a degree, ignores the question of intrinsic merit. There is, or was, in the gallery of paintings of the Historical Society of New York, a small collection by the old masters. I will confess that I am a novice, and failed to find any thing pleasing in the stiff outlines and lack of perspective. They were supposed to be the first crude efforts of the pencils which afterward made art glorious; but the names attached insured my reverence, and I lingered over them, while I merely glanced at the finished landscape or speaking portrait, by artists whose names were unknown to history or fame. Perhaps the wisdom of our ancestors gains a flavor from age. The Present is in a state of chronic astonishment because the Past had the ability to think. Knowledge is always so new to the discoverer that he is usually unable, and always unwilling, to believe that it could have been known before. And when we do admit it, it is like a miracle, and wit and wisdom assume more harmonious proportions, emanating from the pen or lips of Homer or Shakspeare, than the same truths from a newer source.

There is something in association, but much, also, in the real merit and attractiveness of the old plays or games, which have enabled them to compete so successfully with those of more recent origin. They are usually amusements *per se*, and not an indirect means of obtaining mental instruction or moral benefit. They may be, therefore, considered too trifling to possess grave, intrinsic merits. But useful knowledge is served to

us in such a variety of rehashes, that the very *abandon* of these plays is refreshing. "Blind Man's Buff," "Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley Grows," "Miss Jinny Jones," and "Tom Tiddler's Ground" are not *useful* pastimes, and present few edifying characteristics; but, after the ecstatic delight of constructing mud-pies, and the exhilarating enjoyment of a "teeter," the *old* games are the chief favorites of the children. The small boy, whose erratic movements I have been watching from my window for the last half-hour, just now made an unprovoked assault on Tom Tiddler's Ground, with apparently as fresh a sense of elation as if he had been the first and only trespasser on forbidden domains, and "Tom" was as watchful and irate as if there was really something to guard, which a trespasser might become possessed of.

It is impossible to believe that any one is so lamentably ignorant as to be unacquainted with the merits and attractions of "Tom Tiddler's Ground." It may be said, with, perhaps, a greater amount of truth than is sometimes contained in the assertion, that "every school-boy" is familiar with it. It might be interesting to know when and where this game originated—if the Roman Senators had strengthened lungs and limbs, before assuming the toga, by playing at it; or, if the valorous knights who rode out from castle-gates, armed *cap-à-pie*, had recollection of hours when their designs were less magnificent than the subjugation of the world; or even if the children, in the early history of the colonies, had any other diversion than that of watching their fathers execute the witches. But it would be useless to stir up musty authorities in behalf of recreations,

although history, in many things, manifests a spirit of zealousness which seeks to number even the hairs of the head. There are new and still newer variations added to the grand *aria*, which was wont to stir our hearts and permeate our senses, until we lose ourselves in the flutter of the *tremulo*, and find our interest expire with the dying cadence. We have facts, attired in coats of many colors, and whole volumes, whose keynote is "if." There are weary records of thousands and tens of thousands slain in battle, and a flourish of trumpets and clang of armor to announce the appearance of great men who emulated the bravery of Cain; dilations upon "wars and rumors of wars," and those portions of the past when "the sword was hung up in the hall," consigned to entire oblivion, or to a single paragraph. The fact that "Tom Tiddler's Ground" exists, and that society, which, in essential things, is governed by unchanging principles, must have evolved this complete satire upon itself long ago, is, perhaps, not adding any thing to the vast accumulation of *useful* knowledge, of which there is already a surfeit. Like naughty school-boys, we are ready to confess that we would like something which will not improve our minds: a mental hiatus—fallow ground—and occasionally fallow reading, as when we surprise ourselves surreptitiously enjoying "Simple Simon," or, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and are even ready, in the recoil, to consider questions of such utter unimportance as the validity of "Tom Tiddler's" title to the domains which he holds by the supreme right of possession.

In social life, "Tom Tiddler" claims grounds of considerable extent, which are rather vaguely defined. They do not come within the jurisdiction of the law, and lie outside the pale of those things which society exacts or permits. The law, if it had its due, might claim some of it, and society might extend its

boundaries, if it chose so to do. But society has sworn by her ancient customs so long, that *precedents* are, and have been, from time immemorial, the veritable "pillars of Hercules" of social life. If we ascend the holy stairs on our hands and knees, with unquestioning faith, because pious pilgrims have been accustomed to do so, our compliance will wear the indentations in the stones a trifle deeper, and society will add that fact to her argument of precedent. But it is by no means certain that that is an offset against the laceration of our flesh, and the mental imbecility which results.

The debatable territory—for "Tom" has never been left to the undisturbed possession of it—is fenced in with a formidable array of "old saws" and moral maxims. In the present agitation of the "Woman's Suffrage" question, somebody has broken or buried some of those which inculcated the pretty moral that woman shall see into any subject just so far as her lord and master says she may. But when she declares herself possessed of the belief that there is a hole in the millstone, and announces herself prepared to endure the sight of whatever there may be on the other side—in other words, to do a little thinking for herself upon topics which more nearly concern herself than any one else—she at once takes a position upon "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and "Tom" is duly incensed at her temerity. He rages, threatens, entreats: not that he is particularly desirous of occupying the ground himself; on the contrary, he asserts that these domains are pretty thickly strewn with thorns. He is only exercising a high chivalrous instinct when he compels her to stay among the roses, and it is a source of unlimited astonishment to him, that she could ever desire any thing beyond the position which she has always occupied. When we read that "The King was in the parlor, counting out his money; the Queen was in the kitchen eating

bread and honey," it is very evident that the Queen is having the better time of it. But when the King has counted his money, he may use his sovereign pleasure in disposing of it—reserving, if he be a good man, a very small portion for the purpose of supplying the Queen with more "bread and honey." But, after the Queen has satisfied her appetite, what is she to do? Nothing, as long as she can, and then commence her melligenous meal again. The good Queen, out of the abundant kindness of her heart, offers to help the King in the parlor. But the King, although he complains that he is weary and overworked, and will not be able to continue counting much longer, refuses her assistance. The Queen insists. The King is enraged: is it possible that she does not understand her vocation? The Queen says she does not want any more "bread and honey." The King replies that she must have "bread and honey:" Queens have always eaten bread and honey, and there is no reason why she shouldn't! Is there any reason why she should, if she does not wish?

Precedent is the rallying-point of the argument; and the number of authorities brought to bear on the subject is perfectly overwhelming. People who do not trouble themselves to remember what Saint Paul says on any other subject, are glib enough with his doctrines on this point. It seems to me that there is a mistaken idea here: that a man was wise and good, does not necessarily imply that his judgment was never at fault. But if ancient customs and usages are not of necessity right, they are at least among the most powerful missiles that are hurled against what is technically termed "Woman's Rights." There is a tradition that women were once goddesses of the wheel and loom, and that domestic comfort was enchanted by the fireside, as they spun the wool or wove the flax. But our manufacturers now furnish both cheaper and better fabrics; and even

those who sigh for the "good old times" would hardly consent to wear homespun. There seems to be but one reason now why woman should not do what she has the acknowledged ability to do, and that is simply because custom forbids it; or, in other words, "Tom Tiddler" claims the ground.

The reaction from the principles of the blackboard and stocks, which once formed the basis of education for a young lady, has, in modern life, developed that anomaly, "The Girl of the Period;" and there has been an overturning of habits and thoughts, about which there was a tinge of superstition and bigotry. When peace and order are restored, society will be found to have gained many essential things, both by encroachment and by concession. It may be that the fair sisterhood will find that they have drawn the elephant in the lottery, and that the "dear gazelle" which they were wont to caress was better suited to their taste. But there is always a chafing at restraint merely as restraint, and an inarticulate sort of remonstrance against those formulas of society which are deduced from such principles. The spirit of venturesomeness engendered by these, is probably an instinctive protest against dogmatism and intolerance. The old school of medicine prohibited the use of water in cases of fever. Learned technicalities—which people accepted because they were learned and technical—were used to prove the injurious effects of water. But the reason—which every body understood, and which was, after all, the foundation of all of the arguments—was, simply, that the *desire* for it manifested in an unmistakable manner that it *must* be wrong. Modern science has become more doubtful and reverent, and recognizes that Nature is governed by wiser laws than the dogmas of any ancient Esculapius. The burning heat of fever is now alleviated by the cooling draughts of water, and ice is one of the

most important items of the physician's prescriptions. The truth, which is beginning to be recognized, is, that Nature is to be aided, and not rebelled against. But what has become of the learned arguments, to whose cruel dictates humanity was wont to submit itself as to the inevitable? Many of them have entirely disappeared, some of them remain to be ridiculed, and a few to be questioned. Yet these very things were, not long ago, so gravely triumphant that no one's voice, or even thoughts, were raised against them; and the perversity of Nature was deplored, and crucified as often as possible.

This same perversity on the part of human nature manifests itself socially. Society is chronically rebellious against arbitrary dictates in regard to amusements. But the social physician still rides abroad on his ancient hobbies, with lancet and pill-box, and considers social amusement, because it is enjoyable, as a case requiring the severest treatment. The amusement of dancing in the old Puritanical days assumed almost the dignity of crime; and our heritage of the Puritanical spirit still condemns it as a delusion and a snare. It is, in itself, the simplest of all amusements, and a natural expression of pure joyousness. The elixir of fresh air and sunshine finds its exponent in motion. In the ancient myths, not humanity only, but the trees and rocks, were moved by the power of music. The divine Orpheus—the spirit that dwells in harmonious numbers—finds, even yet, in our natures, echoes of mirth and gladness; and feet *will* beat time to the measure, and eyes grow brighter, and hearts lighter, because of it. I suppose that every body has, at some time during his life, read a score or more of those dreadfully good books, in which one of the heroines is merry and dances, (because she is merry, and because she enjoys it) and another talks platitudes, and puts herself in the way of

hard knocks (because *she* enjoys that). In these books the merry heroine inevitably ends her days in poverty and disgrace, and the serious one triumphantly exhibits her virtues and her bruises, and is, in the end, rewarded with the other girl's lover, and no end of material good things. The author has us at a disadvantage, for, like the naval captain, he can "make it twelve o'clock," at the same time his readers know that it may be the dawn or the gloaming. Heroes who smoke are compared to those who do not, in the same remorseless manner; and wine inevitably drowns its victims in indescribable gulfs of remorse and despair. These results are some of those half-truths which we philosophers get at, and found our doctrines of intoleration upon them. We sigh over and deplore that recklessness of human nature, that *wants what it wants*, in a blindly instinctive sort of a way; and sometime, to our astonishment, may find that the desire was for good, rather than evil.

But there is a prevalent sentiment that, in some vague way, restraints are of themselves beneficial, and "Tommy Tiddler" lies in wait to wreak his vengeance upon rash adventurers who are not duly heedful of them. He represents that well-known historical character, "The dog in the manger"—not selfishness, but malevolence; for he claims, not what he wants himself, but what he is determined no one else shall enjoy. This moral tone has so much recognized weight and influence, that many simple recreations and amusements are only indulged in under protest, and with the vague feeling that they may possibly be doing something that is wicked. The greatest evil—and often the only real one—arising from rational indulgence, is the demoralization of law-breaking. From this, the gravest results are to be apprehended. For popular logic is ready to decide that, if any laws may be broken, all laws may be broken. The boy who has been educat-

ed to look upon card-playing as a heinous sin, in the wisdom which he gains from the experience of a few games, decides that all other restrictions are equally useless, and that none of the dogmas upon which his faith had been founded are to be relied upon. This hasty kind of reasoning is common to that large class of people, who, intellectually, never outgrow the period of crude adolescence.

On the other hand, in those countries where, for instance, dancing is a national and popular amusement, people simply enjoy it; and it would be as difficult for them to attach any sense of moral delinquency in the enjoyment, as it would be for us Americans to detect an instance of depravity in the indulgence of the only recreation which we admit to be altogether rational: that of eating our dinner.

But if "Tom Tiddler" has no claims to his possessions, the trespasses which are made upon them are often purposeless. Some people are so constituted, that, no matter what the length of the tether may be, they will always confine themselves to the extreme limit. Besides, there is about it that traditionally charming element of the heroic in brav-

ing danger—a charm to which almost every body is susceptible in some degree. Not that we are all constituted like Dr. Livingstone, who remorselessly plunges the scientific world and sympathetic humanity into grief on his account, semi-annually, by losing himself amid the unknown terrors of Central Africa; but a great many people are willing to venture upon that territory which is laid down on the social maps as dangerous or forbidden, because it is supposed to be so. It is the element which gives piquancy to flirtation, which gives point and pungency to clerical jokes, and renders that delighted little expostulation, "O you wicked man!" the most charming and effective of *encores*. We might instance domestic quarrels as among the most purposeless of the ventures—as it never settles the vexed question of the right to say "scissors," except for the one occasion; but we are conscious that we may be already trespassing upon some ground which the reading "Tom Tiddler" may hold sacred. The children have grown weary, and have retired. Their prattling is over. But society goes on gravely playing at the old game.

CHIQUITA.

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county.
Is thar, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my beauty!
Feel of that neck, sir—thar's velvet! Whoa! Steady—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a boss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge, and his nevey,
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right dōwn to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it, that night, that hoss—that ar' filly—Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping!
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork—that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—what did you say?—O, the nevey?
Drowneded, I reckon—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derved fool had no seat—ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

THE LESSON OF GEORGE PEABODY'S LIFE.

ON a bright, autumnal day, nearly a score of years since, the writer found himself, with a companion, in a "one-horse shay," such as Holmes has described, riding from Andover, in the State of Massachusetts—the seat of the famous Theological Seminary—to Danvers, the town that is celebrated as being the birth-place of the now famous George Peabody. The errand that brought us forth from our books was to attend the dedication of an Institute founded by the generosity of this then comparatively obscure man, that was called after his own name. He, then living in London, had appropriated \$20,000, since increased to \$100,000, to erect a handsome building, and furnish it with a library for the benefit of his native town. The committee, who had the matter in charge, had secured the services of the silver-tongued Choate, who, also, commenced his career in Danvers, and who was to be their mouth-piece in rendering fitting tribute to the generous donor. When we drove up to the building—a substantial brick structure—we found a large assemblage filling the streets, and thronging the entrance. There were gathered not a few of the distinguished people of eastern Massachusetts. Salem, and Lawrence, and Newburyport, and Lynn, and Boston had sent forth each its quota, to testify, by their presence, their interest in the occasion. It is not often that a speaker is called to address an audience comprising a higher degree of intelligence and culture. Among them were divines, and judges, and lawyers, and authors—one of whom I remember as being R. H. Dana, writer of the famous book, "Two Years Before the Mast."

And the place was in a region that was

itself historic. Just over the hill, down toward the ocean breakers, in the town of Salem, was the spot where the witches were hung. In the court-house, a mile distant, the records of the trial, and the very pins which the witches were said to have used, were preserved. Thirty miles away, toward the west, was the town of Concord, where the war of the Revolution was inaugurated. And within sight, from the hills thereabout, Bunker Hill Monument lifted its granite shaft toward the clouds. The speech was worthy the place and the occasion. Who could more appropriately set forth the value of such a benefit than this most gifted and fascinating speaker, on whose lips thousands hung enraptured in those, the days of his prime?

When the assemblage broke up, we wended our way back through the gathering darkness to our Andover home, little thinking that he whose munificence had brought together that audience, and had obtained for us the pleasure of listening to one of the foremost orators of the time, would, a few years hence, when sleeping in his coffin, be borne at the command of the first potentate of earth, to a temporary resting-place in Westminster Abbey, among those great names that have rendered the annals of England illustrious. And, we suspect, the seed was sown then, in old Danvers, that afterward bore fruit in those unparalleled gifts of munificence that have immortalized the name of George Peabody.

But how did it come about, that one man could accumulate such vast stores of wealth, so as to be able to display such generosity? He inherited nothing. He commenced life poor. And yet, when he reached the age usually

allotted to man, he was worth nearly a score of millions. The unvarnished fact seems almost incredible. And the question that we have proposed, has a practical bearing. The way may be disclosed to us by which to get a fortune, and I suppose none would deem it a special hardship to be rich. And, while I would not undertake to excite the cupidity of my readers, at the same time I would lay no impediment in the way of any in the matter of accumulating twenty millions, in case it was appropriated so abundantly in works of charity. I would not be grieved to read that a citizen of California had given one million dollars to build suitable lodgings for the poor of San Francisco, and another million to endow a college worthy of our great State.

But we are destitute of any definite knowledge respecting the habits and practices of Peabody that would enable us to give any rule for growing rich. We are left to learn what we may, from an investigation of his early training and associations.

Respecting the parentage of Peabody, little information has been vouchsafed to the public. I do not remember that any mention has ever been made of his father, in any account of the family which has been published. For his mother he evidently entertained feelings of the deepest reverence and affection. In honor of her name and faith—she was a member of the Congregational Church—he built a house of worship in Georgetown, which he called the "Memorial Church." Georgetown was once a part of Danvers. But we do know something respecting the people among whom he was born and spent the first years of his life; and, from this source, we may obtain a clew to the information which we are in quest of.

The hills of Danvers—among which, in the year 1795, he first saw the light—lie within plain view of the broad Atlantic. Salem, with its quaint houses, and

narrow streets, and quiet harbor, that has been rendered classic ground by the pen of Hawthorne, in his "Scarlet Letter," interposes between them and the ocean. The inhabitants of the coast-towns of New England were employed, at that time, in cultivating the soil, and in fishing. Manufactures had been introduced only on a very limited scale. Then, as now, Salem, and Newburyport, and Danvers were noted for the piscatorial tastes of the people. Every year, large fleets were fitted out for the cod-fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland. Peabody's neighbors were a peculiarly quiet and staid people, who were compelled to work hard and practice the closest economy, even to gain a subsistence. The products of the field were obtained in very stinted measure, and the long and severe winters exhausted the meagre supplies which the summer's industry had procured.

There was no Erie Canal, and no inexhaustible granary in the Far West, penetrated by the railroad, to help out any casual destitution. The peculiarities of the people of his day are preserved—many of them—now. Your modern Yankee farmer is one of the most quiet and undemonstrative of men. He has little to say, ordinarily, of himself; but, give him the opportunity, and he will ply you with the most searching and pertinent, not to say *impertinent* questions, respecting yourself, your plans, your means, your place of abode, your family. His striking characteristic is his desire to gain information; and you will be surprised at the extent of his knowledge. His highest ambition is to send one or more of his boys to Yale, or Harvard, or Amherst, and train his girls in the far-famed schools of Andover or South Hadley. He is religious, and as destitute of cant as people generally. Unlike his ancestors, he is most catholic in his views. The Pilgrim Fathers were driven from England by persecution, and

they, in turn, persecuted, when they had reached the home of their adoption. They were not in advance of their age. But there has been a surprising change in their descendants. The Yankee of to-day is one of the most tolerant of men in matters of religious faith. It is difficult to convert him into the narrow bigot, who can see nothing outside his own sect. In his dealings he is shrewd and exacting, expecting to receive his dues to the very last penny, and ready to pay with as literal exactness. His benevolence is not impulsive, but a matter of principle. One might call him not generous, but statistics show that, for charitable purposes, the little State of Massachusetts gives more generously than any other in the Union. Your Yankee farmer, so economizing, so hard-working, will surprise you by the amount of his benefactions to promote education and religion.

From this brief consideration of traits of New England character, we see that it was partly to the habits of economy acquired in early life that Peabody was indebted for his after-success. There is no class of people that know better the value of pennies than the inhabitants of New England. They have learned the very simple rule, "Care for the pennies, and the pounds will care for themselves." This little secret there are many who never learn, whether the pennies are represented by "bits" or "half-bits." They think it borders on penuriousness for one to save and guard his small accumulations. If they can not lay up a large sum each year, they will lay up nothing. They do not understand that, ordinarily, people who get wealth, and commence with nothing, must, like Peabody, save the pennies. John Jacob Astor landed in New York with only a few dollars. Building a fortune, as well as building that magnificent edifice, the Capitol at Washington, is only done a little at a time. It is the *little things* that

have power in this world. Peabody learned that fact from his thrifty Yankee mother and her neighbors. He put it in practice, when, as a grocer's clerk, he commenced his mercantile career in his native town. His Vermont grandfather, with whom he then spent a year at Thetford, helped to enforce it, and his brother, whom he served at Newburyport, in the capacity of clerk, aided, doubtless, ineradicably to impress it.

But it was not solely by practicing habits of economy that Peabody became the possessor of great wealth. He followed the rule of the strictest honesty in his dealings. No man ever maintained his honor more scrupulously; and this fact served indefinitely to add to his pecuniary strength. Thus, after leaving Newburyport, he became associated with his uncle in mercantile pursuits, at Georgetown, D. C.; but he soon withdrew from the house, because he was unwilling to become responsible for debts which he had no agency in contracting, and which, had he remained, he was bound to pay. It was this scrupulousness, probably, that attracted the notice of Mr. Elisha Riggs, of Baltimore—a gentleman of means, engaged in the wholesale dry-goods trade—who, in the year 1814, received Peabody as a partner, and, though only nineteen years of age, intrusted to him the management of the business; and, when he removed to London, in the year 1837—which place he had often visited in the prosecution of his business—the same quality commanded for him an exalted place in the esteem of the English bankers. It was the voice of George Peabody that helped powerfully to maintain the credit of the United States, when it was so seriously shattered by the financial whirlwind of 1836. His word could be trusted, his testimony was unimpeachable. His house henceforth took the lead in dealing in American securities; business grew on his hands with unexampled ra-

pidity, and brought with it great pecuniary success. But no measure of prosperity served to impair his integrity; nor could calamity weaken it. With such manly truth did he bear himself through all the vicissitudes of financial trial, that, in 1857, the Bank of England offered to loan him \$2,000,000, or three times that sum, were it needed, to enable him to weather the storm; but the loan was not asked, although, probably, it was the fact that the authorities of the bank made this offer, that saved him from serious financial straits.

And so, also, did his perseverance contribute eminently to his success. He knew how to hold on; he did not suffer himself to be enticed into new fields, by promising speculations. Indeed, in no other way could he have obtained the confidence of the people. It is an old, but truthful saying, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" and one essential reason why many people fail to make any headway in the world, is this indisposition to stay. They no sooner get well and comfortably located, before an intense eagerness begins to manifest itself to seek a new home; the disquiet which affects them prevents often any settled habits of industry. Moreover, when they set themselves to their calling, they can not exert all their powers; and when some rumor comes of new discoveries in the gold-fields, or in the oil regions, or when they read a flattering account of more congenial climes, they undertake a new migration. They do not stop to reflect. But these frequent changes are absolutely fatal to expectations of permanent success. George Peabody dwelt twenty-three years in the city of Baltimore, nor did he abandon his old home on the Chesapeake until large interests had grown up abroad, and the amplest considerations of success warranted him to undertake the change; and, when he finally located in London, there he stayed until his business career was ended. It

may be worth while to consider how much the instability of our own people has to do in thwarting their hopes of getting on.

It is impossible, with the meagre information at our disposal, to get at the causes which led Peabody, in his own life-time, to give away almost his entire fortune. Usually, the fondness for accumulation, which increases every year, becomes so strong, that the rich would almost as soon part with life itself as to give away their possessions. Even when the enjoyments of life are impossible, and the senses have almost lost their vitality, do they cling to their wealth. They may be willing to leave a part, when they die, for charitable purposes; but to relinquish one's hold, while the ability lasts to exert it, is a hard thing to do. Nor does the fact that posthumous bequests are so often perverted, serve to prevent their recurrence. How often are the liberal designs of the wealthy utterly thwarted by some defect in their wills, or some miserable legal technicality!—or, if these designs are not completely thwarted, how is the money that is thus bequeathed often squandered by dishonest or incompetent executors! Stephen Girard left the bulk of his fortune to the city of Philadelphia, to provide a home and school for orphan children. He also left minute directions respecting the buildings that should be erected for this purpose, stating, as plainly as language could express, that they should be simple, and unadorned, and inexpensive. But the citizens deliberately thwarted the provisions of the will. They built a "magnificent Grecian temple," on the banks of the Schuylkill, costing a million, that is wholly unfit for use, unless as a huge burial vault for the dead. The rooms are so damp, and so ill ventilated, that they can not be occupied. It is possible that Peabody intended, by disposing of his accumulations during his life-time, to avoid squan-

dering, or perversion. Certainly, was his wisdom eminently justified by the result.

But there were other causes that induced him to act as his own executor. We get a clew to what these were, in a now famous toast which he sent to the bi-centennial of his native town, in the year 1852. It read, "Education: a debt of the present to future generations." Here we detect, again, the influence of his early training. The education of the young is emphatically a Yankee notion. Moreover, he had weighed the great problem respecting the needs of the future: he saw, as by prophetic vision, what vast multitudes were to hold possession of this continent; he remembered too, doubtless, how his own early development had been crippled by the destitution of educational facilities, and determined that the youth of his native town should be provided with the appliances which he lacked. To make this provision, he built and amply endowed Peabody Institute.

And, as already intimated, we suspect that gift and the response which it drew forth in the fascinating words of Choate, and in the more touching thanks and gratitude from his old neighbors and their descendants, had much to do toward opening both his heart and his hand. He found that the words of the Divine Teacher were, indeed, literally true—"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." On the occasion of his first visit to Danvers, he found himself regarded, not as the stranger who, nearly sixty years before, had left his native town in the capacity of a merchant's clerk, but, on every hand—by old men and women, his former friends and neighbors, and by a multitude of little children—as a public benefactor. And this meed of praise was tendered by all classes in his native State. The

papers of Boston were filled with eulogistic notices of this great-hearted philanthropist.

And it is worthy of remark that mankind never cease to be affected by deeds of generosity. It is by what they have done to benefit succeeding generations, and not by the possession of great wealth, that rich men will be remembered. Philadelphia has counted scores of affluent men, but who that has achieved such fame as Stephen Girard? And, in every land, it is he who does the most for his fellows, that abides in their hearts. It is needless for our California Croesuses to expect any thing more than a narrow, vulgar fame, unless they bestir themselves to promote our suffering charities. Palatial homes, and flashing equipages, and champagne suppers will excite the notice of the multitude. They will create a sensation. They may impress the unthinking stranger with the largeness of our generousities. But how fleeting the impression which all this produces! How unworthy the ambition to achieve such a cheap notoriety! And who will ever think of them, a generation hence, save as they are mentioned to illustrate the truth uttered by a Spanish banker once, who said he "never knew a monument to be built for a rich man." It was only he who had used the gifts, with which Providence had endowed him, to help the needy, or to instruct the ignorant, who held a place in the affections of survivors. Peabody found that the people of his native State looked upon him with touching interest and affection. What else could he do but excite a similar feeling in the hearts of his old Baltimore neighbors, where he had resided for almost a generation? Accordingly, \$300,000, afterward increased to \$1,000,000, were appropriated to the erection of a building, which should add to the educational facilities of the Monumental City. It stands on one of the public squares, facing the Washington

Monument; and who will say that it is not a monument that far outweighs in value any stately column of stone or brass? Nor were the people of Maryland unappreciative of the benefit which he thus conferred. When he last visited that State, only a few months since, he received the warmest tokens of regard from all classes. The railroad companies put at his disposal their most costly and least fatiguing conveyances, and the people manifested their interest by numberless and thoughtful attentions.

And now, that he had laid one hemisphere under tribute by his deeds of munificence, he undertook the same work, on a vastly larger scale, in the city of his residence. London had her full proportion of struggling poor, and it had long been an unsolved problem—indeed, it has lost none of its difficulties to-day—how to provide for the needy without turning them into mendicants. The serious, difficult question for English philanthropists and statesmen, is, to place the poorer classes in such circumstances that they can earn their own bread. It is a most appalling fact, the vast increase in the number of those who are, either wholly or in part, dependent upon charitable aid. It is fearful to contemplate what must inevitably be the condition of that country, a generation or two hence, if the causes that are now at work go on unchecked, multiplying destitution and beggary. Peabody believed that he saw hope for the laboring poor, if they could be furnished with lodgings and a home at a cheap rate. He did not wish to make such provision for the destitute classes that they could live in idleness: his plan was to aid them in helping themselves. Accordingly, \$1,250,000 were appropriated to the building of four large structures, in four of the poorest quarters of London, which were let to occupants at a rent below the average. It was thus reserved for this humble American merchant to teach the aristocracy of

England a lesson of benevolence, which may yet prove of great utility to that country. Indeed, when has Royalty itself performed deeds of such unparalleled munificence? We read, a few years since, that Prince Albert had so husbanded the resources of the Prince of Wales—derived largely from the Duchy of Cornwall—that when he became of age he found a plethoric purse, amounting to £350,000—if my memory serves me right—awaiting his disposal. The Royal House of England—the wealthiest in Europe—has not yet set apart any such proportion of their affluence for a benevolent intent. The papers that announced the death of Peabody, gave an account, also, of the death of the richest man in England: the Marquis of Westminster. His income for ten years would have amounted to the enormous aggregate of nearly twenty millions! What has he done with his wealth to awaken sentiments of gratitude like those which the name of Peabody excites?

It was, indeed, peculiarly fitting that such a testimonial as a statue in his honor should be erected in the very heart of London, and in one of her most fashionable and crowded thoroughfares: not because his fame would be promoted thereby—that is secure during the ages to come—but, because it was eminently needed that the nobility of England, who inherit in large proportion their wealth and estates, should have a constant reminder of the true glory and use of money. That it does not consist in building a costly palace for one's descendants, or in laying the foundation of a lordly house by the purchase of a valueless title; but in helping to provide for the destitute.

Peabody has a name to-day that far outshines that of any living peer in the British realm. How much more striking the figure which he presents to the world than does that other Massachusetts boy, the son of Copley, the portrait-painter, who became Lord Chief Justice of En-

gland, under the title of Lord Lyndhurst! The latter secured a title and a fortune for himself, but how narrow and provincial his reputation! The former refused all titles of rank; but his name fills the world. And it seems impossible that such distinguished services as he rendered should not find imitators in the land of his adoption.

It will, doubtless, be alleged that love of country had much to do in exciting the desire which he entertained, and in giving direction to the gifts which he conferred. Nor can any doubt his spirit of patriotic devotion. Peabody loved the land of his birth with unabated ardor to the close of his career. He entertained a feeling of peculiar pride and pleasure in its prosperity—such, only, as is cherished by one who has lived abroad. No one can visit the countries of the Old World without witnessing many things that, by contrast, excite a deeper interest and satisfaction in his native land. Peabody felt all this; and it was his absorbing love of country that led him to deprecate the recent war, and to express opinions that caused others to suppose that his sympathies were with that class who were seeking to overthrow the Government. The fact is, no one rejoiced more heartily in the successful termination of the war, and the restoration of the authority of the Government to all parts of the country. Then, with what deep interest and solicitude did he embark in the work of healing the wounds that had been made! How were his warm sympathies drawn forth toward that section which had been most desolated by the protracted conflict! There were those who criticised his spirit of charity toward the impoverished South; and yet, was not this precisely what a true lover of his country would undertake—to provide for the section that especially needed help? He did not neglect other portions of the land: he provided liberally for his own New England; he gave

\$150,000 each to Yale and Harvard Colleges, besides numerous benefactions to other institutions. But for the States of the South, torn and ravaged by the struggle of contending armies, now seeking restoration to their former prosperity and allegiance—to them he gave the bulk of his fortune. And no true patriot will fail, in the years to come, to acknowledge the wisdom of the charity.

But Peabody was a thorough cosmopolite; he was, rather, a philanthropist of the highest type. His sympathies embraced men of whatever race or condition; he was rejoiced to help his own countrymen; his hand did not slacken in its generous contributions to aid the poor of other lands. Nor did he stop to ask respecting one's creed; Protestant and Catholic shared in his munificence. And we count it a matter for special congratulation, that among the testimonials erected in memory of this Yankee Protestant merchant, was that which the Pope has built in the streets of Rome. It can not fail to speak to the multitudes who throng that centre of Popish influence, respecting that spirit of true charity that overleaps all distinction of race or sect. Peabody has thus conferred a benefit upon the world, that far transcends any advantage of a mere pecuniary nature. His gifts will bless the poor of two hemispheres: they will open the gates of knowledge to multitudes who would otherwise remain in utter darkness and ignorance. But a nobler advantage is, the lesson of charity and philanthropy which his beneficence has taught. By his unparalleled generosity, reaching the poor of different races and sects, he helps to bind the nations in one common brotherhood. While others have been preaching the law of love, he has been practicing it. And, surely, no citizen of either land, which his munificence has blessed, can look with other than fraternal feelings toward another similarly favored.

Moreover, this noble beneficence compels one to think better of his race. Confessedly, there is much, when we look abroad—nay, when we study ourselves—that makes one despondent often. The law of the strongest is that which has prevailed. Inhumanity and selfishness lead one almost to despair respecting the ultimate lifting up of our race. How beautiful—among all the envies and jealousies that abound; the mean and hateful conflicts that are waged for a bad cause; the bitter animosities of the sects, reading one another out of the pale of God's people, that scandalize the name of Christ; and the intense individualism of families, the desire to absorb and accumulate solely for themselves—are these blessed charities! And not because they were done by a countryman of our own. God forbid, that, in the face of such stupendous benevolence, we should entertain any such provincial feeling. But because, in our own day, in this selfish, jostling world, we have seen a brother man freely give away millions to help the poor and instruct the ignorant. Peabody stands alone in

history: never before did a fellow-mortal thus freely divest himself of his vast, accumulated stores, to the extent of millions, to benefit his fellow-men. This, we think, is the testimony of mankind, as expressed by some of the leading representatives of human opinion. In our own country, he received the thanks of the President, and recognition from the Senate of the United States. In England, the Queen and the authorities of the Government have, on several occasions, paid tribute to his name. A few years since, Victoria sent him her picture, done on ivory—a gift which may be seen among the relics preserved in the Institute at Danvers. And the Pope joined his voice in the tribute of praise and thanks.

But, how weak and cheap is all this, as compared with the veneration and love entertained by the people. The name of Peabody is held in the profoundest respect, not only by the one hundred millions of Anglo-Saxons, but wherever the intelligence of his unparalleled generosity has gone. The world renders tribute to his noble munificence.

AN ARIZONA LEGEND.

IT was when the Casa Grande still lifted up its mud-built walls beside the waters of the sacred Gila. It was when the seven cities of Cibola were still full of warriors, strong to twang the bow, and of the glories and the riches of many wars—turquoises, and emeralds, and many precious stones, and jewels of copper, and knives of obsidian. All their streets and market-places were still filled with spinning-women, and these had gourds, and earthen vessels, and plenty of maize and of melons, beans of *mesquite*, and painted cloths of cotton. Far toward the rising sun,

the great king Tartarax still ruled without dispute over mighty plains and sandy heaths—smooth and wearisome, and bare of wood—covered all over with herds of crooked-backed oxen, swift and fierce. The Colorado still rolled down his waters to the sea, unvexed by any keel of the Pale-faces; and the banks of our own river were still untrodden by any of their destroying bands of braves, or of their ancient, black-robed Fathers, who came to take away peace forever from our sacred country, Aztlan.

It was when our strong, young braves still wooed their dark-eyed maidens, and

walked in purity beneath the shadow of the cottonwoods, naked, and were not ashamed; before the unclean and guilty Pale-face had taught them to covet those blood-colored garments which are abominable unto mine eyes. All yet was peace—beautiful peace—within the borders of our sacred country, Aztlan; but her young braves triumphed over all her enemies around, and the Moquis brought us tribute of wolf-skins, and the terrible Apaches humbly bought our maize for the gold of their mountains. We drank the blood of the savage Yumas, and braided their long hair into bow-strings; and there was no deceitful Pale-face to interfere. There was then no murrain in our flocks, no blight or mildew in our fields, and no fire-water in our wigwams. Our women were pure yet from the hated touch of the Pale-face, and our children toddled in and out our doors, with faces clear of those horrible cankers and disfigurements which they bear now for the sins of their unhappy mothers.

When you stand with your face toward the rising sun, and point with your right hand, far off in that direction ruled our Great Father, Montezuma, from the sunrise to the sunset-waters. We had silver like rice, and gold like heaps of yellow corn, brought from a country beyond the Colorado, toward the setting sun; but we gladly gave it all to our Great Father.

In those days, there came to our fathers a story, floating on the wind, that a band of the braves of the Pale-faces, with certain of their ancient and black-robed Fathers, were coming from the place of our Great Father, to visit sacred Aztlan. And the hearts of our fathers were filled with joy; and they were moved to prepare a feast of welcome to those who were coming so great a distance to visit them. The Chief and all the young Chiefs assembled together, that they might devise how best to give them welcome.

And, before many days, there came one of the tribe, running and catching his breath, and said the Pale-faces were coming. There was a little company of young braves, bearing muskets and lances; and they came with great pomp, and many horses, and strange and wonderful music of silver reeds, and having upon their heads coverings, as it were, of rubbed and shining gold. Before them rode their Chief, with a great knife, long and dazzling, and his horse wheeled this way and that way; and behind, sitting upon asses, were the ancient and black-robed Fathers, who bore crosses of mahogany wood, and chanted with loud voices.

Then our Chief and all the young Chiefs made haste, and went out to welcome the Pale-faces. They gave them water to drink in gourds, and ripe pears of the cactus, blood-hearted and very cool to the traveler. They also brought them under shady arbors, and gave them whatsoever things else, either pleasant to eat or to drink, were in their villages; for our fathers rejoiced greatly at their coming. And the Pale-faces ate, and drank, and talked with them. Last of all, our Chief talked with one of the black-robed Fathers, but his words were interpreted by another. Yet they spake not well together, but were of different minds. And it came about that the black-robed Father said to our chief:

"Dost thou believe in God?"

"Yea, my brother," said our Chief; "we believe in God, even the Great Spirit, from whom we have our spirits, and our sacred country, Aztlan."

"But thy god is a heathen god, and we account him less than nothing, and as a delusion and a snare."

"We know not, brother, if he be a heathen god, nor yet what heathen may be. We only know he is very kind unto us, and gave us our Great Mother, Aztlan, to nourish us, and all these shady trees, and the sacred Gila for water."

"Thy god can not save thy soul from hell, when thou diest."

"Tell us, what is hell, brother? Our prophets and medicine-men have spoken nothing of it at any time. Hell may have terrors for the Pale-face, if his God made it; but, for the Pimo, none. If thy God be not able to save all from hell, but only some, as thou sayest, then Aztitli pities the Pale-face. We believe that every Pimo, when he dies, is carried to the banks of the great and rapid Colorado, and that the spirit of every brave then takes up its habitation in some green and mighty tree, which waves upon his banks, or stands upon the lofty mountains which he washes. The spirit of every woman is carried into one of the clouds—those silvery, yellow, and scarlet clouds, which thou seest yonder. He who was bravest in this life, and slew fierce and many enemies, shall dwell in the loftiest tree which waves in the sweet air the Great Spirit hath made, and lifts up its head proudly toward the sun, and holds course with the floating clouds. But he whose soul was afraid, and whose life was a shame, shall inhabit the lowest tree, which dwells down in perpetual darkness and dampness; never beholding the sun, or the clouds, or the sweet light of heaven."

"Ah, vain and babbling Pagan! What can all these, thy wicked and idle imaginings, avail thee against an offended and consuming God? Fall down, humbly, upon thy knees, and beseech the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, to intercede with her Son for thee—that the abounding efficacy of His death upon the cross may be applied to save thee from the wrath to come."

"Nay, my brother, hear me yet. Is not the Great Spirit very good toward the Pimos? Thou hast not shown me that thy God is better. When we cast seed into the ground, behold, does it not sprout? Does the sacred Gila ever for-

get his appointed floods? Does not our maize blossom in our fields, and bring milk in the husk, and after that the yellow ear? When have our women been stricken down in time of harvest, or given up their lives to black death upon their child-beds? Does not the sun shine gloriously here, even as in the country whence thou comest? And, indeed, I know not whether the same sun shines upon thy fields, or whether thou hast any sun; else wouldst thou be of a stronger color. Thou seemest to me altogether bloodless, and as a plant growing beneath a tree."

When he did not, therefore, bow himself before the cross, but rather stood up the more stiffly, and did not humble his neck, the black-robed Father drew near, and smote him with his hand full upon the forehead.

"Thou infidel dog!" cried he, "thy god has not even a name, nor yet any habitation, and thou darest set him above the Holy Virgin and the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth!"

Then there was a great uproar in the village, and the young braves of the Pimos would have slain the braves of the Pale-faces, and not left one of them remaining on the earth. But the thing which the black-robed Father had done was displeasing to the Chief of the Pale-faces, and he rebuked him, and appeased the Pimos, and there was peace again in the village.

After that the band of the Pale-faces visited all the lands of sacred Aztlan, and were well pleased with them, and remained many days. Many feasts did they eat—feasts of cakes of maize, with calabashes of yellow whey, and fat beans of *mesquite*, and rich, roasted bulbs of maguey, with curds, and gourds of *pinole*, sweet and good with sugar of maguey, and gourds of *pulque*, and blood-hearted pears of the cactus. And the dark-eyed daughters of the Pimos ministered unto

them, and brought them clay to anoint their hair, and mats; and they danced before them.

Now, it came about that a maiden of the Pimos loved a young brave of the Pale-faces, and was loved by him again. But the laws of the Pimos, in those days, guarded their women straitly, that they should not be given in marriage to strangers; and the maiden sighed within her for the love she had to the Pale-face, but she dared not make it known to her tribe. But when she could no longer conceal how it was with her, the Pale-faces had already gone three days' march from sacred Aztlan. Then they used upon her all the awful tortures where-with the Pimos of old were wont to punish a woman that was guilty of adultery, and commanded her to give the name of her betrayer; but when she continually refused, the tortures were made double, and yet again double, until the breath went out from her body, but she uttered never a word, nor cried aloud. But when the babe was ripped from the womb, the doer of this horrible deceit was discovered. Then straightway a band of young braves, led by the maiden's brother, went forth with all haste, and, at the end of the second day, they came to the camp of the Pale-faces. When they demanded the man, at first the Chief of the band refused to send him forth; but when he saw that the Pimos were more numerous than they, and were greatly more fierce in their countenances than was their wont, he consented, and yielded up the seducer.

Then it came about, when they were even commencing their tortures upon him, that there came a strong rushing, like that of a mighty wind from the desert, and there appeared unto the Pimos a glorious and fearful figure, shining as an angel from heaven, that stopped and stood still above the sacred Gila. Yet was he not young, like an angel, but ancient, and his hair was long upon his

shoulders, and sad was his visage. Upon his head there was a *panache* of green plumes, and his robe glittered with emeralds and *chalchivittl*, and was bound with a golden girdle, and the soles of his sandals were as of burnished gold. Then this figure stood, and lifted his hand slowly toward the setting sun, and began to speak unto the Pimos; and at the sound of his words, the souls of the Pimos became as water for terror, and they fell upon their faces to the ground:

"O, Pimos! O, my children! I am your Great Father, Montezuma. Lift not up your hands to slay the Pale-face.

"Even now I ascend up from the city of my people—the great city Tenochtitlan—unto the bosom of the Sun. Into this, the city of my people, are the Pale-faces come, and rule in it alone; and the ancient monarchy of the Nahuatlacas—the Kingdom of the Seven Peoples—is forever overthrown. At the first, I prayed, with strong crying and agony, unto our great god, Mexitli—the God of Battles—for mine armies, that he would send them victory; but he gave them defeat. Nevertheless, my hope was not cast down: even as the mystic cactus, when it is cut down to the ground, dieth not, nor withereth.

"Then, on a time, there came upon me a troubled and fitful sleep, and I dreamed. There stood before me seven men, of noble mien and stature—the first an Azteca—one for all the Seven Peoples, the Nahuatlacas, who ruled in the land to the borders of great Cholula. But, while I was looking, there came a Pale-face, and touched the Seven, and they vanished utterly, so that their names were forgotten on earth. Then I cried aloud, in my grief for my beloved Aztecas, and awoke. But, when I slept again, behold, the Pale-face was no longer the same, but was become even as one of my people. And, when I looked yet another time, the Seven were there

whom I beheld at the first, and the Pale-face was gone, but they bore his names.

"When I awoke, and my eyes were opened, and I saw clearly, I commanded mine armies, and said to them, 'Make no longer war upon the Pale-face, for ye shall not prosper, for ye are of one blood.' But they would not hearken. They stopped their ears; they ran upon me; they stoned me with stones, for their hatred to the Pale-face. I was a friend toward him, and for that I died at mine own people's hands; and, even now, I ascend up into the bosom of the Sun.*

"Ye and the Pale-face have one God—the God by whom we live—omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts—without whom, man is as nothing. Ye are of one blood; but, through him, ye shall walk in great and continual sorrow.

"O, Pimos!—O, my unhappy children!—mine eyes are filled with tears for you, when they see the things which ye shall suffer before ye shall come to me at the last. The Pale-face is proud; he is great; he is strong. Ye are weak; ye see not far; ye are vindictive. He can not stoop to you. He does you wrong; and ye, in your littleness, avenge yourselves two-fold, and then he makes no ending but with your death.

"O, Pimos!—O, my unhappy children!—my heart is filled with bitter grief for you, when it remembers the things which ye shall yet suffer. Each circling year, when I look down upon you from the bosom of the gorgeous Sun, I shall see your little tribe grow less. Ye are dearer to me even than they of the city of my people—the great city, Tenochtitlan—because ye left not sacred Aztlan. But make no longer war upon the Pale-face. Remember what our holy men have said: 'Keep peace with all; bear injuries with humility;

God, who sees, will avenge you.' So long as the sacred Gila rolls down his waters toward the All-mother of Oceans, so long shall God watch over you in heaven, and so long shall ye have, in your Great Father, an advocate, to plead for your weakness and your littleness. Be ye steadfast. The trees which ye see on yonder desert take no root, and are beaten and broken in every wind; but behold the lordly *pilahaya*, which sends down his roots deep, and makes the desert glorious with his sap and his greenness.

"And when, at the last, your sufferings are too hard for you, I will come to you in the chariot of the rising Sun, and ye shall escape from your sorrows. In the bosom of the gorgeous Sun there are many abodes; and thither shall ye come to me, at the last. There shall your souls enter into the shining clouds—which float alway before God, in Paradise—and into the singing-birds which dwell there. There shall ye see, also, the Pale-face.

"O, Pimos!—O, my children!—hearken well unto the words which I speak. When the evil days come upon you, ye shall certainly look for my coming in the chariot of the rising Sun, and set a watchman to watch for every village. Let the doors of your wigwams look toward the Morning, and let them not be closed, for sad will it be with that one who shall not be ready at my coming."

When he finished speaking, the Sun was setting, as you see, yonder, now; and the Pimos heard a strong rushing, as at the first, and, when they looked up, they beheld a swift and shadowy figure, which winged its way toward the setting Sun.*

*The reader of Aztec history will perceive the slight anachronism of the legend.

*I care not to argue whether the Pimos are, or are not, of Aztec descent. It is sufficient for my purposes that they steadfastly believe it, and are looking for the second coming of Monteruma; and invariably make their doors open to the east, as I have abundantly seen for myself. Torquemada believed they were Aztec; Coronado believed it; Pedro Font as-

* * * * *

As old Miliano concluded, in his broken Spanish, the story—of which the foregoing is a somewhat embellished translation—the sun was setting. While we had sat beneath the *mesquite* bush, the sky had clouded over, and just then there fell a little shower between us and the sun. The falling luminary looked through a chink in the clouds, and, shining through the wonderful tropic air of Arizona, turned all that rain into blood; and then the river Gila, with its long and winding thread of green, and those immeasurable dead plains, with their gorgeous shafts of emerald, and all the encompassing mountains, were, for a moment, red-lighted with imposing and solemn grandeur—as if an angel, great and glorious with the radiance of Paradise, swung already in the heavens the flaming fire-brand of doom.

For several minutes we sat beneath the *mesquite*, contemplating, in silence, a scene which, to me, seemed like a prelude to the ushering in of eternity. I looked at old Miliano. Could it be, perhaps, that the soul of the old man, weary and sick with watching, was exulting in the belief that to-morrow's sun would bring him sweet release? Alas, I trow not; for, presently, he wreathed his skinny face into a most exquisitely hideous smile, held out his hand, and asked for a piece of tobacco. For once in my life, I sincerely regretted that I did not use the insane weed, for I should have given him all I possessed.

Then I arose, musing, and walked on,

alone, down my long way westward. O, too credulous and superstitious Pimo: by your constancy you rebuke the Pale-face! * But, sad would be the face of Montezuma, if he came. You once were happy. Who brought you this—your ceaseless, dull pain, and your unrest and vague groping, and your despair? God grant, O Pimos! that the words of your Great Father may be true words, so that, in another and better world, the Pale-face may requite with justice some of the wrongs he has done you in this; and so that both you and he may live again those lives which have been so useless, and which have cost us so much bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

As I passed through the streets of a village, the inhabitants were sitting beneath their humble arbors to take the breeze of the evening. Many of them had painted streaks of red ochre beneath their eyes, so that they seemed to weep incessantly tears of blood. Never can I forget the dull and stolid sorrow with which those big, black faces—descended from a once mighty race, ancient, perhaps, already when the Old World was young, but touched now by the thickening miseries and the ever-recurring degradations and melancholy of three hundred years with yet duller and darker lineaments—looked out upon a restless and unhappy wanderer, sprung from a race which the wind blew yesterday over the sea; straying from the far-off East to molest with questions their ancient solitary customs and their immutability.

serted it: but Mr. Bartlett rejects the theory on linguistic grounds. I do not know how thorough was his investigation; but he certainly seems not to have learned that they looked for the coming of Montezuma, nor even to have noticed the singular fact respecting their doors.

* This was before the recent reported outbreak, up to which they boasted that the blood of a Pale-face had never been spilled with the countenance of the tribe. It would seem almost as if, rendered desperate by the trickeries and villainies of certain Whites who prey on them, they had resolved to wait no longer, but to take their deliverance into their own hands.

BROWN OF CALAVERAS.

A SUBDUED tone of conversation, and the absence of cigar-smoke, and boot-heels, at the windows of the Wingdam stage-coach, made it evident that one of the inside passengers was a woman. A disposition on the part of loungers, at the stations, to congregate before the window, and some concern in regard to the appearance of coats, hats, and collars, further indicated that she was lovely. All of which Mr. Jack Hamlin, on the box-seat, noted with the smile of cynical philosophy. Not that he depreciated the sex, but that he recognized therein a deceitful element, the pursuit of which sometimes drew mankind away from the equally uncertain blandishments of poker—of which it may be remarked that Mr. Hamlin was a professional exponent.

So that, when he placed his narrow boot on the wheel and leaped down, he did not even glance at the window from which a green veil was fluttering, but lounged up and down with that listless and grave indifference of his class, which was, perhaps, the next thing to good-breeding. His closely buttoned figure, and self-contained air, were in marked contrast to the other passengers, and their feverish restlessness, and boisterous emotion; and even Bill Masters, a graduate of Harvard, with his slovenly dress, his overflowing vitality, his intense appreciation of lawlessness and barbarism, and his mouth filled with crackers and cheese, I fear, cut but an unromantic figure beside this lonely calculator of chances, with his pale Greek face, and Homeric gravity.

The driver called "all aboard," and Mr. Hamlin returned to the coach. His foot was upon the wheel, and his face

raised to the level of the open window, when, at the same moment, what appeared to him to be the finest eyes in the world, suddenly met his. He quietly dropped down again, addressed a few words to one of the inside passengers, effected an exchange of seats, and as quietly took his place inside. Mr. Hamlin never allowed his philosophy to interfere with decisive and prompt action.

I fear that this irruption of Jack cast some restraint upon the other passengers—particularly those who were making themselves most agreeable to the lady. One of them leaned forward, and apparently conveyed to her information regarding Mr. Hamlin's profession, in a single epithet. Whether Mr. Hamlin heard it, or whether he recognized in the informant a distinguished jurist, from whom, but a few evenings before, he had won several thousand dollars, I can not say. His colorless face betrayed no sign; his black eyes, quietly observant, glanced indifferently past the legal gentleman, and rested on the much more pleasing features of his neighbor. An Indian stoicism—said to be an inheritance from his maternal ancestor—stood him in good service, until the rolling wheels rattled upon the river-gravel at Scott's Ferry, and the stage drew up at the International Hotel, for dinner. The legal gentleman and a Member of Congress leaped out, and stood ready to assist the descending goddess, while Colonel Starbottle, of Siskiyou, took charge of her parasol and shawl. In this multiplicity of attention, there was a momentary confusion and delay. Jack Hamlin quietly opened the *opposite* door of the coach, took the lady's hand—with that decision and positiveness which a hesi-

tating and undecided sex know how to admire—and in an instant had dexterously and gracefully swung her to the ground, and again lifted her to the platform. An audible chuckle on the box, I fear, came from that other cynic, "Yuba Bill," the driver. "Look keerfully arter that baggage, Kernel," said the expressman, with affected concern, as he looked after Colonel Starbottle, gloomily bringing up the rear of the triumphant procession to the waiting-room.

Mr. Hamlin did not stay for dinner. His horse was already saddled, and awaiting him. He dashed over the ford, up the gravelly hill, and out into the dusty perspective of the Wingdam Road, like one leaving an unpleasant fancy behind him. The inmates of dusty cabins by the road-side shaded their eyes with their hands, and looked after him, recognizing the man by his horse, and speculating what "was up with Comanche Jack." Yet much of this interest centered in the horse, in a community where the time made by "French Pete's" mare, in his run from the Sheriff of Calaveras, eclipsed all concern in the ultimate fate of that worthy.

The sweating flanks of his gray at length recalled him to himself. He checked his speed, and, turning into a by-road—sometimes used as a cut-off—trotted leisurely along, the reins hanging listlessly from his fingers. As he rode on, the character of the landscape changed, and became more pastoral. Openings in groves of pine and sycamore disclosed some rude attempts at cultivation—a flowering vine trailed over the porch of one cabin, and a woman rocked her cradled babe under the roses of another. A little farther on, Mr. Hamlin came upon some bare-legged children, wading in the willowy creek, and so wrought upon them with a badinage peculiar to himself that they were emboldened to climb up his horse's legs and over his saddle, until he was fain to

develop an exaggerated ferocity of demeanor, and to escape, leaving behind some kisses and coin. And then, advancing deeper into the woods, where all signs of habitation failed, he began to sing—uplifting a tenor so singularly sweet, and shaded by a pathos so subduing and tender, that I wot the robins and linnets stopped to listen. Mr. Hamlin's voice was not cultivated; the subject of his song was some sentimental lunacy, borrowed from the negro minstrels, but there was some occult quality of tone and expression that thrilled through all a spirit inexpressibly touching. Indeed, it was a wonderful sight to see this sentimental blackleg, with a pack of cards in his pocket and a revolver at his back, sending his voice before him through the dim woods with a plaint about his "Nelly's grave," in a way that overflowed the eyes of the listener. A sparrow-hawk, fresh from his sixth victim, possibly recognizing in Mr. Hamlin a kindred spirit, stared at him in surprise, and was fain to confess the superiority of man. With a superior predatory capacity, *he* couldn't sing.

But Mr. Hamlin presently found himself again on the high-road, and at his former pace. Ditches and banks of gravel, denuded hill-sides, stumps, and decayed trunks of trees took the place of woodland and ravine, and indicated his approach to civilization. Then a church-steeple came in sight, and he knew that he had reached home. In a few moments he was clattering down the single narrow street, that lost itself in a chaotic ruin of races, ditches, and tailings at the foot of the hill, and dismounted before the gilded windows of the "Magnolia" saloon. Passing through the long bar-room, he pushed open a green-baize door, entered a dark passage, opened another door with a pass-key, and found himself in a dimly lighted room, whose furniture, though elegant and costly for the locality, showed signs of abuse. The inlaid

centre-table was overlaid with stained disks that were not contemplated in the original design. The embroidered arm-chairs were discolored, and the green-velvet lounge on which Mr. Hamlin threw himself, was soiled at the foot with the red soil of Wingdam.

Mr. Hamlin did not sing in his cage. He lay still, looking at a highly colored painting above him, representing a young creature of opulent charms. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that he had never seen exactly that kind of a woman, and that, if he should, he would not, probably, fall in love with her. Perhaps he was thinking of another style of beauty. But just then some one knocked at the door. Without rising, he pulled a cord that apparently shot back a bolt; for the door swung open, and a man entered.

The new-comer was broad-shouldered and robust—a vigor not borne out in the face, which, though handsome, was singularly weak, and disfigured by dissipation. He appeared to be also under the influence of liquor, for he started on seeing Mr. Hamlin, and said, "I thought Kate was here;" stammered, and seemed confused and embarrassed.

Mr. Hamlin smiled the smile which he had before worn on the Wingdam coach, and sat up, quite refreshed, and ready for business.

"You didn't come up on the stage," continued the new-comer, "did you?"

"No," replied Hamlin; "I left it at Scott's Ferry. It isn't due for half an hour yet. But how's luck, Brown?"

"D—bad," said Brown, his face suddenly assuming an expression of weak despair: "I'm cleaned out again. Jack," he continued, in a whining tone, that formed a pitiable contrast to his bulky figure, "can't you help me with a hundred till to-morrow's clean-up? You see I've got to send money home to the old woman, and—you've won twenty times that amount from me."

The conclusion was, perhaps, not entirely logical, but Jack overlooked it, and handed the sum to his visitor. "The old-woman business is about played out, Brown," he added, by way of commentary; "why don't you say you want to buck agin' faro? You know you ain't married!"

"Fact, sir," said Brown, with a sudden gravity, as if the mere contact of the gold with the palm of the hand had imparted some dignity to his frame. "I've got a wife—a d— good one, too, if I do say it—in the States. It's three year since I've seen her, and a year since I've writ to her. When things is about straight, and we get down to the lead, I'm going to send for her."

"And Kate?" queried Mr. Hamlin, with his previous smile.

Mr. Brown, of Calaveras, essayed an archness of glance, to cover his confusion, which his weak face and whisky-muddled intellect but poorly carried out, and said:

"D— it, Jack, a man must have a little liberty, you know. But come, what do you say to a little game? Give us a show to double this hundred."

Jack Hamlin looked curiously at his fatuous friend. Perhaps he knew that the man was predestined to lose the money, and preferred that it should flow back into his own coffers, rather than any other. He nodded his head, and drew his chair toward the table. At the same moment, there came a rap upon the door.

"It's Kate," said Mr. Brown.

Mr. Hamlin shot back the bolt, and the door opened. But for the first time in his life, he staggered to his feet, utterly unnerved and abashed, and for the first time in his life, the hot blood crimsoned his colorless cheeks to his forehead. For before him stood the lady he had lifted from the Wingdam coach, whom Brown—dropping his cards with a hysterical laugh—greeted as

"My old woman, by thunder!"

They say that Mrs. Brown burst into tears, and reproaches of her husband. I saw her, in 1857, at Marysville, and disbelieve the story. And the *Wingdam Chronicle*, of the next week, under the head of "Touching Reunion," said: "One of those beautiful and touching incidents, peculiar to California life, occurred, last week, in our city. The wife of one of Wingdam's eminent pioneers, tired of the effete civilization of the East, and its inhospitable climate, resolved to join her noble husband, upon these golden shores. Without informing him of her intention, she undertook the long journey, and arrived last week. The joy of the husband may be easier imagined than described. The meeting is said to have been indescribably affecting. We trust her example may be followed."

Whether owing to Mrs. Brown's influence, or to some more successful speculations, Mr. Brown's financial fortune, from that day, steadily improved. He bought out his partners in the "Nip and Tuck" lead, with money said to have been won at poker, a week or two after his wife's arrival, but which rumor, adopting Mrs. Brown's theory that Brown had forsworn the gaming-table, alleged to have been furnished by Mr. Jack Hamlin. He built and furnished the "Wingdam House," which pretty Mrs. Brown's great popularity kept overflowing with guests. He was elected to the Assembly, and gave largess to churches. A street in Wingdam was named in his honor.

Yet, it was noted that in proportion as he waxed wealthy and fortunate, he grew pale, thin, and anxious. As his wife's popularity increased, he became fretful and impatient. The most uxorious of husbands—he was absurdly jealous. If he did not interfere with his wife's social liberty, it was because—it was maliciously whispered—that his first and only at-

tempt was met by an outburst from Mrs. Brown that terrified him into silence. Much of this kind of gossip came from those of her own sex whom she had supplanted in the chivalrous attentions of Wingdam: which, like most popular chivalry, was devoted to an admiration of power, whether of masculine force or feminine beauty. It should be remembered, too, in her extenuation, that, since her arrival, she had been the unconscious priestess of a mythological worship, perhaps not more ennobling to her womanhood than that which distinguished an older Greek democracy. I think that Brown was dimly conscious of this. But his only confidant was Jack Hamlin, whose infelix reputation naturally precluded any open intimacy with the family, and whose visits were infrequent.

It was midsummer, and a moonlit night; and Mrs. Brown, very rosy, large-eyed, and pretty, sat upon the piazza, enjoying the fresh incense of the mountain breeze, and, it is to be feared, another incense, which was not so fresh, nor quite as innocent. Beside her sat Colonel Starbottle and Judge Boompointer, and a later addition to her court, in the shape of a foreign tourist. She was in good spirits.

"What do you see down the road?" inquired the gallant Colonel, who had been conscious, for the last few minutes, that Mrs. Brown's attention was diverted.

"Dust," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh. "Only Sister Anne's 'flock of sheep.'"

The Colonel, whose literary recollections did not extend farther back than last week's paper, took a more practical view. "It ain't sheep," he continued; "it's a horseman. Judge, ain't that Jack Hamlin's gray?"

But the Judge didn't know; and, as Mrs. Brown suggested, the air was growing too cold for further investigations, they retired to the parlor.

Mr. Brown was in the stable, where he generally retired after dinner. Perhaps it was to show his contempt for his wife's companions; perhaps, like other weak natures, he found pleasure in the exercise of absolute power over inferior animals. He had a certain gratification in the training of a chestnut mare, whom he could beat or caress as pleased him, which he couldn't do with Mrs. Brown. It was here that he recognized a certain gray horse which had just come in, and, looking a little farther on, found his rider. Brown's greeting was cordial and hearty; Mr. Hamlin's somewhat restrained. But at Brown's urgent request, he followed him up the back-stairs, to a narrow corridor, and thence to a small room looking out upon the stable-yard. It was plainly furnished with a bed, a table, a few chairs, and a rack for guns and whips.

"This yer's my home, Jack," said Brown, with a sigh, as he threw himself upon the bed, and motioned his companion to a chair. "Her room's t'other end of the hall. It's mor'n six months since we've lived together, or met, except at meals. It's mighty rough papers on the head of the house—ain't it?" he said, with a forced laugh. "But I'm glad to see ye, Jack, d—— glad," and he reached from the bed, and again shook the unresponsive hand of Jack Hamlin.

"I brought ye up here, for I didn't want to talk in the stable; though, for the matter of that, it's all round town. Don't strike a light. We can talk here in the moonshine. Put up your feet on that winder, and sit here beside me. Thar's whisky in that jug."

Mr. Hamlin did not avail himself of the information. Brown, of Calaveras, turned his face to the wall, and continued:

"If I didn't love the woman, Jack, I wouldn't mind. But it's loving her, and seeing her, day arter day, goin' on at this rate, and no one to put down the

brake: that's what gits me! But I'm glad to see ye, Jack, d—— glad."

In the darkness, he groped about until he had found and wrung his companion's hand again. He would have detained it, but Jack slipped it into the buttoned breast of his coat, and asked, listlessly, "How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since she came here; ever since the day she walked into the Magnolia. I was a fool then; Jack, I'm a fool now; but I didn't know how much I loved her till then. And she hasn't been the same woman sence.

"But that ain't all, Jack; and it's what I wanted to see you about, and I'm glad you've come. It ain't that she doesn't love me any more; it ain't that she fools with every chap that comes along, for, perhaps, I staked her love and lost it, as I did every thing else at the Magnolia; and, perhaps, foolin' is nateral to some women, and thar ain't no great harm done, 'cept to the fools. But, Jack, I think—I think she loves somebody else. Don't move, Jack; don't move; if your pistol hurts ye, take it off.

"It's been more'n six months now that she's seemed unhappy and lonesome, and kinder nervous and scared like. And, sometimes, I've ketched her lookin' at me sort of timid and pitying. And she writes to somebody. And, for the last week, she's been gathering her own things—trinkets, and furbelows, and jew'lry—and, Jack, I think she's goin' off. I could stand all but that. To have her steal away like a thief——" He put his face downward to the pillow, and, for a few moments, there was no sound but the ticking of a clock on the mantel. Mr. Hamlin lit a cigar, and moved to the open window. The moon no longer shone in the room, and the bed and its occupant were in shadow. "What shall I do, Jack?" said the voice from the darkness.

The answer came promptly and clear-

ly from the window-side: "Spot the man, and kill him on sight."

"But, Jack?"

"He's took the risk!"

"But will that bring *her* back?"

Jack did not reply, but moved from the window toward the door.

"Don't go yet, Jack; light the candle, and sit by the table. It's a comfort to see ye, if nothin' else."

Jack hesitated, and then complied. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them, glancing at the bed. But Brown's face was turned to the wall. When Mr. Hamlin had shuffled the cards, he cut them, and dealt one card on the opposite side of the table and toward the bed, and another on his side of the table, for himself. The first was a deuce; his own card, a king. He then shuffled and cut again. This time "dummy" had a queen, and himself a four-spot. Jack brightened up for the third deal. It brought his adversary a deuce, and himself a king again. "Two out of three," said Jack, audibly.

"What's that, Jack?" said Brown.

"Nothing."

Then Jack tried his hand with dice; but he always threw sixes, and his imaginary opponent aces. The force of habit is sometimes confusing.

Meanwhile, some magnetic influence in Mr. Hamlin's presence, or the anodyne of liquor, or both, brought surcease of sorrow, and Brown slept. Mr. Hamlin moved his chair to the window, and looked out on the town of Wingdam, now sleeping peacefully—its harsh outlines softened and subdued, its glaring colors mellowed and sobered in the moonlight that flowed over all. In the hush he could hear the gurgling of water in the ditches, and the sighing of the pines beyond the hill. Then he looked up at the firmament, and, as he did so, a star shot across the twinkling field. Presently another, and then another. The phenomenon suggested to Mr. Ham-

lin a fresh augury. If, in another fifteen minutes, another star should fall——. He sat there, watch in hand, for twice that time, but the phenomenon was not repeated.

The clock struck two, and Brown still slept. Mr. Hamlin approached the table, and took from his pocket a letter, which he read by the flickering candle-light. It contained only a single line, written in pencil, in a woman's hand:

"Be at the corral, with the buggy, at three."

The sleeper moved uneasily, and then awoke. "Are you there, Jack?"

"Yes."

"Don't go yet. I dreamed, just now, Jack—dreamed of old times. I thought that Sue and me was being married agin, and that the parson, Jack, was—who do you think?—you!"

The gambler laughed, and seated himself on the bed—the paper still in his hand.

"It's a good sign, ain't it?" queried Brown.

"I reckon. Say, old man, hadn't you better get up?"

The "old man," thus affectionately appealed to, rose, with the assistance of Hamlin's outstretched hand.

"Smoke?"

Brown mechanically took the proffered cigar.

"Light?"

Jack had twisted the letter into a spiral, lit it, and held it for his companion. He continued to hold it until it was consumed, and dropped the fragment—a fiery star—from the open window. He watched it as it fell, and then returned to his friend.

"Old man," he said, placing his hands upon Brown's shoulders, "in ten minutes I'll be on the road, and gone like that spark. We won't see each other agin; but, before I go, take a fool's advice: sell out all you've got, take your wife with you, and quit the country. It

ain't no place for you, nor her. Tell her she must go; make her go, if she won't. Don't whine because you can't be a saint, and she ain't an angel. Be a man—and treat her like a woman. Don't be a d—— fool. Good-by."

He tore himself from Brown's grasp, and leaped down the stairs like a deer. At the stable-door he collared the half-sleeping hostler, and backed him against the wall. "Saddle my horse in two minutes, or I'll —" The ellipsis was frightfully suggestive.

"The missis said you was to have the buggy," stammered the man.

"D——n the buggy!"

The horse was saddled as fast as the nervous hands of the astounded hostler could manipulate buckle and strap.

"Is any thing up, Mr. Hamlin?" said the man, who, like all his class, admired

the *elan* of his fiery patron, and was really concerned in his welfare.

"Stand aside!"

The man fell back. With an oath, a bound, and clatter, Jack was into the road. In another moment, to the man's half-awakened eyes, he was but a moving cloud of dust in the distance, toward which a star just loosed from its brethren was trailing a stream of fire.

But, early that morning, the dwellers by the Wingdam turnpike, miles away, heard a voice, pure as a sky-lark's, singing afield. They who were asleep, turned over on their rude couches to dream of youth, and love, and olden days. Hard-faced men and anxious gold-seekers, already at work, ceased their labors and leaned upon their picks, to listen to a romantic vagabond ambling away against the rosy sunrise.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

We are quite prepared to hear that Mr. Tennyson's late work is inferior to its predecessors; having, if we mistake not, heard the like criticism on most of his previous performances. Certainly, the fact that he has chosen a theme which he has once before successfully treated, is quite enough for his undoing with a good many critics, who generally object to reiterate praise, and incline to a belief in sporadic genius. Yet, perhaps, there is no other reason why, having made the Arthurian themes his own, and the text for his noblest ethics, he should henceforth abandon them. By so doing, he might show more versatility, but scarcely that truthfulness to his art which is one of his finest characteristics.

Nor is it altogether strange that Mr. Tennyson makes use of these twilight myths of English history, as a medium of communication with that garish world of to-day with which he has so little personal contact, and of which he has not the highest opinion. Even his more modern heroes have the Arthurian vagueness and distance. "Enoch Arden" is an uncrowned "Arthur," and the youthful subject of the noble *In Memoriam* might have died ages ago, for all the personal sympathy we have in him. Something of the exclusiveness of the college cloister still clings to our poet: an experience of books, rather than of men, fastidiousness of culture, and the reserve of a sensitive organization, have kept him the most isolated of the great Singers. And being apt to deal with abstract Right and Wrong, and abstract Men and Women, he is, perhaps, right in putting them in the background, and out of reach of the realism of to-day.

But if Mr. Tennyson's characters are limit-

ed in quantity, they are not limited in quality. The heroes of the *Idyls* and the *Holy Grail* are demigods of the Homeric outline, albeit with a slight mixture of modern sentiment in their filling up. And the quality of the Arthurian romance, as read and illustrated by Mr. Tennyson, mingles the real and supernatural in their characters as freely as in the Homeric epic.

The Holy Grail and Other Poems is a continuation of the *Idyls*, although the continuity is puzzling, and what might be called the second volume, really contains the first chapter of the first volume. The story of the guilty loves of "Guinevere" and "Lancelot," which, the reader will remember, is suggested in *Elaine* and concluded in *Guinevere*, is here divided, and the *Holy Grail* and *Pelleas and Ettare* take position between *Elaine* and *Guinevere*. In other words, the Knights of the Round Table are scattered in the quest of the Holy Grail, and some perish. "Galahad" (whose story is half told in one of Tennyson's earlier poems) finds the Grail, and passes to the spiritual city; "Percival" becomes a recluse, and "Pelleas," a young knight, and later addition to the Table, is betrayed by "Ettare"—a pale copy of the very vivid "Vivien" of the *Idyls*—whom he had believed to be as "pure as Guinevere." His eyes being opened to the real quality of his mistress, and her model—his ideal Queen—he fights with "Lancelot," and is brought before the Queen, who recoils from his accusing looks, and

"Looked hard upon her lover, he on her;
And each foresaw the dolorous day to be:
And all talk died, as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey,
Then a long silence came upon the hall
And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at hand.'"

The reader can supply part of the sequel in *Guinevere*; the rest is told in the *Passing*

of *Arthur*, which includes and concludes with the *Mort d'Arthur*—the beautiful fragment published in a previous volume, and now reprinted in its proper place.

The Coming of Arthur comes late to those who had already read the *Idyls*, and to whom the genesis of their "blameless" hero has little of intrinsic interest—or, indeed, much to justify the three or four hundred lines that tell what has been already told in *Guinevere*, in these four :

"There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil, by the Cornish Sea,
And that was Arthur——"

Yet the reader will accept the somewhat confusing genealogy for the sake of this prefatory description of the country subdued by that eminent British Pioneer, King Arthur, pictured, perhaps, with something of the pioneer extravagance :

"And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast ;
So that wild dog, and wolf, and boar, and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the king.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings ; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster-mother on four feet,
Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groan'd for the Roman legions here again,
And Caesar's eagle : then his brother king,
Rience, assail'd him : last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke, and earth with
blood,
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid."

In the *Quest*, the poet rises to his true stature, with a spiritual vision as wonderful as his former sentimental contemplation of the earthly passions of his heroes was noble. His verse takes upon itself that royal simplicity which so charmed us in the *Idyls*. His pictures shine through a cloud of incense that would be half Romish, and wholly sensuous, but for the calm sweep of his measure, and his dignity of epithet. To liken this blank verse to the swing of a censer, or the movement of one of Mozart's masses, perhaps is but to adopt the common weakness

of describing good poetry by bad, and to give no idea of the almost realistic simplicity which distinguishes it. Surely, there is no "failure" here. Lines like the following may remind the reader of similar passages in the *Idyls*, and suggest a "mannerism," but only as the resemblance of one sunset to another is "mannerism" in the sky and air, and no further :

"On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.
And Calahad fled along them bridge by bridge,
And every bridge as quickly as he crost
Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I yearn'd
To follow ; and thrice above him all the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God : and first
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,
In silver-shining armor starry-clear ;
And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,
If boat it were—I saw not whence it came.
And when the heavens open'd and blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—
And had he set the sail, or had the boat
Become a living creature clad with wings ?
And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
Then in a moment when they blazed again
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—
Strike from the sea ; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
Which never eyes on earth again shall see."

The blameless "Arthur" seems to have become conservative, and does not take part in the *Quest*, but warns his knights that they shall, many of them,

"——follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire."

Among those who undertake the *Quest* is our old friend, "Lancelot," whose story, told by himself, is perhaps the most consistent, and in itself a perfect idyl :

"My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away ;
There was I beaten down by little men,
Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword
And shadow of my spear had been enow

To scare them from me once; and then I came
 All in my folly to the naked shore,
 Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses grew;
 But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
 So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
 Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
 Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
 Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
 Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens
 Were shaken with the motion and the sound.
 And blackening in the sea-foam sway'd a boat,
 Half swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a chain;
 And in my madness to myself I said,
 'I will embark and I will lose myself,
 And in the great sea wash away my sin.'
 I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat.
 Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
 And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
 And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
 I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
 And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,
 Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
 A castle like a rock upon a rock,
 With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
 And steps that met the breaker! there was none
 Stood near it but a lion on each side
 That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
 Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.
 There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
 Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
 Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;
 And, when I would have smitten them, heard a
 voice,

'Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts
 Will tear thee piecemeal'; then with violence
 The sword was dash'd from out my hand, and fell.
 And up into the sounding hall I past;
 But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
 No bench nor table, painting on the wall
 Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon
 Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
 But always in the quiet house I heard,
 Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
 A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
 To the eastward: up I climb'd a thousand steps
 With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to climb
 Forever: at the last I reach'd a door,
 A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
 'Glory, and joy, and honor to our Lord,
 And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'
 Then in my madness I essay'd the door;
 It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
 As from a seven-times-heated furnace, I,
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
 With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away—
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
 All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
 And but for all my madness and my sin,
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
 That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd
 And cover'd; and this quest was not for me."

Next to the *Holy Grail*, in characteristic

treatment, is the *Northern Farmer, New Style*. We have already spoken of Tennyson's limited *dramatis persona*, and the apparent narrow range of his purely human experience. As the heroes of *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* are but intellectual projections of the university, his few really life-like characters are to be found in *The May Queen*, *The Grandmother*, and *Northern Farmer*—studies from nature, and apparently among his own tenantry. *The May Queen* is English and modern; and a more perfect realistic picture of a simple, frivolous, amiably selfish, village beauty does not exist in literature, nor can its subtle satire be hidden in its purely sentimental *dénouement*. *The Grandmother*, another type of the same class, developed into a hard, but upright old woman, has the same satiric blending of realism and sentiment. *The Northern Farmer, Old Style*, shows us the male of the species—the British yeoman, in his hard, animal, materialistic, and utterly selfish reality. And in this latest collection, these English pastorals, that read so like satires, are completed by the *Northern Farmer, New Style*—a lineal descendant of the man who

"Hallus voated wi' Squire an' Choorch an' Staate,"
 who appears now as delivering hard, worldly maxims to his son, to the accompaniment and rhythm of his

"—'erse's legs as they canters awaay."

It is a sketch taken from life; and we can believe that the Laureate has ridden over "Thornaby waaste," or by "Wrigglesby beck," with the living objects of this admirable satire.

The Golden Supper—a story from Boccaccio, and not one of his best—the elegant incoherence of *Lucretius*, and some smaller pieces, conclude the volume. For such as it is, we are thankful. We take what the gods provide, and, admitted to the Olympian table, question not if the nectar is of to-day's gathering: enough that it is better than our daily fare. It is of little consequence whether this is the best that Tennyson can give us, if it be the best that we can get. And we know of no other living voice that can as tunelessly intone the liturgy of a chivalrous Past, as Alfred Tennyson.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The "bad boys"—by which, without any pessimism, we mean the average healthy human boy—will be grateful to Mr. Aldrich for the sympathy he has awakened in their behalf. In fact, the "bad boy" has rarely had justice done to him—not altogether in the way of not coming to the gallows, for which he has been preordained by prophetic relatives—but that the young male of the human species has been erroneously supposed to be differently constituted from the young of any other species. Possibly, Dr. Watts' well-known lines, commencing,

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,"

have done much to strengthen this popular misapprehension; and, certainly, the sooner we learn that it is as much the disposition of the healthy boy to "bark and bite" as it is for the healthy puppy, and that God has something to do with it, too, the better we shall know how to restrain their "little hands." In this regard, Hughes, Kingsley, Thackeray, Dickens, and, lately, Mr. Aldrich, have done more to give us a better understanding of the moral nature of the young human animal than most of the theologians.

But this is graver criticism than the pleasant chronicle of Master Tom Bailey should suggest; and it may be that the above moral will escape all except the old boys who have outgrown their "badness." In which view, the effect of this book, on the youth to whom it appears to be addressed, might seem of dubious virtue. But we scarcely imagine that any boy will be impelled to burn up an old stage-coach, or explode rusty cannon, and otherwise imitate Master Tom, by reason of the perusal of this book—unless he already has a tendency to such tricks—any more than we believe that, with this tendency, he would be restrained from it by the history of those very nice boys who "love their book," and come to a righteous, but premature end.

Much of Master Tom's "badness" was comparative, and, perhaps, thrown into unfair relief by the puritanic austerity of the quaint New England town where he lived—

whose inhabitants, as Mr. Aldrich neatly puts it, "were many of them pure Christians every day of the seven, except the seventh." But Master Tom had his faults, besides his disposition to evade the Sabbath-school. He assisted in adding an old stage-coach to a Fourth of July bonfire; he joined a secret society of young losels, yclept "The Centipedes," the walk of whose various feet was ungodly; he aided and abetted in the setting off of an ancient and decayed battery of guns, to the midnight alarm of the people of Rivermouth; he changed the signs in the Rivermouth streets; he ran away to go to sea. All of which is picturesquely, and, we fear, fascinatingly set forth by the author, with some account of his loves for a wonderful pony, who returned his affection, and a grown-up young lady, who didn't.

The characters are well drawn, though not so well as to divide the interest with the hero, who is, in fact, himself a subordinate figure to the incident. There is good taste, as well as good sense, in the treatment of the "fight with Conway," and the ingenious elision of merely coarse details. The love-scene, where Tom's grown-up Dulcinea characteristically evades his passion, and settles his *status* by "rumpling his hair all over his forehead," is natural, and half pathetic. Taken altogether, Mr. Aldrich's little friend stands a much better chance of living in literature than many grown-up heroes.

NOTES IN ENGLAND AND ITALY. By Mrs. Hawthorne. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

That the magic of Hawthorne's name would attract many readers to this volume, and that some passages would acquire especial interest through him, might be expected; but the individual and intrinsic merit of the book will be a real surprise to those who learn, for the first time, of the intellectual companionship he must have found in his wife. It is not that Mrs. Hawthorne seems to have intelligently appreciated her husband's genius—although she indulges in no panegyric, and he seldom appears, except as a modest initial—but that she was bright, sympathetic, poetic, and cultivated; and in a way distinctive

enough to form that contrast which is popularly supposed to be essential to intellectual, as well as matrimonial, harmony. To have gone over the ground on which his footprints are so recent; to have touched the canvas on which his colors are still bright, and to have done this with originality, presupposes no mean talent. And if, at times, we discover some trace of Hawthorne's influence—some pleasant echo of his thought—it is quite as much the wife's tender and unconscious flattery as the domination of a stronger mind.

Mrs. Hawthorne seems to have had the usual feminine admiration for beauty, and more than the usual feminine grace in expressing that admiration. The English notes are fairly aglow with the enthusiastic descriptions of Gothic architecture; but her enthusiasm would often bear modifying, and her eloquence sometimes runs away with her criticism. The same quality infected her studies of Italian art—which have passages of rhetorical beauty, but often show an analysis more ingenious than truthful. The description of Guido's Beatrice Cenci is a poetical and sympathetic interpretation, but is not, perhaps, criticism. To see in the Cenci's "white, smooth brow, without cloud or furrow of pain," the hovering of "a wild, endless despair," is to see much more than is evidently visible on the canvas, or than is certainly apparent in the description. There is, perhaps, less vagueness in her dealing with flesh and blood. "The Grand Duke," she tells us, has "that frightful, coarse, protruding under-lip, peculiar to the imperial race of Austria, and formerly of Spain," and thinks "it is worth while to extinguish the race for the sake of expunging that lip, and all it signifies;" and that "no man with such a mouth can love liberty and spiritual things."

The average reader, however, will probably be more interested in her description of a visit to the homes of three poets—Byron, Burns, and Browning. Her picture of Newstead Abbey, as restored and preserved by Colonel Wildman, is excellent for its details, and her intelligent curiosity in all that concerned Lord Byron was fairly rewarded by some anecdotes and memorials which are quite new. Although Mrs. Hawthorne indulges in none of the cheap poetry with

which most sentimental pilgrims overflow at Newstead, her few reflections on Byron are made in a broad, catholic spirit, and are in positive contrast to the protests of one of her more distinguished countrywomen. She believed that "his Father in heaven alone could know of his temptations and all the hindrances to the development of his better nature," and hopes "that those persons who rejected him were quite sure that they were holier than he." It is, perhaps, well that, at this point, the publisher interpolates a note, to the effect that this chapter was in type before Mrs. Stowe's article was published, and, consequently, before it was known that Mrs. Stowe and Lady Byron shared that perfect omniscience which Mrs. Hawthorne weakly supposed to belong solely to the Almighty. Her treatment of Burns has the same kindly thoughtfulness and breadth of comprehension; and her personal association with the Brownings is recounted with a spirit in which the delicacy of a gentlewoman modifies the enthusiasm of an admirer.

Mrs. Hawthorne's style is peculiar. It has an odd blending of simplicity of thought and sentiment with an occasional pedantry of method—a faint and recent flavor of New England academical training. But, as we have already intimated, she is often eloquent, and always entertaining.

ECCE FEMINA: An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. By Carlos White. Hanover, N. H.: Published by the Author. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

It is, no doubt, a pleasant thing for Mr. White to be so complacently conscious, as he evidently is, that he has offered the public a final and perfect solution of this vexatious problem. The somewhat summary method which he adopts in disposing of the "Woman Question" makes a theoretically smooth and easy social highway, but fails to practically remove acknowledged difficulties.

That this social problem, which is calling forth the best efforts of the best thinkers of the age in its behalf, should provoke opposition, is but natural; and there is a probability that the author of this somewhat illogical *Ecce Femina* represents—as he proudly an-

nounces—the opinion of the majority. Unfortunately, however, for the cause which he serves, historical experience—upon which he calls loudly and persistently—testifies that majorities are not always—not generally, if we have read history with a glimmering of its real significance—in the right. The acknowledged fact that social progress—the benefits which have accrued to mankind—has been the result of the movement initiated by minorities, is in favor of the supporters of Popular Suffrage. It is not a cheerful fact to contemplate, but the fools themselves know that they belong to the majority.

The discovery which Mr. White applies as a lubricating oil to the social machinery, with a profound faith that *now* every thing will work well, is a simple one. So simple, indeed, that we are surprised that it has, for so long a time, escaped the vigilance of his party. The grand discovery by which he refutes Mr. Mill's profound arguments, in his dissertation on "The Subjugation of Woman," is, merely, *that during the age of chivalry woman was the governing power*. As Mr. White professes himself ready to stand or fall by the weight and potency of this argument, opposing, as he believes it does, Mr. Mill's theory that women have always been ruled by force, we feel bound to say, that it is not evident that woman's *practical* power during the age of chivalry was any greater than it has been at any other time. Men worshiped at her shrine chiefly because they were used to idolatry: it was merely a transfer from the sun, the moon, the stars, or idols of wood and stone. She was never, perhaps, more completely in his power; never more entirely goods and chattels, to be set up or pulled down at his sovereign pleasure, than during that much-vaunted age.

In Mr. White's opinion, woman will never be fitted to fill important positions, requiring integrity and cautiousness, because she is swayed by her feelings and sympathies. But, on the other hand, his opponents urge that those are the only levers which she has ever been permitted to use; so that, in spite of Mr. White's *unanimous* decision, the case

seems to remain pretty much where Mr. Mill left it. And we would remark, by the way, that *Ecce Femina* will be chiefly valuable to those who have not read Mr. Mill's essay, already referred to, as its copious quotations will afford them an opportunity to do so. The author shows a versatility of genius, also, in quoting at length what Mr. Mill might, could, would, or ought to have said, under a variety of imaginary circumstances. The imaginary Mill is, however, so much less logical, forcible, and elegant than the real Mill, that there seems to be a probability that his occult knowledge is derived from some mysterious source of spiritual manifestations, as it is well known that the speeches which great men have deigned to make through mediums, deteriorate sadly from those made in the flesh. Choice bits of gratuitous information, like the following, are interspersed with prodigal liberality:

"If he [Dr. Bushnell] had been in the habit of writing such works as Mill has written, he would have given us a book that might be considered equal to the one just presented to the public by that illustrious Englishman."

May we naturally infer from this, that, if Mr. White should ever acquire the habit of writing such works as Shakspeare presented to the world, a glorious literary epoch will ensue? The case of the eight printers who struck for higher wages, and were superseded by eight women, in the horrible *minutiae* of imaginary details, is worthy of a third-rate novelist, but not worthy of a philosopher, discussing a theme of gravest importance. Many of the arguments are so threadbare that they are only worth noticing because they are echoes of widely disseminated opinions. We do not feel inclined to "laugh at" Mr. White for defending the unpopular side of the question, as he asserts that he is doing, for we believe that much can, with reason and justice, be urged against the question of popular suffrage; but, from the arguments used in *Ecce Femina*, we are certainly not ready to decide that they overpower the considerations urged in its favor.

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No. 4.

THE
Overland Monthly

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APRIL, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & Co., PUBLISHERS,
417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,
Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 4.—APRIL, 1870.—No. 4.

OLD SEATTLE, AND HIS TRIBE.

IN looking over the meagre history of the aborigines who inhabit the shores bordering that magnificent arm of the Pacific, which, as it reaches toward the interior, receives the names of De Fuca Strait, Admiralty Inlet, and Puget Sound, we find that the tribe of *Seattles** was among the most distinguished. Their hunting-grounds extended on each side of the inland waters, and ranged along the shores for many leagues. Their principal settlement—familiarly called “Old-man-house”—was situated on a slight eminence near the head of what is now known as Port Madison Bay. From this point a narrow channel winds its course southward, and again unites with the main inlet, forming Bainbridge Island, which is ten miles or more in extent. Away to the eastward rises the great Mount Rainier, whose peak is covered with eternal snow. To the west, the ridges of the Olympian Range show their fantastic chasms and

spurs, with a belt of ever-green forest intervening. Glittering before their village doors, lay the wide waters of both bay and inlet, coming from the sea with the flood, and rippling back again toward the ocean with the ebbing tide. Far and near their canoes might have been seen, gliding over the whirling eddies from point to point, urged on by the steady strokes of paddles, that were often quickened with the chanted boat-song; or they drifted lazily hither and thither, while their savage crews were engaged, with fishing-lines of kelp in hand, in drawing their supplies of food from the depths below. The distant woodlands—that appeared as if melting away in the blue haze of the evening—abounded with deer, elks, and other large game, as well as the rich fur-bearing animals, that were so highly prized by the wild men who depended on the chase. In fact, every provision for the Indian was about him in endless plenty; and the wild scenery surrounding his favored land, seemed to be in keeping with his imaginative paradise.

* It is said that Seattle, or his ancestors, gave the name to his tribe, who were really a branch of the great tribe of *Saohomish* Indians.

Could one possibly revert to an authentic record of the succession of their Chiefs for several past ages, it would be a subject of much interest; but we can only go back to their last great Chief—a descendant of noble blood—who was familiarly known among the Whites as "Old Seattle." He was rather below the medium height, round-shouldered, with spare limbs; his head was large, and covered with long, black hair; and although his features bore the prominent marks of Indian character, still, when speaking, his countenance beamed with an expression of pleasant dignity, rarely met with among the race. His dress was simple, but cleanly: usually consisting of a shirt and pantaloons, of some strong fabric, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders; while a cone-shaped, native hat, nearly covering his long locks, and moccasins for his feet, completed his attire. This good old Chief was always a friend to the Whites; and throughout the last Indian war in the Territory he remained at home, taking no part in the contest. Many leading warriors in his own and neighboring tribes are said to have taunted him, and sometimes, in the heat of their "war-talks," threatened violence; but, with a dignity and decision of character far above the appreciation of his blood-thirsty advisers, he remained firm in his course toward both the White and the Red Men. Yet many of the immigrants accused him of duplicity, and of being a spy in the interest of the hostile bands. At this time, he was residing at the town of Seattle—named in honor of the old Chief—where he had been induced by some of the proprietors to make his home, for a time at least; they thinking his presence would give it more consequence in the eyes of the natives. As soon as the old man found that he was accused of treachery among these settlers, whom he had regarded as friends, he quietly embarked his chattels in his canoes, crossed over

to his former home, and there remained until the war was over.

Near the head of Port Madison Bay, an estuary, called Tchoakum Chuck, meanders into Bainbridge Island a distance of nearly two miles. On its banks the flourishing mill-town of Port Madison is scattered over a few acres of cleared land, shaded by the tall firs on either hand. Mr. Meigs, the proprietor, and Seattle, from their first acquaintance, were mutual friends. The old Chief took great pride in paying frequent visits to this gentleman; and many a long and pleasant conversation ensued at their meetings. Seattle was always kindly treated; and he embraced every opportunity to manifest his gratitude to one whom he regarded as his benefactor. In 1866, Seattle's health began to fail. Month after month he grew weaker and weaker, till at last he became quite helpless; but his mind was clear, and he fully realized his condition. Just before he breathed his last, the native priest and principal men of the tribe gathered about him, and he was told that he was dying. "It is well," said he. "My heart is good. I have only one thing to ask: and that is, for my good friend—always my friend—to come to my funeral, and shake hands with me before I am laid in the ground." These were the venerable old man's last words: he closed his eyes, and his spirit departed. The event cast a gloom over the whole village. Every member of his tribe seemed to be deeply afflicted, but there was none of the vociferous howling, and humdrum of the "medicine-men," so common among nearly all the tribes of the coast, on such occasions. A messenger was dispatched to Port Madison to announce the death of Seattle, the day the funeral ceremonies would take place, and his last request. At the appointed time Mr. Meigs embarked on board his steamer, with many of the ladies and gentlemen of the place, and

repaired to "Old-man-house," to pay the last mark of respect to his deceased friend. A large concourse of Whites and Indians was assembled. The sun, at its meridian height, burst through the mists, beaming upon the mountains that overlooked the ocean rolling between the continents, and whose peaks were seen by the ancient voyagers even before the days of Juan de Fuca. The elements were in subdued stillness, and the vapors curled around distant Rainier as if it was shrouded in sympathy with those who so deeply deplored the loss of their chieftain. A stalwart native priest arose, and conducted the funeral services of the Roman Catholic Church, with touching solemnity; and at their conclusion all was still, save the hum of insects and the songs of birds scattered through the luxuriant spring foliage. A moment passed, and then another, when one of the sub-chiefs stood forth, who repeated, in the measured Indian cadence used when discoursing on great events, the name of "Seattle!—Seattle!" The deep-tangled forest overshadowing the assemblage echoed back, "Seattle!—Seattle!"—and the re-echo came over the dark waters of the bay, answering, "Seattle—attle—attle." As the last sound reverberated, the speaker continued:

"The spirit of our great Chief has gone—gone to the good land a great way off. His heart was always good—'twas like the sun: not like the moon, for that is changing.

"Seattle was a great Chief. He knew better what was good for us than we knew ourselves. But why do I speak?—for his son is here—he knows best about our good Chief—he is his own flesh and blood—let him talk!"

The young man then stood up, and calmly said:

"My father's remains lie before us: they are going to yonder hill, to be buried deep in the earth. Ages ago this mode of burial would have appalled us, for the

dead bodies of our ancestors were elevated on trees, or were laid in canoes above the ground; but the priest came among us, and taught us the prayer. We are Christians now. Before he came, the Seattles were the first in the chase, and the first to draw the bow and knife in time of war: but the godly man learned us how to build good houses; how to cultivate the soil, and how to get money, like the White Men. He has told us, too, that when the Son of God was buried in the earth, a great stone was rolled over his grave; but when God called him to heaven, the stone rolled back, and His Son came forth. We know that my father was the last great Chief of the Seattles. They were all his friends—so were many Indians of other tribes—so were many White Men his friends—because he was just to all. In the last strife with the Whites, my father was threatened because he would not fight: but he feared no one but God. Some of the White Men made threats: the Chief of the Seattles told them all, that when there was cause for shedding blood, they would find him, night and day, on the war-path. We are all glad that those troublesome times have passed. We are glad that the great Chief's hands were never stained with a White Man's blood. He is now dead, but his name will live in the memory of all good Indians, as a wise, brave, and Christian Chief."

The young man then drew from his breast the photograph of Seattle, and exclaimed: "The White Men will not forget him, for here is his picture, made by the light of the heavens. The older it grows, the more it will be prized. When the Seattles are no more, their Chief will be remembered and revered by the generations to come."

The harangues being ended, a breath of excitement passed through the congregation, as Mr. Meigs stepped forward and shook the hands of the old

Chief, in compliance with his dying prayer. Immediately afterward, the procession was formed, and the remains, followed by four hundred mourners, were borne to the cemetery; where Seattle was laid in his sepulchre, beside the woodland that was once his hunting-ground, and in sight of the waters of Admiralty Inlet, where his canoe once danced to the waves.

A few months since, we visited the site of his village, but found little remaining of the old habitations. A number of small houses, built of sawed lumber obtained from the mills near by, had taken the place of the old lodge and buildings adjacent, which were constructed of large timber and heavy planks, rived from the mammoth cedars cut on the lowlands. The whole hamlet, however, is known by the name of "Old-man-house."

The progress toward civilization, by the tribe, is apparently far in advance of others of their race living near the seacoast. We noticed several dwellings inclosed with substantial pickets, with thrifty fruit-trees shading the grounds.

It appears that Seattle and his clan embraced the Roman Catholic religion, soon after the first missionaries came among them. We gained admittance to the church, and, while taking some brief notes, a party of Indians gathered about us. Among the number was the son of Seattle, who made himself known through an interpreter. Although he could speak quite good English, he would not be induced to converse directly with us, as it was not "Court etiquette," according to Indian custom. The church is similar to the surrounding dwellings, the front-room only being used for services. A wooden cross, some twenty feet high, stood in front of the building, and beside it was the church-bell, suspended between two stakes. The interior of the chapel was decorated with nine glass candlesticks, of different colors, which

were placed upon a mantel. Several prints hung upon the walls, representing as many saints, and long sheets of pictures were tacked to the ceilings, illustrating a multitude of Scriptural scenes. A cross and crucifix lay upon a table covered with scarlet cloth, which served as an altar, and rough seats were placed promiscuously around the room. An Indian, whose Christian name was Jacob, introduced himself as the officiating priest, and informed us that, night and morning, the bell was rung, and all good Catholics in the village assembled at the place for prayers. We inquired of the interpreter particularly about Old Seattle, who replied: "Jim Seattle is *Ti-man* now. Jim, old man's son, he tell you." Jim then directed him to say that it was a long walk to his father's grave, but if we desired to see it, he would go with us; so we immediately set off, accompanied by Jacob and the interpreter. As we sauntered along a well-beaten path, leading over the rising ground, we passed several rills gurgling from the foot-hills into the bay, over which bridges had been constructed, for the convenience of those who frequently visit the burial-grounds. Ascending the hill, we found the place inclosed by heavy palings, and a large cross erected within. Each grave had the same symbol placed at its head, emblematical of the Catholic faith. At length, coming to the spot where Old Seattle lay, Jim, his son—evidently forgetting his Court ceremony—spoke directly to us, and said, "Here is the grave of my father: he is buried four feet and a half under ground, the same as all the rest you see." And so it was. A bare clay-mound, with a plain wooden cross, without letter or other mark, stood at its head. The young Chief then walked around the grounds, pointing out the graves of men who had distinguished themselves in various ways, and also those where all his own children lay buried.

Leaving the cemetery, we retraced our steps toward the village. Passing the first house, we saw a pretty little Indian girl, decked out with wild flowers, shying from under the veranda, leading a tiny fawn. Farther on, we met knots of young men, watching us intently, as if curious to know of our wanderings. Old men, and their hideous squaws, were sitting in the shades, eying us with that sullen silence so often evinced by the unsophisticated Indian. Arriving at the trail which led to the boat-landing, we halted; and, while engaged in conversation with our escort, a lady-member of our party ventured to visit a cosy little dwelling, with showy grounds surrounding it, which bespoke much in its favor. No sooner was she on the steps, than the tidy mistress met her at the door, with a cordial greeting. Every thing about the premises indicated cleanliness and thrift. A patch-work quilt, of gaudy colors, was in the frames, and reminded the visitor of by-gone New England days, when housewives had their gatherings, to ply the needle, gossip, and drink tea. When leaving, the pleasant hostess followed to the gate, and bade us good-by, with a suavity of manner that might be creditable to one far above her social sphere.

Some time after our first visit, we again had the opportunity of spending a few hours about the old lodge-grounds. When we landed, our former interpreter was on hand, ready to answer our queries; and *Ti-ee-man* Jim Seattle was not far behind. As soon as he joined us, we walked to the site of the "Old-man-house," which is just above the shingle beach. This, from the first, had interested us more than all else connected with the tribe; and, truly, it must have been an aboriginal structure of grand proportions, erected at the expense of a vast deal of patient labor, when we consider the rude mechanical tools in general use among the natives in early days.

As to the date of its commencement or completion, we have no reliable record. The weather-beaten appearance of the remaining frame-work, however, shows that many, many a winter's rains and snows have beaten upon it. We measured the length and the breadth of the ground-work, which, at the time, could only be traced by the scattered supporters of the once heavy roof—the former still revealing their ancient decorations—some wrought into rude carvings, representing human characters, while others exhibited tri-colored paintings of black, white, and red. The length of the peculiar dwelling-place is 714 feet; its greatest breadth fifty-four feet—being most spacious near the centre, and narrowing to thirty-nine feet at each end. The only two rafters remaining were of huge dimensions—measuring over two feet in diameter—and were supported by flat posts, averaging three feet in width by eight inches or more in thickness. On the sides of two, facing the interior, images had been wrought, in the usual rude style of the hieroglyphics frequently seen among the Indians of the north-west coast. Others were painted in sections of perpendicular stripes of red and white, or semicircles and half-diamonds of the same colors. One, standing near the north-east corner, had the figure of a human head carved upon it, and several others showed circular bosses on their face-sides, which appeared to have been formerly painted white, and a space above and below them was red. The remaining planks of the roof showed plainly that they had been brought into the required shape by the tedious process of hewing or chipping with the Indian adze, and the timbers forming the rafters bore the same marks. The ground-floor appeared hollowed out, as if by design; but, more probably, the concavity was caused by the constant trampling of the multitude of occupants, who, at one time, crowded its inclosures. From the knowl-

edge we have obtained, it is but reasonable to suppose that the structure was designed, not only for a dwelling, but, also, as a place of defense against the marauding expeditions that, in former years, occasionally came from the north.

We could but feel a degree of veneration for a race whose origin is yet a mystery—whether they are Mongolian, or were created amid their own grand scenery—and who are fast passing away to utter extinction. The remnant of the tribe in 1866 numbered 360, including women and children; but these are no longer the Indians of olden times, for the chase is virtually abandoned, and other favorite pursuits and pleasures are but rarely participated in. Now and then, a few canoes may be seen drifting about the inlet, their crews using the long spears to capture the fish that lie half hidden among the rocks and sedge, or trailing with hooks and lines for salmon. Generally, however, their fishing is conducted on a more extensive scale. Immense reels are placed along the shores, on which long seines, or nets, are wound. These are used when a large supply of fish is needed, or when the migratory schools are passing: when they haul these seines across the narrow passage

in front of their village, taking immense numbers of salmon, sturgeon, and cod-fish. Comparatively little is done in agricultural pursuits, although several varieties of vegetables are cultivated. As if keeping in advance of their swarthy neighbors, concerning civilized occupations, the Seattles have become practical lumbermen, having teams of their own, and carrying on the "logging business" as systematically as do their White competitors. Their large reservation of land affords a good field for operations. Ox-teams, with hay and grain for their keeping, are supplied from Port Madison, as well as axes, saws, and all the necessary outfit for prosecuting the enterprise to the best advantage. When the logs are cut and made into a raft, the tug-steamer tows them to the mill, where they are surveyed, and, after deducting the expenses and advances, the balance is paid over to the primitive lumbermen, who, nevertheless, have proved themselves to be shrewd hands at driving a bargain.

The few who remain of this once populous and powerful tribe are dropping off from year to year; and, doubtless, ere long, the Seattles will have all passed away, giving place to a superior class, who will occupy and improve their lands.

A PIONEER OF 1920.

THE great convulsion of Nature, in the year A. D. 1870, which produced such a remarkable and curious effect in the physical aspect of the western part of the American continent, also, as it is popularly supposed, obliterated that race of free, generous, hospitable people, the Californians. For twenty years previous to this dire catastrophe, a vast extent of country—known at first under the generic name of California, but subsequently subdivided into different States—had attracted the attention of the whole world. The East and the West, the North and the South, rose up to look upon it, and were delighted, bewildered, and dazzled by its beauties and attractions. People from every country and climate came pouring, in greedy herds, through that narrow Golden Gate, which was a fitting entrance to a country of gorgeous tranquillity.

In the year 1849 a party of valorous men, tired of the trammels of civilization and society, founded, upon curious volcanic mountains, the city of San Francisco; and they only claimed, as a reward for the inestimable benefit which they had conferred upon humanity, the glory of being called Pioneers. Stories of the marvelous infancy and early childhood of the city, and of the wonderful strength and grand proportions to which it had attained in twenty years, are still to be found among the musty tomes of antiquarian libraries. Files of old newspapers and magazines, which were published in that city, are still secretly preserved by the curious in such matters. But all the stories of this wonderful country are tinged with the melancholy of departed glories: it is a touch

of that sadness which is inseparable from traditional things.

For me, every thing in regard to this country had always possessed an actual fascination. I had sighed, many and many a time, to see the grand mountains, the sublime valleys, the gorgeous flowers, the mammoth fruits, the chronic vegetables, and the big trees. From early childhood, to read of these things always afforded me greater delight than the Arabian Nights, or the adventures of Gulliver, or Munchausen; and, although I can not, of course, help admiring the genius and philanthropy of Mr. Hale, who, nearly a century ago, so ably advocated the Syborean stay-at-home theory, which has had such an immense influence upon our social system, at the same time I can not help regretting that, under its influence, the spirit of adventure has become so nearly extinct. I can not but be conscious that it is rank heresy to think the old times—say, ten or fifteen years before the eventful year 1870—were superior, in many respects, to our own; but, certainly, the *amusement* of traveling must have been a source of enjoyment, of which, as a people, we now know almost nothing. If these old chronicles are to be believed, it was a delight to see a fresh mountain every day, or another lake, or even some new miles of illimitable plains. To see all of these things, and then to write a book about them! Ye gods, it was then that there was a purpose in living!

It was my singular good fortune to have access to one of the very few libraries which has escaped the vigilance of the society for the "Suppression of Useless Knowledge." For, of course, any

thing appertaining to this country, which, it is believed, is so inevitably and haplessly lost, is a mere accumulation of Dryasdust and his brethren, for whom we have no room on our book-shelves. But since I have happily rediscovered that country, I feel that I have, in some sort, a right to bring my knowledge before the public.

Being so enamored of the glories of the Land of Sundown, it may be easily imagined that I was not sorry when official duties made it necessary for me to visit the old town of Cheyenne, situated near the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The town itself possesses little to interest or attract, and is inhabited by a dissatisfied race of people, who spend their time in unavailing efforts to get farther west. I was informed, upon credible authority, that as soon as any one lost this desire, he left the town; but the decrease of population from this cause is more than compensated for by the importation of the same class from other parts of the country. Of course, the population of Cheyenne, in consequence of this fact, is subject to great variations: it is, indeed, a sort of a moral barometer of the country.

The town, when I visited it, which is now ten years ago, was almost in ruins. The only legible sign was on a small building of rough boards: it was, "Chee Lung. Washing and Ironing." I saw "Chee Lung" himself. He was a mournful-looking Mongolian; but he saluted me with that polite complacency which characterizes the race to which he belongs. He told me that there was no fun in living there now, for there were "no small boys to stone Chinamen." "Lots of Chinamen in 'Frisco, but he no getee there."

I gathered as much information as I could from this loquacious Chinaman; for I had determined to make the attempt, at least, to find San Francisco. Indeed, this individual was the only one

who had lived long enough in the place to be possessed of any accurate information in regard to it and its surroundings. He told me that he had come to Cheyenne when he was only a China boy, and had always remained there, with the vague hope of getting back to San Francisco some time. I could not form any opinion in regard to his age. He had lived in Cheyenne since the eventful year, 1870, and it was then the semi-centennial anniversary of the direful event which memorizes that year. He gave me vivid and graphic accounts of California, from his own personal recollections, but shook his head mournfully when I proposed to him that he should accompany me in my search for it. He said that balloons were "no good," for it was impossible for them to pass the great mountains of fire which we could see in the distance. He also said that the last traces of the old railroad could be seen on the top of the mountain, some miles beyond the town, but that it was not safe to venture beyond that point, for no one who had done so had ever returned. That consideration did not, however, frighten me, for I could imagine that people reaching such a country *might* have no desire to return.

I remained in Cheyenne over Sunday, and attended service in the only church of which the place boasts. The pastor was almost superannuated, and preached some rather obsolete doctrines, to an almost empty house. From some remarks in his sermon, I felt assured that he was the author of a charming little volume, which had fascinated me for many an hour with the almost incredible beauty of its descriptions of California. After service, as I joined him outside of the church-door, I said to him:

"I feel sure that I have the pleasure of speaking to the author of 'The Land of Sundown.'"

"You have," said the venerable old

man. "Have you read it?" he continued, in an anxious voice.

"Read it!" I replied, and embraced him, as the only adequate means of expressing my delight.

"Thank you, thank you," whispered the good old man, with tears streaming from his eyes. "Ah, that Pacific railroad," said he, mournfully shaking his head. But after a moment, he continued, confidentially, "I have a pass over the whole length of it, and shall stay here until it is re-opened."

I could not help feeling that the Reverend Doctor was somewhat old-fogy in his idea concerning railroads; but, at the same time, his faith was beautiful, and impressed me forcibly. I spent the afternoon in talking to him; and it was a source of mutual regret that his extreme old age rendered it impossible for him to accompany me upon the momentous journey which I was about to undertake.

My design had become so generally known, that when I started, which I did early on Monday morning, I was escorted as far as the Summit by the entire population of the place. Nothing would induce any of them, however, to accompany me farther. It was a dreary prospect, indeed—sheer precipices, yawning chasms, tottering rocks. The only way of advancing beyond the place on which we now stood, was by a narrow and dangerous ledge, which soon disappeared behind a sharp angle; and what dangers there were beyond, nobody knew. But I could not afford to linger long; so bade my kind companions a hasty good-by, and started on my perilous journey, alone.

All of that day I climbed, and crept, and rolled over the rocks, until I was bruised and bleeding, but my spirits were yet undaunted. At night-fall, I had reached a comparatively level space, where I ate, somewhat voraciously, of the provisions which the old minister had put up for me, and soon after was

sleeping soundly. I awoke in the early morning, feeling sore and bruised, but not daring to be dismayed at the prospect before me. While eating my breakfast, I perceived upon the rock on which I was sitting, some strange—probably, cabalistic—writing. After considerable trouble, I managed to decipher, "S—T—1860—X." It, of course, could have no significance to me, except to demonstrate that some human being had been there before me. The probability was, that it was designed as a guide to travelers; but whatever meaning might be hidden in that mystical sentence, I could not make it available. I was still pondering over this, when an indefinable terror seized me. I heard an indescribable muttering, at the same instant. I seemed to be conscious of a wavering in the atmosphere, and then of the rocking and swaying of the rock on which I was seated. I threw myself down, and clung to the sharp edges. In another moment, I felt myself precipitated from it, and remember of distinctly thinking that I must inevitably be crushed. But the trembling ceased, the rock did not come, and when at last I ventured to look up, I found myself nearly buried in the mud, on the banks of a large river. The rock was hanging over me in a frightful manner, and I made all the haste I could to extricate myself, and get away from it.

I had seen nothing of this river before. From whence had it come? The earthquake had probably developed a hidden water-course. At all events, its origin did not so much matter to me as the use I should be able to make of it; and alas! I could not see that it could be of any use, except to remove the mud. So I walked disconsolately on, finding traces, every now and then, upon the rocks, of those same cabalistic sentences which I have described. From the frequent recurrence of these, I was led to suppose that I was upon the old highway of travel. I had walked several miles by the

river, which was broad and rapid, hoping to find traces of vegetation, but on either side there was nothing but barren rocks and sandy deserts.

At last, a curious object attracted my attention. It was half buried in the sand, and it needed but a few moments' observation to decide that it was of mechanical construction. After I had examined it somewhat laboriously, I found it to be the wreck of a train of cars. The locomotive, or the top of it, which was all I could see, was almost entirely perfect. The roofs of the cars were also in a good state of preservation. Some of them were nearly in the water, having apparently been thrown there by the recent convulsion. Indeed, I noticed one of them being rapidly borne away by the current. My position was more than aggravating: it was horrible. I had arrived too late for the train! and to wait—as I should probably be obliged to wait—for the signal of another earthquake, before the next one was ready to start, would be both disagreeable and dangerous. But while I stood there, lost in this melancholy contemplation, I saw that the current of the river, which seemed to be rapidly rising, was already loosening another from the sand. I quickly placed myself upon it, without any fears that it would sink, for I had already noticed that the waters of the river possessed peculiar buoyancy. It was not long before it was afloat, and hurrying along with a frightful velocity toward those fearful volcanic mountains which I had so long seen in the distance.

Curiosity is the armor of the traveler, and it rendered me impervious to fear. I thought of the example of other travelers, who had risked life and limb to gratify this noble passion, and felt that, even should I perish, it would be in a good cause. Besides, I already experienced a feeling of ecstasy in the freedom from that restraint which society imposes. I was, in all probability, the first

human being who had ever floated down this wonderful river; and I felt, in an indescribable way, that the whole country had been created expressly for me. I can not, of course, expect any one to appreciate this feeling, and I rejoice that they can not, for herein lies the glory of it. The sky was bluer, the rocks were bigger, and the river swifter, than any other river, rocks, or sky, and I felt compensated by these things for any perils which I might have to encounter. As I neared the mountains the danger grew imminent, and I became more excited and elated. Instead of finding a cleft in the mountains for the river to pass through, as I had expected, I saw before me a huge, yawning cavern. The sides of the mountains were intensely black, and entirely naked, and the tops of them quite out of sight. I had but little time, however, to make observations, for I soon entered the mouth of the cavern. The current bore my craft steadily on for some time, and then I became conscious that it was being whirled violently around, but it shot forward again with even greater swiftness than before. Indeed, the velocity of the motion was such that I became unconscious. How long I remained in this condition, I do not know; but when I recovered, I found that I had passed entirely through the mountain, and that my craft was stranded among the rocks, on the other side. The greater part of the river had evidently disappeared somewhere in the interior, for the stream which found its way among the rocks was comparatively a small one.

I was nearly exhausted by my recent adventures; but the air evidently had peculiarly exhilarating and life-giving qualities, so that soon, to my surprise and delight, I felt myself growing stronger, and, to my infinitely greater delight, I could now see a town at no great distance. While walking there, I met several Chinamen, who looked old and melancholy; but they all saluted me politely,

as I passed them. They told me that the name of the town toward which I was going was Elko, and that the cars came there. "*Eureka!*" I replied. The Chinamen possibly thought that I was mad, for they smiled and looked at each other significantly, and went on.

But the Sierra Nevadas were yet between me and California, and I was too anxious to reach that fabulous country, to be interested in any thing else. A telegraphic dispatch, announcing my arrival, had been sent to San Francisco, or 'Frisco, as that place is now called: for the people are epigrammatical—that is, they are economical in the use of words and syllables. When the train reached Sacramento, there was a large delegation of people to meet me, and I was escorted to the principal hotel of the city by several bands of military music. I can not, in this short article, pretend to do justice to the tremendous hospitality of the people. Flowers were strewn in my pathway, and on either side were alternate piles of gigantic fruits and vegetables.

But 'Frisco was my destination, and, by careful and deliberate strategy, in less than a week I escaped the hospitalities of Sacramento, and, at last, reached the city of my dreams—the Queen of the Occident, which, so many years ago, had delighted the eyes and inspired the pens of travelers! The city is situated on an island, in the centre of a large lake. This lake was formerly the Bay of San Francisco, which opened into the Pacific Ocean through the Golden Gate; but this has been closed for years, and the whole coast, for hundreds of miles, is nothing but dangerous rocks and shoals. As I approached the city I observed a peculiar golden halo enveloping it. And, in the dazzling light, I had difficulty, at first, in distinguishing it from the sand-hills on which it is situated. The intelligence and foresight of the inhabitants are readily discernible from

this fact, for an enemy might pass very near to the city without thinking the houses any thing more than excrescences of the hills themselves. I landed at a wharf, situated on one of the principal streets of the city, and, after walking a short distance, I reached a large and commodious hotel. The proprietor had heard of my arrival, and was prepared to receive me. He told me that I was the first guest, not a Californian, who had sat at his table for fifty years. And then he spoke enthusiastically of those palmy days, when visitors from every clime crowded the city. The next morning I was again waited upon by the delegation which I have already mentioned, and the company was constantly being reinforced by Pioneers.

The Pioneers were, indeed, a noble-looking race of men; taller and better developed, by far, not only than any race, but than any individual whom I had before seen. There was one peculiarity about them, which I found, at first, slightly annoying. They insisted that I should stand up and measure, to see which was the taller. This exercise finally became very fatiguing; but I felt inclined to indulge them in such a simple amusement as long as possible: the more so as I observed that it was a good-natured idiosyncrasy, and they would probably get used to their bigness in a few centuries. It occurred to me that it was a singular fact that these Pioneers should still be living.

After I had been in the city for several days, I made a remark to this effect to an eminent law practitioner. She replied, that it was a singular circumstance, but ever since the year of the terrible earthquake, these people had not only increased in stature, but, what was still more incredible, they were more intensely impressed with their own valor and greatness. But, for the last decade of years, she thought that she had discovered evidences that they were grow-

ing weary of themselves. They could not find any one who would listen to their stories, and they realized that they had lost one of the great purposes of life. She asserted that their opinions had only become intensified, but had never changed, in any other respect. The Chinese are also living in a melancholy old age, for it would be a most atrocious crime for them to die until navigation is again opened, so that they can be taken to the celestial kingdom.

I soon saw that curiosity was an element unknown in the San Francisco character. They asked but few questions, and seemed to feel but little interest in the world from which I had come, but were chiefly anxious to show me their country and relate its history. I spent the first week in visiting various objects of interest in and about the city, always accompanied by my kind and loquacious friends. This was, indeed, *sight-seeing* under advantageous circumstances. It was as if I had had a hundred eyes, for I was not left to the slow process of seeing things with my own visual organs, but was constantly reinforced by those of my companions. The unfeigned and generous delight which they exhibited in challenging my admiration for their city and their manners, was bewitching in its intensity and *naïveté*. For fifty years they had had no opportunity for any thing of this sort; and they honestly told me that I represented to them the celebrated Chicago visitors.

The city has not increased much, either in beauty or population, since the eventful year 1870. One of the Pioneers—whom I interviewed—told me that at that time it presented nearly as beautiful an appearance as it did when I saw it. "And twenty years before that," he added, "there was nothing but barren sand-hills where the city now stands. To think of such a change in twenty years, is what beats me." This last ex-

pression seemed to signify something tremendous; for there was an expression of profound astonishment on my friend's face when he ceased speaking.

The weather, during my stay, was delightful. When the heat became oppressive on the sunny side of the street, I had but to cross over and walk in the shade, which always affected me like stepping into a refrigerator. But I saw the city and the people at the greatest advantage, one day, during a shower, which lasted precisely two minutes and forty seconds. There had previously been apprehensions of a drought, but now every body was rushing frantically about the streets, congratulating each other because the country had escaped so dire a calamity. There were abstruse calculations made as to the amount of water which had fallen, and glorious predictions as to the effect which this shower, and the next one, would have upon the vegetable products of the country. The joy of the people was infectious; and I will confess—stranger though I was—I felt so much of the same elation which was expressed on every countenance, that I purchased an umbrella and a pair of overshoes, although I did not have occasion to use either during my stay.

The city was presented in an entirely different aspect, during the occurrence of a shock of earthquake. I was, at the time, in a large store on Montgomery street, where I was curiously examining various articles of California industry and ingenuity. My attention was attracted to a small and beautifully formed ivory hand, to which was attached a long, slender stick. The courteous shopman was smilingly informing me that "on account of the—" when, to my amazement, he sprang over the counter, and rushed past me out into the street. As all things, animate or inanimate, evinced a tendency to do the same, I followed as quickly as possible. The street was

densely crowded with people, and, for a moment, an *intense* silence prevailed. It was only for a moment, however, for some one asked the pertinent question, "Did you feel it?" And then there was a buzzing among the crowd, while minute biographical sketches were exchanged. For half an hour this incident continued to be discussed, but, after that time, a strict silence was maintained in regard to it, and the ordinary avocations and topics of conversation were resumed by the citizens, as zealously as before.

I was talking about the climate one day to Jim, the pioneerist of them all, (the new word which I invented in the previous clause I donate, gratuitously, to Mr. Cobweb, the industrious compiler of our new dictionary) when he said to me:

"What do you think of *this* for February? I expect you never have seen such a winter as this: climate is always just so. Why," he added, confidentially, "we can sleep under blankets all of the year."

I dined with him that day, at one of the most famous restaurants in the city. As we seated ourselves at a table, he drew out a revolver and an immense bowie-knife, and placed them on the table before him. He demanded of the waiter "a '49 steak," and ferociously suggested that he should not be long about it, at the peril of his life—with a significant glance at the weapons.

"You are not accustomed to eating green peas in February, I suppose?" said my friend.

I acknowledged, with contrition, that I was not.

And such peas as they were, too!—each individual one as large as a pig-con's egg.

"Planted only two weeks ago: know it to be a fact!" remarked Jim.

I immediately took out my paper and pencil, and made a note of it—not dar-

ing to trust to my memory for so important an item.

Somebody advised me to get a tape-line to measure all of the remarkable things as I saw them. I tried the experiment for one day, but became discouraged: *every thing* was remarkable.

At the fruit-stands, I noticed that whole apples were rarely sold; but they were cut in convenient slices, and sold a "bit's" worth at a time.

After I had become somewhat accustomed to the magnificent proportions to which every thing attained in this gorgeous country, my friends thought I would be able to endure the sight of the Big Trees. All pious San Franciscans make a pilgrimage to them once in a year. These wonderful trees have grown since any account has been given of them. Fortunately, one of them had recently fallen, and I hoped to obtain the size of it in this way; but, after measuring it for several hours, I was grievously disappointed when I found that a volcanic mountain covered the top of it.

The interest of the traveler, however, culminates in the Yosemite Valley. After the great earthquake, to which I have had occasion so frequently to refer, the Cliff House and Seal Rock were removed to the centre of this valley. This admirable stroke of the concentration of their idols is beyond the power of eulogy. I learned that they also contemplated the removal of Woodward's Gardens and the Plaza. When this project is accomplished, this spot will be the most wonderful and interesting in the world. This undertaking is of so stupendous a nature, that any other class of people would be appalled by it, but this race of giants rejoice in such things. I expressed a sentiment of incredulity in regard to this project, and was laughed at for my ignorance.

"Why," said my friend, to whom I mentioned my doubts as to its feasibility,

"we built the Pacific railroad when we were only twenty years old; and, stranger, you can be sure, after that, that there is not any thing too great for a Californian to do."

"We expected to give the East some of our enterprise and generosity," he continued; and, after a pause, "You must be awfully slow back there. I expect every body is trying to get over here to see us."

I was ashamed to reply that they knew comparatively little of this glorious country.

While we were in the Yosemite Valley, one of my companions measured the smallest rock. When he reached the top of it, he called down to me the number of feet, but the distance was so great that I was unable to distinguish what he said, and, when he again joined me, I had become interested in catching salmon in the magnificent river which adds beauty and grandeur to the valley.

I am not the first traveler who has discovered that his own nature has expanded while gazing on huge rocks and lofty mountains. The idea that such things make the traveler feel his own insignificance, has long been exploded. I can testify, at least, that I seemed to take some of the bigness of this scene to myself. I felt that there was but one thing needed to complete my ecstasy: to stand once more in my native village, and, calling my friends about me, to say to them, "I have seen the Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley," and graciously offer to shake hands with every man, woman, and child who might present themselves. These are some of the noble emotions and generous sentiments awakened in the human mind by the wonderful and prodigious aspects of Nature. I was, indeed, a greater person than I had been before; for I had grown rich in a grand experience, and was perfectly disposed to emulate the generosity of the Californians, in a lav-

ish liberality of my hardly-won treasures.

So deeply was I impressed with the wondrous degree of civilization and refinement to which these people had already attained—(the ladies wear silk dresses, elegant furs, superb laces, and dazzling jewelry!)—that I am ready to say, and to stand by my record, that San Francisco—or, rather, 'Frisco—is the greatest work of art produced in the last century. You bet it is. The preceding phrase, which, for elegant and primitive simplicity and for comprehensiveness, is, perhaps, unequaled in the whole scope of the English language, is used, not only by people of culture and refinement, but by the uneducated mass of the people. But the city, as a work of art, has suffered something from the mutilations of Time. The spires and towers, which formerly graced the churches, were all destroyed by the great earthquake, and, in every instance, fell in so as to blockade the entrance to the buildings: thus plainly testifying that earthquakes are the work of Satan himself. He manifested, by such and other deeds of equally clear significance, that the whole country was so entirely under his sway, that no one had the courage to interfere with his handiwork. But the genius of the people for fine arts, although repressed in this direction, finds an abundant expression elsewhere. It is, perhaps, most signally manifested in the magnificent architectural decorations which adorn the Treasury. This building—which is an ingenious combination of the Grecian, Gothic, and Moorish styles of architecture—crowns the summit of one of the highest hills, and is used only as a receptacle for the vast and constantly increasing piles of gold, to be appropriated for purposes of "Immigration." The most singular circumstance in regard to this, is, that this immense sum of money may be considered in the light of a votive offering; for the

people cheerfully submit to any exorbitant taxation for this worthy object, and believe that when travel is once again established between their city and the rest of the world, that by this munificence they will be able to induce many to come to this wonderful country. I hope no one will consider the constant recurrence of the expression, "wonderful country," to be an inane repetition. I find it impossible to avoid it; besides, it is in such constant and unanimous use by the 'Frisicans, that I can not but believe it peculiarly applicable. This remarkable unanimity, in conjunction with the extreme youthfulness of the city, give the whole population an aspect of saying, with one voice, "You'd scarce expect one of my age to be the well-grown, wonderful, perfect creation which you see me."

After I had been in the city for a few months, I was surprised by a visit from a singular little man, who, I have since had reason to suppose, was insane.

"Well, what *do* you think of this country?" was his salutation.

"A glorious country, sir; and you may be proud to be called a Californian."

I observed a sneer gathering about the lips of my visitor.

"It is materialism, sir," said the little man, cynically; "nothing but the grossest materialism. But," he continued, "I did not come here to talk of these things. I know the only way of escaping from the city. I can not, unfortunately, avail myself of it. But if you ever desire to return home, this is your opportunity."

I considered the proposition for a moment. California was certainly a magnificent country. Apples, pears, and strawberries attained wonderful proportions, and the vegetables were really of gigantic dimensions; and I would mention, *en passant*, that the pumpkin from which Cinderella's coach was manufact-

ured, grew on a California *rancho*. But I would go home.

My new friend said that there was at that time a fine boat on the lake, with experienced seamen to guide it, to whom he would give directions, so that they might be able to find the passage to the open sea. He yet hoped to visit the East himself, but should be obliged to wait for some other opportunity, as the 'Frisicans were about to give a grand dinner in the Yosemite Valley; and, from the position which he occupied, it would be necessary for him to be present.

"If," said he, "you can persuade the people at the East that we are of as much importance as Sir John Franklin was, and induce them to fit out an expedition in search of this country, you will be conferring a great favor. We are, indeed, in danger of becoming a nation of idiots, from the imbecile habit into which we have fallen, of glorifying ourselves. We need severe criticism: such as we would undoubtedly receive, if the right sort of people could be induced to come here."

The implication was not pleasant; but something must be conceded to splenetic people. He evidently considered that the whole world, outside of California, were given to being philanthropically anxious concerning the business of other people. But I know the world better; and so I have given a faithful description of the country, as I found it in 1920.

I stopped at Honolulu for a short time, and the King and his magnificent Court became deeply interested in my description of the "Land of Sundown"—a name, by the way, peculiarly apposite, as the sun actually goes down there—whereupon the King immediately made preparations to send out an expedition. I have never been able to ascertain the result.

I will only add, in conclusion, that no

one will be able to believe California however, that the popular belief that the stories, until they have visited that wonderful country, and measured its productions with a tape-line. I must confess, however, that the popular belief that the gorgeous colors of the clouds at sunset are reflected from the glories of this land, is merely a delusion.

FIGS OF THISTLES.

Small is my garden-plot,
 And sparse my sowing;
 I labor while the sun is fierce and high;
 Yet in the evening, at my humble cot,
 When haughty folk go by,
 Under the modest eaves, secluded, shy,
 My prodigal blossoms are blowing.

Once, in a sombre hour,
 There stood a barren,
 Leafless, and budless, and unfruitful tree;
 Yet, later, came a pure and perfect flower—
 A blossom fair to see;
 And after followed, in great jubilee,
 The numberless roses of Sharon.

Whereat I wondered much,
 And with good reason.
 Why did my labor yield me this increase,
 Unless the Lord had touched, with marvelous touch,
 The land, and given new lease?
 Lo! where I looked alone for sad surcease,
 I harvest my fruits out of season.

Grapes grow not upon thorns,
 Say wise epistles;
 Some miracle must quicken this dull sod,
 That, meagre in its own self, yet adorns—
 Blessed be mighty God!—
 My pathway as I wander, roughly shod,
 And gather my figs of the thistles.

"COMPASSES."

AUNT CLEPSY was tossing her last flapjack from pan to plate, just in time to give a glance, that caromed round the room, and, pocketing itself in the open window, fell upon the four of us—Fosco, Barkham, the Colonel, and me—riding toward the house, our horses tired and dejected, and ourselves fit comrades for them.

One would think almost as soon of building an hotel in a cemetery, and waiting for ghostly visitants, as of settling near Mud Springs, in the heart of a deserted country. But there the house stood: a straggling, one-storied inn, half *adobe* and half rough posts, like a broken spider; the supports of the shed standing like gaunt legs. One almost expected to see it moving about the place.

A wild, uncouth place—a ragged, unshorn bit of Nature, in her most discordant mood. A narrow valley, fringed, as to its sides, with gnarled oaks, that crouched in silence, and cottonwoods, whose leaves seemed glad to be hidden by their dusty coatings. Large boulders ran slow races down the hills, or gathered in sober groups around a stony chief: some gray, and smirched with brittle moss; others broken, and trying to glisten in the sun. Even the birds deserted the cañon, at the foot of which stood the house; and, though sometimes peeping around the outlet, never ventured in. How the winter wind snarled up the ravine, buffeting every thing, and drawing a cloud of dust in its jerky train! How the rains poured down, as if glad to wash out the landmarks, pelting and soaking, running new channels, and hollowing out the surface. Only the little, thread-like brook, that twisted down from

the spring, laughed in the sunlight, flashing back upon the clinging weeds that courtesied to the bright bubbles on their rapid course. At the fence the brook crept under, and moistened the flowers and vegetables that were scattered about the garden—the pride and care of Aunt Clepsy, and the solace of her heart.

Hunting all day among the hills, wearied with fruitless sport, we came unexpectedly upon these signs of life, and, urging our horses, pushed on to the dwelling.

"Can we stay here to-night?" inquired Fosco, as the dame came to the door, and stood, with arms akimbo, scanning our party with curious eye.

"Ye can try," was the sapient rejoinder—a somewhat equivocal one—but belated travelers are not wont to be over-nice.

We turned our animals into the yard, and bundled our traps into the front room—that served for sitting, and dining, and the bar. The hostess had preceded us, and gave us greeting, leaning on the bar-rail. She coolly examined our baggage, such as it was, and, with a sigh of relief, remarked:

"Ye ain't got no yaller volise, I see, and ye can stay. Ye may think it curus, but no man which has a yaller volise can tie up here. I'll tell ye why this is. There was a peart-like chap onst came here, prospecting around, which had sich a baggage; and he kep' on stayin' and stayin', which we didn't see no money of his'n day arter day. But, as we had found his volise heavy—which me and Compasses often hefted—we thought it was all right. But, one day, my man didn't come back any more; and when we come to open the volise, we found it

young men to be bull-drivers, and risin' in the world, fetched clean down by pison. And it seems to run in families. There was Mary Flint, in our town, had a rattle of seven sons, and one arter another took to drinkin', and died. I think that if the men as makes laws would license drinkin'-places and gamblin'-places, and make people do them openly, there wouldn't be so many drunkards, 'cos folks always hankers arter what they're forbidden to git. Are ye all from San Francisco?"

"All but one of us, who is from China."

"Ye don't say from China! I wonder if he has ever met my son there: ain't China contagious to Roosha?"

"Not very; a great many miles between them."

"Sinched, by Moses!" here interrupted the old man. "Look-a-here, Cleps, don't never say no more to me about luck. This yer gen'leman has had two clatters of four, without takin' breath. I do believe as how that recording-angel of yours has never scratched nothing but sinches agin' my name. I've had enough of this game."

Compasses rose from the table, and refilled his pipe, and seemed to be trying to relieve his mind by vicious pulls at it.

"Gen'lemen, ever since God borned me, every thing has petered out. Fust, I was cleaned out by the drought in Texas. Then I was captain of a dug-out ferry up on Snake-eye River, and was doin' well, when the chaps put up a job on me as bust the raffle again. Them cusses used to keep a span of clothes on each side of the river, and pick up a big rock in their arms to hold 'em down, and wade across. That let me out in navigation. And sence I've been here, my stock is allers running away, and my ricks burning down, till I'm e'en a'most worn out."

"You must have been rather tried by all these things," ventured Fosco.

"You may say that boldly, sir. Tried is a good word. I've been for years in the frying-pan, and I'm only skimmin's."

"Don't you remember, Silas, of that story of Job, which was the unfortunatest man in the Scriptur'?"

"Yes, I does; and I am very much like Job's off-ox. Well, it's gettin' nigh on to bed-time, and I'll say good-night."

We were not loth to retire, and soon were rolled up in our blankets; and we thought Compasses must have been in better spirits, for, ere we fell asleep, we heard a voice singing the well-known ditty:

"Jean Baptiste, pour quoi,

Jean Baptiste, pour quoi;

Oh, Jean Baptiste, pour quoi, pour quoi,

You trod on my little dog's tail, by gar."

When morning dawned, however, our host was as morose as ever, and, to our inquiries as to the night-melody, gave answer:

"It's that cussed Canadian of a feller. That's the only psalm he knows, and he ain't quite sure o' that. He ain't fit for nuthin' but to range my sheep; and I b'lieve it's his moaning that give 'em the scab. Clepsy, she reads the papers, sometimes, and says he must have the trykian, as he's allers singin' about pork war."

"You must see newspapers very seldom."

"Yes, thank God! It's plain sailin' to Clepsy. She's a borned scholar, and always took to readin' naturally, partickly to novelty. But I gits mired every inch I goes; and on three sides of the paper there ain't no partickler connection: it's boots and shoes, lard and lumber, hardware and dry-goods, and all mixed. A good many charikters in that ere play, I says to the wife. But, then, a woman's got more savey in them things than a man, which is supposed to work all the time."

"Won't you go out shooting with us this morning?" asked the Colonel.

"I rayther guess not. I hain't been much on the shoot o' late. When I was younger, I was reckoned the best shot in our town; but them days is fled and gone forever. Ye'd better bear to the right, after ye git up the cañon, where it splits."

And we left him watching us as we rode away.

Over the brown, bare hills, guiltless of shrub or grass, rolling away to the north in resistless waves. Crisp and brittle the turf under our horses' hoofs, the little puffs of dust rising at every step. Into their holes tumble the nimble squirrels, throwing quick glances over their shoulders. Now, a startled rabbit leaps into sight, and bowls away, unhurt by the sharp "ping" of the bullet. Warm pour down the rays of the sun, burning and parching the earth, and checking the haste of our horses.

Lo! a deer is seen in a hollow, raising his head in air, and sniffing at the intruders. Just one stroke of the spurs, and away we skurry in quick pursuit. A young one, scarcely showing horns, but he bounds proudly on. Closer and closer we come, till the panting animal turns. Crack, goes the Colonel's rifle, and, with a bound, the tired creature falls, with a bullet in his shoulder. Then the knife—and his life has fled.

Only one did we raise that day, and, toward nightfall, were only too glad to retrace our steps to the house, and sup on venison steaks.

"Not much luck, to-day," said Compasses. "One deer is little among so many."

"But the skill of your wife makes us forget the scarcity."

"Well, gen'lemen, that ar wife is the only comfort I ever had. Clepsy is a master-hand at fixin's. There's some as has the doin's, and hasn't the know-howin's, as many a rich man can't set a good table. But, if your woman has the know-howin's, a very little doin's is enough.

Which words is found in the tenth 'pistle to the Californians, or, howsomedever, oughter be."

"What's that, Silas?" interrupted the wife, catching the last words. "You quotin' Scriptur'. I'm eenamost astonished, but, likewise, pleased."

"I didn't go fur to let you hear it; but no harm's done."

"Won't you say it again, old man?"

"It's no use to sell your cabbages twice, says I, and I never repeats."

"Like Shakspeare," inserted Fosco.

"I dunno him. Is he in San Francisco?"

"Hardly," was the reply, followed by an explanation.

"Waal," continued Compasses, "as I ain't no scholar, you must pardin me fur not takin'."

"A man must have larnin' to take them things," said Aunt Clepsy, as she took up a dropped stitch in her prospective stocking. "Not every body can git an eddication, and there's some as don't profit by it. A boy might read and spell like a steam-engine, without knowin' how to milk; and I've sometimes thought as how eddication was like tunneling for a blind lead; ye don't know how much it's goin' to help ye. And if every boy has a trade, he's got somethin' what no drought can kill, and no flood wash away, but is his'n eternally."

"Yer right, there, Clepsy," followed Compasses. "If I had a thousand and one boys, I'd give the odd one an eddication, and give some trade to the others; then they wouldn't rise up agin' me at the last day. With his health and a good trade, a feller can fight his way along, partickly in a country like this."

We sat, in conversation, some hours, and, on breaking up the circle, announced to our hosts our intended departure the next morning.

"We're sorry to have ye go," said Aunt Clepsy, "for we don't git many

visitors now. It's seldom where all the people is."

"But we may come to see you again, some day," I answered.

"There's nothing sure but death and the taxes; but we'll be glad to see you, if you come."

A long, sweet sleep, after a fatiguing day, such as is enjoyed on the hills, in the invigorating air, is a boon which we thoroughly appreciated that night, and, at early morning, were ready to start; and, having partaken of a hearty breakfast, bade adieu to the old couple, and proceeded homeward, wondering much about the waves of circumstances that had thrown together two such singular waifs, and borne them to that distant spot.

It was in the summer of '53 that my law practice took me again into that district; and, as I sat in the hotel of the county-seat, I glanced carelessly at an old newspaper that lay on the table. My eye fell upon the following item:

"SUICIDE.—Luke Grant, formerly of Texas, and proprietor of the Mud Springs Hotel, committed suicide yesterday, at eight A. M., by shooting himself through the head. He died instantly."

The paper was a month old. I could but feel sad for Compasses, and for his poor wife; and, after the term of court was finished, rode over to the place. The old house stood as of old; the garden bloomed still, and the brook babbled as cheerfully as when I first beheld it. Leaving my horse at the fence, I knocked at the door, and Aunt Clepsy met me—but oh! how changed. Sorrow had plowed deep furrows in her once smooth brow; and, beneath her pure-white cap, I could see many a silver line. She did not know me at first, but when I recall-

ed to her our former visit, greeted me warmly, though her hand was full of trembling.

"You know he's gone, then; gone, and left me behind, which never did I leave him for a single day. In the sun, and in the storm, when the wheels run well, and when we was mired, we was always together, and never once did we have a ha'sh word. We never soured on each other onst."

The poor woman's sobs choked her utterance.

"I've sarched the Scriptur', and tried to git comforted, but it don't come," she continued. "Follar me, and I'll show you where we laid him."

Out in the garden, among the fragrant flowers, was Compasses' grave—a simple mound. A row of violets bordered the swelling earth, and the brook still sang its song.

"Not that I blame him much: he was tired—tired of fightin'. Some men's lives is a continooal fight, and they has to be strong not to git underneath. But I loved him."

When the heart-broken woman had somewhat recovered, I led the way to the house; and, as we sat at dinner, she told me all: how he had left her, as usual; how she had heard the shot, and found him dead. A short, sad story.

"Shall you continue to live here?" I asked, as I shook her hand, forced to hurry away.

"Oh, yes; I shall wait here till I'm sent for by the Lord."

And there she waited, hoping and trusting, living upon her past love, and her coming joy, till the death-angel summoned her to heaven—to Compasses, who watched for her there.

THE BATTLE OF THE MINE.

THE Battle of the Mine, at Petersburg, Virginia, July 30th, 1864—otherwise known as the "Burnside Mine," "Crater," and "Cemetery Hill"—was the most disastrous, bloody, and desperate of the many attempts made to break the Confederate lines at Petersburg, during Grant's memorable campaign of 1864. Immediately after that battle, many of the Union officers were loud in the condemnation of the colored troops, and charged the failure of the assault upon them. I do not propose, at this late hour, to enter into any defense of the "Black Brigade," or attempt to saddle the blame upon any commander, but merely to give an account of the action, as it appeared to me—then a Line officer in the 30th United States Colored Infantry.

A point at a short distance east of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad, was selected for the location of the mine. The Union breastworks, in this vicinity, were on the crest of a ravine, and, to the uninitiated eye, presented the appearance of an irregular line of earth-banks, thrown up without any definite design as to where they were going, or what they were intended to protect. Prominent among them was a horseshoe-shaped redoubt, that bulged forward within eighty yards of a Rebel battery, which formed a part of what was afterward known in the Confederate lines as "Fort Mahone." Inside of this redoubt the tunnel to the mine was begun, and pushed forward under the Rebel fort, where it branched to the right and left, and in each branch four chambers were cut at right angles, and four tons of powder placed in each. To protect the powder from dampness, the sides of the mine were sheathed with

poles and boards. The crust of earth overhead was about twenty feet thick, and the men working under it could distinctly feel the jar that followed the discharge of the field-pieces in the fort above them. The earth was of a pipe-clay quality, tough and firm, and much of it had to be cut out with axes. A regiment, composed of miners—the 48th Pennsylvania—did the tunneling, and occupied about a month's time. During all the progress of the work, both parties in the breastworks, for half a mile on each side, had kept an unrelenting musketry fire on each other, and after-dinner artillery duels were an every-day occurrence.

For four days previous to the explosion, my regiment had been in the front line, a few yards to the left of the railroad track. The men had been in the service about four months, and had been with the Army of the Potomac through the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-house, North Anna River, and Cold Harbor, but had taken no active part in those engagements, having always been in the reserve, or wagon-guards, and, with the exception of a few picket skirmishes, had never had a direct encounter with the enemy. On the afternoon of the 29th of July, three days' rations and extra ammunition were issued. Extra issues of rations and ammunition are generally the first intimation that the private soldier receives of a movement, and the troops were quick to surmise that there was "something up."

About two o'clock on the morning of the 30th, our Adjutant came to each company commander with the order, "Captain, have your company pack up

and fall in immediately." Out went the Captains to the First Sergeants, who started around among the two-thirds of the men off duty—one-third were on duty, peering in the direction of the enemy, through crevices between sand-bags on top of the works—and the packing up commenced. There was no need to caution silence: the men well knew that any unusual noise would draw a volley from the alert enemy, only a hundred yards distant. A few sleepy ones cursed the luck that brought them in such a place. As the men slept with their accoutrements on, and knapsacks packed, nothing was to be done but to pull down the pieces of shelter-tent that covered the holes where they slept, and roll up the rubber blankets. In less time than it takes to write it, the line was formed in the traverse behind the works, and the men "counted twos" in whispers, and closed up toward the colors. But little noise was made; yet the hum and stir had reached the ears of the vigilant "Johnnies," and they sent their compliments over, in the shape of bullets, till the hum was unpleasantly familiar. The pickets in the pits in front of us responded, and the artillery-men, waking up, joined in. The fire increased on both sides, till one, judging from the sound, would think that a first-class battle was going on. We waited behind the works for half an hour, and most of the men fell asleep. Both sides were tired and sleepy, and soon this harmless waste of good ammunition ceased. Then we filed off to the rear as quietly as possible, until we reached a covered way leading to a sheltered place behind the railroad bank. Here the regiment was closed up, and we halted and rested, till about half-past three o'clock, when the men were aroused, and we marched to the rear of a battery situated about a thousand yards from the front of the Union works. The companies were ordered to place their knapsacks in piles,

and guards were detailed to watch them. This looked like serious business. All around us could be heard the tread of troops. The artillery-men were standing by their guns; their horses were harnessed, and placed behind a protecting earth-work. Our Colonel took up a position overlooking the enemy's line, and many of the Line officers gathered at a respectful distance from him, and endeavored to discern something down in the gloomy hollow that lay between us and the Rebels.

The gray of early morning appeared, and the line of Rebel fortifications could just be seen through the mist. The pickets kept up a sputtering fire, and the flashes from their rifles looked like fire-flies in a meadow. Still there were no indications of an attack. The sky reddened, the day grew brighter and brighter, and the sun began to show itself. The reveilles of camps in the rear began to sound. It was half-past four, and Staff officers were galloping from the front toward a clump of pine-woods, where the flag of the Ninth Corps indicated the presence of its commander—Major-General Burnside. While a group of us were discussing what all these preparations meant, and what was the occasion of the delay—for we knew that there must be a hitch somewhere—there came a jar of the earth under our feet, like that of a heavy earthquake; a terrible rumbling was heard that lengthened into a muffled roar, and as we looked toward the Rebel line, the earth lifted up like an enormous whale out of the ocean. High into the air rose the mass, then sank again with a heavy thud.

For a second we held our breath, and looked at each other with pallid faces, for well might the stoutest heart tremble at such a scene, and we hardly knew whether our line, or the enemy's, had been blown up. It seemed as if the whole army held its breath; and then two hundred pieces of artillery, along

the whole Union line, belched forth, with a terrific crash, hurling shot and shell into the enemy's ranks. Great clouds of dust marked the explosion of the shells, and the Rebel fortifications seemed to be plowed through and through. The Confederates, although completely surprised, rallied with all the alacrity of veterans, and promptly opened a brisk fire on our batteries. Of all the terrific cannonades of the late war, it is generally acknowledged that but few equaled, and none exceeded, that of this morning. Anxiously we waited to hear the shouts of the charging columns, for we knew that there must be an assaulting party ready to spring into the breach made in the Confederate line. Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed, and every minute seemed an age. Our artillery kept up its hammering. Finally, the yells of our assaulting division reached our ears. Looking toward the scene of the explosion, we could see the first blue line rush over the open space, down out of sight into the enemy's works, out to the right and left of the mine, closely followed by two other divisions. A sharp musketry fire greeted them, telling us that, though surprised, the Rebels were not disposed to relinquish their stronghold without a desperate struggle. The conflict was short and sharp. Soon the Stars and Stripes were seen floating over the Rebel fort.

Five hundred yards in rear of the Rebel line stands Cemetery Hill, and on it was a partially finished earth-work. There were no guns or troops in it; and the importance of seizing this point, was plain to the lowest private soldier. From that work our troops could sweep the rear of the enemy's works for half a mile, east and west; and to the north lay Petersburg, within musket-shot. Then there was a lull for a few minutes, and the artillery-men took breath, and cooled their guns.

Again the Union line was seen mov-

ing forward, and the firing broke out heavily; this time, the Rebels responding with a will. "Will our men reach yonder hill?" we asked of each other. They seemed to move slowly, and, after advancing a dozen yards, halted, and commenced a sharp-shooting fire. The Confederates were fully aware of the importance of the possession of Cemetery Hill; and scarcely had our men halted for the second time, when we caught a glimpse of a light battery galloping from the Rebel rear toward the empty redoubt. Our artillery-men instantly trained their guns on them, but too late; they gained their point, and, unlimbering with great rapidity, sent over their defiance, in the shape of conical shells. An Aid came running with a written order to our Colonel—for horseback exercise was somewhat risky at that time and place—and, hastily reading it, the Colonel faced the regiment by the right flank, and started it for a covered way leading to the front line. Going down the covered way, we met wounded men, walking and being carried to the rear, and from them we learned that the troops engaged were the First, Second, and Third Divisions of the Ninth Corps.

We halted for a moment, to allow a line of stretcher-bearers to pass, with their loads of wounded soldiers. Pityingly and curiously we gazed at their pale faces, for this is the time that tries the courage of men, and requires more nerve to maintain an outward composure than it does to dash into the battle. I eagerly watched the faces of my men. To me—an old soldier—these sights and feelings were nothing new; but how would the colored soldiers be affected? I had confidence in them, and a glance re-assured me. Most of their faces bore a resolute, determined look, and in the eyes of some there was the glitter of revenge. A few showed signs of abject fear. Their coal-black faces had turned to an ashy color; the red lips were white; their teeth chat-

tered, as if an attack of the "shakes" had seized them; their eyes rolled about, while their trembling limbs could hardly support them. Among the wounded was a Captain from one of the White regiments, shot through the left arm, between the elbow and wrist, and the right leg at the knee. A handkerchief was bound around the leg, and tightly twisted with a bayonet, to prevent bleeding; while a suspender and another bayonet did similar service for the arm. He was sitting on a stretcher, coolly smoking his pipe: wearing an unruffled countenance, as though war and wounds had never troubled him. "Go in, my bully Black boys!" he exclaimed; "go in, and clean out those Johnnies over yonder; that's what the Government is feeding you for."

"Deed, we'll try it on, and do de best we can," answered one of the men; and all of them seemed to gain courage and take heart from the heroic example before them.

Following the wounded were about fifty prisoners on their way to the rear, under guard. They were greatly alarmed at the appearance of Negro soldiers, and some besought their White guards "not to let the niggers bayonet them." Among them were a number of wounded, who were carried in pieces of shelter-tents and rubber blankets. One young man, with a gaping wound in the right breast, cried out to the men carrying him, "For God's sake, boys, don't let the niggers kill me! I can't live long; oh, let me die in peace."

"Don't be skeered," said a Black Corporal; "we don't kill wounded men. Here, take a drink of this." And he held his canteen, filled with cool water, to the lips of the dying man, and, wiping away the bloody froth, gave him all he wished; then carefully poured a little over the wound. The Rebels around him looked on with amazement, and one of them, with tears running down his

cheeks, drew from his dirty cotton haversack two long plugs of Virginia tobacco, and, thrusting them into the hands of the Black soldier, said, in a husky voice: "Here, boy, take these; it's all I've got to give ye, but, 'fore God, if I had a million dollars here, ye should have it all! He's my young brother, and I never looked for a kindness from any of you uns."

The prisoners were hurried off to the rear. We were started, on the "double-quick," for the front—the men crouching low, to avoid the grape-shot and bullets that were whistling overhead, and halted behind the high earth-works of the outer line. Closely following us (the 30th) were the 39th, 27th, and 43d regiments of United States Colored troops, which comprised the First Brigade; and, after them, the Second Brigade, composed of the 19th, 23d, and 31st Colored. This opportunity was taken by the men to make a hasty breakfast of hard-tack and slice of raw pork. A regiment of dismounted cavalry were at the breastworks, keeping up a light fire with their carbines. The Rebels were almost silent, and seemed to be awaiting our attack.

The order, "Fix bayonets," was given, and, before the rattling of steel had ceased, the command, "Trail arms! Forward, double-quick, march!" A few sand-bags had been placed inside of the breastworks, to assist in climbing over, but not enough for the purpose, and the ranks were much disordered before the open field was reached. As we commenced to move, the dismounted cavalry-men rose up in a body, and opened a heavy fire, to assist us, by "keeping down" the Rebels, while the artillery belched out in full force. But the Rebels were not to be kept down, as the fierce "zip-zip-zee" of bullets about our ears abundantly testified.

My company, designated "H," was the sixth in line from the right, and next,

on the left, to the regimental colors. The appearance of the colors was the signal for a Rebel battery of six pieces, on our left, and the battery on Cemetery Hill, to open on us. Then came the rushing, hurtling sound of grape-shot, in close proximity; and I heard a crashing noise at my right hand, like that made by a butcher, when he strikes a piece of meat with his cleaver. Turning, I saw a great gap in the right of my company. Six men had been swept away from my very side. "Close up, men, close up!" I cried, and instantly the gap was closed. A Rebel battery on our right now opened, and sent a charge of grape through the color-guard, killing and wounding half of them. Down went the Stars and Stripes, the Color Sergeant spattering them with his blood and brains, a grape-shot having torn his head in pieces. A Corporal of the color-guard, throwing down his musket, caught them up so quickly that they scarcely touched the ground. A grape-shot took off the top of the flag-staff, throwing him down, but he held fast to his colors, and, rising, rushed forward again. The cry now was, "Forward, goth; forward, boys! forward! forward!" Every nerve was strained to press forward, for that was our only chance for safety. When half-way across, I saw a row of brown hats rise above the Rebel works, and instantly a stream of fire ran down their line, and a torrent of bullets came sweeping through our ranks. Involuntarily, I closed my eyes with the flash, for I thought my time had surely come. The crater was soon reached, and we tumbled down into it, and again were in comparative safety. Here we halted, and our warmest sympathies were enlisted for the regiments following, for we knew, by the heavy rolling of the musketry and booming of artillery, that they were exposed to a furious fire. In spite of the heat and the roar of battle, I gazed curiously around, and beheld a sight that I

can never forget. The explosion had torn a chasm in the earth about 150 feet long, fifty feet wide, and varying in depth from ten to thirty feet. Huge blocks of clay, weighing tons, were scattered around. Torn, blackened, and crushed, lay about a hundred dead Rebels; many were partially buried in the earth. The First Division, when they entered the crater, found some living, and dug out about twenty—the only survivors of the ill-fated 22d South Carolina Regiment. Large numbers of Union wounded were collected here, and, lying on a stretcher, was the Colonel of the 59th Massachusetts Volunteers, fatally wounded. Brigadier-General William F. Bartlette, with his brigade, were guarding the three sides of the crater toward the enemy.

Our halt was of but short duration, and we passed out to the right, through a traverse already occupied by White soldiers. Keeping in the traverse as far as we could, we clambered out of the breastworks to the open field toward our line, and then moved rapidly toward the right, so as to lap the Rebel line for about a hundred yards. Here we were exposed to a pitiless musketry-fire, and the Rebel battery on the right swept our ranks with grape and canister, at point-blank range. The 39th rapidly took a position to support us as soon as we should move by the left flank. We were obliged to wait for them, and the few seconds that elapsed seemed ages. The brave Color Corporal who picked up the colors when the Sergeant was killed, was shot dead, and a stalwart private seized them. Our Colonel was seen gesticulating, and, with his hat on the point of his sword, started on a run in the direction of the Rebels. There was no need to cry, "By the left flank," for the men saw him, and, yelling wildly, faced to the left, toward the breastworks where the enemy lay, and followed him. The Rebel works were well protected with trees, with sharpened branches, laid close

in front, (abatis, it is called) and wires strung along. Into this we forced our way. Our artillery-fire had displaced some of the abatis, and through these little gaps the men streamed, the Rebels shooting them down, and we unable to return their fire. I have been in most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, but never was it my lot to encounter such a fire. The air seemed alive with bullets, and so thick were they that it seemed a perfect rush and scream of lead. To the top of the Rebel works went the regiment—officers and men seeming to struggle which should be there first; and, looking down inside, we saw the Rebels bending on one knee, braced and ready to receive us on the bayonet's point. As we jumped down, with the 39th close at our heels, most of the Rebels threw down their guns, and, holding up their hands, begged for mercy. A few, trying to escape, were instantly shot down. Their commander, a Major, calling to his men "to die, but never surrender to niggers," took refuge, with a dozen men, in a bomb-proof, and defied us to do our worst. A shower of bullets was quickly poured upon them, followed by a dash, and the bomb-proof was filled with Blacks; and, in its darkness, ensued a hand-to-hand struggle, such as seldom occurs, even in war. The conflict was of short duration, and our defiant foes were ruthlessly bayoneted, but not until they had sold their lives dearly, and caused many of their assailants to bite the dust.

Our prisoners were at once started for the rear. The White troops extended their right so as to nearly connect with our left. The officers made great exertions to form their men again, for there was not a company that had any thing like a line of battle; and the 39th were as badly mixed up as we were. Our noble little Major, Robert Leach—shot through the lungs—was carried past me. Then our young Colonel, Delavan Bates,

with a round, gory hole on the right cheek and left temple, showing where a bullet had passed through his head; then the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 39th, badly wounded; while a host of enlisted men, slightly wounded, were making their way to the rear, groaning, swearing, and praying—for the wounded Negro must make some noise. Half of our regiment were killed or wounded; not a Field officer remained, the Lieutenant-Colonel being absent, sick, at that time.

The men were wild with excitement, and crouched low to avoid the storm of bullets and grape that was skimming the earth-works. It was impossible to establish any thing like order. In the midst of all this confusion, the cry was raised, "The Rebels are charging! Here they come!"

"Up, boys, up, and drive them back!" shouted the officers, and the men stood up, bravely. There was the Rebel line, not ten yards off, rapidly advancing, firing as they came. They had lain in a ditch, unseen by us, and had watched their opportunity. Their line extended beyond our right—flanking us—and to the left as far as we could see. Company "A" was promptly faced to protect our right flank, and the men opened fire; but the volley was but a hurried, irregular one, and hardly a man fell from the Rebel ranks. "The White troops are breaking!" shouted some one, and we could see that there was great confusion among the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, on our left, and the fear of being cut off and surrounded seized upon every one. "Close in, to the left," was ordered, and the men commenced moving down the traverse. But the enemy were upon them, stabbing them with bayonets and shooting them down. We were routed; resistance was impossible; surrender but death; no chance remained but flight: and jumping out of the breast-works, most of the fugitives started for

the Union works, while some crowded down the traverse toward the crater. I was among the latter, with a few faithful men, who trusted me, and would not leave the field till their Captain did. If the Black troops were brave in their charge, they were wild with terror, and, as a body, unmanageable in their defeat. The crater was soon gained, but many soldiers, White and Black, fell in attempting to reach it. The Second Colored Brigade had attempted to advance in the direction of Cemetery Hill, but were driven back at the same time that the First Brigade was routed. The White troops, being mixed up with the Black, shared in the panic, and all came tumbling headlong into the crater. Many rushed through it toward our lines, until hardly a thousand men remained on the battle-ground. The Ninth Corps—Burnside's Ninth Corps, that had served with bravery and distinction at Roanoke Island, Newbern, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, North Anna River, Cold Harbor, and the first assault on Petersburg—was broken. Not a skeleton organization of even a regiment, much less brigade formations, remained. But, though broken and defeated, there were veterans who would not yield till every inch of ground had been disputed. With the crater for their rallying-point they halted, and faced the enemy. Officers stopped men by putting revolvers at their heads, and enlisted men stopped truant officers with the bayonet's point. Promptly they rallied, and hurled back so steady and deadly a fire, that the Rebels were glad to seek shelter in covered ways and traverses. A Sergeant, carrying the colors of the Ninth New Hampshire, sprang to the top of the works, and, waving his tattered flag, called out: "Men of the Ninth New Hampshire, will you leave these old colors for the Rebels? Rally, rally, rally on the old flag!" A little band

clustered around him. The Black troops rallied near the traverse, down which they had been driven. Bullets were sweeping the top of the mine, and the battery on Cemetery Hill, having a plunging fire, threw grape directly in among us: so that one side of our fort was absolutely untenable. The men dropped thick and fast—most of them shot dead with a bullet in the brain. Officers fought with muskets and revolvers; searched the cartridge-boxes of the dead for ammunition; loaded rifles for their men; gave them other guns when their own became foul and hot: and so the Rebel charge was checked. A little calm followed. Our men improved the opportunity to load a large number of the muskets that lay scattered around, and placed them in readiness for instant use. A few of our troops held a ditch a few feet in front of the crater, and were keeping up a brisk fire. The heat was now terrible. The wounded were crying for water, and most of the canteens were empty. A few cartridges were brought to us from the rear, and were distributed among the soldiers who were short of ammunition. English ammunition for Enfield rifles, was found on the dead Rebels—distinguishable by the blue paper used in its manufacture.

Another charge soon followed, and was repulsed; but the Rebels improved the opportunity to place a field-piece in position, so as to rake the crater through the traverse on the right. There was an open place at our end of the traverse about eight feet wide and four feet deep. A breastwork must be built across it, or all be lost. General Bartlette ordered a detail of colored troops for this duty, and they commenced throwing in chunks of clay, and, stripping the dead, filled their clothing with dirt. A few moments showed them that the work could not be accomplished in this manner. Some one cried out, "Put in the dead men;" and this suggestion was instantly acted

upon. There were plenty of dead, and the men piled them across the gap, as cord-wood is piled. White and Black, Union and Rebel, officers and privates, were heaped on top of each other, and formed a solid barricade of human flesh. Some of the working-party were killed, and their comrades threw them in with the rest. A dozen attempts to charge were made by the enemy, but none succeeded, till nearly noon, when they advanced within fifty feet of us. A Rebel mortar battery, throwing ten-inch shells, opened fire, and, after a few trials, succeeded in obtaining our range so well, that they dropped their shells directly into the crater. Every shell brought death and wounds into our ranks. Looking upward, we could see them coming, a little black speck; then hear them "whish, whish, whish," then a deafening explosion, and the men would be stricken down. The Major of a Maine regiment—a stout, portly man—was struck by a shell, and his head and neck severed clean from the body.

Our thirst was now well nigh intolerable, and the tongues of many protruded from their mouths, black and swollen. The dead were bloated to twice their natural size, and were already blackened and distorted. A sickening stench, such as can only be known on the battle-field, nearly choked us. Despair was depicted on the face of many a brave man; and leaving the line of battle, they sat down, and seemed to resign all hope. The excessive heat overcame not a few, and they lay down among the dead. Every few minutes, a man would drop dead from shot or shell, and each seemed to think it would be his turn next. An effort was made to dig a covered way to the open field on the side toward the Federal line, but, with worn-out men, it progressed slowly. Officers tried to encourage their men to hold out till dark, and then we would all rush for our lines. But threats or promises were alike un-

availing: the men could not hold out much longer, and they knew it. Not half a dozen rounds of ammunition per man were left. To escape from the crater was impossible, for a steep, slippery bank must be climbed in full view of the enemy, not twenty yards off. Great numbers were killed in attempting to reach the rear, by this way.

Among our troops was a company of Indians, belonging to the 2d Michigan Sharp-shooters. A number of them were fatally wounded, and, clustering together, covered their heads with their blouses, and commenced chanting their death-song. Their unhurt comrades crawled to the very top of the bank, and rising up, would take a quick and fatal aim, then drop quickly down again. They seemed to bear charmed lives, and escaped the many bullets shot at them. Our men in the ditch outside had expended all their ammunition, and fell an easy prey to the next Rebel charge. Their capture was announced to us by the simultaneous appearance of Rebel battle-flags on our front and both flanks, not ten feet from the crater. The Rebels threw over muskets with bayonets attached, and a number were severely wounded by this harpooning style of warfare. We could hear the commands of the Rebel officers, and knew that they would soon charge us. Finally, we heard the order, "Forward, 42d; give one jump, and go right over!" And the 42d North Carolina Infantry came with a rush, hardly heeding our feeble defense, shooting and knocking down the men who tried to make a stand, and, rushing through the crater, planted their battle-flag on the highest part of the earth-works, loudly yelling defiance to the troops in the Federal line. General Bartlette had ordered a surrender when he heard the Rebel order to advance, but in the confusion it was unheard by some; and keeping up a resistance, many lost their lives—a useless

sacrifice. Our men threw down their guns, took off their equipments, and awaited the orders of their captors.

The Blacks had surrendered with the others. A second Rebel line followed the first, and they commenced bayoneting the wounded Negro soldiers, and shooting the others. Determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, abandoning all hope, and in the frenzy of despair, the Negroes caught up the rifles they had thrown down, and in a body rushed upon the Rebels, shot, bayoneted, fought with musket butts, and even throttled their foes, till the Rebel commander ordered his men back, and with great difficulty checked the inhuman massacre. Then, assuring the Negroes, who were standing together like wild beasts at bay, that they should all be treated as prisoners of war if they surrendered, but all be slaughtered if they refused, he succeeded in obtaining a sort of truce. At his request, some of the Union

officers advised the Blacks to give themselves up, telling them they would only waste their lives for nothing. Finally, they were prevailed upon to throw down their arms again, which they did reluctantly and distrustfully. All the prisoners who could walk were hustled to the rear.

My capture was followed by seven long months of imprisonment at Danville, Columbia, Salisbury, and other places, till exchange reached me, March 1st, 1865.

The Federal loss in this battle was between four and five thousand; eleven hundred of these prisoners. The Rebels lost about two thousand; three hundred and fifty perished in the explosion.

General Grant concluded his official report of the affair with these words, "Thus terminated in disaster, what promised to be the most successful assault of the campaign."

BARBARIAN DAYS.

REVEALING THE FATE OF MY CANNIBAL.

WE had been watching intently the faint, shadowy outline along the horizon, and wondering whether it were really land, or but a cloudy similitude of it; while we bore down upon it all the afternoon in fine style, and the breeze freshened as evening came on. It was all clear sailing, and we were in pretty good spirits—which is not always the case with landmen at sea.

Sitting there on the after-deck, I had asked myself, more than once: If life were made up of placid days like this, how long would life be sweet? I gave it up every time; for one is not inclined to consider so curiously as to press any problem to a solution in those indolent latitudes.

Perhaps it was Captain Kidd who told me he had sailed out of a twelve-knot breeze on a sudden—slipping off the edges of it, as it were—and found his sails all aback as he slid into a dead calm. There, rocking in still weather, he saw another bark, almost within hail, blown into the west and out of sight, like a bird in a March gale.

I wonder what caused me to think of Kidd's experiences just then? I can't imagine, unless it was some prescient shadow floating in my neighborhood—the precursor of the little event that followed. Such things do happen, and when we least expect it; though, fortunately, they don't worry us as a general thing. I did not worry at all, but sat

there by myself, while some of my fellow-passengers took a regular "constitutional" up and down the deck, and over and over it, until the nervous woman below in the cabin "blessed her stars," and wished herself ashore.

I preferred sitting and pondering over the cloud that seemed slowly to rise from the sea, assuming definite and undeniable appearances of land.

I knew very well what land it must be: one of a group of islands, every inch of which I had traversed with the zeal of youthful enthusiasm; but which of them, was a question I almost feared to have answered. Yet, what difference could it make to me! The land was providentially in our course, but not on our way-bill. If we were within gunshot of its loveliest portion, we must needs pass on as frigidly as though it were Charybdis, or something equally dreadful; and I began to think it might be something of the sort, because of its besetting temptations.

There was not the slightest doubt as to the certainty of its being land, when we went down to supper; and, at sunset, we knew the dark spots were valleys, and the bright ones hills. I fancied a hundred bronze-hued faces were turned toward us as we seemed to twinkle away off in their sunset sea like a fallen star, or something of that sort. I thought I could almost hear the sea beating upon the crusts of the reef in the twilight; but perhaps I did not, for the land was miles away, and night hid it presently, while the old solitude of the ocean impressed us all as though we were again in the midst of its unbroken, circular wastes. Then they played whist in the cabin—all but me: I hung over the ship's side, resolved to watch all night for the lights on shore—the flickering watch-fires in the mountain camps—for I knew I should see them, as we were bound to pass the island before morning.

The night was intensely dark; clouds muffled the stars, and not a spark of light was visible in any direction over the waters. A shower could easily have quenched the beacons I was seeking, and my vigil soon became tedious: so, presently I followed the others and turned in, rather disconsolate and disgusted.

Toward midnight the wind fell rapidly, and within half an hour we found ourselves in a dead calm, when the moan of the breakers was quite audible on our starboard quarter. The Captain was nervous and watchful; the currents in the channel were strong, and he saw, by the variation in the compass, that the vessel was being whirled in a great circle around a point of the island.

Fortunately it began to get light before the danger grew imminent: at three o'clock we were within soundings, and, shortly after, we plumped the anchor into the rough coral at the bottom of a pretty little harbor, where, the Captain informed us, we must ride all day, and get out with the land-breeze, that would probably come down at night. I rushed up in the gray dawn, and bent my gaze upon the shore. I think I must have turned pale or trembled a little, or done something sensational and appropriate, though no one observed it: whereat I was rather glad, on the whole, for they could not have understood it if I had done my best to explain—which I had not the least idea of doing, however, for it was none of their affair.

I knew that place the moment I saw it—the very spot of all I most desired to see—and I resolved, in my secret soul, to go ashore, there and then: amicably, if I might; forcibly, if I must.

The Captain was not over-genial that morning, either: he hated detention, and was a trifle nervous about being tied up under the lee of the land, for twelve or twenty hours. So he growled if any one approached him all that day, and positively refused to allow the ship's-boat to

be touched, unless we drifted upon the rocks, broadside—which, he seemed to think, was not entirely out of the question. I was sure there would be a canoe—perhaps, several—alongside by sunrise: so I said nothing, but waited in silence, determined to desert when the time came; and the Captain might whistle me back, if he could.

Presently the time came. We were rocking easily on the swell, directly to the eastward of a deep valley. The sky was ruddy; the air fresh and invigorating, but soft as the gales of Paradise. We were in the tropics. You would have known it with your eyes shut: the whole wonderful atmosphere confessed it. But, with your eyes open, those white birds, sailing like snow-flakes through the immaculate, blue heavens, with tail feathers like our pennant; the floating gardens of the sea, through which we had been ruthlessly plowing for a couple of days back; the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets—all were proofs positive of our latitude.

What a sunrise it was on that morning! Yet I stood with my back to it, looking west; for there I saw, firstly, the foam on the reef—as crimson as blood—falling over the wine-stained waves; then it changed as the sun ascended, like clouds of golden powder, indescribably magnificent, shaken and scattered upon the silver snow-drifts of the coral reef, dazzling to behold, and continually changing.

Beyond it, in the still water, was reflected a long, narrow strip of beach; above it, green pastures and umbrageous groves, with native huts, like great bird's-nests, half hidden among them; and the weird, slender cocoa-palms were there—those exclamation-points in the poetry of tropic landscape. All this lay slumbering securely between high walls of verdure; while at the upper end, where the valley was like a niche set in the green and glorious mountains, two wa-

ter-falls floated downward like smoke-columns on a heavy morning. Angels and ministers of Grace!—do you, in your airy perambulations, visit haunts more lovely than this? As lovely as that undiscovered country, from whose bourne the traveler would rather not look back: premising that the traveler were as singularly constituted as I am; which is, peradventure, not probable.

They knew it was morning almost as soon as we did, though they lived a few furlongs farther west, and had no notion of the immediate proximity of a strange craft—by no means rakish in her rig, however: only a simple merchantman, bound for Auckland from San Francisco, but the victim of circumstances, and, in consequence, tied to the bottom of the sea when half-way over.

They knew it was morning. I saw them swarming out of their grassy nests, brown, sleek-limbed, and naked. They regarded with amazement our floating home. The news spread, and the groves were suddenly peopled with my dear barbarians, who hate civilization almost as much as I do, and are certainly quite as idolatrous and indolent as I ever aspire to be.

I turned my palms outward toward them; I lifted up my voice, and cried: "Hail, my brothers; we hasten with the morning; we follow after the sun. Greetings to you, dwellers in the West!"

Nobody heard me. I looked again. Down they came upon the shore, wading into the sea. Then such a carnival as they celebrated in the shallow water, was a novelty for some of my cabin friends; but I knew all about it. I'd done the same thing often enough, myself, when I was young, and free, and innocent, and savage. I knew they were asking themselves a thousand questions as to our sudden appearance in their seas, and would rather like to have known who we were, and where we were going, but scorned to ask us. They had once or twice been

visited by the same sort of whitish-looking people, and they had found those colorless faces uncivil, and the bleached-out skins by no means to be trusted with those whom they considered their inferiors. They didn't know that it is one of the Thirty-nine Articles of Civilization to bully one's way through the world. Then I prayed that they might be moved to send out a canoe, so that I could debark and go inland for the day. I prayed very earnestly, and out she came: one of their tiny, fragile canoes, looking like a deserted chrysalis, with the invisible wings of the spiritual, tutelary butterfly wafting it over the waves. In this chrysalis dug-out sat a tough little body, with a curly head, which I recognized in a minute as belonging to a once friend and comrade in my delightful exile, when I was a successful prodigal, and wasted my substance in the most startling and effectual manner, and enjoyed it a great deal better than if I had kept it in the bank, as they advised me to do. On he came, beating the sea with his broad paddle, alternately by either side of the canoe, and regarding us with a commendable degree of suspicion. I greeted him in his peculiar dialect. The gift of tongues seemed suddenly to have descended upon me, for I found little difficulty in saying every thing I wanted to say, in a remarkably brief space of time.

"Hail, little friend!" said I; "great love to you. How is it on shore now?"

He replied that it was decidedly nice on shore now, and that his love for me was as much as mine for him, and more, too, and that consequently he was prepared to conduct me thither, regardless of expense.

I went with that lovely boy on shore. The Captain could not resist my persuasive appeals for a short leave of absence, and so I went. Perhaps it would not have been advisable for him to have suppressed me; and he made a courteous virtue of necessity.

I had leave to stop till evening, unless I heard a signal-gun, upon hearing which I was to return immediately on board, or suffer the consequences.

Now, I am free to confess, that the consequences didn't appall me as we swung off from the vessel, where I had been an uneasy prisoner for many days; and I fell to chatting with Niga, my dusky friend, in a sort of desperate joy.

Niga was a regular trump. He had more than once piled on horseback behind me, in the sweet days when we used to ride double—yea, and even treble, if necessary. There was usually a great deal more boy than horse on the premises: hence this questionable economy in our cavalry regulations. Niga told me many things as we drew near the reef: he talked of nearly every body and every thing; but of all that he told me, he said nothing of the one I most longed to hear about. Yet, somehow or other, I could not quite bring myself to ask him, out and out, this question. You know, sometimes it is hard to shape words just as you want them shaped, and the question is never asked in consequence.

The reef was growling tremendously. We were drawing nearer to it every moment. I thought the chances were against us; but Niga was self-possessed, and, as he had crossed it once that morning—and in the most dangerous direction of the two, that is, against the grain of the waves—I concluded there was no special need of my making a scene: and in the next moment we were poised in a terrific cataract of glittering and rushing breakers, snatched up and held trembling in mid-air, with the canoe half filled with water, and I perfectly blind with spray.

It was a memorable moment in a very short voyage; and the general verdict on board ship, where they were watching us with some interest, was, that it served me right.

When my eyes were once more free of the water, I found myself in the midst of the natives, who had been waiting just inside of the reef to receive us; and, as they recognized me, they laid a hand on the canoe, as many as could crowd about it, fairly lifting it out of the water on our way to the shore, all the while wailing at the top of their voices their mournful and desolate wail.

It was impossible for me to decide whether that chant of theirs was an expression of joy, or sorrow: the nature of it is precisely the same, in either case.

So we went on shore in our little triumphal procession, and there I was embraced in a very emphatic manner by savages of every conceivable sex, age, and color. Having mutely submitted to their genuine expressions of love, I was conducted—a willing and bewildered captive—along the beach, around the little point that separates the river from the sea, and thence by the river-bank to the house I knew so well. I believe I looked at every dusky face in that assemblage, two or three times over, but saw not the one I sought.

What could it mean? Was he hunting in the mountains, or fishing beyond the headland, or sick, or in prison, that he came not to greet me? Surely, something had befallen him—something serious and unusual—or he would have been the first to welcome me home to barbarism!

A strange dread clouded my mind: it increased and multiplied as we passed on toward the house that had been home to me. Then, having led me to the outer door, the people all sat there upon the ground, and began wailing piteously.

I hastily crossed the narrow outer room, lifted the plaited curtain, and entered the inner chamber, where I had spent my strange, wild holiday long months before. I looked earnestly about me, while my eyes gradually became familiar with the dull light. Nothing seemed changed.

I could point at once to almost every article in the room. It seemed but yesterday that I had stolen away from them in the gray dawn, and repented my desertion too late.

I soon grew accustomed to the sombre light of the room. I saw sitting about me, in the corners, bowed figures, with their faces hidden in grief. There was no longer any doubt as to the nature of their emotion. It was grief that had stricken the household, and the grief that death alone occasions. I counted every figure in the room; I recognized each, the same that I had known when I dwelt among them: he alone was absent.

I don't know what possessed me at that moment. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, as though it were some *masque* gotten up for my amusement. Then I wished they would cease their masking, for I felt too miserable to laugh. Then I was utterly at a loss to know what to do, so I walked to the old-fashioned bed—our old-fashioned bed—in the corner, looking just as it used to. I think the same old spider was there still, clinging to the canopy: the very same old fellow, in his harlequin tights, that we used to watch, and talk about, and wonder what he was thinking of, to stop so still, day after day, and week after week, up there on the canopy. I threw myself upon the edge of the bed, my feet resting upon the floor; and there I tried to think of every thing but that one dreadful reality that would assert itself, in spite of my efforts to deny it.

Where was my friend? Where could he be, that these, his friends, were so bowed with sorrow? The question involved a revelation, already anticipated in my mind. That revelation I dreaded as I would dread my own death-sentence. But it came at last. A woman who had been humbling herself in the dust, moved toward me from the shadow

that half concealed her. She did not rise to her feet: she was half reclining on the mats of the floor, her features veiled in the long, black hair of her race. One hand was extended toward me, then the other; the body followed: and so she moved, slowly and painfully, toward the bedside.

It was his mother. I knew her intuitively. Close to the bed she came, and crouched by me, upon the floor. There, with one hand clasped close over mine, the other flooded with her copious tears, and her forehead bowed almost to the floor, she poured forth the measure of her woe. The moment her voice was heard, those out of the house ceased wailing, and seemed to be listening to the elegy of the bereaved.

Her voice was husky with grief; broken again and again with sobs. I seemed to understand perfectly the nature of her story, though my knowledge of the dialect was very deficient.

The mother's soul was quickened with her pathetic theme. The frenzy of the poet inspired her lips. It was an epic she was chanting, celebrating the career of her boy-hero. She told of his birth, and wonderful childhood; of his beautiful strength; of his sublime affection, and the friend it had brought him from over the water.

She referred frequently to our former associations, and seemed to delight in dwelling upon them. Then came the story of his death—the saddest canto of the melancholy whole.

How shall I ever forgive myself the selfish pleasure I took in striving to remodel an immortal soul. What business had I to touch so sensitive an organism; susceptible of infinite impressions, but incapable, in its prodigality, of separating and dismissing the evil, and retaining only the good—therefore, fit only to increase and develop in the suitable atmosphere with which the Creator had surrounded it?

Why did I not foresee the climax?

I might have known that one reared in the nursery of Nature, as free to speak and act as the very winds of heaven to blow whither they list, could ill support the manacles of our modern proprieties. Of what use to him could be a knowledge of the artifices of society? Simply a temptation, and a snare!

What was the story of his fate? That he came safely home, rejoicing in his natural freedom; that he could not express his delight at finding home so pleasant; that his days were spent in telling of the wonderful things he had seen; more sects than the gods of the South Seas—more doubters than believers; contradictions, and insults, and suspicions, everywhere. They laughed again, when they thought of us, and pitied us all the while.

But his exhilaration wore off, after a time. Then came the reaction. A restlessness; an undefined, unsatisfied longing. Life became a burden. The seed of dissension had fallen in fresh and fallow soil: it was a souvenir of his sojourn among us. He, the child of Nature, must now follow out the artificial and hollow life of the world, or die unsatisfied; for he could not return to his original sphere of trust and contentment. He had learned to doubt all things, as naturally as any of us.

For days he moaned in spirit, and was troubled; nothing consoled him; his soul was broken of its rest; he grew desperate and melancholy.

I believe he was distracted with the problem of society, and I can not wonder at it. One day, when his condition had become no longer endurable, he stole off to sea in his canoe, thinking, perhaps, that he could reach this continent, or some other; possibly, hoping never again to meet human faces, for he could not trust them.

It was his heroic exit from a life that no longer interested him. Great was

the astonishment of the Islanders, who looked upon him as one possessed of the Evil Spirit, and special sacrifices were offered in his behalf, but the gods were inexorable, and, after several days upon the solitary sea, a shadow, a mote, drifted toward the valley—a canoe, with a famishing and delirious voyager, that was presently tossed and broken in the surges; then, a dark body glistened for a moment, wet with spray, and sank forever, while the shining coral reef was stained with the blood of the first-born.

I heard it all in the desolate wail of the mother, yet could not weep; my eyes burned like fire.

Little Niga came for me presently, and led me into the great grove of *kamane*-trees, up the valley. He insisted upon holding me by the hand: it was all he could do to comfort me, and he did that with his whole soul.

In silence we pressed on to one of the largest of the trees. I recognized it at once. Niga and I, one day, went thither, and I cut a name upon the soft bark of the tree.

When we reached it we paused. Niga pointed with his finger; I looked. It was there yet—a simple name, carved in the rudest fashion. I read the letters, which had since become an epitaph. They were these:

“KANA-ANA, *Æt.* 16 yrs.”

Under them were three initials—my own—cut by the hand of Kana-ana, after his return from America.

We sat down in the gloomy grove. “Tell me,” I said, “tell me, Niga, where has his spirit gone?”

“He is here, now,” said Niga; “he can see us; perhaps, some day, we shall see him.”

“You have more faith than our philosophers, for they have reasoned themselves out of every thing. Would you like to be a philosopher, Niga?” I asked.

Niga thought, if they were going to

die, body and soul, that he wouldn't like to be any thing of the sort, and that he had rather be a first-class savage than a fourth-rate Christian, any day.

I interrupted him at this alarming assertion. “The philosophers would call your faith a superstition, Niga; they do not realize that there is no true faith unmixed with superstition—since faith implies a belief in something unseen, and is, therefore, itself a superstition. Blessed is the man who believes blindly—call it what you please—for peace shall dwell in his soul. But, Niga,” I continued, “where is God?”

“Here, and here, and here,” said Niga, pointing me to a grotesque carving in the sacred grove, to a monument upon the distant precipice, and to a heap of rocks in the sea; and the smile of recognition with which the little votary greeted his idols, was a solemn proof of his sincerity.

“Niga,” I said, “we call you and your kind heathens. It is a harmless anathema, which can not, in the least, affect you personally. Ask us if we love God! Of course we do. Do we love Him above all things, animate or inanimate? Undoubtedly! Undoubtedly is easily said, and let us give ourselves credit for some honesty. We believe that we do love God, above all; that we have no other gods before Him; yet, who of us will give up wealth, home, friends, and follow Him? Not one! The God we love is a very vague, invisible, forbearing essence. He can afford to be lenient with us while we are debating whether our neighbor is serving Him in the right fashion, or not. We'd rather not have other gods before Him: one is as many as we find it convenient to serve. The lover kisses passionately a miniature. It is not, however, an image of his Creator, nor any memorial of his Redeemer's passion, but only a portrait of his mistress. Do you blame us, Niga? It is the strongest instinct of our

nature to worship something. Man is a born idolator, and not one of us is exempted by reason of any scruples under the sun. You see it daily and hourly: each one has his idols."

Little Niga, who sympathized deeply with me, seemed to have gotten some knowledge of our peculiarly mixed theories concerning God, and the future state, from conversations overheard after the return of Kana-ana. He tried to console me with the assurance that Kana-ana died a devoted and unshaken adherent to the faith of his fathers.

I couldn't but feel that his blood was off my hands when I learned this; and I believe I gave Niga a regular hug in that moment of joy.

Then, we walked here and there, through the valley, and visited the old haunts, made memorable by many incidents in that romantic and chivalrous life of the South. Every one we met had some word to add concerning the Pride of the Valley, dead in his glorious youth.

Over and over, they assured me of his fidelity to me, his white brother, adding that Kana-ana had, more than once, expressed the deepest regret at not having brought me back with him.

He even meditated sending for me, in the same manner that I had sent for him; and, if he had done so, it was his purpose to see that I was at once made familiar with their Articles of Faith, for he anticipated a willing convert in me, and it was the desire of his heart that I should know that perfect trust, peculiar to his people, and which is begotten of the brief gospel, so often quoted out of place: namely, that "seeing is believing."

It was a kind thought of his, and I wish he had carried it into execution, for then he might have lived. It was his susceptible nature that had come in contact with the great world, and received its death-wound. Had I been there to

help him, I would have planned something to divert his mind until he had recovered himself, and was willing to submit to the monotony of life over yonder. Had he not done as much for me? Had he not striven, day after day, to charm me with his barbarism, and come very near to success? I should say he had. Dear little martyr! was he not the only boy I ever truly loved—dead now in his blossoming prime!

O, Kana-ana! Little Niga and I sat talking of you, down by the sea, and we wept for you at last; for the tears came by and by, when I began to fully realize the greatness of my loss. All your youth, and beauty, and freshness, in destruction, and your body swallowed up in the graves of the sea!

The meridian sun blazed overhead, but it made little difference to us. Afternoon passed, and evening was coming on almost unheeded, for our thoughts were buried with him, under the waves, and life was nothing to us, then.

I no longer cared to observe the lights and shadows on the cliffs, nor the poppy nodding in the wind, nor the seaward prospect: that was spoiled by our vessel—the seclusion was broken in upon. I cared for nothing any longer, for I missed everywhere his step, patient and faithful as a dog's, and his marvelous face, that could look steadily at the sun without winking, and deluge itself with laughter all the while, for there was nothing hidden or corrupting in it.

Presently I returned into the sacred grove, touching the three letters he had carved there, and calling on his spirit to regard me as respecting his dumb idols, which were nothing but the representatives of his jealous gods—dear to him as the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and the shining summits of Calvary to us. Then down I ran to the bathing-pools, and from place to place I wandered in a hurried and nervous tour, for it was growing dark. I saw the

ship's lights flickering over the water, while the first cool whispers of the night-wind came down from the hills, filling me with warnings: in the midst of which there was a flash of flame and a sudden, thunderous report—enough to awaken the dead of the valley—and I turned to go. I believe, if dear Kana-ana had been there, as I prayed he might be, I would have laughed at that signal, and hastened inland to avoid discovery; for I was sick of the world. I might have had reason to regret it afterward, because friendship is not elastic, and the best of friends can not long submit to being bored by the best of fellows. Perhaps it was just as it should be—I had no time to consider the matter there. I hurried to his mother, and she clung to me; others came about me, and laid hold of me: so that I feared I should be held captive until it was too late to board the vessel. Her sails were even then shaking in the wind; and I heard the faint click of the capstan tugging at the anchor-chains.

With a quick impulse I broke away from them, and ran to the beach, where Niga and I entered his canoe, and slid off from the sloping sands. Down we drifted toward the open sea, while the natives renewed their wailing, and I was half crazed with sorrow. It is impossible to resist the persuasive eloquence of their chants: think, then, with what a troubled spirit I heard them, as we floated on between the calm stars in the heavens and the whirling stars in the sea.

We went out to the ship's side, and little Niga was as noisy as any of them when I pressed upon him a practical memorial of my visit; and away he drifted into the night, with his boyish babble pitched high and shrill—and the Present speedily became the Past, and grew old in a moment.

Then I looked for the last time upon that faint and cloudy picture, and seemed

almost to see the spirit of the departed beckoning to me with waving arms and imploring looks; and I longed for him with the old longing, that will never release me from my willing bondage. I blessed him in his new life, and I rejoiced with exceeding great joy that he was freed at last from the tyranny of life—released from the unsolvable riddles of the ages. The night-wind was laden with music, and sweet with the odors of ginger and cassia; the spume of the reef was pale as the milk of the cocoa-nuts, and the blazing embers on shore glowed like old sacrificial fires.

Then I heard a voice crying out of the shadow—an ancient and eloquent voice—saying: "Behold my fated race! Our days are numbered. Long have we feasted in the rich presence of a revealed deity. We sat in ashes under the mute gods of Baal—we fled before the wrath of Moloch, the destroyer—we were as mighty as the four winds of heaven: but the profane hand of the Iconoclast has desecrated our temples, and humbled our majesty in the dust. O, impious breakers of idols! Why will ye put your new wines into these old bottles, that were shaped for spring waters only, and not for wine at all! Lo! ye have broken them, and the wine is wasted. Be satisfied, and depart!"

So that spirit of air sang the death-song of his tribe, and the sad music of his voice rang over the waters like a lullaby.

Then I heard no more, and I said, "My asylum is the great world—my refuge is in oblivion;" and I turned my face seaward, never again to dream fondly of my island home—never again to know it as I have known it—never again to look upon its serene and melancholy beauty; for the soul of the beloved is transmitted to the vales of rest, and his ashes are sown in the watery furrows of the deep sea!

THE PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA life is made up so largely of the material Present, that it is not strange that a romantic history, reaching far back into the days when our forefathers were colonists of Great Britain, should be seldom considered, except in reference to disputed land titles, or some practical purpose of To-day. This history—much more in detail than that of many of the Atlantic States—is, much of it, stored away in dusty manuscript volumes, written in a foreign tongue, in that clear, neat, precise hand, like “copper-plate,” which does not belong to us of the present day.

A history of the old Presidio of San Francisco would form a large part of the history of California; for it was among the earliest of the Spanish establishments in this State, and its *Comandantes* governed a large part of its territory. Its inception was military; its entire history is military. Three flags have waved there: namely, the flags of Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

On the 17th of June, 1776, Lieutenant Don José Moraga, with a Sergeant and sixteen soldiers in leathern armor, all married, and with large families, (*todas casadas y con crecidas familias*) with two priests for the Mission, (Friars Palou and Cambon) seven colonists, besides servants, muleteers, and herdsmen for the cattle, a large train of provisions, and equipments for the road, left Monterey to establish the Mission and the Presidio of San Francisco. The (*paquebot*) *San Carlos*, under the command of Lieutenant Don Fernando de Quiros, was to come by sea with the freight, and the remainder of the detachment. On the 27th of June the land ex-

pedition arrived in the vicinity of the port, and encamped at a large pond, which is represented on the old maps as lying between the Mission and Mission Bay, and was called Laguna de la Mission. Moraga and his party remained at this camp for several weeks, Fathers Palou and Cambon saying mass every day.

While the soldiers were cutting timber for the Mission buildings, the officers and priests made themselves acquainted with the surrounding country, and with the Indians, whom they found gentle and peaceable, and who brought presents of shell-fish and seeds of wild plants.

Seeing that the *San Carlos* did not arrive, Moraga sent some of his men to cut timber for the Presidio, near the entrance to the port; and a month having elapsed, and still the *paquebot* not arriving, (says Father Palou) the Lieutenant left six soldiers to guard the priests in their camp near the site for the Mission, and moved over with the rest of the party to the site for the Presidio. The *paquebot* finally arrived on the 18th of August, having been driven by adverse winds as far south as San Diego. Captain De Quiros, of the *San Carlos*, sent his sailors on shore, and they, with the soldiers, commenced the construction of the buildings at the Presidio and the Mission. At the former were made a chapel, a store-house, and quarters for the troops—all of wood, and thatched with rushes. Then came the formal act of taking possession. Here is a translation of Father Palou's narrative of this interesting event, written at our Mission de los Dolores, and published in Mexico, in 1787:

"We took formal possession of the Presidio on the 17th of September: the anniversary of the impression of the wounds of our Father Saint Francis, patron of the Presidio and Port. I said the first mass; and, after blessing the site, the elevation and adoration of the Holy Cross, and the conclusion of the service with *Tu Drum*, the officers took formal possession, in the name of our Sovereign, with many discharges of cannon by sea and land, and volleys of musketry by the soldiers."

On that same 17th of September, on the other side of the continent, Lord Howe's Hessian and British troops were reveling in the city of New York.

It is not proposed, in this article, to give a minute history of the Presidio; but it may be interesting to some readers, if we collate a few scraps of its history, embracing the time between its inauguration and the conquest of the country by the United States, in 1847.

In November, 1792, Captain Vancouver entered the harbor in his ship *The Discovery*. He was signaled from Fort San Joaquin, which the Spaniards had erected on the *cantil blanco*, (white bluff) or what is now known as Fort Point. Ensign (*Alférez*) Don Hermenegildo Sal was *Comandante* of the Presidio and of the Port. He went on board of *The Discovery*, with Padre Antonio Danti, of the Mission, and proffered the hospitalities of the place; and was so warm in his expressions of friendship as to merit, says Captain Vancouver, "our highest commendations."

After drinking the healths of their Royal Masters the party separated, and the next day Captain Vancouver visited the garrison at the Presidio. He gives, in his narrative, a minute account of it and its inhabitants; and says of Señora Sal, the wife of the *Comandante*: "We found this good lady, who, like her husband, has passed the middle age of life, decently dressed, seated cross-legged on a mat placed on a small, square, wooden platform, raised three or four inches from the ground, nearly in front of the door, with two daughters and a son, clean and decently dressed, sitting by her: this

being the mode observed by these ladies when they received visitors. The decorous and pleasing behavior of the children was really admirable, and exceeded any thing that could have been expected from them under the circumstances of their situation, without any other advantages than the education and example of their parents: which, however, seemed to have been studiously attended to, and did them great credit."

Captain Vancouver's was one of the first foreign vessels which entered the Bay of San Francisco. Five years before the arrival of *The Discovery*, however, the Governor of Alta California, at Monterey, had heard from the Spanish Government, at Madrid, through the Viceroy of Mexico, of the probable advent of another celebrated vessel on this coast—namely, *The Columbia*, which gave its name to the Columbia River—but which did not enter the Bay of San Francisco. The order of the Governor to the *Comandante* of the Presidio of San Francisco concerning it, may be translated as follows:

"[*Confidential.*]

"On the arrival at the Port of San Francisco of a vessel named *The Columbia*, which is said to belong to General Washington of the American States, under the command of John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, with the view of discovering and examining the establishments which the Russians have on the northern coast of this Peninsula, you will cause the same to be secured, together with her officers and crew; directing that discretion and care be used in performing this duty, using in the execution of the same the vessel that you have in your possession; and doing the same with every other foreign and suspicious vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.

"God preserve your life many years.

"PEDRO FAGES.

"*Santa Barbara, May 13th, 1789.*

"DON JOSE ARGUELLO."

In 1776, or four years after Vancouver left the harbor, the Government of Mexico sent Don Pedro de Albemarle to examine several places in California, with a view of founding a city, to be called Villa de Branciforte, in honor of the Viceroy, Don Miguel de Lagrúa, Marquis

de Branciforte. Among the other localities examined was the site of the present city of San Francisco, which Alberni pronounced one of the least desirable in the whole country for the required purpose. The *villa* was finally established near the Mission of Santa Cruz, where only a few ruins now mark the spot: and thus was saved to Saint Francis the honor of the name of the Metropolis of the Pacific.

In March, 1806, Captain Langsdorff, of the Russian Navy, (afterward Aulic Councilor of the Emperor) entered the harbor in the ship *Juno*, having on board a high officer of the Government of Russia, the Chamberlain Von Resanoff, who had been sent by the Emperor to examine the Russian Establishments on the western coast of America. Langsdorff, in his "Voyage," gives us an interesting account of the Presidio. He says: "We were received (at the shore) by a Franciscan monk and several military officers, when a well-looking young man, who was no otherwise distinguished from the rest but by a very singular dress, was presented to us as the *Comandante* of the place. He had over his uniform a sort of mantle of striped, woolen cloth, which looked very much like the coverlet of a bed, his head coming through an opening in the middle, so that it hung down over the breast, back, and shoulders. He, as well as the rest of the military officers, wore boots embroidered after a very particular fashion, and extravagantly large spurs; most of them, also, had large cloaks. As not one of our party understood Spanish, the conversation was carried on in Latin between me and the Franciscan friar: this being the only medium by which we could make ourselves intelligible to each other." The acting *Comandante* referred to was Don Luis Arguello, son of José Arguello, the real *Comandante*, but who was absent at the time of Langsdorff's visit. Don Luis took the Captain

and the Chamberlain to his house; introduced them to his mother and his sister, Doña Concepcion, and invited them to dine at his quarters. Of course they did not find all of the elegancies of life in this distant outpost of the Spanish army, but Señora Arguello was quite kind and polite, and every thing was neat and tasteful. They had excellent soup of pulse and vegetables, roasted fowls, a leg of mutton, different vegetables dressed in various ways, salad, pastry, wine, preserves, fruits, and many very nice sorts of food, the produce of the dairy; but what surprised Langsdorff more than any thing else, these were served in "as handsome a service of plate as could be seen."

"Doña Concepcion was lively and animated; had sparkling, love-inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms: yet her manners were perfectly simple and artless."

And now comes the famous Presidio love-story. Says Langsdorff: "Our constant friendly intercourse with the family of Arguello, the music, the singing, the sports, and the dancing, awakened in the mind of Chamberlain Von Resanoff some new speculations, which gave rise to his forming a plan—of a very different nature from the first—for establishing a commercial intercourse between the Russian and Spanish settlements. The bright eyes of Doña Concepcion had made a deep impression upon his heart; and he conceived that a nuptial union with the daughter of the *Comandante* at San Francisco, would be a vast step gained toward promoting the political object he had so much at heart. He had, therefore, nearly come to a resolution to sacrifice himself by this marriage to the welfare, as he hoped, of the two countries of Spain and Russia. The great difficulty in the way of such a union, was the difference between the religion of the parties; but to a philosophic head like

the Chamberlain's, this was by no means an insurmountable one. As the Governor, however, represented to him the political situation of things in Europe, and the suspicious nature of the Spanish Government, and gave him little hope of support in his commercial speculations, the Chamberlain assured him that, immediately upon his return to St. Petersburg, he would go to Madrid as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Imperial Russian Court, to obviate every kind of misunderstanding between the two powers. From thence he would proceed to Vera Cruz, or some Spanish harbor in Mexico, and finally come on to San Francisco to reclaim his bride, and settle all matters relative to the commerce he so much wished to promote." Alas! the uncertainty of human affairs. Von Resanoff never reached his sovereign, for he was killed by the fall of his horse on his way to St. Petersburg. Doña Concepcion remained true to the memory of her Russian lover, and died unmarried, in San Francisco, about the first of January, 1860.

Sefiora Arguello had had fifteen children, and thirteen were living at the time of Langsdorff's visit. Large families among the Spanish population of California were not uncommon. That jovial parson, the Reverend Walter Colton, who was Chaplain of Commodore Stockton's flag-ship—whom Stockton made *Alcalde* of Monterey, who impaneled the first jury, edited the first paper, and preached the first Protestant sermon in California—says: "The fecundity of the Californians is remarkable, and must be attributed in no small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table, with their mother at their head. There is one lady of some note at Monterey, who is the mother of twenty-two living children. The youngest is at the breast, and must soon, it is said, relinquish its place to a

new-comer, who will, in all probability, be allowed only the same brevity of bliss. There is one lady in the department below who has twenty-eight children, all living in fine health, and who may yet share the 'envied kiss' with others yet to come. What a family! What a wife! What a mother! I have more respect for the shadow of that woman than for the living presence of the mincing being who raises a whole village if she has one child, and then puts it to death with sugar-plums. A woman with one child is like a hen with one chicken: there is an eternal scratch about nothing."

The first account of an earthquake at the Presidio, is as follows:

"Account of earthquakes at the Royal Presidio of San Francisco, given by Luis Arguello, Captain of the Presidio, to Governor Arrillaga, on the 17th of July, 1808:

"I have the honor to report to your Excellency, that, since the 21st of June last to the present date, twenty-one shocks of earthquakes have been felt in this Presidio, some of which have been so severe that all the walls of my house have been cracked, owing to the bad construction of the same, one of the antechambers being destroyed; and if, up to this time, no greater damage has been done, it has been for the want of material to destroy, there being no other habitations. The barracks of the Fort of San Joaquin have been threatened with entire ruin; and I fear, if these shocks continue, some unfortunate accident will happen to the troops at this Presidio.

"God preserve the life of your Excellency many years.

"LUIS ARGUELLO.

"San Francisco, 17th July, 1808."

In 1816 Don Luis Arguello was still *Comandante* of the Presidio. In October, of that year, Kotzebue entered the harbor in the Russian man-of-war *The Rurick*. He says, in his narrative: "Our *Rurick* seemed to throw the Presidio in no small alarm; for as we approached the fortress of San Joaquin we saw many soldiers on foot and on horseback; and in the fortress itself they were employed in loading the cannon. As we drew near, they inquired, through a speaking-trumpet, to what nation we belonged."

Don Luis dined and wine his guests,

and he was as polite as he had been to their countrymen eight years before. On the 4th October they dined with the priests at the Mission. They walked to the Presidio, where they were to take horses, were received at the gate by the *Comandante*, and saluted with eight guns. "We found our horses already saddled, and set out, accompanied by the ten horsemen, all very fine and expert men, who manage their carbines and lances with the dexterity of Cossacks."

On the 16th of October, Governor De Sola arrived from Monterey to welcome the Russian officers to California. On the 22d he sent out a dragoon to catch a bear, and on the 23d the old gentleman had a bull and bear-fight, at the Presidio, for the entertainment of Captain Arguello's guests. Kotzebue states that "the contest between these two animals was remarkable; and though the bull often tossed his raging antagonist on his horns into the air, he was at last obliged to yield." Bears were then so numerous that it was only necessary (says Kotzebue) to send a soldier a mile away to lasso one, at any time.

At the time of Kotzebue's visit the garrison of the Presidio was composed of the *Comandante*—who was Captain of a company of cavalry—an artillery officer, a commissary, a lieutenant, an ensign, and eighty men. The term of enlistment was ten years.

The assistant naturalist of Kotzebue's expedition was Eschscholtz, whose name has been given to one of California's prettiest flowers, the *eschscholtzia*.

In November, 1826, ten years after Kotzebue, Captain Beechey, Royal Navy and F. R. S., entered the harbor, in command of H. B. M. ship *The Blossom*. He discovered and named the Blossom Rock.

He, too, was stopped from Fort San Joaquin, as he entered the Golden Gate. "As we passed, a soldier protruded a speaking-trumpet through one of the

embrasures, and hailed us, with a stentorian voice." The flag of Spain had been replaced by that of Mexico in the revolution of 1822. Lieutenant Don Ignacio Martinez was *Comandante*, and Luis Arguello had been made Governor of the province, as his father had before him.

We quote from Beechey's narrative: "Martinez was always glad to see the officers at the Presidio, and made them welcome to what he had. Indeed, nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than our partaking of his family dinner, the greater part of which was dressed by his wife and daughters, who prided themselves on their proficiency in the art of cooking. It was not, however, entirely for the satisfaction of presenting us with a well-prepared repast that they were induced to indulge in this humble occupation. Poor Martinez had a very numerous offspring to provide for out of his salary, which was then eleven years in arrears. He had a sorry prospect before him, as, a short time previous to our visit, the Government, by way of paying up these arrears, sent a brig, with a cargo of paper cigarés, (*cigarritos*) to be issued to the troops, in lieu of dollars; but, as Martinez justly observed, cigars would not satisfy the families of the soldiers, and the compromise was refused. The cargo was, however, landed at Monterey, and placed under charge of the Governor, where all other tobacco is contraband; and, as the Spaniards are fond of smoking, it stands a fair chance, in the course of time, of answering the intentions of the Government, particularly as the troops apply for these oftener than they otherwise would, under the impression of clearing off a score of wages that will never be settled in any other manner. Fortunately for Martinez, and other veterans in this country, both vegetable and animal food are uncommonly cheap, and there are no fashions to create any expense of dress."

Captain Beechey describes the uniform of one of Captain Martinez' Presidio dragoons, as follows :

"His dress consisted of a round, blue-cloth jacket, with red cuffs and collar; blue-velvet breeches, which, being unbuttoned at the knees, gave greater display to a pair of white cotton stockings, cased, more than half the way, in a pair of deer-skin shoes; a black hat, as broad in the brim as it was disproportionately low in the crown, kept in order by its own weight; a profusion of dark hair, which met behind and dangled half-way down the back, in the form of a thick cue. A long musket, with a fox-skin band around the lock, was balanced upon the pommel of his saddle, and he was further provided for defense against the Indians with a bull's-hide shield, on which, notwithstanding the revolution of the colony, were emblazoned the Royal arms of Spain, and, by a double-fold of deer-skin, carried as a covering for his body. Thus accoutered, he bestrode a saddle, which retained him in his seat by a high pommel in front, and a corresponding rise behind. His feet were armed at the heels with a tremendous pair of spurs, secured by a metal chain, and were thrust through an enormous pair of wooden, box-shaped stirrups."

The duties of the soldiers were to guard the Missions, and the priests in their work of civilizing the Gentiles, as the Indians were called, and they accompanied the former in their expeditions into the country, in search of proselytes. There is an account extant of an expedition from the Presidio of San Francisco to chastise some Indians in the valley of the San Joaquin. The journal commences at San José :

"Journal kept by citizen Don José Antonio Sanchez, Ensign of Cavalry of the Royal Presidio of San Francisco, during the enterprise against the Gentiles called Cosemenes, for having put to death the neophytes of the Mission of San José.

"Written in gunpowder, on the field of battle!

"On the morning of the 20th, the troop commenced its march, and, after stopping to dine at Las Positas, reached the San Joaquin at eleven o'clock at night, when it halted. This day's march was performed without any accident, except that neighbor José Ancha was nearly losing his saddle. The next day I determined to send forward the 'Auxiliary Neophytes,' to construct *balsas* [rafts made of rushes] for the troops to pass a river that was in advance of it. The troops followed, and all crossed in safety; but, among the last of the horses that forded the river, was one belonging to soldier Leandro Flores, who lost his bridle, threw his rider, and kicked him in the face and forehead; and, as poor Flores could not swim, he was in a fair way of losing his life before he came within sight of the field of battle. Assistance was speedily rendered, and he was saved. As I wished to surprise the enemy, I encamped until dusk, to avoid being seen by the wild Indians who were traveling the country, several of whom were met and taken prisoners. At five, I resumed the march; but, neighbor Gexbano Chaboya being taken ill with a pain in his stomach, there was a temporary halt of the army. It, however, soon set forward again, and arrived at the river of Yachicume at eleven at night; with only one accident, by the horse of neighbor Leandro Flores again throwing up his heels, and giving him a formidable fall. The troops lay in ambush till five o'clock the next evening, and then set out, but we were distressed by two horses running away: they were, however, both taken, after a short march, which brought us to the river San Francisco, near the *rancheria* of the enemy, the Cosemenes, when I commanded the troops to prepare for battle by putting on their *cueros*, or armor. The 23d, the troops divided, and one division was

sent around to intercept the Cosemenes, who had discovered the Christians, and were retreating—some of whom were made prisoners—and immediately the firing began. It lasted about an hour, when the musket of soldier José Maria Garnez burst, and inflicted a mortal wound in his forehead; but this misfortune did not hinder the other soldiers from firing. The Gentiles also opened their fire of arrows, and the skirmishing became general. Toward noon a shout was heard in the north quarter, and twenty Gentiles were seen skirmishing with three Christians—two on foot, and one on horseback—and, presently, another shout was heard: the Christians were seen flying, and the Gentiles in pursuit of them, who had already captured the horse.”

“It was four o’clock, when I, seeing the Gentiles, who were in ambush, received little injury, disposed every thing for the retreat of the troops, and, having burnt the *rancheria*, and seen some dead bodies, I retreated three-quarters of a league, and encamped for the night. On the 24th, the troops divided into two parties; one, charged with booty, and prisoners amounting to forty-four souls—mostly women. I went with the other party to the *rancheria*, to reconnoitre the dead bodies; of whom I counted forty-one men, women, and children. I met an old woman there—the only one who was left alive—who was in so miserable a state that I showed my compassion *by taking no account of her*. I then set out in search of the cannon that had been abandoned by the first expedition. The whole of the troops afterward retired, and arrived at the Mission of San José on the night of the 27th.” (November, 1826.)

The year 1841 was noted for the number of distinguished personages who visited San Francisco: Wilkes, with his Exploring Expedition; Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay

Company’s territories in North America, and Duflot de Mofras, *attaché* of the French Legation in Mexico. The latter, in his work in two volumes, “*publié par ordre du Roi, sous les auspices de M. le Maréchal Soult*,” gives us not only an account of the country at the time of his visit, but a very complete history of the old Missions and Presidios: “Four sea-coast batteries and four Presidios defended Alta California, viz.: San Diego, founded in 1709; Monterey, in 1770; San Francisco, in 1776; and Santa Barbara, in 1780. Soon after the settlement by the Spaniards, infantry was replaced by cavalry: *compañías de la cuera*, or companies in leathern armor. In fact, these soldiers, who formed the Presidial garrisons, wore, independently of their ordinary uniforms, a sort of buckskin cloak, which could not be penetrated by arrows, and which came down as low as the feet. They wore this uniform in the field and in battle. Their heads were covered with a helmet with two visors. A leathern buckler, on the left arm, served to ward off arrows and lances in hand-to-hand fights, when they defended themselves with the lance and sabre. The horses themselves, like the ancient Cavaliers, were covered with an armor of leather.”

“Under the Spanish Government, the garrison of Alta California was composed as follows: The Governor had ordinarily the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Each of the Presidios was commanded by a Lieutenant and an Ensign, and guarded by a company of about seventy men. These companies detached to each Mission and Pueblo four or five men, with a Sergeant, to guard the *Padres*, and to carry dispatches. The pay, the clothing, the arms, the rations of the troops, cost \$54,000 a year. The Governor received \$4,000, the Lieutenant \$550, the Ensign \$400, the Sergeants \$265, the Corporals \$225, the soldiers \$217. At each Presidio were a carpen-

ter and two blacksmiths, with a special pay of \$180 a year." Each soldier had seven horses and a mule, which were cared for by muleteers living at the *rancho del Rey*, (the King's farm) which belonged to each Presidio.

Each Presidio was situated on a plain. "The exterior sides of the square were about two hundred yards. The ditches were twelve feet thick and six feet deep, and the earth from the ditch was thrown into a parapet. There was also a wall inclosing the square, from twelve to fifteen feet high and three feet thick, constructed of *adobes*, or sun-burnt bricks. Little bastions flanked the angles; two gates opened into the inclosure, which contained a chapel, barracks for the officers and soldiers, the houses of citizen colonists, stables, store-houses, wells, and cisterns. Outside grouped some houses, and at a little distance was *el rancho del Rey*, which furnished pasturage for the horses and cattle of the garrison."

Fort San Joaquin, at the *cantil blanco*, (now called Fort Point) was "a simple work *en fer à cheval*, (horse-shoe shape) and pierced with six embrasures. It was made of *adobes*, and armed with six guns—four of iron, and two of bronze—cast at Manila. In the middle of the fort was the barracks for the artillerymen. There was no defense on the land side, and the embrasures looked only toward the water."

Sir George Simpson was critical and fault-finding. He says: "If we may judge of the variety of uniforms, each soldier constitutes his own regiment: one being the 'Blues,' another the 'Bufs,' and so on. The only articles common to the whole, are, an enormous sword, a pair of nascent mustaches, deer-skin boots, and that everlasting *serape*, or blanket, with a hole in the middle of it for the head."

"*Comandante* Prado," he says, "was a punchy little man, enveloped in an

enormous cloak. Besides having been engaged in many skirmishes against both Californians and Indians, he has had many narrow escapes with his life in private brawls. About two years ago, a religious festival was celebrated at the Mission of San Francisco de los Dolores in honor of the patron saint, passing through all the usual gradations of mass, bull-fight, supper, and ball. In the course of the evening Guerrero, the steward of the Mission, stabbed Prado with the ever-ready knife, for presuming to interfere in an altercation between himself and his mistress. But the corpulent *Comandante* was not to be so readily run through; for, though breadth of beam is not an advantage to a soldier, yet, on this occasion, Prado's fat did succeed in saving his bacon. Such a termination of a religious festival is so much a matter of course, that on one which took place a few months back, one of Prado's numerous enemies came up to him, and, drawing his knife, said, 'What! here's daylight, and no one yet stabbed!' and it required all the influence of Valjejo, who happened to be present, to nip so very promising a quarrel in the bud."

Wilkes says but little of the Presidio. The Pueblo of Yerba Buena attracted more of his attention; and he, probably, did not hear, from its citizens, a flattering account of *Comandante* Prado.

The Vincennes was anchored at Saucelito, and an old manuscript tells us of the merry-makings on board: "To-day, a large party of Spanish ladies, by invitation, paid a visit to the ship. The quarter-deck was decorated with a profusion of the flags of almost every nation, and a regular '*fandango*' commenced at half-past twelve, and was kept up during the whole day and evening, till ten o'clock at night. The ladies danced several dances peculiar to the country: such as, an old gentleman teased to death by a young girl whom he

had promised to marry, finds her inconstant, finally makes up with her, and they are married. Another dance was performed solely by the ladies, personating a 'bull-dance,' or, rather, bull-bait. It was something new to me, to see ladies personate a bull. Both men and women retired to the shore with a good stock of wine on board."

On the 8th of March, 1847, Colonel Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers occupied the posts in the harbor, and Major Hardie (now Inspector-General, U. S. A.) raised the American Flag over the Presidio and old Fort San Joaquin.

To-day, there are but few mementos of the old *régime*. A few of the old *adobe* buildings, where lived the Arguellos, the Vallejos, and the Martinez, have been preserved at the Presidio, and have been occupied by our troops from the conquest till the present. Within our thirteen years' knowledge of the garrison, several have been removed to give place to more comfortable habitations. In the "Old *Adobe*," now standing on the southerly side of the square, have

lived many gallant officers: some dead in the late Rebellion, some living high in rank and honor. At Fort Point nothing remains of Fort San Joaquin, save a few ruins of one of its exterior *adobe* houses.

We have in our possession a plan of the old fort. Its form is that of a horse-shoe: about one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred feet wide; the parapet, ten feet thick. The site has been excavated away for the present casemated fort; and the summit of the bluff on which it stood was at about the level of the top of the present unnamed fort at Fort Point. Four of the old Spanish guns now serve as "fender-posts" at the sally-port—curious old guns, of the date 1673. One of them has this inscription—the translation of which may furnish an evening's amusement for some reader:

GOVERNAN
DOLOSSENO
RESEDLARE
ALAVDIEN
CIADELIMA.

DEAD.

Youth that is sweetest lies chill, lies still in death :
Close the clear eyelids upon the tender eyes ;
And hush the pleadings no murmur answereth,
And still the kisses that wake no warm replies.

White-limbed he lieth, dead youth—so strong, so fair :
And O, for the slumber that woke to happy days !
And O, the moonlights—O, golden dreams that were !
And O, the glory of life's long, pleasant ways !

Fair were the faces his eyes have looked upon ;
But these are haggard, and wan, and very sad.
Sweet the love-laughters, and red the lips he won ;
But here is silence of lips no longer glad.

So, part the branches, where light falls long between,
And plait the grasses about his feet and head ;
Here his loved summer shall wear her softest green,
And winds just ruffle the fringes of his bed.

His were the roses washed sweeter in the dew,
And his the rapture life knoweth not again ;
But ours the tempest, the skies no longer blue,
For tender sunlight, and tender, falling rain.

RUSSIAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING.

LATE one evening, in December, 1866, I started from Tomsk, in western Siberia, with the intention of visiting the foot-hills of the Altai Mountains. My traveling companion, Doctor Schmidt—a scientific gentleman, who was just returning from hunting the skeleton of a *mamont* on the shore of the Arctic Ocean—had consented to join me in the excursion, though it took us nearly three hundred miles out of our westward course. When we started, the snow was falling rapidly, and threatened to obliterate the temporary road along the frozen surface of the river. There were no post-horses at the station, and we were obliged to charter private teams, at double the usual rates. The Governor at Tomsk had warned us that we might have trouble in securing horses, and requested us to refer to him, if the station-master did not honor our road-pass. But as we did not wish to trespass on the amiable Governor's kindness, we concluded to submit to the extortion, and say nothing. The station-master owned the horses we hired ; and we learned he was accustomed to declare his regular teams "out," on all possible occasions. Of course, a traveler, anx-

ious to proceed, would not hesitate long at paying two or three roubles extra. We dashed over the rough ice of the Tom for a few versts, and then found a road on solid earth. We intended to visit Barnaool, and for this purpose left the great road at the third station, and turned southward. The falling snow beat so rapidly into our sleigh that we closed the vehicle, and ignored the outer world. Mr. Naschinsky—a gentleman whom we met at Tomsk—started with us; but after a few stations, he left us, and hurried away at courier-speed toward Barnaool. He proved an *avant-courrier* for us, as he warned the station-masters of our approach, so that we found horses ready.

On this side-road the contract requires but three *troikas* (three-horse teams) at a station. Three sleighs together were an unusual number, so that the station-masters generally obtained one or both our teams from the village. On the last half of the route, the drivers did not take us to the stations, but to the houses of their friends, where we promptly obtained horses at the regular rates. The peasants between Tomsk and Barnaool own many horses, and are pleased at the opportunity to earn a little cash with them.

Snow, darkness, and slumber prevented my seeing much of the road during the night. In the morning, I found we were traveling through an undulating and generally wooded country, occasionally crossing rivers and small lakes on the ice. The track was a wonderful improvement over that I had previously traveled between Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk. The stations, or peasant houses, where we changed horses, were not as good as those on the great road. The rooms were frequently small, and heated to an uncomfortable degree. In one house, notwithstanding the great heat, I found several children seated on the top of the stove, and apparently enjoy-

ing themselves. The *yemshicks* (drivers) and attendants were less numerous than on the great road, but we could find no fault with their service. On one course of twenty versts, my sleigh was driven by a boy of thirteen, though seemingly not more than ten. He handled the whip and reins with the skill of a veteran, and earned an extra gratuity from one of his passengers.

The road was marked by upright poles ten or twelve feet high, at distances of one or two hundred feet. These were distance-posts, with the usual black and white alternations, but the figures were generally indistinct, while many posts were altogether wanting. On the main road, through the whole length of Siberia, there is a post at every verst, (two-thirds of a mile) marking in large figures the distance to the first station, on either side of it. At the stations there are generally posts that show the distance to Moscow, St. Petersburg, and the two Provincial, or Government Capitals, on either side. For a long time, I could never rid myself of a sensation of "gone-ness," when I read the figures indicating the distance to St. Petersburg. Above seven thousand, they were positively frightful; between six and seven thousand, they were disagreeable, to say the least. Among the five thousand and odd versts, I began to think matters improving, and when I descended below four thousand, I felt as if in my teens. The proverb says, "A watched pot never boils." I can testify that these distance-figures diminished very slowly, and sometimes I thought they remained nearly the same, from day to day.

The snow-storm that began when we left Tomsk, continued through the night and the following day. The air was warm, and there was little wind, so that our principal inconvenience was from the snow-flakes in our faces, and the gradual filling of the road. Several times there were promises of clear weather,

but the clouds did not succeed in breaking and disappearing. Toward sunset a wind arose, but fortunately blew in our direction. Every hour it increased, and before midnight, there was good prospect of our losing the way, or being compelled to halt until daybreak. The snow whirled in thick masses through the air, and utterly blinded me when I attempted to look out. The road filled with drifts, and we had much difficulty in dragging through them. The greatest personal inconvenience was the sifting of snow through the crevices of our sleigh-cover. At every halt we underwent a vigorous shaking, to remove the superfluous snow from our furs.

A storm with high wind, in this region, takes the name of *bouran*. It is analogous to the *poorga* of north-eastern Siberia and Kamtchatka, and may occur at any season of the year.

Bourans are oftentimes very violent, especially in the open steppe. Any one who has experienced the "norther" of Texas, or the *bora* of southern Austria, can form an idea of a *bouran*. The worst of these Siberian storms are when the thermometer sinks to twenty-five or more degrees below zero, and the snow is dashed about with terrific fury. At such times they are almost insupportable, and the traveler who ventures to face them runs great risk of his life. Many persons have been lost in these winter storms, and all experienced voyagers are reluctant to brave their violence. In summer, the wind spends its force on the earth and sand, which it whirls in large clouds. A gentleman told me he had seen the dry bed of a river, where there were two feet of sand, swept clean to the bed-rock in a few hours, by the strength of the wind alone.

A little past daylight, the sleigh came to a sudden stop, despite the efforts of all concerned. The last hundred versts of our ride we had four horses to each sleigh, and their united strength was not

sufficient for our purpose. The drift where we stopped was at least three feet deep, and pretty closely packed. We—that is to say, the horses and *yemshick*—made several efforts, but could not carry the sleigh through. The sleigh that carried the Doctor's "mammoth" came up, and the two *yemshicks* trod a path through the worst part of the drift. The Doctor and I descended from the vehicle, and assisted by looking on. The sleigh, thus lightened, was dragged through the obstruction, but unfortunately it turned on its beam-ends, and was filled with snow before it could be righted.

The *bouran* was from the south, and raised the temperature above freezing-point. The increasing heat became uncomfortable, after the cold I had experienced. The horses did not turn white from perspiration, as in colder days, and the exertion of travel set them panting, as in summer. The drivers carefully knotted their horses' tails, to prevent their filling with snow, but the precaution was not entirely successful. The snow was of the right consistency for a school-boy's frolic, and would have thrown a group of American urchins into ecstasies. Whenever our pace was quickened to a trot or gallop, the larboard horse threw a great many snowballs with his feet. He seemed to aim at my face, and every few minutes I received what the prize-ring would call "plumpers in the peeper, and sockdolagers on the potato-trap." A "counter on the nob" drew the claret freely.

We drove into Barnaool about forty-four hours after leaving Tomsk. At the hotel we found three rooms, containing chairs and tables in profusion, but not a bed or sofa. Of course, we were expected to supply our own bedding, and need not be particular about a bedstead. The worst part of the affair was the wet condition of our furs. My sheep-skin sleigh-robe was altogether too damp for

use, and I sent it to be dried in the kitchen; several of my fur-garments went the same way. Even my *shooba*, or fur pelisse, for city use, which I carried in a bag, had a feeling of dampness when I unfolded it. We set things drying as best we could, and then ordered dinner. Before our sleighs were unloaded a policeman took our passports, and saved us all trouble of going to the station.

In the evening I accompanied Dr. Schmidt on a visit to a friend and fellow-member of the Academy of Science. We found a party of six or eight persons, and, as soon as I was introduced, a gentleman dispatched a servant to his house. The man returned with a roll of sheet-music, from which our host's daughter favored us with the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," as a greeting to the first American visitor to Barnaool.

On our return to our lodgings we made our beds on the floor, and slept comfortably. The dampness of the furs developed a rheumatic pain in my shoulder, that stiffened me somewhat inconveniently.

We breakfasted upon cakes and tea, at a late hour in the morning, and then went to pay our respects to General Freeze, the *Nachalnik*, or Director of Mines, and to Colonel Filoff, Chief of the Smelting Works. Both these officers were somewhat past the middle age, quiet and affable, and each enjoyed himself in coloring a meerscham. They have been engaged in mining matters during many years, and are said to be thoroughly versed in their profession. After visiting these gentlemen, we called upon other official and civilian residents of the city.

Barnaool is the centre of direction of the mining enterprises of the Altai Mountains, and has a population of ten or twelve thousand. Almost its entire business is, in some way, connected with

mining affairs, and there are many engineer officers constantly stationed there. I met some of these gentlemen during my stay, and was indebted to them for information concerning the manner of working the mines and reducing ores. The city contains a handsome array of public buildings, including the mining bureau, the hospital, and the *savod*, or smelting establishment. General Freeze, the *Nachalnik*, is director and chief, not only of the city, but of the entire mining district, of which Barnaool is the centre.

The first discoveries of precious metals in the Altai regions were made by one of the Demidoffs, who was sent there by Peter the Great. A monument in the public square at Barnaool records the services of this explorer in ever-during brass. I was shown an autograph letter, from the Empress Elizabeth, giving directions to the *Nachalnik* who controlled the mines during her reign. The letter is kept in an ivory box on the table around which the Mining Board holds its sessions. The mines of this region are the personal property of the Emperor, and their revenues go directly to the Crown. I was told that the Government desires to sell or give these mines into private hands, in the belief that the resources of the country would be more thoroughly developed. The day before my departure from Barnaool, I learned it was rumored that my visit had reference to the possible purchase of the mining works by an American company. I hastened to assure my informant that I had no intention of buying the Altai Mountains, or any part of them.

The *Nachalnik* visits all mines and smelting-works in his district, at least once a year, and is constantly in receipt of detailed reports of operations in progress. His power is almost despotic, and, like the Governors of different departments throughout all Siberia, he can manage affairs pretty much in his own

way. There are no convict-laborers in his district, the workmen at the mines and *savods* being peasants, subject to the orders of the Government. Each man in the district may be called upon to work for the Emperor, at fixed wages of money and rations. I believe the daily pay of a laborer is somewhat less than forty *copecks*. A compromise for saint's days and other festivals is made by employing the men only two weeks out of three. Relays are so arranged as to make no stoppage of the works, except during the Christmas holidays.

I saw many sheets of the geological map of the Altai region, which has been a long time in preparation, and will require several years to complete. Every mountain, hill, brook, and valley is laid down by careful surveyors, and, when the map is finished, it will be one of the finest and best in the world. One corps is engaged in surveying and mapping, while another explores and opens mines.

When the snows are melted in the spring, and the floods have receded from the streams, the exploring parties are sent into the mountains. Each officer has a particular valley assigned him, and commands a well equipped body of men. He is expected to remain in the mountains until he has finished his work, or until compelled to leave by the approach of winter. The party procures meat from game in the mountains, of which there is nearly always an abundant supply.

Holes are dug at regular intervals, and specimens of dirt taken out. The quantity and depth are carefully noted, and, as soon as the dirt is washed, and the gold extracted, the engineers can tell the exact value of the deposit, and whether it will pay for working. The rocks in and around the valley are carefully examined for traces of silver, and many specimens are collected for the geological cabinet at Barnaool. Maps are made showing the locality of each test-hole in

the valley, and the spot whence every specimen of rock is obtained. On the return of the party, its reports and specimens are delivered to the mining bureau. The ores go to the laboratory to be assayed, and the specimens of rock are carefully sorted and examined.

I had no opportunity to examine the mines of the Altai, as none of them are in the immediate vicinity of Barnaool. A representation of the principal silver mine—somewhat on the plan of Barnum's "Niagara, with real water"—was shown me in the museum. In its general features, the mine is not materially unlike silver mines elsewhere. There are shafts, adits, and levels—just as in the mines of Colorado and California. The Russians give the name of *priestk* to a mine where gold is washed from the earth; the silver mine, with its shafts in the solid rock, is called a *roodnik*; and the name *savod* is applied to foundries, smelting-works, and manufactories in general.

Colonel Filoff invited the Doctor and myself to visit the *savod*, at Barnaool, on the second day after our arrival. As he spoke no language with which I was familiar, the Colonel placed me in charge of a young officer fluent in French, who took great pains to explain the *modus operandi*. The *savod* is on a grand scale, and employs about six hundred laborers. It is inclosed in a large yard, with high walls; and reminded me of a Pennsylvania iron foundry, or the copper establishment just below Detroit. A sentry at the gate presented arms as we passed, and I observed that the rule of "no admittance except on business" was rigidly enforced.

In the yard, we were first taken to piles of ore, which appeared, to an unpracticed eye, like heaps of old mortar and broken granite. These piles were near a stream, which furnishes power for moving the machinery of the establishment. The ore was exposed to the

air and snow, but the coal, for melting, was carefully housed. There were many sheds for storage purposes within easy distance of the furnaces. The latter were of brick, with tall and substantial chimneys; and the outer walls that surrounded the whole were heavily and strongly built.

Charcoal is burned, in consequence of the cheapness and abundance of wood. I was told that an excellent quality of "stone coal" existed in the vicinity, and would be used whenever it proved most economical. Nearly all the ore contains copper, silver, and lead; while the rest is deficient in the last-named article. The first kind is smelted without the addition of lead, and sometimes passes through six or seven reductions. For the ore containing only copper and silver, the process by volatilization of lead is employed. Formerly, this lead was brought from Nerchinsk, or purchased in England—the land transport, in either case, being very expensive. Several years ago, lead was found in the Altai Mountains, and the supply is now sufficient for all purposes.

The lead absorbs the silver, and leaves the copper in the refuse matter. This was formerly thrown away, but, by a newly invented process, the copper is extracted and saved. The production of silver in the Altai mines is about 1,050 *poods* (forty pounds to a *pood*) annually. The silver is cast into bars and cakes about ten inches square, and weighing from seventy to one hundred pounds each. Colonel Filoff showed us into the room where the silver is stored. Two soldiers were on guard, and six or eight others rested outside. A Sergeant brought a sealed box, which contained the key of the safe. First, the box, and then the safe, were opened at the Colonel's order; and, when we had satisfied our curiosity, the safe was locked, and the key restored to its place of deposit. The Colonel carried the seal that closed

the box, and the Sergeant was responsible for the integrity of the wax.

The cakes had a dull hue, somewhat lighter than that of lead, and were of a convenient shape for handling. Each cake had its weight, value, and result of assay stamped upon it, and I was told that it was assayed a second time at St. Petersburg, to guard against the algebric process of substitution. About thirty *poods* of gold are extracted from every thousand *poods* of silver, after the treasure reaches St. Petersburg. The silver is extracted from the lead used to absorb it, the latter being again employed, while the former goes on its long journey to the banks of the Neva.

The ore continues to pass through successive reductions, until it contains no more than three-fourths a *zolochnik* of silver. Less than that proportion will not pay expenses. I was told that the annual cost of working the mines equalled the value of the silver produced. The gold contained in the silver is the only item of profit to the Crown. About thirty thousand *poods* of copper are produced annually in this district, but none of the copper *savods* are at Barnaool.

All gold from the mines of Siberia, with the exception of that around Nerchinsk, is sent to Barnaool to be smelted. The work is performed in a room about fifteen feet square, the furnaces being fixed in its centre, like a parlour-stove of unusual size. The smelting process continues four months of each year, and during this time about twelve hundred *poods* of gold are melted, and cast into bars. This work, for 1866, was finished a few days before my arrival, and I found the furnaces utterly devoid of heat. In the yard, at the *savod*, I saw a dozen or more sleds, and on each of them there was an iron-bound box, filled with bars of gold. This train was ready to leave, under strong guard, for St. Petersburg.

The rich miners send their gold once

a year to Barnaool; the poorer ones, twice a year. Those in pressing need of money receive certificates of deposit, as soon as their gold is cast into bars; and on these certificates they can obtain cash at the Government banks. The opulent miners remain content till their gold reaches the capital, and is coined. Four or six months may thus elapse, after gold has left Barnaool, before its owner obtains returns.

The morning after my visit to the *savod*, it was reported that a soldier, guarding the sled-train, had been killed during the night. The incident was a topic of conversation for the rest of my stay, but I obtained no clear account of the affair. All agreed that a sentinel was murdered, and one of the boxes plundered of several bars of gold, but beyond this there were conflicting statements. It was the first occurrence of the kind at Barnaool, and naturally excited the peaceful inhabitants. The Doctor hoped the affair would not be associated with our visit, and I quite agreed with him. I trust that the future historian of Barnaool will not mention the murder and robbery in the same paragraph with the "distinguished arrivals" of Doctor Schmidt and an American.

The society of Barnaool consists of the mining and other officers, with a pretty large proportion of families. It had a more quiet and reserved character than I found in the capital of eastern Siberia, but was none the less social and hospitable. Many young officers of the mining and topographical departments pass their summers in the mountains, and their winters in Barnaool. The cold season is, therefore, the gayest; and abounds in balls, parties, concerts, and amateur theatricals. The former theatre has been converted into a club-room.

There is a good proportion, for a Siberian town, of elegant and luxurious houses. The furniture and adornments were quite as extensive as at Irkutsk, or

Tomsk, and several houses that I visited would have been creditable in Moscow, or St. Petersburg. It is no little wonder to find all the comforts and luxuries of Russian life in the southern part of Siberia, on the borders of the Kirghese Steppes.

I was interested in the large and well-arranged museum, which contained more than I could even glance over in a single day. There were models of machines used in gold-washing; quartz-mills fifty years old, and almost identical with those of the present day; models of furnaces and *savods*; in various parts of Siberia, and full delineations of the principal mines of the Altai. There was a curious steam-engine, said to have been made at Barnaool in 1764, and used for blowing the furnaces. I saw a collection of minerals, birds, beasts, and other curiosities of the Altai. Particular attention was called to the stuffed skins of two enormous tigers that were killed, several years ago, in the southern part of the district. One of them fell after a long fight, in which he killed one of his assailants, and wounded two others.

The museum contains several dead specimens of the *bearcoat*, or eagle of the Altai. I saw a living bird of this species at the house of an acquaintance. The *bearcoat* is larger than the American eagle, and possesses strength enough to kill a deer or a wolf with perfect ease. Dr. Duhmberg, Superintendent of the Hospitals, told me of an experiment with poison upon one of these birds. He began by giving half a grain of *curavar*, a powerful poison from South America. It had no perceptible effect, the appetite and conduct of the bird being unchanged. A week later he gave four grains of strychnine, and saw the bird's feathers tremble fifteen minutes after the poison was swallowed. Five hours later the patient was in convulsions, but his head was not affected, and he recovered strength and appetite on the next day. A week later,

the *bearcoat* swallowed seven grains of *curavar*, and showed no change for two days; on the second evening he went into convulsions, and died during the night.

The Kirghese tame these eagles, and employ them in hunting. A gentleman who had traveled among the Kirghese told me he had seen a *bearcoat* swoop down upon a full-grown deer, and kill him in a few minutes. Sometimes, when a pack of wolves have killed and commenced eating a deer, the feast will be interrupted by a pair of *bearcoats*. Two birds will attack half a dozen wolves, and either kill or drive them away.

Barnaool is quite near the Kirghese Steppes. One of my acquaintances had a Kirghese coachman—a tall, well-formed man, with thick lips and a coppery complexion. I established a friendship with this fellow, and arranged that he should sit for his portrait, but, somehow, he was never ready. He brought me two of his kindred, and I endeavored to persuade the group to be photographed. There was a superstition among them that it would be detrimental to their *post mortem* repose if they allowed their likenesses on this earth when they themselves should leave it. I offered them one, two, three, and even five roubles, but they stubbornly refused. Their complexions were dark, and their whole physiognomy revealed the Tartar blood. They wore the Russian winter-dress, but I learned they had their own costume for state occasions. In this part of Siberia, Kirghese are frequently found in Russian employ, and are said to be generally faithful and industrious. A considerable number find employment at the Altai mines, and a great many are engaged in taking cattle and sheep to the Siberian markets.

The Kirghese lead a nomadic life—making frequent change of residence, for the purpose of finding pasturage for their immense flocks and herds. The dif-

ferent tribes are more or less hostile to each other, and have a pleasant habit of organizing raids on a colossal scale. One tribe will suddenly swoop down upon another, and steal all portable property within reach. They do not mind a little fighting, and an enterprise of this kind frequently results in a good many broken heads. The chiefs believe themselves descended from the great warriors of the ancient Tartar days, and are inclined to boast loudly of their prowess. The Kirghese are brave in fighting each other, but they have a respectful fear of the Russians. Occasionally, they plunder Russian traders crossing the steppes, but are careful not to attack unless the odds are on their own side.

The Russians have applied their diplomacy among the Kirghese, and pushed their boundaries far to the southward. They have purchased titles to districts controlled by powerful chiefs, and, after being fairly settled, have continued negotiations for more territory. They make use of the hostility between the different tribes, and have managed so that nearly every feud brought advantages to Russia. Under their policy of toleration, they never interfere with the religion of the conquered, and are careful not to awaken prejudice. The tribes in the subjugated territory are left pretty much to their own will. Every few years the chain of frontier posts is pushed to the southward, and embraces a newly acquired region. Western Siberia is dotted over with the abandoned and crumbling forts which once guarded the boundary, but are now far in the interior. Some of these defenses are near the great road across the Baraba Steppe.

The Kirghese do not till the soil, nor engage in manufacture, except of a few articles for their own use. They sell sheep, cattle, and horses to the Russians, and frequently accompany the droves to their destination. In return for their flocks and herds, they receive goods of

Russian manufacture, either for their own use, or for traffic with the people beyond them. Their wealth consists of domestic animals, and the slaves to manage them. Horses and sheep are legal tender in payment of debts, bribes, and presents.

In the last few years, Russian conquest in Central Asia has moved so fast that England has taken alarm for her Indian possessions. The last intelligence from that quarter announces a victory of the Russians at Samarcand, followed by negotiations for peace. If the Muscovite power continues to extend over that part of Asia, England has very good reason to open her eyes. I have never conversed with the Emperor on this topic, and can not speak positively of his intentions toward Asia; but I am confident he has fixed his eye upon conquest as far south of the Altai as he can easily go. That his armies may, some time, hoist the Russian flag in sight of the Indo-English possessions, is not at all improbable. But that they will either attempt or desire an aggressive campaign against India is quite beyond expectation.

A plan has been proposed to open Central Asia to steamboat navigation. The river Oxus, or Amoo-Daria, which flows through Bokhara and Khiva, emptying into the Aral Sea, was once a tributary of the Caspian; the dry bed of its old channel is visible in the Turcoman Steppe at the present day. The original diversion of the river was artificial, and the dikes which direct it into the Aral are said to be maintained with difficulty. It has been proposed to send an expedition to remove those barriers, and turn the river into its former bed. Coupled with this project is another, to divert the course of the Syr-Daria, and make it an affluent of the Oxus. This last proposition was half carried out two hundred years ago, and its completion would not be difficult.

By the first project, Russia would obtain a continuous water-way from Nijni-Novgorod, on the Volga, to Balkh, on the Amoo-Daria, within two hundred miles of British India, while the second scheme, carried out, would bring Tashkend and all Central Asia under commercial control, and have a political effect of no secondary importance. A new route might thus be opened to British India, and European civilization carried into a region long occupied by semi-barbarian people. Afghanistan would be relieved from its anarchy, and brought under wholesome rule. The geographical effect would, doubtless, be the drying up of the Aral Sea. A railway between Balkh and Delhi would complete an inland steam-route from St. Petersburg to Calcutta.

The Russians have an extensive trade with Central Asia. Goods are transported on camels—the caravans coming in season for the fairs of Irbit and Nijni-Novgorod. The caravans from Bokhara proceed to Troitska, (Lat. 54° N., Lon. 61° 20' E.) Petropavlovsk, (Lat. 54° 30' N., Lon. 69° E.) and Orenburg (Lat. 51° 46' N., Lon. 55° 5' E.). There is also a considerable traffic to Sempolatsinsk (Lat. 50° 30' N., Lon. 80° E.). The Russian merchandise consists of metals, iron and steel goods, beads, mirrors, cloths of various kinds, and a miscellaneous lot, "too numerous to mention." Much of the country over which these caravans travel is a succession of Asiatic steppes, with occasional salt lakes, and scanty supplies of fresh water. After passing the Altai Mountains, and outlying chains, the routes are quite monotonous. Fearful *bourans* are frequent, and, on certain parts of the route, they take the form of sand-storms. A Russian army, on its way to Khiva, twenty-five years ago, was almost entirely destroyed in one of these desert tempests. Occasionally, the caravans suffer severely.

The merchandise from Bokhara includes raw cotton, sheep-skins, rhubarb, dried fruits, peltries, silk, and leather, with shawl goods of different kinds. Cotton is an important product, and, in the latter part of my journey, I saw large quantities going to Russian factories. Three hundred years ago, a German traveler in Russia wrote an account of a wonderful plant beyond the Caspian Sea. "Veracious people," says the writer, "tell me that the *boranex*, or sheep-plant, grows upon a stalk larger than my thumb. It has a head, eyes, and ears like a sheep, but is without sensation. The natives use its wool for various purposes."

One morning, while I was in Barnaool, the Doctor left me writing, and went out for a promenade. In half an hour he returned, accompanied by a tall, well-formed man, with a brunette complexion, and hair and mustache black as ebony. His dress was Russian; but the face impressed me as something strange.

"Let me introduce you," said the Doctor, "to an officer of the Persian army. He has been eight years from home, and would like to talk with an American."

We shook hands, and, by way of getting on familiar footing, I opened my cigar-case. Dr. Schmidt translated our conversation, the Persian speaking Russian very fairly. His story was curious and interesting. He was captured in 1858, near Herat, by a party of predatory Turcomans. His captors sold him, as a slave, to a merchant at Balkh, where he remained some time. From Balkh, he was sold to Khiva, and from Khiva to Bokhara, whence he made his escape, with a fellow-captive. I asked him if he was compelled to labor during his captivity, and received a negative reply. Soldiers, and all others, except officers, are forced to all kinds of drudgery, when captured by these barbarians. Officers are held for ransom, and their duties are comparatively light.

Russian slaves are not uncommon in Central Asia, though less numerous than formerly. The Kirghese cripple their prisoners, by inserting a horse-hair in a wound on the heel. A man thus treated is lamed for life; he can not use his feet in escaping, and care is taken that he does not secure a horse.

The two fugitives traveled together from Bokhara, suffering great hardships in their journey over the steppes. They avoided all towns, through fear of capture, and subsisted upon whatever chance threw in their way. Once, when near starvation, they found and killed a sheep. They ate heartily of its raw flesh, and, before the supply thus obtained was exhausted, they reached the Russian boundary, at Chuguchak. One of the twain died, soon afterward, and his companion in flight came to Barnaool. The authorities would not let him go farther without a passport, and he had been in the town nearly a year, at the time of my visit. Through the Persian Ambassador, at St. Petersburg, he had communicated with his Government, at Teheran, and expected his passport in a few weeks.

During the eight years that had elapsed since his capture, this gentleman knew very little of the outer world, and heard nothing from his own country. He had learned to speak Russian, but could not read it. I told him of the completion of the Indo-European telegraph, by way of the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, and the success of electric communication between England and India. Naturally, he was less interested concerning the Atlantic cable than about the telegraph in his own country. We shook hands on parting, and mutually expressed a wish to meet again, in Persia and America.

After his departure, the Doctor commented upon the intelligent bearing and clear eye of the Persian, and then said: "I have done several strange and unex-

pected things in my life; but I never dreamed I should be the interpreter between a Persian and an American, at the foot of the Altai Mountains."

I met, at Barnaool, a Prussian gentleman, Mr. Radroff, who was sent to Siberia by the Russian Academy of Science. He knew nearly all the languages of Europe, and had spent some years in studying those of Central Asia. He could converse and read in Chinese, Persian, Mongol, and I don't know how many languages and dialects of lesser note. His special mission was, to collect information about the present and past inhabitants of Central Asia; and, in this endeavor, he had made explorations in the country of the Kirghese, and beyond Lake Balkash. He was preparing for a journey, in 1867, to Kashgar.

Mr. Radroff possessed many archaeological relics, gathered in his researches, and exhibited drawings of several *tumuli*. He had a curious collection of spear-heads, knives, swords, ornaments, stirrup-irons, and other souvenirs of ancient days. He discoursed upon the age of copper, gold, and iron, and told the probable antiquity of each specimen he brought out. He gave me a spear-head and a knife, both of copper, which he took, with his own hands, from a burial-mound, in the country of the Kirghese. "They were, probably, three thousand years old," said he; "we always find copper much better preserved than iron, though the latter is more recently buried." I stored them carefully in my valise, and brought them safe to America.

DAIRIES AND DAIRYING IN CALIFORNIA.

VIEWED in the light of its adaptability to the prosecution of certain industries, or of its varied forms of natural wealth, California divides itself into four great zones, or belts, extending longitudinally across the State, conformable with the trend of her principal mountains and of her sea-coast. These several departments are distinguished by well-defined topographic differences, as well as by climatic peculiarities scarcely less strongly marked. The first of these divisions, which reaches inland a variable distance of twenty or thirty miles, covering the Coast Range with its including valleys, has a diversified surface, with a humid atmosphere. This, formerly the great cattle-raising, is now the favorite dairying district of the State—the moisture brought in upon the ocean-air tending to the constant recuperation of the pasturage; while the comparatively cool summer climate facilitates the

making of butter and cheese. Lying next, east of, and at points interlocking with this, we have the principal grain-growing region of California, spread out over the vast plains of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. Farther on, are the "Gold Fields," stretching along the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, with the fourth and last of these grand divisions beyond, comprising the magnificent forests that cover the higher slopes and the summits of the great snowy range.

As it is of the dairy interest that we propose here to speak, we return now to that section of the State where we find this business chiefly carried on, being that lying next to the sea, and embracing the whole, or a greater portion, of the following counties, viz.: Lake, Sonoma, Marin, San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Monterey, and San Luis Obispo. Apart from its genial and equable climate, this is one of the most fer-

tile, picturesque, and beautiful regions of California. Agreeably diversified with mountains, hills, and valleys, it possesses a warm and generous soil, producing an abundant pasturage of wild oats, clover, *alfileria*, and other indigenous grasses. Scattered over the hills are clumps and groves of oak, many of the mountains being well timbered with redwood and pine; while the ravines and water-courses are lined with trees of various kinds, having an undergrowth of wild shrubs, flowers, and vines. Here the only alternations of seasons known, are those between spring and autumn—the torrid heat of the interior, and the rigorous winters of the higher Sierra, being never felt. Here snow never falls, nor are the streams ever fettered with ice, and the most delicate flowers bloom in the open air all the year round. With a climate so mild, and pastures ever renewing themselves, cattle thrive without fodder or shelter, living wholly in the open fields, and subsisting on the native herbage throughout the winter.

Within the limits of the above counties, there are kept at least 25,000 milch cows, subdivided into numerous dairies of variable magnitude. The larger of these are engaged in making butter and cheese; many of the smaller, carried on near the city, furnishing the inhabitants of San Francisco with their daily supply of milk. The disposition, so characteristic of Californians, to conduct every thing in which they engage upon a large scale, is well exemplified in this branch of business—some single dairymen in the State owning over three thousand milch cows, while there are many who own from five hundred to fifteen hundred head each. The largest owners of this kind of stock in the State are the firm of Shafter & Howard, who have not less than 3,500 head upon their extensive *rancho* in Marin County. California has also produced the largest cheese ever, perhaps, manufactured in any country,

being that made, some five years ago, by the Steele Brothers, at Pescadero, the weight of which, when first made, reached four thousand pounds. Having first exhibited this monster cheese in San Francisco, they afterward disposed of the same, donating the entire proceeds in aid of the Sanitary Fund—they themselves defraying the cost of freight and exhibition, as well as all expense attending the sale. Having been auctioned off at the rate of fifty cents per pound, a handsome sum was realized for the noble charity sought to be benefited. The tackle required for turning, and the hoop used for pressing this cheese, alone cost over \$400. A cheese weighing 1,600 pounds was made several years since, by George P. Laird, of Tomales, which, like the "Sanitary Cheese," having been of an excellent quality, sold at a very high price. Indeed, all large cheeses are apt to possess a superior flavor, not parting with their moisture so readily as those of smaller size.

To the north of this tier of pastoral counties lie Mendocino and Humboldt, not unlike in climate, but dissimilar in other respects, to the coast counties farther south; and, except in their greater remoteness and isolation, equally well fitted for dairying purposes. A portion of these two counties adjacent to the ocean is covered with dense and stately forests of redwood, while farther inland, and lying between these woodlands and the Coast Range, the country is open and admirably fitted for stock-raising—consisting of well-watered, rolling hills, everywhere covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats, bunch-grass, and clover. Scattered over these hills are parks of majestic oaks, while along the ravines and branches are found a great variety of trees and shrubs, affording trellises for wild vines, and coverts for many kinds of game. And although the primitive race has been driven away, the wild animals that once shared the

country with them still remain. The bear, the elk, and the antelope, the panther, the hare, and the prairie-wolf still inhabit these lonely wilds, which have as yet suffered but little intrusion from either the hunter, or settler. Standing on any of the thousand knolls that breast out from the Coast Range, as one looks over this realm, it would seem as if it might not be hard to realize here something of the poet's Utopian dream, or even the myth of "Paradise Regained!" Lying at his feet, and stretching away on either hand beyond the limit of vision, are the grove-dotted and grassy hills, multitudinous as the billows of a wind-swept ocean. Farther on, toward the west, spreads out the dark band of dreaming woods, with the vast Pacific sparkling and throbbing in ceaseless unrest beyond. Here the land of Goshen might be many times repeated, with room for all the flocks and herds of the ancient Patriarch multiplied a hundred-fold.

When it shall come to be connected with the Bay of San Francisco by railroad, this will prove to be one of the best pastoral, as well as grain-growing districts in the State. At present, it can only be approached by sea, or over rugged trails leading across mountains, or through dense forests, rendering it difficult of access to families with their farming implements and cattle. As a consequence, there are but few settlers in this region, the most of the inhabitants of these two counties being engaged in lumbering, carried on near the coast. As yet, no dairies of any great magnitude have been started in Humboldt or Mendocino County. Not until we come as far south as Lake County, do we find the business prosecuted on any thing like an extended scale. Here there are seven or eight establishments, with herds varying in size from fifty to two hundred cows each. In this county only cheese is made, some 250,000 pounds—all of marked excellence—being produced an-

nually. By experts, this cheese is pronounced equal to the best English Stilton or Cheshire; the abundance of green grass found, at all seasons, along the numerous streams that flow into Clear Lake, imparting to it a specially fine flavor.

Sonoma County contains about double the number of cows kept in Lake, butter being chiefly made. In size, the dairies of Sonoma range from forty to one hundred and fifty cows each, being somewhat smaller than the average dairies in Lake and Marin counties, the latter containing the largest single herd of cows in the State. Concerning this dairy, or rather group of dairies, we quote the following from the *Commercial Herald and Market Review*: "In point of magnitude," says that journal, "some of our California dairies probably surpass those in any other part of the world. The largest in the State—that of Shafter & Howard, in Marin County—contains 3,600 milch cows, not including a large number of cattle, kept on another portion of their ranch, which latter embraces a tract of 66,000 acres, upon which they have constructed eighty miles of post and board fence. Upon this tract are twenty separate dairies, each having from 150 to 170 cows. These cows are mostly of the Devon and Durham breeds, the best milkers, however, being produced by a cross of the Devon and the common American cow. The proprietors will, the coming summer, add to their present number six or seven other dairies: that is, as the leases of that number of parties now supplying their own cows expire, the proprietors will stock these dairies themselves. On this place about 150 hands are employed, mostly Whites—the Chinamen not proving, on trial, satisfactory milkers. Only butter is made here, each cow yielding from 150 to 175 pounds for the season of eight months. They neither receive housing nor cultivated food. The Messrs. Shafter tried raising beets and carrots for their cows,

but found the experiment too costly, on account of the high prices of labor. The wages paid milkers and butter-makers are from \$25 to \$30 per month, and found. The quantity of butter made here last year was 400,000 pounds, for which forty-five cents per pound was realized. When the wholesale price for fresh butter falls below forty cents per pound, it is packed, and sent to market when the prices have improved. About five hundred heifer calves are raised every year, the balance being disposed of to other stock-raisers, or sent to market. Two thousand hogs are fattened on the skimmed milk and the buttermilk, and from 250 to 300 head of cows and beef-steers are sold off every year; these and some hundred or more head of horses being pastured on a portion of the ranch, consisting of about 30,000 acres, fenced off for that purpose. This entire property, including stock and improvements, has cost the owners about half a million of dollars. Its present value would exceed a million and a half, and, in the estimation of many, two millions of dollars."

The Steele Brothers are the next largest owners of milch cows in the State, having two herds of 700 head each: one kept at Pescadero, San Mateo County, the other in San Luis Obispo County, near the town of that name. At the former place, they own a tract of fifteen thousand; at the latter, one of forty-five thousand acres of land—all held under a patent from the United States Government, issued upon confirmed Spanish grants, this being the title under which most of our large dairymen hold their lands. The cost of this entire property, including cattle, fence, and other improvements, has been nearly \$500,000—the present value being, at least, double that amount, as the land is of very superior quality. For the single item of fencing, of which they have built over fifty miles, nearly \$30,000 has been expended; and they have also been forced to pay large sums in defending their title

against trespassers. This firm make only cheese, the product of their dairies enjoying a high reputation in the San Francisco market.

C. S. Abbott, owning a tract of rich bottom-land on the Salinas River, Monterey County, owns one thousand cows, besides a large number of steers and young cattle. His stock consists, mostly, of Devon, Durham, and Alderney breeds, which, being excellent milkers—with the advantage, also, of superior pasturage—yield two hundred pounds of butter, annually, to the cow: rather more than the average product in California. Mr. Abbott, himself, milks about one-half of this herd, the balance being leased to other parties, who keep them on a portion of his land. The arrangements at the home establishment are very complete. The milk, as soon as drawn, is conducted to the dairy-house through pipes laid from the cow-yard. The churns are driven by a steam-engine, which, also, propels the other machinery required about the place. The boiler supplies all the hot water needed, while the steam, besides being used as a driving-power, is made to cook the barley on which a numerous drove of swine are fed.

Water for the premises is lifted from an artesian well by windmill force. Indian corn is extensively raised, being planted in drills on the rich bottoms of the Salinas, and fed to the stock while the ear is yet in the milk. Many beets and other roots are also cultivated for the same purpose, being fed out during the early winter.

Besides the above-named parties, there are many others largely engaged in dairying in different sections of the State. The Reeve Brothers, of Gilroy, milk some six hundred cows, making cheese altogether; Meyer, and others in the same neighborhood, having from two to three hundred head each. The dairy of A. Chamberlin, in the San Joaquin Valley, consists of six hundred head. Oli-

ver Allen & Son, of Green Valley, Sonoma County, milk four hundred cows, and Laird & Kellogg, of Santa Cruz, about the same number. R. T. Buel, on the Salinas, and Blanch, and Volday, of San Luis Obispo, own from three to four hundred cows each; the number of dairymen scattered over the State who own from thirty or forty to two or three hundred head, being large. It is estimated that there are one thousand dairies in California, containing from twenty to one hundred cows each, and that the entire number milked the past year would not be far from 35,000 head.

While we have designated the coast-tier of counties as being pre-eminently the dairying region of California, it should be understood that there are many important, and even a few large establishments of this kind carried on in the interior of the State; the only trouble in prosecuting the business farther inland being that the grass there dries up earlier and more completely than it does nearer the sea, while the greater heat of the summer renders it difficult to make butter fit for market during that season. The latter objection does, not, however, apply with so much force to cheese-making, and, with a sufficient scope of pasture-land, and dairy-houses so arranged as to insure the greatest possible degree of coolness and moisture, the business can be carried on with tolerable success, both in the mountains and great interior valleys of the State. In fact, there are, in the Sierra Nevada, many spots well suited for summer dairying, and to which parties from the lower country—and, in extremely dry seasons, even from the coast—repair with their herds, for the purpose of securing better pasturage, as well as for butter-making. Some of these mountain valleys are very Arcadias in the feature of their verdure and abundant water, at a time when all is sunburnt and sere in the great plains below; and there is little doubt but that they will all soon become permanently appropri-

ated for pastoral uses. The most of the butter and cheese made in the middle and eastern portions of the State being required for local use, very little of it reaches the San Francisco market.

In enumerating a few of the peculiarities and advantages attending dairying and stock-raising in California, it may be remarked that one of the strongest points in favor of both branches of the business arises from the fact that no shelter, and but little or no fodder, are required for the subsistence of either sheep or cattle; whereby the trouble and cost attendant upon keeping them in other countries are materially reduced. Domestic animals of all kinds are, moreover, singularly exempt from disease, nothing like an epidemic ever having prevailed among them on this coast. The period of maternity is earlier here than elsewhere, and the animals are prolific in bearing. Cows calve here when but two years old, and often much earlier. They are, also, naturally gentle, and easily managed. In milking, the dairyman seems to have but little trouble with the cows. They "stand" well, and the large number of twenty, and even twenty-five cows, is assigned to a single milker, who gets through with them at the rate of about six minutes to each animal.

The season of milking in California usually begins in December, and lasts eight or nine months. The milk, though apt to be rich, is not so abundant here, taking the season through, as in countries where the grass is kept growing throughout the summer and autumn. In the spring and early summer the cows yield large quantities, but gradually dry up as the season advances. The product averages about 175 pounds of butter and 275 pounds of cheese to each cow, per season. The wholesale prices of butter in the San Francisco market have, until the present spring, ranged nearly as follows: Beginning at seventy cents, during the latter part of November, they have gradually dropped to forty-five cents

by the end of February; ruling, through March, April, and May, at from thirty to thirty-five cents. On the approach of the dry season, in June, they begin again to advance, going steadily up to seventy or seventy-five cents, until the end of November. When the price falls below forty cents, the large dairymen pack down most of their butter, reserving it for a better market. It is roughly estimated that six million pounds of butter and five million pounds of cheese were made in California during the year 1869, there having been, according to the *Commercial Herald*, imported into the State, meantime, from the East, by steamer, 25,389 firkins; by railroad, 5,098 firkins and 3,154 kegs, besides a considerable quantity in other packages. From Oregon were received 1,200 packages, about the same number of packages of cheese having arrived from foreign and Eastern ports: by which it will be seen that the consumption of those commodities upon this coast is large, considering its limited population. A portion of the above, it should be stated, however, was sent hence to Japan, China, and the Islands—all of which derive their chief supply of these articles from this port; and in our comparative proximity to these countries lies one of the great advantages secured to the California dairyman, as this must always give him the call of those markets.

During the present spring, the prices of butter and cheese are much lower than ever before, owing chiefly to excessive importations from the Eastern States, induced by railroad transportation. The wholesale price of butter is now (in the latter part of February) but thirty cents per pound. Last year, at the same period, it was fifty cents. While it is probable that prices will never again rule as high as they have done, there is little doubt but the depressed rates now obtaining will advance materially, whenever importers and consignees have disposed of the

large stocks of the Eastern article on hand, and which many of them are now selling at a sacrifice. At all events, those disposed to engage in dairying should not be deterred from doing so by this decline in prices, since the latter are still high, compared with the cost of production; labor, and the price of stock, having also undergone a considerable decline of late.

In regard to suitable localities for carrying on the business, they are still easily to be obtained, in almost all parts of the State, the most of the large land-owners being disposed to sell or lease their possessions upon easy terms, and at moderate prices; while there are millions of acres of Government land in the State still open to settlement, and which, being unsurveyed, can be occupied by settlers, without any of the expense attending pre-emption. It will be a long time before these lands will be likely to come into market; and they can be used meantime, without any cost to such as choose to occupy them.

To such as might be willing to go back into the country a little, and settle on the public domain, and there wait upon the natural increase of their stock for enrichment, but a small amount of capital would be required to start a dairy in this State. The Steele Brothers commenced with only a few acres of land, and not more than fifteen or twenty head of cows, having from these small beginnings accumulated their present large herds and estates. Good milch cows can now be bought in California at an average cost of about \$40 per head; and, notwithstanding the decline in the prices of butter and cheese, dairying here must always prove a remunerative business, as it is likely to be a long time yet before we produce enough of these commodities for home consumption; while the demands for the Oriental markets, looking to us for supplies, will be constantly on the increase.

A WILD WALK.

NEVER can I forget the saddening and utter lonesomeness which crept over me, as I saw, one after another, every vestige of civilization slowly fade away. We seldom saw now even those vanguards of Texan culture, the marked and branded cattle; and at the unusual spectacle of a footman they would stand afar off, and gaze at me with heads high uplifted, then turn in unimaginable terror, and run for miles upon miles, without once stopping to look round. I was often far in advance of the train, and the sight of these splendid animals—the only lingering reminders of that great world we had left behind—which we are accustomed to see so tame and so confiding in man, now fleeing from me in such dread, would sometimes bring over me a feeling of loneliness, so sad, so strange, as never I felt before, save when, from the deck of the steamer, I saw my beloved country, with all that was dear to me on earth, slowly drowning in the deep Atlantic.

And then, one day, we emerged quite suddenly from the scraggy dwarfs of live-oaks, always dying but never dead, and there lay full before us the great, the lonesome, the silent plains, where the very winds grew weary, and fainted with their own unhindered and unchallenged roving.

The next day we journeyed nine miles through a densely populated republic of prairie-dogs. All through the day we could see multitudes of blue-nosed, thin-whiskered squeakers, sitting bolt upright as a cucumber on their small heaps of earth, chirping faster and faster as we approached, and winking with their little black tails at every chirp. When we drew quite near, they would drop down,

with only their heads and tails visible—just what the marksman wanted—and then a squeak and a twinkle of the tail, and, presto! he was gone.

Despite his hideousness, I like the prairie-dog: he is so thoroughly honest and simple. It is a pity he submits so tamely to the outrageous impositions of those Bohemians of the plains, the owl and the snake, who demand lodging, and, doubtless, now and then, a fat pup, for their precious services as moral guardians, and then treat him worse in his own house than poor Smike was treated in Dotheboys Hall. Doubtless they have masticated his ears off, too, which is the reason he has nothing but hideous ear-holes remaining. At first I thought, from the tastelessness he shows in digging his hole right in the nakedest, hottest part of the plains, that he was a dull beast, incapable of feeling an insult; but afterward I saw him so often run close to his hole, and then sprawl himself flat on his belly, and look at me with such a deal of roguery in his black eyes, that I believe there are wit and spirit in him, and that he frets under this tyranny. Do you see that little, yellowish-brown owl, standing on yon mound, and rolling his eyes about—the solemn ass that he is—with just sense enough to perceive what a huge joke he is perpetrating on the innocents? For cool impudence, commend me to that fowl.

I was disappointed in not seeing buffaloes. They had migrated northward, as is their wont, to summer on the juicier pastures of Nebraska. There were thousands of dead ones scattered about, embalmed in an unbroken and almost imperishable skin. In one place, two old peg-horned gladiators lay head to head,

where they had crushed each other's skulls for some woolly mistress. A daring herdsman one day came upon seven: he wounded one with his revolver, then flung himself from his horse upon its back, and rode it till it drove its head hard against the iron plain, in its dying agony.

On the Colorado, the plains have the long, magnificent roll of the Texan prairies; but on the Concho, there is a river-bottom, two or three miles wide, grooved in an undulating plateau, which the eye judges to be limitless. A million acres of dust, and in the centre of it a cactus! Now and then a modest patch of *mesquite* grass—mottled or tawny, purplish or red, according to variety—or a green ribbon of rye, pulled through a winding “swale.” It is a land of a thirty-bushel power, if the clouds would only give it water.

As soon as we were well upon the plains, it was bruited about camp that we should presently organize ourselves—or suddenly find ourselves organized somehow—for defense against the Comanches. Then the true Texan genius straightway cropped out. A huge-bearded, solemn septemvirate of owners met in a tent, with a candle and a pencil: it was mysteriously whispered about camp that they were going to organize; and at once the tent was surrounded by shaggy herdsman, every one with his revolver.

“No Jeff. Davis out h'yar on the plains!” savagely growled a short, bullet-headed Texan, from the depths of his stomach.

“D— yer organizin’! We got our bellies full of it in the Confederacy,” muttered a lank Ranger.

“Organization is played,” grumbled another.

One of the owners was obliged to come forth, and explain away the whole life of the matter, to appease them; and when the dreaded bug of organization fluttered

out in the morning, it was found to be of the most harmless description.

Nature has a hard task here, to lead down the tiny stream of the Concho more than a hundred miles, without the refrigerating tribute of a rill, beneath the burning glare of the sun, where every thirsty tongue of wind will lap its fill, then hasten away to make room for another. A Claudian aqueduct were not amiss. The vast pecans and cottonwoods are the bricks; the vines, the dwarf mulberries, the currants, whose berries fringe our dry messes with daintiest tarts, the India-rubber bushes, the plums, bending under their sour backloads: these do the chinking. Under this magnificent canopy slip the thin waters, in long and languid pools, gliding among towering islands of grass-tufts no thicker through than my hat, or pontooned over with lilies for the march of Naiad armies. All the weary day we trod the road to hot and dusty death, but nightly turned aside to this green-embowered stream, and lived.

There were fish there, too. To see a catfish of over forty pounds come flouncing out upon this hideous and scorching desert—that, seemed a strange thing. Every body had a string of fish at his wagon-tail. We fried them under the vast pecans, and ate them with the oil of joyfulness. •

It is a pleasure to see how many singing-birds live in this desert, along the Concho. I would stroll on as far in advance of the train as was safe, and fling myself under a bush, in the hope of getting two minutes of dustless loafing; and if it was yet morning, I would hear the Carolina dove, the linnet, the mocking-bird, and others. But foremost of all was the mountain-quail, with its plume of white, and its bright-speckled corselet, always shrilly saying, “Pretty hot! pretty hot!” Toward noon, there would be nothing but the long rasping of the cicala, filing his saw, and presently even

that would cease, and I would hear my pencil racing over my paper, as at the ghostly hour of midnight. Then a monstrous buzzard would flap heavily up, striking a bush with his pinions, which would be such a relief from the intolerable nightmare of silence as is the cheerful ticking of one's watch, when one awakens from an abhorred dream.

There was an old sailor cook with the train, whose various misadventures occasionally amused us not a little. One evening he sat on a sack of flour, which adhered to his trowsers, then presently lay down to sleep, face downward. About midnight, a half-starved mule came nibbling and sniffing about, and, smelling the flour, joyfully drew near, and gave the unconscious sleeper a terrific nip on the softest part of the body. The choleric old man gave a loud squeal of pain, leaped up, and seized a frying-pan, with which he thwacked and banged the poor beast till he chased it nearly out of hearing.

On the plains, every body was obliged to dig a fire-pit, to save his fire from being whisked away by the winds, which blow there ceaselessly during daylight. One evening, we encamped in rank dead grass, near the river; somebody neglected to dig a pit, and, in a twinkling, there was a great blaze sweeping right down upon the wagons. Every body fell to beating it with sticks, and pouring on water. The old sailor, while thrashing about in his superfluous and supererogatory uselessness, got entangled and fell into the fire, where he got his eyebrows singed off.

We now occasionally passed some of the ridges which bear upon their shoulders the mighty plateau of the Staked Plain.

There is something indescribably stiff, formal, and hard about the landscapes of western Texas. All the ridges are straight, level-topped, and naked; and the whole face of the land has that pain-

ful, whitish glow of limestone, like parts of Venetia, but is more denuded by drought, and stands out in the desert haze, with a stark, and pallid, and deathly rigor. And my soul revolted against four hundred miles of mathematical limestone.

The climate seems to partake of this stiffness and hardness. There never was before such agonizing and groaning of thunders, such incomprehensible, whiffling jigs of wind, and whirligigs of dust, and yet such a pitiful parturition of rain. A few drops, squeezed and strained out with infinite labor of clouds, would strike in the dust like slugs, then there would fall some bits of hail, and in one forenoon the wind would blow seventeen ways. Yet the stars shine here with a lustre rivaling that of Defalkadah's brightest night; and, sitting beneath the peerless moon, I read at midnight half a column of bourgeois, and wrote these lines in my journal. Here I think we might breathe out each human ailment into this "diviner air," this medicating breeze, and so live on till Old Age came at last to do his kindly mission.

At last we reached the uppermost spring on the Concho, and encamped to make preparation for the dreadful *jornada* across the Staked Plain. Over seventy miles without a pause, without a drop of water! Every ox, every horse, every mule was driven into the brook, and encouraged by every device of kindness to drink enough. Then every body took a drink himself, spat, and sat down awhile, then took another drink. About two o'clock P.M. we set out and moved briskly up a broad, flaring valley, which led us easily up toward the great desert. The broad sun sank slowly down, and blushed fiery red to find no screen of trees, where he might disrobe; all the stars and the emigrating moon came forth, and beckoned us to follow; and the long train rolled on with majestic quietness into the thickening night.

Toward midnight the herds became restive, and surged back in vast masses upon the train, seeking to return; and there was a momentary halt for coffee. Again we were on the way, and I plodded on beside the sleeping train.

Ha! the Comanches! See where they ride yonder, in the mystic moonlight! No, it is only the *palmas*, holding their grim and silent vigils, with their great bristling heads of bayonet leaves. One of the herdsmen, though, believed the first one he saw was a Comanche in fact, and rode fiercely upon it, clutching his revolver.

Long, long hours were they before I saw the stars slowly drowning in the morning. Toward daybreak I began to reel along in sleepy semi-consciousness, and the first streaks of dawn only awakened me to a sort of dazed existence, and I gazed vacantly about, seeing nothing. But there is a charm in the perfect light which takes away from one's eyelids their rims of lead, and smooths away all sand from the weary balls. And what a picture was that to which they slowly opened—the very heart of the Staked Plain, gray with dead heather, vast, solitary, voiceless.

Many civilized landscapes, like the cup of Thyrsis, or the shield of Achilles, are crowded too full of figures, and the effect is only exasperating confusion. Not so the desert. A few grim and simple touches—nothing more. Amid all the poor tricks of borders, and the fripperies and the impertinences of gardens, my soul exults in the memories of the grand, old, grizzly desert. O, it were worth a century of babbling in green fields, and fiddling among flowers, to grapple once more, hand to hand, with Old Hideous!

During that day only a slight ripple passed over the Dead Sea of our march, at the report that one had seen the tracks of Comanches. Strange what a thrill runs through a whole camp of fifty

mighty men of valor, at the sight of a track without a heel.

All through the second night the wagons roll tranquilly on, without a single halt. Along the whole line not a teamster keeps his feet. Now and then there issues from some wagon a sleepy, dull croak, but the oxen heed it not. The very wagons have gone to sleep, and forgotten to cluck. Now some baby emigrant, rudely jostled in its slumbers, squalls aloud within the canvas, but presently all is quiet as before. Like poor, boozy Burns,

"I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenned ay
Frae ghaists an' witches."

The distance we had traveled was nothing, if I could have marched briskly awhile, then rested; but I was compelled to observe the snail-pace of the train, and yet walk incessantly. At last, I was utterly overpowered. I was constantly in danger of falling under the wheels. Half an hour before daybreak—it must have been—no longer knowing what I did, I reeled away a little, and fell down beside a bush. I slept on one arm till it was benumbed and cold, then flung the other over it, and sprang up with a sickening shudder of terror. Eugh! the hideous and snaky coldness of that corpse! My eyes were wide open, but I saw nothing. For at least ten seconds, I did not recollect a single event of my whole existence. By chance, I looked down at a grass-tuft, and then, as the electric spark flies from one wire to another beneath the experimenter's touch, so did my thought leap from that grass-tuft seen to that grass-tuft remembered, as the only thing I was conscious of seeing when I fell there in the night, and every thing flashed upon me in a moment. I looked for the train. It was out of sight. On that instant there leaped upon me a blood-curdling word—Comanche! I scarcely dared look around.

But there were none in sight. It was broad daylight, but the desert was silent as the grave, hushed in the awful stillness of eternity.

Remembering that the Comanches are accustomed to prowl in the rear of great trains to pick up stray horses, I shudder to this day to think what might have happened. The oxen now began to suffer keenly from thirst, as their sunken eyes sadly betrayed. At noon, I was carrying a canteen of water near our oxen, when one of them smelled it, and came running to me, pleading with a look of such piteous dumb eloquence that I was moved almost to tears. By the beard of my wife's cat! old Duke, even if you had never hauled my blankets a mile, I would have poured the uttermost drop of it down your dusty gullet, if you could only have mouthed the canteen.

In descending from the plateau of the Staked Plain to the valley of the Pecos, the road passes through Castle Mountain. This is no mountain, nor yet is it like any castle, but a vast, straight, naked ridge of limestone, like those I have described; and, at a long distance, looks like the majestic pile of the Tuileries. Though the ridge looks so tame afar off, the pass through it is one of peril, of awful and sublime grandeur. It is as if some ocean of tumbling waters, whose bottom was the Staked Plain, and of whose encompassing shore Castle Mountain was a fragment, had, in some of its upheaved and stupendous lashings, rent this jagged gorge, and rushed down upon the valley below.

Ah! see that antelope galloping over yonder glistening sheet of *lapis lazuli*! And now another one leaps upon its back, like dark Care behind the Horatian horseman, and imitates its every motion. See, now, its feet no longer touch the back of the groundling. And now they gallop out of that shadowy lake, and all at once, presto! the upper

one kicks a somersault into nothingness, and the real antelope—the “original Jacobs”—gallops on alone.

Half-way through the gorge we caught sight of the immeasurable blue valley, or rather plain, of the Pecos, and in the midst thereof a patch of gleaming silver. It was a saline lake.

When we emerged from the pass, it was sunset. There was still a little water in the train for the women and children, but we of the sterner sex had drank nothing since noon. After nightfall of the third night, and fourteen miles to the river yet! It was disheartening news. I started on ahead of the train, in hope of reaching water before midnight. Ah, so weary, so sleepy, so sleepy! The herds were many hours in advance of us, but little knots of the weaker cattle, with eyes sunken, green, and fiercely glaring, maddened with thirst, still reeled along in the hazy moonlight. One of them made a lunge at me, which I barely avoided in time to see him plunge headlong, and drive his head deep into the sand. At last I could not walk above a rod at a time. It was less the weakness of thirst, than of sleeplessness and of constant walking. I struggled desperately, for my pride was strongly involved, and many a jest and banter awaited failure. But it was useless, and at last I lay sprawled flat upon the sand, helpless as any capsized turtle. A crazy steer made a staggering lurch at me, but stumbled and missed, and we lay there side by side.

When our wagon came up, the driver loaded me in, and we soon reached the river. I was chagrined to find how nearly I had succeeded.

“Shall we have any trouble in approaching the river?” one asked of a veteran.

“You’re mighty right: we will. ‘Less yer oxens is well broke, you’ll have to put a man onto the tongue with a ax, and ef the driver can’t stop ’em when

you git closte to the river, whale away and cut the tongue, and let 'em flicker. Seen it done many's the time."

Our oxen behaved admirably. They stood patiently till they were unyoked; and as fast as each poor old fellow was released, we could see him wabble away in the dim moonlight, and see his tail whisk at the moon, as he went over the bank with a stupendous souse.

Then every man made a run for the Pecos. Some lay prone down on the bank, some dipped it up with their hats, some with kettles or buckets. I was now able to crawl to the bank, with a very

portentous coffee-pot that lay at hand, and in less than five minutes it was empty. Though the water was thick as porridge with red clay, we all agreed that it was literally sweet—the sweetest we ever tasted. Then we spread our blankets on the sand, and twisted ourselves down as comfortably as possible between the stiff, hard tufts of the white grass, and slept the sleep of the weary.

Next day I went back to the point where I took passage in the wagon, and passed again over the distance on foot: so restoring the missing link in my inter-oceanic chain.

HISTORICAL FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

IT has long been a matter of surprise to the writer, that no one has ever attempted to give some account of the flowers and fruits, which have, at different times, played important parts in the history of the world. All England lay drenched with blood, and strewn with corpses, under the shadow of the Roses of York and Lancaster, and a plate of fruit has more than once changed the destinies of an Empire. Yet, while the gems and the garments of Royalty have found historians, no chronicler has arisen to tell, in connected order, the story of those celebrated blossoms and fruits which have represented such weighty issues, and led to such mighty results. In brief, desultory, and necessarily imperfect fashion, we will try to supply this omission.

It is singular how often flowers have played a part in history, either as symbols, or badges, or in actual presence. The purest and fairest of created things, they have been made the emblems of political rancor, and civil carnage; the chosen symbols of tenderness and humility, they have been emblazoned on

the banners of kings, and on the shields of warriors; they have given a surname to one royal house, and more fitly have lent a cognomen to more than one royal lady.

One of the most ancient of the floral emblems of royalty is the *fleur-de-lis* of France. Authorities differ as to whether it is the white garden lily or the gayly tinted flag, or iris, the latter of which it most resembles in form. Works on ancient heraldry inform us that the Franks of old were accustomed, at the proclamation of a king, to elevate him upon a shield, and to place in his hand, in the guise of a sceptre, a reed or flag in blossom; from which custom the ancient kings of France came to be represented with sceptres, fashioned like the flowering flag, in their hands: and thus these flowers became the armorial bearings of France. There is also a tradition that an angel descended from heaven, at the baptism of Clovis, and presented him with a blue banner spotted with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. However that may be, it is certain that from the days of Clovis to those of the Revolution, the kings of

France bore the *fleurs-de-lis* as their arms. At first, an indefinite number was used; but Charles VI reduced the number to three—disposed two and one—to represent, some say the Trinity; others, the three races of the French kings. When Marie Antoinette was beheaded, many of her mourning adherents announced the dread tidings, by saying that the White Lily was broken. Poor, transplanted flower! We wonder if the drooping lily, soon to be severed by the pitiless knife of the headsman, ever recalled the days when she had been hailed as France's fairest blossom; and when a courtly painter had won the applause of Royalty, by setting the portrait of the lovely young Dauphiness among the petals of an opening rose.

The arms of the city of Florence bear a red lily, the color of which aroused the ire of Dante, who speaks of its sanguinary hue in terms of unbounded indignation.

This *giglio* of Florence is evidently no lily; but, like the *fleur-de-lis*, seems by its form to be the three-petaled iris, which it resembles as little in color as does the *fleur-de-lis* itself. It is to be found among the coats-of-arms on the walls of the Chapel of the Medici, in the church of San Lorenzo, Florence, depicted in a superb Florentine mosaic, the various hues and markings of the petals being beautifully represented by different shades of coral and cornelian.

Fulk, the first Count of Anjou, having committed some wicked action, to atone for it went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and being soundly scourged with twigs of broom (the *planta genista*)—which grew there plentifully—he adopted the surname of Plantagenet. From him was descended that Geoffrey of Anjou, who became the husband of Matilda, (daughter of Henry I, of England) and the father of Henry II. Thus the humble broom lent a surname to the proudest

race of princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

Scarcely less inappropriate was the floral badge of Margaret of Anjou, who selected her name-flower, the daisy, as her emblem—a blossom singularly unsuited to the imperious warrior-queen of Henry VI. The English nobility who came to welcome her, on her arrival in England as a bride, wore daisies in their caps and bonnets of state; and her loving and saintly spouse caused that flower to be enameled and engraved on his plate, to do her honor. Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, presented her some years after her marriage with a magnificently illuminated manuscript book, the title-page of which is bordered with daisies; and the same blossom appears on the margin and among the decorations of nearly every page in the volume. This splendid manuscript still exists in nearly perfect preservation in the British Museum.

The national emblem of Scotland, the thistle, has, if tradition may be credited, an unusual title to its proud position as the symbolic flower of a great nation. The story goes that the Danes, or Norsemen, were about to surprise a Scottish camp in the dead of night, but one of the spies, sent forward to ascertain the undefended points of the camp, trod accidentally upon a thistle of the small, stemless species, (the *Cnicus acaulis*) and the surprise and pain caused him to utter a loud cry, which aroused the Scots. They attacked the invaders, gained a complete victory, and bestowed on the savior plant the title of the *Scottish* thistle. James III was probably the first King of Scotland who adopted it as a national badge, as it is first so met with in an inventory of his effects. James VI, (the James I, of England) joined to it the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and James II, of England, instituted the Order of the Thistle, which was allowed to fall into abeyance during the reign of

William and Mary, but was revived by Queen Anne.

The shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, has an origin even more ancient than that of the thistle. It is said to have been first adopted by St. Patrick, who used it as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The origin of the selection of the red and the white roses as the badges of the Houses of York and Lancaster, has been variously stated. The red rose is said to have been the device of the House of Lancaster long before Henry IV ascended the throne, in which case the white rose was probably adopted by the House of York, for the sake of contradistinction. Shakspeare, who lived so near the period in question as to be a very important witness, gives the following account:

"King Henry VI," Part I, Scene IV, London, The Temple Garden. Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick: Richard Plantagenet * Vernon, and another lawyer.

Plas. Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off his brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him, that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors; and without all color
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more.

Surely, never since flowers first bloomed in the garden of Eden, were ever blossoms called upon to lend their names to such fierce, contending factions, or their presence to such scenes of carnage and misery as were these far-famed roses. It was not till they were twined together in the bridal bouquet of Elizabeth of York—emblems of peace, at last; of war no longer—that we find them in a sit-

uation befitting their beauty and their sweetness.

The white rose seems to have been a fatal flower in history. The woes of the House of York, which numbered among its members but one fortunate and successful sovereign, (Edward IV) are too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation here. Richard, Duke of York, was slain in battle; Edmund, Earl of Rutland, George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V, and his young brother, Richard, were murdered; Richard III fell on Bosworth Field; and the young Earl of Warwick was executed by order of Henry VII. We next meet with the title of the White Rose, borne by the fair and unhappy Lady Katharine Gordon, who wedded Perkin Warbeck, and who seems to have won that name as much by her delicate and refined beauty, as by her husband's pretensions to be considered the representative of the House of York.

When Henry VIII was seeking for a wife, to replace the fondly loved and speedily lost Jane Seymour, he caused the portraits of several foreign Princesses to be sent to him for his inspection. Among these was the miniature of Anne of Cleves. It was inclosed in an ivory box, fashioned like a rose, which, on being unscrewed, showed the face of the Princess enshrined amid the snowy petals; and either the elegance of the setting, or the flattering art of the painter, caused the lady to appear so charming, that she was selected for the very uncomfortable honor of becoming the Royal Bluebeard's fourth wife. Even in that instance, the white rose did not fail to bring misfortune. Henry found the original far less to his taste than the portrait had been; and the consequences that ensued from that ill-starred marriage, the death of Cromwell, its projector, and the repudiation of the bride, are well known to all students of history. It is hard to imagine why Henry should have

* Afterward Richard, Duke of York, the father of Edward IV and Richard III.

taken so violent a dislike to Anne of Cleves. Holbein can not be considered a painter of very flattering portraits, and the writer has seen a sketch, in chalk, by him of Anne, which represents her as a pleasant-looking lady, with soft, dark eyes, an oval countenance, and a meek, gentle expression—a personage widely at variance with the image called up to our imaginations by Henry's contemptuous epithet of "the Flanders mare."

The white rose makes its last appearance in history as the badge of the Young Pretender, and thus fitly closes its record of sorrow, with the story of a career, not less romantic and unfortunate than those with which its history commenced.

Flowers seem to have been the usual medium by which the common people of England testified to Queen Elizabeth, both as Princess and Queen, their sympathy and their love. When she was incarcerated in the Tower, by order of her evil-minded sister, a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, was accustomed to visit her at the hour she walked in the garden, and bring her flowers; but the Chancellor, suspecting that by this child letters were conveyed to the Princess, the little fellow was arrested, examined before the Council, and finally dismissed with threats, while his father was forbidden to allow him to visit Elizabeth again. The next day, however, he attempted to do so, but, finding the door locked, he walked through a hall till the Princess made her appearance in the garden, and called to her, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now." When Elizabeth was removed from the Tower to Woodstock, the litter in which she traveled was literally loaded with the offerings of flowers, which the common people brought her, together with cakes and wafers of their own making; and so numerous were these tokens of sympathy and affection, that the Princess was una-

ble, for lack of space in her litter, to receive all that was proffered her. Elizabeth was fond of flowers, and, after her accession to the throne, was accustomed to accept gifts of them from her poorer petitioners. During her grand recognition-procession through the city of London, the day before her coronation, she often stayed her chariot to receive nosegays of flowers from the hands of poor women; and a branch of rosemary, given her, with a petition, by a poor woman at Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot when she arrived at Westminster. With all her faults Queen Bess had too royal a heart to throw aside the humble offerings of her lowly subjects. She smiled on the peasant who brought her a rose, as well as on the noble who proffered her a jewel, and she was clear-sighted enough to estimate the motive that prompted either gift at its true value.

The ancient and charming custom of strewing flowers before a coronation-procession, was revived by James II and performed by seven ladies, who acted as herb-strewers on the occasion. Eighteen bushels of flowers were thus scattered in the pathway of the royal pair, and, as the ceremony took place in the month of April, we can readily imagine how exquisitely sweet and dainty must have been the carpet of spring flowers—violets, cowslips, hyacinths, etc.—over which they trod. Rue and briers would have been more emblematic of the future life-path of the unfortunate James, but the fading spring blossoms were fitting types of the brief duration of his kingly power; and he would fain have trampled the liberties of England under foot, even as he crushed the violets that day beneath his tread.

I have wandered some distance from the subject of the emblem-flowers of Royalty; but I can not leave it altogether without making mention of one of the most celebrated and, probably, the most modern of them all: the violet of Napo-

leon. This flower was used as a political badge after his return from Elba, and was worn in every fashion—on bonnets, on dresses, and in bouquets—some of the more fanatical partisans of the Emperor going so far as to wear, like an order of knighthood, a golden violet in their button-holes. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies, Mademoiselle Levert and Madame Volnais, two Royalist actresses of the *Comédie Française*, made their appearance on the stage in the play of the *Vieux Célibataire* with bouquets of lilies—the emblem of the Bourbons—fastened to their corsages: a decoration which their Bonapartist comrades—Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle Georges—positively refused to wear. They had their turn, a few days later, when, after the return of Napoleon, they made their appearance, covered with violets, before a crowded audience, and were saluted with frantic outbursts of applause. Mademoiselle Mars, in fact, had never ceased to wear that symbolical flower. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies, not content with refusing to adorn herself with the Bourbon lily, she, with the generous, imprudent bravery of a loyal-hearted woman, made her appearance on one of the public promenades in a dress looped and decorated with wreaths of the then obnoxious violet. But after Elba came St. Helena, and the violet disappeared, to re-appear, as a political symbol, when Prince Louis Napoleon entered the Palace of the Élysée, as President of the French Republic, and found his apartments adorned with gigantic bouquets of violets, which breathed him a sweet and significant welcome. It is said that the first intimation which the fashionable world of Paris received of the approaching elevation of its fairest member—the Countess de Teba—to the throne matrimonial of France, was given by her appearance in a dress covered with violets, and with clusters of violets in the sunny

hair which was so soon to glisten beneath the shadow of a crown.

To return for a moment to Mademoiselle Mars. This charming and celebrated actress, like the well-known Dejazet in our own day, retained her beauty and dramatic talents to quite an advanced age. She remained on the stage long after her youth had departed, chained there by the applause and admiration of the public, and conscious of no diminution of her genius, or of her powers of pleasing. But one night she received a cruel hint that “superfluous lagged the veteran on the stage.” She had been performing one of her most celebrated rôles, with more than usual spirit, and the stage was covered with wreaths and bouquets, flung by the delighted audience to their favorite actress. But, one wreath different from the rest fell at her feet: it was a funereal wreath of *immortelles*. Mademoiselle Mars understood the meaning of this sombre symbol. She left the theatre in tears, and shortly afterward bade farewell to the stage forever. The wretched little yellow flower had well performed its cruel task.

The United States has no emblem-flower, nor is it possible that a fitting one should ever be selected. The symbolic plant of a great Republic ought to be rapid in its growth as Jonah’s gourd; vast, wide-spreading, and beautiful as the cedars of Lebanon; fruitful and beneficent to humanity as the cocoa-palm; deadly to approaching foes as the fatal upas—unless, indeed, it were chosen for the same qualities that seem to have decided the choice of all floral badges: namely, those of incongruity and inappropriateness. From the flowering broom of the Plantagenets down to the modest violet of the all-conquering, unscrupulous Bonapartes, this rule seems to have influenced each selection.

The days of chivalry, of emblem-flowers, and of floral titles have passed away. Yet, even in our own times, we have seen

another flower added to the fair and mournful bouquet of the royal roses of England—the lovely and unhappy Princess of Wales—Alexandra, the Rose of Denmark.

Fruit generally figures in history as the medium, real or supposed, by which poison has been administered. King John was said to have died by poison, given to him, by the monks of Croydon, in the pears and apples which they set before their royal and disreputable guest. It is more probable, however, that John's death was caused by his own voracity, joined to the fever of mind and body into which he had been thrown by anger and disappointment. Equally apocryphal is the story of the poisoned apple which Mary, Queen of Scots, was reported to have taken to her infant son as a present, and which, on his refusing to touch it, was thrown to a dog, that ate it and instantly died. As babes and dogs are alike unaccustomed to eat apples, the falsehood of this story becomes at once apparent.

We owe our only historical dish of strawberries to Richard III. On the 13th of June, 1483, nine days before the time appointed for the coronation of Edward V, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, made his appearance at a council of nobles, in the Tower, and conversed with them in a friendly and pleasant style. Turning to the Bishop of Ely, he spoke of some fine strawberries which he had been told were then ripe in the Bishop's garden, and expressed a wish to taste them. The flattered prelate at once dispatched a messenger in quest of the desired fruit, but it is doubtful whether Duke Richard ever partook of it. The heads of his opponents, not strawberries, had been the object of his visit to the council-chamber in the Tower that morning; and the arrest and execution of Hastings and other nobles followed hard upon the scene of his familiar and flat-

tering request. This incident is vividly recorded in the pages of Shakspeare (see "King Richard III," Act III, Sc. IV).

The death of Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchesse de Beaufort, the "fair Gabrielle" of Henri Quatre, is said to have been caused by a poisoned peach. Walking in the garden of Sebastian Lamet, she saw on one of the trees a beautiful peach, which she gathered, peeled, and ate. One version of the story says that the peach was poisoned, while still hanging on the tree; another, that the deadly drug was conveyed into the fruit through the medium of the silver knife with which it was pared. The latter account is the most probable, as the perpetrators of the deed could not possibly have foreseen which peach the Duchess would select, or indeed that she would gather any at all. Soon after eating the peach she was seized with frightful convulsions, which continued at intervals till death put an end to her sufferings. This crime was probably committed by Gabrielle's political enemies, who feared that the enamored king would one day end by espousing her. It is very likely that this fatal peach alone prevented her from sharing the throne of Henri Quatre: a position which she could have filled with at least as much honor and dignity as did either Marguerite de Valois, or Marie di Médicis.*

These gloomy pomological records of treason, poison, and death are almost redeemed by one justly celebrated historical fruit, the orange, which was adopted in England during the Revolution of 1688, as the badge of the partisans of William of Orange—the hero and the liberator—the last of the warrior-kings of England.

*The statement respecting the cause of the death of Gabrielle d'Estrées differs somewhat, I believe, from the usual version. I met with the account in an old volume of French memoirs, which I purchased in Paris in the year 1864, but having unfortunately lost the book, I can not give an exact reference to it, nor do I remember the name of the author.

PACIFIC OCEAN LINES AND PRIVILEGES.

WHEN the General commanding the annual *galleon* from Manila to Acapulco, received his King's orders and got under way for his long and lonely voyage, he may have had the proud consciousness, that it was the connecting link of the shortest passenger service around the world, as well as the only one performed by land and sea under a single flag. Perhaps he had little other cause for exultation. The passage before him was one of suffering, anxiety, and peril. From the high-gal-leried poop, he surveyed his ship—a vessel not much larger than a modern coasting schooner of the California sea-board. She was stoutly built, to resist the buffeting of tempestuous seas, or the passing broadside of some losel “pyrate,” which made but little impression on her sides.* She had two or three captains, several pilots, and their mates, and a mixed crew of Asiatics; yet their navigatory skill was only tentative, and her crew refused to come on deck when it rained heavily. For six months she rolled and drifted, making the most of a fair wind, and prudently lying to in foul weather, until, in Lat. 36° 42' N., she met the *senas*, or floating weeds, with great rejoicing, *Te Deums*, and firing of cannon. And, sooth to say, by this time, she was generally in sore extremity. Her tropical crew were chilled with northern gales, and her hardiest sailors down and dying with scurvy. She was overrun with vermin; her provisions were infected by maggots; the itch prevailed among her crowded pas-

sengers, and toward the close of this frightful voyage a plague—begotten of filth and famine—made them delirious, and many of them “dyed talking.” Sometimes she was driven back as far as Japan; * sometimes she was never heard from again, and the signal beacons on the Mexican headlands awoke no answering flash at sea.

What was it upheld them during this dreary voyage, and caused the officers and crew to forswear the vows they regularly took never to undertake the same venture again? Primarily, the love of gain. The old-time “piece of eight” exercised no less fascination than the modern dollar. And the profits were certainly great. The Captain cleared fifty thousand crowns by the trip, the sailors three hundred pieces of eight, and the pilots, twenty thousand. The officers took passengers on their own account, provided for them at their own tables, and gave up to them their cabins. The price of cabin “and diet” was from five hundred to six hundred pieces of eight. Most of the officers had their private ventures; and provisions, and often water, were sacrificed to afford greater capacity for freight. The profits of the merchants were two hundred per cent.

But it was not individual profit alone which sustained this regular service for more than a century, over a sea whose currents and caprices were but little known, and whose surges were vexed by the prying keels of buccaneers and enemies. Not only did the King bear a royal share of the risks and venture—furnishing the ship, and defraying the ex-

* One vessel is reported to have returned to port with ninety cannon-shot imbedded in her hull; and on another occasion, Lord Anson hammered away point-blank at one, all day, without success.

* The *San Felipe*.

penses of the voyage—but the Manila Fathers advanced money to the merchants, and assured them against a "total loss."* The civil government of Manila fostered the trade with the "heathen" Chinese, and admitted their merchants to the island, even against the strong protest of the Church. Nor were these favors extended for the mere national satisfaction that a citizen of Madrid could travel over the globe under the Spanish flag, and over Spanish soil, or that the citizen of London or Genoa was forced to accept these conditions—but that it was also profitable. The duties levied on that commerce in Mexico, fully repaid the expenses of the public establishments of Manila. It was singular that with this liberality the Government should have lent itself to the expulsion of the Chinese in 1709: an order which, Sonnerat says, was followed by "misery and depopulation," as the "fatal consequences of this maladministration," and which was afterward rescinded.

It was thus that, nearly two centuries ago, the Pacific coast of North America held the reins of East India and Chinese traffic, and supplied the missing link of circumnavigatory communication—a communication that, poorly served as it was, and full of danger and risk, yet brought profit and power to the Government which supported it, and identified its interest with their own. It might have been difficult for the ignorant old-time commander of the Manila galleon

to have conceived a ship like the Great Republic plowing her way over those tempestuous seas, against wind or tide; the transhipment of goods and passengers, by steam, across the continent, might have seemed to his limited prescience as improbable and visionary; but none of these suggestions of the future would he have rejected as promptly as the supposition that a powerful Government would have tacitly yielded their privileges, and the power they indicated, into the hands of a rival nation.

The present question of maritime supremacy upon the Pacific Ocean lies between Great Britain and the United States. France, with its *Messageries Impériales*, and *Compagnie Transatlantique*, might compete, but the more widely extended British connecting lines—which have already secured the South American and Central American trade, as well as the greater portion of that in East Asian waters, together with the advantages derivable from the Australian Colonies—place Britain in a position of material vantage.

The Panama Railroad, which was built mainly by American enterprise, soon found the larger share of its interests identified with those of the British Pacific coast steamers. These furnished from three-fourths to seven-eighths of its entire business. An important share in the proprietary of the road passed into English hands. But the policy of the road, governed of course by commercial, and not national considerations, followed its larger, or British steamer interests. These have not, latterly, coincided with those of the single American steamship company running to foreign ports. The significance of this fact is, that the Panama Railroad, which is popularly thought of in the United States—and too often by those who can know better—as an American concern, has its real and its controlling interests identified with those of the British steam lines,

*The Manila merchants, it is to be regretted, did not always exhibit an honorable spirit. De Zúñiga says: "The pious establishments are the assurers, according to the terms of the instruments or deeds made between them and the respective adventurers, who borrow money of them for the purpose of embarking in this trade; but these instruments, expressing the lender's risk to be total loss only, the borrowers, to prevent any thing from being saved—so as to leave room for litigation, as to whether the loss was partial or total—set fire to the vessel, to place it beyond dispute.—*An Historical View of the Philippine Islands, from the Spanish of Martinez de Zúñiga.*

besides being in fact largely of British proprietary.

Thus the Panama Isthmus, the focal point of the Pacific and Atlantic steam-trade, has long since passed under the controlling influence of those Royal Mail steam lines by which that trade is mainly conducted. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with a fleet of some twenty steamers, performs the South American service. These, aided by local subsidy, have lately extended their connection with the South American Atlantic coast. The Central American Steamship Company are doing a profitable business, exceeding the California trade in amount, between the ports of Central America and Panama. These steamers are also owned by proprietors in the Panama Railroad. The California Isthmus-traffic has, under existing conditions, ceased to pay adequate profits upon the capital required in its performance, and the real interest of the Central American steam proprietors lies in extending their line to control the entire northern Pacific coast business, uniting the "through" and local traffic under a single proprietary, as the South American Pacific is now controlled. This would combine the entire traffic which converges at the Panama Isthmus, from the North and South Pacific, on the one hand, and the North and South Atlantic, on the other; together with the iron link which binds the two into one harmonious commercial scheme. Already, more than three-fourths of the grand result have been achieved. The resolute subsidy system of Great Britain has procured for her subjects the benefits and profits of the traffic. More than three-fourths of the entire export and import of the entire South and Central American coast are to and from Great Britain and her dependencies. The traffic is done by her merchants, and its double profits are theirs. The transportation is done by her steamships, and

its profits are theirs. Year by year, the volume of traffic and of profit swells. Year by year, steamships are added to the fleet, and their lines of route extended. The single discordant element now left in this grand scheme, is the steam line from Panama to New York and San Francisco. This line has been, and now is, choked by that iron band which binds the Isthmus; it was pierced by the iron-bar which pierced the Sierra Nevada; the traffic which is its life-blood is ebbing away, while yet it is manacled in the mountains of Balboa. Already distressed, and maintaining its ground with steady courage, but visibly failing strength, its defeat by the powerful subsidized and subsidizing competitor is but a question of time. The case is not that of one American company competing against a foreign company, nor against two foreign companies, nor three foreign companies: it is an American company against Great Britain; it is the old Collins story over again. The *Arctic*, in that line, prefigured the fate of her owners and of American steamships. Such are the facts—the bald, exact, inelastic facts—of the American Pacific steam marine south from San Francisco.

The opposite shores of this ocean—those of Asia and the Australian continent—are both served by a thorough system of British steam lines, maintained by the same resolute British system of subsidy. The splendid fleets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company perform local and through service from the British isles, along the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of Europe, to the wonderful empire growing up in Hindostan, and proceeding thence to the coasts and islands of the China and Japan seas. The French *Messageries Impériales*—also sustained by subsidy—divide with the Peninsular and Oriental this traffic and its profits, but yet its proportion of the grand total is even less than that of

American steamers on the hither Pacific. In those waters also the American steam marine has secured a foothold, as yet unimportant and uncertain. It is, however, needless to elaborate the possibilities of its future importance. The daily steamships now plowing the Atlantic (among which American bunting can not unfold its stars) may be accepted as an earnest of the Pacific commerce of the future; of which we may trust that it will not, in this one respect, prove also a type.

The British steam service of the East Indian and South Pacific oceans needed but two links to render complete its circuit round the globe. One of these should be from the Australian Colonies to Panama; the other, from the China seas to Panama. Neither is necessarily to be *direct*. The great circle which forms the latter's shortest line, passes, in fact, within a few miles of San Francisco. The former was tried on the direct course, and, as it was found, could not be sustained. But there is an indirect course in which it can be sustained. By adding to its "through" traffic the direct traffic between California and Australia, the subsidy previously granted, and now again tendered, will suffice to maintain the service. The possession of these two main lines—connecting the two established systems of steam service upon the eastern and western coasts of the Pacific Ocean—constitutes the core of what we called the question of maritime supremacy: that question, the solution of which lies between Great Britain and the United States.

It is safe to presume that British steamships will accept the subsidies now offered by the Australian Colonies in aid of a service between themselves and San Francisco. We do not know whether these subsidies would be extended to an American line. But, as between the two, the Colonies would, as of course, prefer the British line—wherein they

would display only that patriotic feeling which is often identical with commercial wisdom. The American citizen has been prepared, by the disappearance of his flag from the steam marine of the world, to accept as a thing of course the establishment of a line of foreign, instead of American, steamers between a foreign colony and his own ports. That such line should be established between Australia and California, subsidized to the amount of \$600,000 (gold) per annum, will be acquiesced in by the American as a merely natural thing. The idea of his own Government paying that subsidy to foster an American line would be startling, if not appalling.

An Australian line of steamships, then, English or American, is about to be established. As far as it goes, that disposes of one portion of the large question of Pacific maritime supremacy. Turning, next, to the China seas service, there is one important fact to be considered at the outset. The annual exports from all China to Great Britain are so much larger than the same exports to the United States, that the American (whom we concede to be of paramount importance to himself, and of no small consequence to Europe) dwindles to comparative insignificance in China, and disappears altogether in India. The uncommercial American has no just idea of his relative commercial unimportance in the China seas. Even the above pecuniary statement conveys the idea but imperfectly. The disproportion between the value of British and American exports to China is still more considerable. The quotation of American markets is there a matter of very secondary consequence. English cotton prices, or the continental silk sales, are more important than the commercial affairs of the whole American continent. A controlling proportion of all the trade, inward and outward, is done with Europe, by English merchants, under the English

flag. England takes 120,000,000 pounds of Chinese teas; America, 30,000,000 pounds. France takes the Chinese raw silks, and gives them to America manufactured. We are not to lament these facts, (they are not, in themselves, lamentable) but only to understand them. We are to bear in mind that the entire American trade with the China seas is, as yet, in point of amount or consequence, an altogether secondary affair, and that the British trade is not only enormous, but is conducted by a thorough, heavily subsidized steam-service.

Such are, again, the bald and inelastic facts concerning the condition of maritime affairs in China waters—the farther shore of the Pacific Ocean. That shore, that commerce, with its steam marine, is to be connected with the American Pacific coast. By this connection, a certain portion, both of the European and American traffic, will be diverted to the new route. The performance of this traffic demanded the construction of two steam highways: one by transcontinental rail; the other by trans-Pacific steamship. The first work has been completed. At the present juncture, it vividly recalls the condition of affairs attending the completion of the Panama Railroad. The work was performed by American rail-building enterprise, and its benefits were instantly availed of by British maritime enterprise. The fact is, perhaps, galling, but it can not be suppressed. In compliance with the national spirit of the same road-building enterprise, the Pacific rail has been constructed by the American Government, and the first fruits are: 1. Decay in the only foreign line of American steamships now afloat. 2. Establishment of a new British line of steamships to Australia. The third and greater result—the key-stone of Pacific supremacy; the necessary complement of the railroad; the commercial highway of the future; the controlling steam-service of the Pacific Ocean; the steam

maritime connection of the continental rail with the steam marine of the China seas—is yet to be developed. The question is, nationally speaking, simply that of keeping afloat the American flag in the steam marine of the world—or, in a commercial sense, whether the freight-moneys of Oriental commerce are to be paid to English or American ship-owners. It is the question whether the United States are to retire from the Pacific, as they have retired from the Atlantic, before that power of subsidy by which Great Britain has driven them from that ocean. We have shown how St. George's cross, impelled by that same power, already flies along both Pacific coasts; how it is likely, within these few months, to connect the Australian continent with the American Pacific rail; how it is not unlikely to drive off the Stars and Stripes from their connection with the American Panama rail: and now we approach the China line of Pacific steamships, as they are at present established.

It is apparent that so long as this service is a monthly one, it must continue to be, what it now is, a merely local affair. Our railroad-building people can understand that if the Pacific road, for instance, should run but one train per week, (and one train per week would carry all its passengers) its effect in promoting its own business, or in attracting traffic, and building up its line of country, would be, as nearly as possible, *zero*. So our present monthly Pacific steam-service, in competition, as it is, with the semi-weekly service of the Peninsular and Oriental and *Messageries Impériales* companies from Europe, is ludicrously weak. It does tolerably well to transact the insignificant traffic between China and California; nor even in this does it supplant deserving sailing craft—for these continue to perform their ancient function between steamer trips. If the Pacific steam line is meant for nothing more than this—if it receives its

present subsidy solely with a view to benefit California—if the Pacific railroad was built merely for the development of the same State—if the American people has no use for a sea-coast, except to supply foreign steamships with ports of entry—if they really do *not* intend to maintain a Pacific marine, then it is not clear but that their advantage would lie in abandoning at once the present imperfect service, and inviting the Peninsular and Oriental Company to perform the same with weekly steamers: their Government would not, we are convinced, hesitate to extend the necessary subsidies to them; also to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for the Panama connection; (the Australian line is already practically provided for) and to the Royal Mail West Indian Company for such additional service as might be necessary to advance the best interests of the whole. Thus American Pacific commerce would be promoted; the “trans-continental highway” would become such in fact, as well as in name; in time, the United States might come to pay to foreign steamship-owners as enormous an amount of freight-moneys as they now do upon the Atlantic; and, although this fact would be unsatisfactory in an economical sense—and a redundancy of scarlet bunting in the Bay of San Francisco should be equally unsatisfactory, from a national point of view, and as mortifying as it now is in the Bay of New York—the nation would at least have the countervailing advantages resulting from the increased trade; wealth, both national and local, would in fact be promoted, and the Pacific railroad and Pacific Ocean would subserve their true and natural functions.

But, of course, the national sense is not prepared to take this step—at least, not in precisely this way. The Pacific Mail, like the Collins steamers, are now in actual operation: it remains to be seen whether they are to be in like wise driv-

en off. Trade is apt to change its channels slowly, but a channel of natural course being opened to it, it pursues it inevitably. Such a channel is now to be opened to it. Moreover, trade widens its channel as it flows. Therefore, were steam navigation wholly free, it could be safely left to itself to grow with the demand of trade. Had it been free, Americans and American steamships would never have been swept by foreign competitors from the ocean. But, in fact, it is the reverse of free. Channels are built for it and maintained by subsidy. Sustained by the hand of a wealthy Government, the steamship which hoists that Government's flag to her mast-head, displays to the eyes of her competitors a besom more powerful than Van Tromp's.

Such was the case on the Atlantic. It is not yet presented on the Pacific. It is only in prospective. The United States is permitting one portion of its steam-service to die as rapidly as it will, while its domain is encroached upon by extension of the foreign service; it is also patiently awaiting the establishment of a second foreign service; and has thus far abstained from doing the one thing which can actually, and in a practical way, promote the growth of the third and controlling service. The amount of money necessary to the latter end, appears to be the same that is at present expended in the “Franking Privilege.” The present monthly China service is, in no national sense, a service at all. It does not supplant the sail vessels; and in this test exhibits the fact that it is producing no sensible effect upon the currents of trade. The customs entries disclose the same fact. The pitiful disproportion of the subsidy now paid, to the customs duties derived from the trade, is shown in the fact that the sum so collected in the port of San Francisco during the three years since the China steam line went into operation, amounted to \$5,003,832,

ETC.

WHEN Lord Brougham congratulated himself that the "school-master was abroad," he did not probably foresee that some day the school-master would be shut up in a San Francisco jail. As the citizen of a nation whose wisest and manliest have, in youth, been breeched and switched at Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, he would have been startled at the progress of a Western civilization which incarcerates the pedagogue for the undue exercise of his flogging functions—and even questions his right to that function. But such seems to be the fact. It has even been argued that flogging is degrading to the "manliness" and "self-respect" of the San Francisco youth, whose fearless stoning of Chinamen has long been the wonder of an admiring world.

Yet, the moralist who may feel inclined to smile at the temporizing sentiment which would delay severe punishment of rebellion against law and order until rebellion was full-grown, the culprit incorrigible, and the disgrace lasting—who sees in corporal punishment the natural argument which the average boy uses to the average boy out of school, and often the only argument which they accept—should remember that the school-master is intrusted with a degree of absolute power which should be delegated to nothing but infallibility itself. The school-master is not only fallible, but the tendency of his isolated profession, the habitual exercise of disciplinary power over an inferior element, and the contact of inferior minds, tend to make him arbitrary, positive, and conceited—qualities which are apt to invest him out of the school-room, and render him still more isolated in society. Parents unwittingly foster this disposition by encouraging their children to recognize in the school-master only *the law*—keeping to themselves the kindlier attributes of mercy and generosity. The ex-

amination of teachers is too often conducted on an hypothesis which makes mere *scholarship* an eligible quality, when *teachership* is really wanted. It is by an accident, and not by selection, that liberality and breadth of comprehensiveness can get into the teacher's chair at the public schools. Men unhesitatingly delegate the control of their children to a teacher whose advice in their own affairs they would contemptuously reject.

It is to be regretted that, in this discussion, little more has been elicited than sentiment, on the one hand, and precedent on the other. It is difficult to say which is the most obnoxious to truth. Sentiment will always appeal to that large class who have never outgrown their dislike—just or unjust though it be—to the school-master—whose sensibilities have been stimulated by novels in which the school-master was always a tyrant. Indeed, Dr. Holmes, we believe, is the only writer of fiction who has enlisted the heroic sympathy of the reader on the other side. The recollections of the past are not always to be relied on. The honest merchant, who remembers to have been whipped in youth for stealing; the peaceable, law-abiding citizen, who can recall being caned for fighting; the candid man, who has been punished, as a boy, for lying—all are too apt, in their present rectitude, to look upon their punishment as unjust. Yet it is not easy to say that such punishment had no influence on the formation of character, before the sophistry which is apt to come with unrestrained indulgence in wrong-doing had sapped the will.

The substitutes offered for corporal punishment in the public schools do not seem to meet the exigency—if there be one. Expulsion, in extreme cases, is apt to transfer the pupil from the correction of the school-master to the correction of the police. The segregation of incorrigible pupils in one correc-

tional department is, we apprehend, the most dangerous of all substitutes. The creation of a common sympathy in vice, and the continual presence of evil influence, would ruin more than it would save. But these are questions for the Boards of Education, and not for criminal magistrates, to determine.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

ROME, February, 1870.

The Council is holding its sessions ; is growing less and less united in its counsels. The poor old Grand Duke of Tuscany is laid for his last sleep in this refuge of departed greatness. The ex-Queen of Naples is rejoicing in the birth of a Princess of her house : the Empress of Austria has played the part of fairy godmother, and has returned once more to Vienna. And the poor old Fathers of the Church are yielding to the fatigue and discomforts their journey and sojourn bring with them ; and are, many of them, dying far from home and country. Such is the general news of the month in Rome, and I will try to amplify it a little for your readers. Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, has been very quiet since his arrival in Rome, although overwhelmed with abuse by the Ultramontane party, for his utter refusal to conform to their views. But, at last, he has become aroused. Monseigneur Deschamps wrote him a very abusive letter, which he answered, but was refused permission to have printed in Rome. The Dominican friar, to whom every book and pamphlet must be submitted, reminded him that the Fathers of the Council were not allowed to publish any thing during the session. There are, however, pamphlets published since the opening of the Council ; among others, this very letter of Monseigneur Deschamps. Monseigneur Dupanloup wrote to Monseigneur Deschamps that he had been refused permission to publish an answer to his letter, and then sent his manuscript to Brussels, whence it will be issued, to circulate much more generally than if it had not been pronounced forbidden fruit. And this is one of the trials of the Vatican. Another is a late letter from the Abbé Doellinger, of Munich, over his own signature, in which he accuses Archbishop Manning and Monseigneur Deschamps of falsifica-

tion of the truth, in order to prove their beloved doctrine of the Papal infallibility, and in which he furnishes very strong arguments for the opponents of the doctrine. This letter has won for the Abbé very strong demonstrations of regard and admiration in Munich. The freedom of the city has been presented to him, and he is constantly receiving warm congratulations upon the learning and courage which he has manifested. Blow the third to the Ultramontanes, comes from France. The Abbé Gratty, priest of the Oratoire, and Member of the French Academy, has come out with a very strong letter, also opposing the Papal infallibility, and in a most masterly manner. But, there is opposition to the promulgation of this doctrine from another and a very different quarter. I will not now refer to the resistance made by almost all the German and Austrian Bishops, but will mention that of the Archbishop of Vienna, a man entirely devoted to the Ultramontane cause, a fanatic in his belief in the Papal infallibility, as well as in many other extreme doctrines of the Ultramontanes. But, he has been taught by his own experience that, in this age, the priest, in every Government save that of Rome, is a man, and subject to the law, as are other men. And he fears a schism in the Church, and active resistance on the part of the secular power. The opinion is fast gaining ground, that the sessions of the Council may be suspended for a time, the Pope himself having, within the last few days, twice expressed the opinion that it might be well to allow the Fathers to return to their dioceses until next October. The Bishops are really to be pitied for their bodily sufferings. Many of them are extremely infirm, and the long journey was distressing to them. They are lodged in convents, where not a ray of sun ever enters ; have to eat food to which they are not accustomed ; in the sessions of the Council must sit on hard wooden seats, only covered with a carpet ; and are worried by the opposition made to the various propositions submitted to them, or else, are themselves in opposition to the schemes proposed. The mortality among them has been very great—twenty-two in less than two months—so that there is a sort of panic in Rome. The other day, the news was circulated that the

Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboys, was dead. A friend, who went personally to inquire about him, was received with such a volley of "Mon Dieu," and such gestures expressive of consternation, by the servants, that he began to think the news was true, and anxiously repeated his question, "How is Monseigneur Darboys?" "He is perfectly well," said the valet; "he is this moment at St. Peter's; but, pray, pray tell me what this all means. You, sir, are, I think, the hundredth person who has called to make the same inquiry to-day." Poor, panic-stricken Romans! I need hardly add that they attribute the deaths of these poor, infirm, worn-out men to the celebrated Vatican powders. Poor Grand Duke Leopold, dying in a strange land; carried to the place of burial in a state carriage too short for his coffin, which leaned pitifully outside the carriage, as if the dumb lips were ready to pray for rest, and the sightless eyes were straining to look back upon home and country. The funeral *cortège* was very grand, but nothing could remove the sad impression which was given by seeing the coffin unable to lay at rest on its way to the grave. In the state coach, rode four ecclesiastics, each bearing a lighted taper. A platoon of dragoons, two regiments of cavalry, with the servants of the family bearing torches, preceded the coach. General Kanzler, Minister of Arms, followed, on foot, leading a company of *gens d'armes*, and followed by two battalions of the troops of the line, two battalions of foreign troops, four battalions of Zouaves, a mounted battery of artillery, and several squadrons of mounted *gens d'armes* and dragoons. A long line of carriages followed. Five bands of music were distributed in the procession. Several of the old Tuscan nobility came to Rome, to be present at the funeral of him whom they still regard as their lawful sovereign. On the next day, (yesterday) a great crowd collected at the Church of the S. S. Apostoli, where mass for the repose of the Duke was celebrated. The royal family of Naples were present, and the Pope also attended on the occasion.

Last Saturday, the American College, in the Via dell' Umilta was in a state of great delight, the Pope having consented to honor

it with a visit. Our countrymen and countrywomen were (at least the Catholic portion of them) generally honored with an invitation to be present on the occasion. His Holiness proceeded in his state carriage, with his usual train, to the College, where he was received by Cardinal Barnabo and a vast number of Bishops and Archbishops from the United States. The object of the visit was the publication of the decree of beatification and canonization of a certain Bishop of Saluzzo, who had been, at one time, as priest, connected with the church dedicated to the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, vulgarly called the "Umilta," now belonging to the Ecclesiastical College of the United States. Mass was said, after which, the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, Monseigneur Bartolini, read the decree declaring that "the theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; and the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Firmness, were possessed by the venerable servant of God, Giovanni Giovenale Ancena, Priest of the Oratorio at Rome, and afterward Bishop of Saluzzo, to a heroic degree." The Pope then published the decree. Thanks were offered for the publication by the Reverend Father, Crispino Buttaoni. The Pope answered in a long speech, (of course, all the speeches are in Latin) and then there was another thanksgiving, and the affair was ended. It was not until the church was emptied that the poor, tired women, who, during the whole of the services, were shut up in a little, low gallery under the ceiling, were allowed to come out. The strict rules of ecclesiastical colleges forbade their being allowed to be seen, and kept them under guard until the Pope and his train had left. They were then, however, allowed to be presented to his Holiness, for whom a throne had been erected in one of the halls of the College. And as the invitations included none but Romanists, all "were admitted to the kissing of his feet." Monseigneur Spaulding, Bishop of Baltimore, "in the name of his colleagues of the United States Episcopate, thanked his Holiness for the many and great things he has done for the progress of our holy religion in his flourishing country, and for the development he has there made of the Catholic hierarchy."

The Pope replied, gave his benediction, and withdrew, not partaking of a slight refreshment which was served before the company dispersed. It is his Holiness' invariable rule never to partake of any food or drink save that served to him by his particular attendants. The American College was founded by the present Pope. Its rector is Rev. Dr. Chotard, of Baltimore.

The health of the Pope is excellent, and he bears his disappointment, with regard to the submission of the Council, wonderfully well. The dogma of the infallibility will scarcely be proclaimed. There is a great deal of opposition to it in the Council itself. There is more outside its walls, among the lower clergy. There is almost entire opposition to it among the laity of Germany and Austria, except Tyrol, and the Austrian and French Governments would look upon it with great disfavor. The Committee on Faith have, it is said, quite finished their work, unless this doctrine is laid before them. No new dogma has yet been made public.

In France, the experiment of doing away with the personal government goes on, and will, probably, at last, succeed, should the Emperor's life be spared a few years longer, and the Prince Imperial inherit the genius of his father and his keen perception of the necessities of the age. But the Government has had some dreadful blows lately. The most severe one is, undoubtedly, the terrible killing of M. Le Noir by Prince Pierre Buonaparte. There had been very severe things said of the Prince in the paper called the *Marseillaise*, conducted by Rochefort. One of these articles, written by M. Pascal Grousset, so greatly moved the indignation of Prince Pierre that he wrote a letter to Rochefort, offering to give him an opportunity to fight him. The next day, Messrs. Victor Noir and Ulric de Fouvieuille presented themselves at the Prince's residence, as delegates of Pascal Grousset. Rochefort had also sent two of his friends to wait on the Prince—Messrs. Arnoult and Millière. They arrived at the house just after the shocking event had occurred, which I am about to relate. I will give the two accounts, between which there is a very great discrepancy. M. Ulric de Fouvieuille says that he and his friend went to

the Prince's house to demand satisfaction of him for M. Grousset. A few moments after they arrived the Prince entered, and they told him their errand. He had supposed they came from M. Rochefort. At their request he read the letter, and said, after a second reference to M. Rochefort: "As to M. Grousset, I have no answer to give him. Are you conjointly responsible with these carrion-mongers?" "Sir," replied I, "we come to you honorably and courteously, to fulfill a commission intrusted to us by our friend." "Do you share the opinion of these wretches?" said he. Victor Noir replied, "We share those of our friends." The Prince, without any provocation, gave, with his left hand, a blow to Victor Noir, and, at the same time, drew a ready-cocked revolver from his pocket and fired directly at him. Victor Noir sprang in the air, put both his hands to his breast, and tottered out of the room. The murderer then fired at me. I could not get my pistol from my pocket before he rushed upon me; but, seeing me armed, he drew back and took aim again." De Fouvieuille says he then rushed out of another door, crying "murder," but not before another ball had passed through his paletot. Prince Pierre, on the other hand, declares that Victor Noir struck him a heavy blow in the face; that then De Fouvieuille drew a pistol from his pocket, and he (the Prince) fired at the man who had struck him; that De Fouvieuille then crouched behind an arm-chair and tried to fire at him, but could not cock his weapon, and that he then fired a shot, which could not have hit him. He says that then De Fouvieuille got out of the door, but, in the next room, stopped and took aim again, and that he (the Prince) then fired the second shot. Victor Noir reached the street, when he fell. He was raised and placed upon a litter, but died in a very few moments. The greatest excitement prevailed in Paris. Large crowds assembled, and some seditious cries were raised. But there was no real riot at the time, or at the funeral of Le Noir. The poor victim was to have been married next day. He was but twenty-one years of age. Prince Pierre gave himself up at once to justice. He is confined in the *Conciergerie*. He is to be tried by a High Court of Justice, fifty of whose members

are already appointed. Rochefort has been tried for the articles which he wrote in his paper, after the homicide. A vote to allow his trial was passed by the Chamber of Deputies, without which it could not have taken place. He was sentenced to a fine, and to six months' imprisonment. He continues to assail the Government, and is safe while he is Deputy. Before his term expires, he will, doubtless, take a journey to Belgium, and so escape imprisonment. I have dwelt particularly on this affair, for it is, in many respects, an important one. But for the more liberal policy lately adopted by the Emperor, it would, undoubtedly, have caused a revolution in France. The Republicans held a great meeting in London, to "protest against the crime of Auteuil." This is the notice: "Universal Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Solidarity. The Workmen's International Association, French Branch, Federal Section, London. An indignation meeting, to protest against the murder committed by the bandit, Peter Napoleon Buonaparte, on the person of citizen Victor Noir. The Branch invites the attendance of democrats of all nations." This harmless affair was preceded by a banquet given at Paris by the Republican party. The Emperor was there fiercely attacked, and one of the orators hoped that "the fate of Louis XVI might fall on all crowned heads." To conclude the Le Noir matter, I must add that Rochefort was to have been defended by Ledru Rollin, but Rollin afterward wrote that, on reflection, he feared that his taking the step would seem an acknowledgment of the Imperial Government, and he withdrew his promise.

There is talk of betrothing the Prince Imperial. Two matches are spoken of: the one with Giselle, the little daughter of the Empress of Austria; and the other with the daughter of the Duc d'Aumale. There is a proposition to have done with all animosity to the Orleans family, to propose their return to France, to restore to them their private property, and to give to the Duc d'Aumale the vacant post of the late Duc de Broglie.

The Queen of England has been suffering from slight indisposition, but has recovered. Ireland keeps poor old mother England un-

easy. She is no better-behaved since the doing away of the Irish Church, and some think is worse than before.

The state of health of the Emperor of Russia is very sad. His mind is in a most melancholy condition. He takes long, solitary walks, or shuts himself up for days, taking no nourishment, but a few biscuits dipped in wine. The Empress was ordered to Italy for the winter, but refuses to leave her husband. Of course, he can not attend to business. Moscow has lately been the scene of many arrests, among a society calling themselves the Nihilists, who desire to suppress all human institutions—Governments, among others—and live by the instincts of Nature. Their natural instincts led them to try and get up a revolution, but they were discovered in good time. It is also rumored that other secret societies have been discovered in St. Petersburg.

Spain has no King, no probable King, and apparently no possible King. Every now and then the world comes to an end there, and the news of its final collapse is embodied in charming sensational paragraphs all over Europe. But it renews its life and strength next day. Kings are proposed, and refused, and insisted upon, and all but elected, and disappear from all calculation; and still Spain is growing stronger, and wiser, and better every day. Would that the same could be said of all her neighbors!

OWL AND EAGLE.

A FABLE.

The Eagle thought to explore the skies.
The Owl vouchsafed his counsel wise:

"Give up this profitless waste of wing;
Stay close by me; I'll teach you to sing—
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"All creatures are sure to lose their senses
If they venture above the trees and fences;
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"I knew of a fool-hardy, crazy lark,
Which flew away up and was lost in dark.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"You can't go up any higher than I!
Nothing to roost on! Fool to try!
You'd bump your head against the sky!
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"Sit still till the horrible day is done!
No one can see till the shade is on;
The sun is a cloud, and the moon is a sun.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"Don't risk your eyes in the dangerous glare;
Just trust yourself to my wiser care;
Your safety moves me to constant prayer—
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"I know of a hole will do for a house;
Your part of the rent shall be catching a mouse.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!"

The Eagle, sailing the upper sea—
Did he hear his friend's soliloquy?

"He has lost his hold! He floats in despair
On the frightful space of the empty air.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"If a flash of darkness would let him see,
He could find his way again to me.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"But he's out of sight, and therefore lost,
And in the abyss by wild winds tossed!
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"I told him better! The rattle-brains
Will find that liberty ends in chains.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"Had he sense enough to take advice,
He might have been useful catching mice.
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!

"Do hear him scream! 'Tis the cry of distress,
As he gyrates downward! A pretty mess
Will his carcass make as it strikes the stones!
'Tis providential! I'll pick his bones!
Te-hoo! hoo! hoo-oo!"

C. G. A.

IN no instance, perhaps, is the dominant materialism of California more shamelessly evinced than in the opposition to the completion of the State Geological Survey. The average Californian, whether he be legislator or not, may have his private contempt for any science except that of money-getting, but generally he is sensible enough to keep it from public utterance. In the present instance, we believe that only a few of those individuals who are spoken of by Eastern tourists as being independent and "eminently characteristic" have openly avowed their ignorance and contempt of science, but the majority seem to have relied upon the mere provincial argument of the alleged personal unpopularity of the Professor—against whose scientific ability they can bring no charge. It remains to be seen whether this kind of argument is to be adopted as legislation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED: A History of the Byron Controversy, from the beginning, in 1816, to the present time. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

When it is said that Mrs. Stowe's *Vindication of Lady Byron* fails to substantiate—either by the introduction of new evidence, or corroboration of the old—the particular charge against Lord Byron made in her *True Story of Lady Byron's Life*, perhaps all is said that is necessary to criticism of the mere controversy. But Mrs. Stowe has given us an interesting and amusing volume—perhaps quite as interesting and amusing as it would have been had the charges been proved. For, in either case, its solemnly ridiculous mingling of great moral principles with narrow methods and small applications—of strong truths and feeble prejudices, of ostentatious philosophy and great sensitiveness of flesh—gives it but little more than an ephemeral literary interest. It is not probable that history will take either side of the controversy; and in the Higher Judgment—if we are to accept Lady Byron's religious theories—the motives which impelled the Countess Guiccioli to vindicate Lord Byron, may stand as high as those which impelled Mrs. Stowe to champion Lady Byron. Meanwhile, the world that *is* will probably condemn both, and recognize in this controversy only the old conflict between corrigible vice and incorrigible virtue which has been going on since the world began.

There is an attempt at logical arrangement in this book which suggests that the well-known sympathy of Mr. Parton with Mrs. Stowe has taken an active form, and that that wonderful man has brought to the assistance of his friend, and the utter demolition of Lord Byron, that peculiar style of reasoning which he formerly used against tobacco

and alcohol. There are strictures on the social habits of Kit North and his friends, where he and Mrs. Stowe evidently join hands and go down an—undistributed—middle together; and certainly Mrs. Stowe, unaided by Mr. Parton, would not have probably dared to cite under the title of "The Direct Argument to prove the Crime," the unimportant facts that Lord Byron wrote *Manfred*, that he hated Lady Byron's lawyers, and that, in a certain obsolete and silly novel, called *Caleb Williams*, a criminal acted as Mrs. Stowe thinks Lord Byron acted. Indeed, *The Vindication* will always remain a literary curiosity, as offering the singular example of a novelist applying the rules and license of fiction to matters of fact. It is precisely this quality which makes Mrs. Stowe's story interesting. The character of Lord Byron is drawn with great vigor, and made *consistently* bad: just as Mrs. Stowe would picture it in a work of fiction. But villainy, in real life, is not always consistent; and the relations of Lord and Lady Byron are much more natural in their former inexplicable condition, than when Mrs. Stowe attempted to account for them. She has made a cheap novel—that disgusts as often as it excites—out of material that holds much more true pathos, suffering, and dramatic power in its very vagueness, than we fear Mrs. Stowe was ever capable of conceiving. But, although the character of Lord Byron, as projected from Mrs. Stowe's moral consciousness and literary instincts, is unnatural, that of Lady Byron, drawn from personal observation, contact, and sympathy, is natural, and really valuable to literature. The character is a self-contained and strong one. Indeed, her ladyship seems to have been quite competent to take care of her reputation, without assistance; and it is perhaps unfortunate for Mrs. Stowe, that as she impresses Lady Byron

upon the reader, the excuse for her own championship becomes the more impertinent and gratuitous. The reticence of the principal is more powerful than the advocate's passionate eloquence. No lawyer could write more carefully guarded letters; no other woman could keep as correct and consistent attitude before the world for so many years. The consummate acting which Mrs. Stowe charges upon Lord Byron might have been as easily charged upon his spouse. And the reader will remember here that neither reticence, letters, nor consistent attitude have yet convinced the world.

We think no one will be disposed to deny that Mrs. Stowe received the accusation from the lips of Lady Byron, as she has related it, nor is it necessary to a rejection of the charge, to deny this fact. But Mrs. Stowe's rash publication has brought upon her the burden of proving not only the accusation, but the crime. And in this she has failed signally—as any one familiar with the earlier controversy might have foreseen.

The case being closed, there is a feature of the pleadings which deserves comment, as evincing somewhat painfully the *animus* of the prosecution. Throughout the book, Mrs. Leigh is spoken of as Lord Byron's *sister*, and the fact that she was a half-sister and a stranger to him until within a year or two of the alleged intimacy, is not stated. While this fact would not alter the legal significance of the crime, it might have something to do with its moral bearing. Yet, although it could have been cited by Mrs. Stowe as collateral evidence in favor of the crime—making it less unnatural and improbable—it seems to have been suppressed for that very reason, and we have, instead, Mrs. Stowe's *theory* that the act was the result of the deliberate intention of Lord Byron to crown the apex of his vices with a crime gratuitously monstrous.

THE CATHEDRAL. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

If, in his late revision of *The Biglow Papers*, Mr. Lowell had determined to lift the character of "Parson Wilbur" to the heroic altitude, we should imagine that *The Cathe-*

dral would have been a very characteristic emanation from the pen of that philological ornament of East Jaalam parish. Certainly, we find little other flavor of Mr. Lowell's best quality, and little that is good, only so far as the mere affectations of a man of genius are never entirely devoid of a certain excellence. But in comprehensiveness, ease, simplicity, and, we may add, motive, the poem is really unsatisfactory.

It is true that Mr. Lowell has, to some extent, deliberately prepared us for this, in his earlier poems; and by a fatal predilection for soliloquy and erudition, has plainly given us to know that, although we understood him now, the time might come when he would happily be beyond the reach of our admiring comprehension. That time seems to have come. It is that autumnal period when most poets take to translating Homer, but which Mr. Lowell seems to have employed in translating himself into a blank verse of Latin, Norman-French, and mediæval English.

We might not quarrel with his incursions into the language; we might even admire the vigor with which he impresses his unwilling captives into a service for which they are evidently not intended: but when we consider that he is writing of the suggestions awakened by a visit to a Gothic cathedral, we think he might do it a little more simply. There is a complete and inartistic lack of that noble reticence and quiet contemplation which such surroundings naturally inspire. The author is garrulous when he should be thoughtful. The local atmosphere and color, the shadowy crypt, the broken lights, the echoing pavement, and dim aisles are swallowed up in the poet's voluble extravagance, which directs all attention to himself. There is no *andante* movement to his extraordinary blank verse. It rattles and jolts over mere mechanical impediments; simile after simile, conceit after conceit, apothegm after apothegm, follow each other rapidly, like a train of cars over an embankment. There are isolated figures that are fine; clever asides; quotable bits: but few lines of sustained and honest description, and never more than a hinting of the attitude of contemplation. We feel like calling upon the verger to put out this "high-flown," but strident Yankee, who is like to

disturb the worshipers, and who even talks politics in church.

Some critics have made themselves merry over such words as "undisprivacied," "dis-natured," "repaganized," etc. These are inventions of which Mr. Lowell's necessity is mother, and they are, therefore, to some extent legitimate; but when he speaks of the "*candid* chambers of his brain," using that adjective in its obsolete, derivative sense of "white," it partakes too much of a pedantic affectation which we do not like to refer to Mr. Lowell, except in the character of "Parson Wilbur." Indeed, we recognize in *The Cathedral* but little that we have often found admirable in our poet, whom we are inclined to think would be more poetical, religious, and contemplative in a whitewashed "meet-in' house" on his own soil. Yet it is but just to add to such a criticism, that very scholarly and well-read reviewers have considered *The Cathedral* as Mr. Lowell's masterpiece, and even the masterpiece of American poetry.

POEMS. By George A. Townsend. Washington, D. C.: Rhodes & Ralph. 1870.

Mr. Townsend's poems are so much better than we had a right to expect from such a voluminous newspaper correspondent, as he is chiefly known to the public, that we are somewhat concerned whether the exigencies of a profitable literary livelihood have not spoiled a fair poet. It is, perhaps, dubious praise to say that nearly all of his pieces are up to the average magazine level, and that one or two—say the *Circuit Preacher*, for example—would not disgrace some better-known writers. Perhaps we can pay him the better compliment of saying, that his verses are good enough to set the conscientious critic to looking for their less obvious faults, in his endeavor to reconcile so much merit with so little reputation. Haste, we should say, was of Mr. Townsend's faults; and an occasional want of artistic fidelity, another—as where an ultra-sectarian and uncultivated Methodist minister is made to liken his young wife and child to the "Madonna and babe"—faults which the reader, and, we trust, Mr. Townsend will remember, are not

incorrigible. We do not say that Mr. Townsend will do any better in the future, but he is one of the few new American poets whom we should care to hear from again.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. By John Humphrey Noyes. Printed at the Mount Tom Printing House, Wallingford Community, [Branch of the Oneida] Wallingford, Connecticut.

The first impression received by the reader, as he dips into Mr. Noyes' work, will probably be that the author is a rather shallow enthusiast, more imperfectly acquainted with the history of his race than is pardonable in one who undertakes a contribution to it. The second impression will, perhaps, be interrogative of the first. And the third and final impression is likely to acquit Mr. Noyes of general historical ignorance, and to convict the reader's conscience of a special ignorance in himself *quoad* the subject of this book, although the author's enthusiasm remains, impressing the character and nullifying the value of his philosophy. The reader will also, probably, detect himself giving thanks for the amount of "pure cussedness" inherent in human nature, which, by restraining the diffusion of communism, maintains society in a depraved and wicked condition, with which he is conscious of being in cordial sympathy. As to conclusions, he will, probably, differ in every possible respect from Mr. Noyes, and so far will experience a grateful sense of superiority and self-satisfaction.

Thanks are due to Mr. Noyes that his book is a magazine of exceedingly effective missiles against that communism in which he believes, to which he has devoted his life, in which he is a leader, and of which he appears to be both a capable expounder and a just exponent. He helps us in our perception of the social evils against which communism is a reaction, and thus far he assists us in dealing with them. He seems to establish that that practical industry upon which communal existence necessarily rests, can be maintained under the communal organization only by religious enthusiasm, and we take comfort from this proposition. We know that under free education religious uniformity can not be

maintained; and we draw from this book a fresh lesson as to the paramount importance of maintaining education absolutely free. From the same proposition it appears that the communal organizations must be severally confined to their separate religious sects: hence they will be mutually antagonistic and neutralizing. Moreover, each must, in the nature of creed, be the subject of schism, and hence no single one is likely to attain a degree of power which shall be mischievous to the common weal. Their function in enforcing industry is good. Their power for evil must be first exerted in the direction of suppressing education; and should this ever be found to overbalance their good work, it can be counteracted by making education compulsory.

The book itself is written in so concise a way, that a just notion of its contents can scarcely be given in less than its own number of 670 pages. It is a succinct memorandum of the American experiments in communism, made under the Owen and Fourier impulses. Among the more interesting portions are those relating to that Brook Farm, which is a cherished memory with us from the associations with which Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller have invested it, and to the surviving communities of Shakers and Free Lovers. The latter portions are rather more unsatisfactory than most of the publications of these communities. They tell little more than those portions of the story—the money-results of community labor—which are least important for the social student to know, although most important for the communities to have known. The Shaker chapter gives some new hints of the wretched state of intellectual degradation with which we were already acquainted. The Oneida chapter gives still dimmer hints of a moral perversion for which, in its practical development, we can only find a parallel in those portions of the moral history of mediæval cloisterism which Lecky *could* not publish, and of which glimpses are had in Rabelais and Boccaccio. Apparently fair in his sketches of the dead and buried communities, Mr. Noyes suppresses the story of those portions of the Shaker organization which are analogous with that which is distinctive in his own; and, when he comes to

the story of the Oneida community, is almost wholly silent as to its practical operation, except in money-results. Through the imperfect and vague suggestion of other facts which he does give us, we perceive darkly the moral perversion of which we have spoken.

Parts of the book are unconsciously ludicrous; and written, as they are, in a sincere and earnest spirit, produce the best effects of grave, realistic burlesque. But this is by no means the general, nor the strongest effect. The latter is rather to induce, for the weakness and depravity of humanity, a pity somewhat tempered by contempt. The record is one of failure, and is full of melancholy. It is an illustration, upon a great scale, of the incisive satire of the introductory chapter to the *Strange Story*. It compels us to recognize an amount of intellectual and moral darkness subsisting around us, which is at first almost disheartening. It is only by recalling the true story of the centuries which have preceded us, that we refresh our faith in the present and hope for the future. When thus refreshed, and we turn to deal with the difficulties and evils of our time, we find that we have obtained some new material to work with, and perhaps some increase in the power of working, from this *History of American Socialisms*. A knowledge of its contents is, in our judgment, important to the student of social philosophy, while it will be found to abound in matter upon which the merely curious will alight with agreeable surprise.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

It is difficult to decide whether the greater glory accrues to a traveler to the East, or to the West. But it is certain, if he rest at all, Egypt and California are the goals of the tourist. In the latter, an unsubdued country and crude civilization attract his attention, and inspire his pen; and he writes inevitably of "the piquancy and freshness of Western civilization," and prates of the "breezy tone"—whatever that may mean—of society and literature. On the other hand, the traveler to the East falls into stately ways, becomes grave and melancholy before the

Pyramids, and solemn and silent in the deserts. We who stay at home, and read travels, grow to be seers in a way; and before the book is opened, have a certain knowledge, not only of the contents, but of the very words, and form of expression, with which the information and sentiment will be served up to us. There is about these things just the faintest suspicion that travelers see with their ears—find “freshness” or “melancholy” where they have been told to look for it.

Mr. Bryant, whatever else he does, *does not* fall into this error. His letters from the East, written nearly twenty years ago—before *Boat Life in Egypt*, *Nile Notes*, and various other waifs from the land of the Pharaohs had made the subject a hackneyed one to newspaper correspondents—are filled with pleasant personal incidents, told in a leisurely, slightly garrulous way. He eats his dinner with decided relish, and sleeps refreshingly, in places the most sacred to history; and never omits to mention the facts, in a matter-of-course, semi-important way. But, withal, there is nothing of prolixity about them, for the volume, of 250 pages, contains letters dated all the way from England to Egypt, and Jerusalem, and back again to Paris. The conscientiousness with which he went from place to place, and saw *all* that there was to be seen, was evidently for his individual gratification; and, as he has the good taste not to palm off copious quotations from the guide-books upon his readers, we do not feel our animosity excited by the course which he pursued.

But he ruthlessly destroys our theory of a grave, solemn, quiet Orient. What does he mean by such sentences?—“The Egyptian, at least, is the liveliest and noisiest of slaves. Every thing in this country is done with noise.” Did Mr. Bryant fail to “catch the spirit,” or do travelers, generally, write from a theory?

The tone is, in the main, realistic, even to the readily intelligible criticisms of pictures by American artists at Rome. There is, throughout, little idealizing of the past, or philosophizing about the future, but the places and people are shown to us, clean or dirty, affluent or squalid, as the case may be. In a

few places, the simplicity is akin to eloquence, and there is a thought of poetry in the undorned prose. But, after all, there is so much that is more recent in the way of travel, and so much travel *any way* and *every way*, that we may predict that Mr. Bryant's book, which is simply, evenly, and uneventfully pleasant throughout, will have comparatively few readers beyond Mr. Bryant's personal friends and admirers.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. By Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is now quite the thing for the English gentleman, in the cheery winter of his years, to take up the classics and expend his superfluous garrulity upon the rendition of some favorite author into his mother tongue. The brilliant Tory leader, lately deceased, added to his more substantial claims for personal honor that of having respectably translated Homer; and, whatever criticism might be lavished upon it, it was something to have shown that old age had not deprived him of the healthy tastes of boyhood; that years of party strife had not so impaired his conscience as to make the dog-eared memories of school distasteful. His blithe antagonist of the Liberals was always threatening, we believe, to trump Homer with an English *Æneid*, and, had he lived, would, possibly, have produced the literary bantling. It is to be wished that some of our own legislators adopted such conceits. And, however small the gain accruing to literature, there would be much to the political atmosphere of the Capitol.

If Horace could come back from the shades, it is possible that he would feel—leaning on the arm of the English peer, novelist, and poet—his prophetic *non omnis moriar* more than realized. His learned translator stands at a greater remove than either *Iiber peritus* or *Rhodani pотор*. The probabilities are, that his present editor is more of a knightly spirit than was ever Mæcenas; and that his unqualified regard for the poor Venusian freedman's son, as displayed in the introduction, is a more valuable tribute than all the praise bestowed at the Court of Augustus on the follower of Brutus.

But the merits of the translation are more

of a problem. Lord Lytton has been quoting Horace all his life; all of his fictitious gentlemen have his verses pat for every occasion. They fling them off with the recklessness of a university Don. We may suppose that he has studied his original thoroughly, and understands all his beauties. But we are not a little disappointed: not that the translation is incorrect—the translator is too much of a scholar to commit glaring errors; or that the versification is not judiciously adopted, for therein the English gentleman has a fine and poetic ear. But we object to the freezing fidelity that he has maintained, throughout, to the Latin original. Had he been transferring a German poem, such rigor would be eminently proper and possible: there is the same cadence in both tongues. But, viewed as introduced by Pelham, it is as if Horace crept through a forbidden fence, from one language into the other, to greet an assembled English audience, with a vivid sense of the awkwardness of the undignified entry fresh upon him and them. It is the goblet beaten into a new and graceful shape, but with all the marks of imperfect welding still in it. After all, it may be that the idea of Pope and others is the true one: that paraphrase must do duty, rather than bald translation. We feel that the impulsive verses, "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,*" are faultlessly rendered in the present work; but Thackeray's "I hate all your Frenchified dishes!" comes home to us, as having more of the spirit that won the Latin applause; and Thackeray, though a Horatian, was not a Latin scholar.

Again, too, where a favorite epithet—made English by years of English use, and bearing the stamp of prescription—is jostled out to make place for a new word, not quite so Cethegan, one is apt to feel hurt.

But, of course, each individual reader, probably, has his pet renderings, and they would clash, more or less, with those in the minds of others. The fidelity of which we speak, as maintained by the translator, will make the book an insidious companion to green and lazy collegians, while the many departures will inform the tutor of its popularity in the class.

We do not think that the translation will

accomplish any such triumph as making Horace an English classic—the point tacitly aspired to by the author. Such a task can be no pastime, even to Lord Lytton, but is a work of more than lazy leisure hours, and requires more genius for it than that of ordinary versification. But, as an attempt at Horatian criticism, a generous sprinkle of sacred water from the Bandusian fountain—the intelligent talk of a man, who has already won our regard in other ways, while sauntering with us over the Sabine farm, and reclining upon the sloping *Ustica*, in company with other gray-beards, *laudatores temporis acti*, we think the work will take its pleasant place in the scholar's library and the public esteem.

JUVENTUS MUNDI. By Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Gladstone commenced life as an Oxonian double-first. All through his successful career in public, he has striven to maintain that academic prestige; and to-day furnishes the rare spectacle of a man handling the Government of a commercial and manufacturing country, profoundly familiar with the specialty of *trade*, and going back to the cloistral pursuits with all the energy and enthusiasm of a college fellow. It is with a sort of boyish boastfulness that this sexagenarian—who, the other day, was amusing himself at Hagley, like a Western Congressman, in felling timber—tells us that the work we are discussing was but the labor of two Parliamentary recesses. As a representative Englishman, he is more typical than was Palmerston—has more solidity of acquirement, and greater breadth of comprehension. He is looking forward with vision imperfect—with hand shading his eyes—but it *is* forward; and whenever a retrospect is taken, it is only in weary moments—as a means of rest, or a pleasant relaxation—that he travels back to the world's childhood, and listens to the rolling music of the Homeric hexameters. It is pleasant to be made the companion of the statesman in this, his philological pleasure-trip; to get out of hearing of the Irish reform wail, the Tory growls, to fling the Essays and Reviews to the devil, and pull down the mi-

tre spitefully over Mr. Temple's skeptical eyes; to bid those two decrepid old boys, Church and State, to lean on each other's shaky shoulders, and go back to Polytheism and Troy for quietness.

As to the merits of the work, as throwing new light upon Homeric discussion, he only who has trodden the same ground for a lifetime can have the presumption to speak controversially. It would ill befit a careless reader to sit in judgment upon theories advanced, whether novel or borrowed, which had been adopted or sanctioned by a scholar already famous for his Homeric lore. Such work may be undertaken by enthusiasts nearer the Bodleian or the British Museum; and it would come like impertinence from us, of California, to take up cudgels as to the unity of the Epics, or fight the battles of priority of Hellenic, or Doric, or Phœnician civilization. But as an inciter to study, as a help to an appreciation of the poet—the pat suggestions of an older head, who loves his subject and understands it—Mr. Gladstone's volume is invaluable. A student who wishes to read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* properly—to profit by the study, and to know what are the current opinions as to the Trojan age—must thank the author for the work. It might hold a place in a university programme; and will probably find its way into the collection of every old Grecian who regards Homer with veneration—and there are few who do not.

The pictures suggested of the daily life and virtues of the simple age, have a freshness about them that gives one much the same feeling that comes with a spring-day at home, or to a child after a tempest of griefs, when the tears are dried and the mind diverted; and the *Juventus Mundi* seems to work its way into the rheumatic blood of the nineteenth century, and to displace the settled fever of the times.

There seems, in the action of English scholars of to-day, a concerted action in the introduction to the would-be cultivated democracy of subjects hitherto monopolized by the undergraduates only. Work after work is modestly put forth, smoothing the way to a commencement of the study of this or that ancient author, or class of authors. Beauties are noted; ideas are expanded; and if the invi-

tation to come into the classic arena is not dinned into the ignorant ear violently, the gates are ajar, and the prospect within rendered as bright as possible.

THE FAIRY EGG, AND WHAT IT HELD. By Three Friends. With illustrations by Lucy Gibbons. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

"Once upon a time" was the form of enchantment by which, in olden times, the narrators of the marvelous were wont to beguile their listeners. And, verily, the spell retains something of its ancient potency, for nowhere but in that pleasant realm whose confines are thus defined, could we find histories at once so simply realistic and so charming. It was during this favored period that "Mother Goose" broke one of her eggs for the "Three Friends," from which issued "many little bright-hued fancies," as we are pleasantly told in the introductory chapter of *The Fairy Egg*. They are all old friends whom we meet in these pleasant places; and if children meet here, for the first time, those immortal heroes and heroines who never grow old under the kindly auspices of "Mother Goose," perhaps it will be the more fortunate for them.

In the first story, by H. H. Weston, little "Bo Peep" and little "Boy Blue" had a pleasant pastoral life. There is an atmosphere of woods and fields, of the shadows of wide-spreading oaks, and ripening strawberries. The little people are so human that we are not surprised to find that the little "Bo Peep" of so long ago, did not differ materially from the little Bo Peeps of the nineteenth century. For we are told that she "would eat the cherries," (which "Boy Blue," with infinite trouble, had provided for her) "but make up funny faces all of the time, and declare they were so hard she could not get her teeth through them."

In another story we have "Dame Trot" mounting up in the sky in quite a natural, and not at all unpleasant manner, and her thrifty habit of using her broom becomes quite poetical in the "sky palaces." The cow also "jumps over the moon," from purely philanthropic motives. It is both novel and pleasing to learn that this monstrous feat was

not gratuitously acrobatic. We might also here remark that an obvious and healthy moral to all of these stories is the pleasant and reciprocal helpfulness of all things, animate and inanimate. Perhaps in none of them is this more obvious than in the story of *The Man in the Moon*, by C. Clark. This has a suggestive flavor of Hans Christian Andersen—perhaps a *little* too suggestive.

The third friend—L. Gibbons—tells only the story of *The Little Bachelor*, and she tells it so well that we are sorry that we are favored with but the one. The story is quite as childish as the rest, but the style is possibly a little more “grown up.” If a comparison may be instituted between the friends, we think the stories by H. H. Weston would be pronounced by the children “the nicest and the funniest.”

It is, at least, a question whether stories written for children ever do have the immense influence in forming their characters which is popularly accredited to them. There seem to be no indications of a rapidly approaching millennium in the generation which is growing up; and the good books evidently should have produced such a result. But, in so far as what is merely pleasant and happy has an indirectly beneficial influence, the children who read these stories will possibly be “better,” if not “wiser.”

The book is happily illustrated, the illustrations plainly telling the stories, as the stories themselves naturally suggest pictures.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES: From a period prior to the Discovery of America to Times long subsequent to the Present. By John D. Sherwood. With original illustrations by Harry Scratchly. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

If it is true, as it has been asserted, that the popular feeling and sentiment of any age give coloring and tone to the literature which it produces, the nineteenth century is responsible for much shallow humor. Perhaps the best that can be said about *The Comic History of the United States*, is, that it is not so bad as we were led to expect from its title. It is, of course, characterized by a thin and

cheap veneering of puns, which never go deeper than the surface, and are, in fact, a mere play upon words, rarely getting far enough beneath the mere sound to produce any grotesque, or even amusing ideas. It was with a sense of relief that we found that some of these puns were very bad, for a glibness at these things is apt to mark an author, not otherwise amusing, as irremediably inane. But when we are told that “Agassiz was not gassing,” it is evident that the author’s success, in this particular department of literature, will be of such a very dubious nature, that the one attempt will satisfy him that he is unfitted for this peculiar kind of work.

Indeed, we suspect he is capable of doing something better. When he escapes, as he sometimes does, from the thralldom of being funny, he has a kindly sympathetic appreciation of his subject, especially in his sketches of historical characters; there are also occasional flashes of genial humor, and we could not but regret that his position as harlequin necessitated the spoiling of even these. He recovers himself from these simple and pleasant digressions, with a pun so atrocious, that we are sure that, like the clown in the circus, he feels the twinges from the lash, which requires him to be mindful of his position. At the best, a comic history is like a dinner at which nothing but the condiments are served. The salt may not have lost its savor, but we can almost wish it had, for its pungency becomes not only unpalatable, but painful. In the style of composition, this book is characterized by all of the faults of this class of writers. Stripped of its mannerisms, which, indeed, seem never to properly amalgamate with its subject, the book presents an array of dates, accurate and multitudinous enough to fit it for a text-book for schools.

Our history may not present salient points to the humorist, but it must indeed be meagre, when a subject of merriment can be found in the local joke that Marquette chanced to die in *Michigan*, instead of in *Chicago*. The illustrations are occasionally good, but inferior to those which occur in A’Beckett’s *Comic History of England*—a book with which the present volume compares unfavorably.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE FOURTH VOLUME

Commenced January 1st, 1870.

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TRAVELS AND GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;

STUDIES OF WESTERN MANNERS AND CIVILIZATION;

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With such other additions as may tend to the higher development of the Social, Literary, Material and Moral Resources of the West.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

Is published on the 1st of each Month,

By A. ROMAN & CO.,

Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

TERMS:—\$4.00 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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May 14.

VOL. 4.

No. 5.

THE
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

MAY, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & Co., PUBLISHERS,
417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,
Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. 4.—MAY, 1870.—No. 5.

RUFUS A. LOCKWOOD.

DURING the term of the Supreme Court of the United States, in December, 1855, a stranger occupied the same seat in the court-room day after day, until his presence became almost a feature of the place; and even the impassive Taney realized there was a new fixed object within his visual horizon. His general appearance might have been catalogued as follows: height, above medium; figure, large and ungainly; movements, awkward; complexion, sallow and tobacco-smoked; eyes, dark and deep, with dilating pupils edged with yellow—cat-eyes in the dark; hair, dark-brown, sprinkled with gray; head, feet, and hands large—the left hand web-fingered; features, not irregular, but without play or mobility, with a fixed expression of weariness; dress careless, almost slovenly; age, fifty years bearing the burden of four-score.

Each day, from the opening to the adjournment of the court, he gave to all its proceedings—to its mere routine, to the driest and most technical argument, to the most absurd speech, (and speeches

were made there that would not have been tolerated in the Twelfth District Court, Pratt, J.) and to the most finished and cogent reasoning—the same constant, apathetic attention. The last day of the term was reached, and the court was about to adjourn, when the stranger arose, and, addressing the court with a trepidation of voice and manner that his will barely mastered, said he had traveled six thousand miles to argue a case that stood next upon the calendar; the counsel for the other side was present, and anxious that the case should be heard; if it went over to the next term, it would involve an inconvenience to counsel and expense to the parties, that would amount almost to a denial of justice: and under the circumstances, he felt privileged to ask the court to sit one day longer.

After a brief consultation the Judges acceded to the request; and it was announced that, on the following day, the court would hear the arguments in the case of Field against Seabury.

More than the usual number of spec-

tators were present on the following day; and there was something more than curiosity to hear this lawyer, who had often been heard of, but never before heard in that court. The consciousness of this curiosity and expectation embarrassed him in the opening of his speech, but his mind fairly in motion soon worked itself free, and his phlegmatic temperament glowed to its core with flameless heat. For two hours he held the undivided attention of the court in an argument that was pure law. He had that precision of statement, skill, and nicety in the handling of legal terms, which modulate the very tones of the voice, and by which lawyers instinctively measure a lawyer—that readiness which reveals an intellectual training that has become second nature—that self-contained confidence that is based on the broadest preparation—that logical arrangement which gives the assurance, that back of every proposition is a solid column to support it if attacked—and that strength and symmetry of expression which carry the conviction, that behind utterance there is a fullness of knowledge that floods every sentence with meaning, and an unconscious reserve of power which gives to every word a vital force.

Long before he had concluded, it was known to all present that the stranger was Rufus A. Lockwood, of San Francisco; and he was that day, in the estimation of at least one of the Judges who heard him, the equal of the best lawyer in the United States.

Though this was his first (and only) appearance in the United States Supreme Court, his brief had been before the court in the case of the *Mariposa* Land Grant, (Fremont's) had gained the case, and been closely followed in the opinion. In examining that brief, Caleb Cushing—then Attorney-General—exclaimed, in admiration of its legal learning and research, "Who is this man Lockwood?"

Who was he, and why was he not as well known to the profession and public as Choate, Evarts, O'Connor, Grimes, Benjamin, Reverdy Johnson, Stanton, Ewing, or Cushing himself?

The story of his life would answer this question; and if it could be fully told, with the long, dark struggle between the insanity in his blood and the spirit it almost 'o'er-crowded,' would be as full of tragic interest as that of *Edipus* or *Medea*.

He was born in 1811, in Stamford, Connecticut, and his true name was Jonathan A. Jessup. At eighteen he was a student in Yale College, in the Junior Class, distinguished among his fellows for his proficiency in Latin and pure mathematics, and for his familiar acquaintance with English classics. In the midst of the term, for some reason known only to himself, without the consent of his friends, he left college, and enlisted as a sailor on a United States man-of-war. In his first cruise, he saw one of his messmates tied up and flogged for a trivial fault. Outraged by the injustice of the punishment, and shocked by its brutality, he determined to desert; and succeeded in doing so when his vessel returned to New York after a short voyage to the Bahamas. He changed his name to Rufus A. Lockwood, taking his mother's family name; worked his way to Buffalo on the Erie Canal, and took passage on one of the first schooners that made the voyage of the lakes, to Chicago.

Chicago then (1830) was a frontier village, the solitude of the prairies on one side almost as unbroken as that of the lake on the other. Lockwood arrived there bareheaded, without money or friends. A farmer from the interior accidentally became acquainted with him, and believing there was material in him for a country school-master, took him in his farm-wagon to his home at Romney, Tippecanoe County, Indiana. Romney

was too small a place for the eye of the geographer, and had no existence on the map; but it maintained its store, blacksmith-shop, tavern, and "grocery" in the clearing: its only public edifice the log building that answered the double purpose of a school-house in the week, and on Sundays a church for any traveling preacher that happened in the neighborhood. For about a year Lockwood taught alternate terms at Romney and Rob Roy, a similar village in an adjoining county; devoting his time out of school to the study of medicine. A friend writes: "For some time every thing went well, but some unpleasantness arose between him and his Rob Roy patrons, and the warrior-habit which so distinguished him in later life brought on a sharp collision. Without hesitation, he struck out for Romney one of the coldest days in winter, with the snow a foot deep. In crossing 'the eight-mile prairie' he lost his way, and never was nearer his end until he went down in the *Central America*. He reached my father's about ten o'clock at night, with his hands and feet so badly frozen, that, though every remedy was resorted to, he was disabled for the rest of the winter. As soon as he was able to walk, he commenced a school. We had, at that time, a debating-society in Romney that was attended by all the 'natives.' Lockwood did not seem to have the least capacity for extemporaneous speaking; but every Saturday night he was regularly on hand, with a half-hour's speech thoroughly committed, and delivered without reference to manuscript. Some of these efforts gave promise of his maturest powers. You remember his solemn manner, his deep, sepulchral tones, and the force and energy with which he pressed his strong points. They are all associated, in my mind, with the debates at the old log school-house."

About this time he determined to study law, and, borrowing a copy of Black-

stone, almost literally committed its text. His country school of from seven to twenty pupils did not afford a very promising outlook, and he was induced to go to Crawfordsville. That place, now the flourishing seat of Wabash College, did not then contain material for two schools, and the field was already occupied by one. Lockwood opened in opposition; got into a newspaper quarrel with his competitor; studied law by night; got married without a dollar in the world; was admitted to practice by the Circuit Court, and went to Thorntown, a new place in Boone County, to establish himself in his profession. He did not wait long for a client: he was sued by his landlord, and made his first appearance as a lawyer in his own case. He pleaded an unpaid tuition-bill as a set-off, but judgment was given against him. He was unable to give an appeal-bond, and the bed he and his wife slept on was sold by the Constable for less than \$10. No incidents of his life seem to have made a deeper impression on him than the flogging of his messmate and the Constable's sale of his bed. He referred to the first with a shudder, as if the scene were still before his eyes, in the last year of his life. The last burned into his soul a dread and horror of debt: he never forgave its author, and, in the course of his professional life, found an opportunity to take a keen revenge.

Many years after, speaking of his Thorntown experience, he said: "I never knew how my wife lived. I know I lived on potatoes roasted in the ashes." He buried himself in study—sought forgetfulness in study, as men do in drink. In his second case he was, fortunately, not his own client—fortunately lost it, and appealed to the Supreme Court. Never was a case involving so small an amount more thoroughly prepared. He briefed it as though thousands were pending. In after-years he often referred to the embarrassment he experienced at

his first appearance at the Supreme Court. Morbidly sensitive; his uncouth appearance and coarse, ill-fitting clothes a burden to him; oppressed by a deep sense of poverty and friendlessness—he shrank from contact of men of the world as one long immured in darkness is pained by the light. He had not the courage to state to the court that he was present for examination as an attorney, and was only relieved from this difficulty by the accidental presence of the Judge of his circuit, who made the necessary motion. Lockwood's appearance, of course, attracted attention; and the manner in which he passed his examination, with the exhaustive argument he made in the case he had carried up (*Poult et al. vs. Slocum*, 3d Blackford, 421) made him known to the court and bar as a man of mark. Even his landlady noted the changed manner toward him, and translated him from a lumber-room in the attic to the floor of his peers.

His new position, however, brought him no new clients at Thorntown. He knew none of the arts by which success is conciliated. He was never the next friend of the Clerk, the favorite of the Sheriff, the intimate of the Judge, familiar with jurors, nor the confidant of witnesses. He realized his disadvantage in the small encounters of social intercourse, and avoided them. He became moody, reserved, abstracted, studious. Never seeking business, what little there was in his sparsely settled country did not seek him. His deep love and ardent study of the law as a science, were rather bars than aids to his immediate success; and his poverty was unrelieved. He was refused credit for a trifling amount at the village store: he wrote the name of the owner in his black-book, and went back to potatoes in the ashes, with salt for a luxury. His home was never a happy one. He knew "the law was a jealous mistress," and in his heart it had no rivals. He was still under five-

and-twenty; but he never was young. His life was always a struggle. He would make no terms with Fortune—it was an enemy to be conquered. In all his professional career he never seemed so entirely himself, as when he felt that court and jury were against him, and must be overcome by sheer force of intellect and will.

Albert S. White, of Lafayette, Indiana, had become acquainted with Lockwood at Indianapolis, and in the year following (1836) offered him a partnership. The offer was accepted, and he removed to Lafayette. His opportunity at length came.

Soon after the Presidential election of 1836, a homicide was committed at Lafayette that caused the most intense excitement. Mr. J. H. W. Frank—a very young man, the junior editor of a Democratic paper—had won a small wager from Mr. John Woods, a prominent merchant, on the vote of the city of New York. Frank called for settlement, and was accused by Woods of being in possession of the returns at the time the bet was made. A quarrel and rencounter ensued, in which Frank killed Woods by stabbing him with a pocket-knife. Woods was a man of high social position, and his party regarded him as a martyr whose blood was to be avenged.

White and Lockwood, and John Pettit were engaged for the defense. White and Pettit prudently, perhaps, insisted that the safer course was to delay the trial, get the prisoner released on bail, and forfeit the bond. Lockwood urged a speedy trial—that it was better Frank should take his chance at once of suffering the penalty of the law, than to be a wanderer over the earth, liable to be hunted down any hour of his life. Frank coincided with this view; and Pettit and White, though continuing to counsel with Lockwood, took no further part in the active management of the defense. The case was continued one term, on motion

of the State, and Lockwood had ample time for preparation. He realized that, in the event of conviction, the blood of the accused would be upon his hands. It would not answer to reduce the crime to manslaughter: Frank preferred suicide to the penitentiary, and his lawyer applauded the choice. Those who knew counsel and prisoner, could not tell which felt that he had the greater stake in the result.

When the case came on for trial, Edward A. Hannegan was employed to assist Lockwood, and Henry S. Lane and Isaac Naylor appeared with W. P. Bryant for the prosecution. It was, perhaps, the most remarkable criminal trial that has ever occurred in Indiana. Of the counsel engaged in it, White, Hannegan, Pettit, and Lane afterward represented that State in the United States Senate.

A trial for murder is essentially dramatic, with the added awful interest of a human life at stake. In the trial of Frank, the legal parts were strongly cast. Lane was an impetuous speaker, moving straight as a cannon-ball to his mark. In his younger days—and he was young then—his speech was a stream of fire. Hannegan, as an orator, was not unlike Colonel Baker: inferior to him in sustained power, he was his equal in vivid imagination, and his superior in emotion, tenderness, and pathos. Naylor was a plausible man, who won the confidence of jurors, and magnetized them into the impression that he was, by turns, the candid friend, the impartial Judge, a disinterested witness, a fellow-juror bound by his oath—any thing but an advocate. Bryant (afterward United States District Judge) was cool and watchful: instant to see, and call attention to any loose joint in the armor of his adversary.

Fox said of one of his own speeches, "If it reads well, it is a poor speech." In reading Lockwood's speech on this trial, it seems, with the exception of the

law argument, declamatory and overwrought; but no perusal can give an adequate conception of its living effect. It was level with the occasion; fervid with the excitement of the hour. The orator fairly met and turned back the tide of popular passion, by the greater passion of his single breast. At times, his delivery swelled to the fury of the storm; at others, sank to the plaintive moaning of an autumnal wind. His invective was terrible. He poured the gall of years of bitterness into his denunciation of the "society" that demanded, and the clique that had contributed money to secure, a conviction. His statement of the law was clear and exhaustive, raising the distinctions between murder, manslaughter, excusable and justifiable homicide, with metaphysical subtilty, and mathematical precision. In shaping the testimony, he seemed to make his own case; and in applying the law to the facts, was severe as logic. The speech lasted nine hours, and one who heard it said, "It was the best jury-speech ever made on this continent—or any other!"

Frank was acquitted. The case was for Lockwood more than Erskine's "non-suit of cow-beef:" it was his supremest triumph, bringing him, at twenty-six, from obscurity and neglect into the full blaze of popular attention and applause.

White was soon afterward elected to Congress, the partnership was dissolved, and Lockwood entered upon an extensive practice.

There was nothing in the history of litigation in Indiana like the unsettled land-titles, and the conflict between Old Court and New Court which made Kentucky the battle-ground of legal giants; but thirty years ago she had a strong bar, and, with Blackford, Dewey, and Sullivan on the bench, as able a Supreme Court as ever adorned the jurisprudence of any State of the Union. The habit of following a circuit makes a different, and, in many respects, a better

lawyer, than a city practice. The circuit lawyer in a new country, should be well versed in every branch of his profession. There is no chance for a division of labor. He must be ready for the "occasion sudden;" for he will often learn for the first time the leading facts of his case, while it is on trial. He will seldom have access to any but the most meagre libraries, and he must carry his books in his brain. With a Supreme Court above him that passes no mistakes, and a backwoods jury before him that would be wearied and disgusted with a display of technical learning, and would "tolerate no nonsense," he must be so grounded in elementary law as to be able to try his case closely without his books, and adhere to the *lex scripta* while arguing to the jury as a man rather than as a lawyer. In the early days of Indiana, lawyers in good practice would ride hundreds of miles on horseback. In the small country towns the people would flock to the court-house as to a show, and in every important case the whole neighborhood would take sides. There was not often any assumption of dignity in judicial manners and bearing. Sometimes the court would adjourn to allow the bar, jury, and witnesses to go to a horse-race, where "his Honor" would preside with the same impartiality that distinguished his rulings on Kent and Blackstone. On one occasion, a Judge whose decisions usually stood fire, is reported to have said to a lawyer who afterward acquired a national reputation, "Ned, you can go to the jury, but those horses are to start in thirty minutes, and I advise you to be brief." Ned was brief, and the Judge remembered it in his charge. In the evenings, Judge and lawyers would meet at the village tavern in a social game of old-sledge, and discuss with the same freedom a false play, and any mistake that had been committed, or absurdity that had been uttered, in the court-room. It

was a rough school, but thorough, and those who passed through it fairly learned their degrees. In addition to this training, Lockwood was always a close student of books. He read nothing superficially. He analyzed, made his own syllabus for, and commonplacéd every case he ever had occasion to examine.

One who knew him well, and was, at one time, his partner, writes: "Some subjects in connection with Lockwood suggest themselves at the moment, upon which I would enlarge if I had leisure: I allude to his strong sense of natural justice; to his conservatism; to his indefatigable pursuit of details; to his hatred of shams; to his contempt for the narrowness of parties and partisans. How he loved his profession! How he identified himself with his clients! How proud in his successes, and how gloomy in his reverses! I think I never knew a man of finer impulses.

"The finest tones of his eloquence were due to his reverence for sacred things—the corporal oath, the conscience and religion: a reverence not paraded for effect, but unconsciously permeating his speech, and giving him, with juries, a surpassing power. He seemed almost morbidly attached to the study of such cases upon wills, as turned upon the distinction, shadowy and vague, between sanity and insanity. His own mind was an instructive instance of the painful narrowness of this line of demarkation—the boundary between the fine frenzy of the poet and the dark frenzy of the lunatic."

For a few years his professional business was large; but, at that time, every man in the "West" was a speculator, and in the revulsion that followed the flush times, he found himself involved in debt beyond his immediate ability to pay. In the spring of 1842, he deposited what money he could raise in bank, for the benefit of his creditors, reserving only a few hundred dollars; placed his son at

a Catholic school in Vincennes, and disappeared. He had communicated his intentions and plans to no one, and it was not known, even to his own family, until long afterward, that he had gone to the city of Mexico. For some months he had devoted himself to the study of Spanish and the Civil Law; but it would have been as rational to have expected to make a fortune teaching Mexican children their mother-tongue as in the practice of his profession. He was simply flying from his demon. He had no acquaintances in Mexico; it is not probable that he made any. To add to his helplessness, not long after his arrival, he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, and saw his small means melt away, until he had barely enough left to pay a caravan-passage to Vera Cruz. He set out for that place before he had fully recovered, and arrived there with \$2 in his pocket, which he immediately staked at *monte*. He won, and pressed his luck until he had won \$50; paid his passage to New Orleans, and went from there to Natchitoches, where he had a cousin living. He resumed the name of Jessup, and again applied himself to the study of the Civil Law and the Louisiana Code. After spending a year at Natchitoches in study and occasional practice, he returned to New Orleans, and applied for admission into the higher State courts. He had successfully passed his examination, and was about to take the attorney's oath, when he accidentally saw in the court-room a man of whom he could expect, and from whom he would receive, no favors—a man he had humiliated with his most merciless ridicule, and tortured with his cruelest sarcasm—the man who had sold his bed under execution; from the shadow of whose memory he was fleeing. Dreading an exposure of his changed name, he instantly quitted the room. A few days afterward, Sam. Judah, a distinguished lawyer from Indiana, met him on the street, wearing a

straw-hat, "negro-shoes," and clothing to match. He wanted to borrow \$20 to redeem his trunk. Judah had but ten with him. "It is of no consequence," replied Lockwood, declining the ten, and went on and on, until a recruiting station attracted his attention. Fairly at bay with Fate, he saw the words, "TWENTY DOLLARS BOUNTY"—hesitated a moment—then enlisted as a common soldier in the United States Army; took his bounty and paid the bill at his lodgings, and was sent to join his regiment in the Red River (Arkansas) country.

After a few months' trial, he liked the land, as little as the naval service of his country.

His friend Hannegan was at that time in the United States Senate; and learning of Lockwood's enlistment, obtained from President Tyler an order for his discharge, which he sent him, with \$100, and earnest entreaty to go home to his family. Lockwood afterward repaid this gift by a present of \$10,000. After an absence of nearly three years, he returned to Lafayette, found his wild lands sufficiently advanced in value to relieve him from debt, and resumed his profession.

No man on his circuit—few men anywhere—equaled him in his power of abstraction and prolonged concentration. He held a subject as in a vice, until he had mastered it. In the preparation of his cases, he knew no weariness; and if his faculties began to flag on trial, he stimulated them to their utmost by the use of brandy, opium, and even tincture of cantharides. He sometimes erred, from over-preparation; from the excessive refinement and subtilty of his distinctions, and the metaphysical cast of his mind. His arguments on legal propositions were apt to run into disquisitions upon general principles. He would hunt a principle down until he resolved it into an abstraction. He erred oftener from an absorbing interest that identified him with his client—or, rather, made

himself the real party in the case—from the violence of his personal feelings, the bitterness of his prejudices, and his undisguised contempt for a judgment that did not see as he saw, and rest in his conclusions. He could not leave his likes and hatreds at the door of the court-room, without divesting himself of personality. The successful lawyer should conduct the trial of his cause as the coolest gambler watches his game, unmoved by the magnitude of the stake. He may be excited, but must never be carried away by his own vehemence; and in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion, must watch the play of his own feelings, and measure the effect his most righteous indignation and noble anger will have upon the minds he seeks to convince.

These faults were all illustrated in the trial of a case, the result of which was the immediate occasion of his coming to California. In 1848-9 he was employed to contest a death-bed will, where the testator, being childless, had bequeathed his property to his wife's relatives, who were comparatively affluent, to the exclusion of his own, who were poor. One of the principal legatees was — Holloway, (ex-Commissioner of Patents) who had, at some time previous, refused to pay a fee charged him by Lockwood, on the ground it was exorbitant. Lockwood sued for it, recovered judgment for the full amount, and remitted the judgment, with the assurance that he would take his pay in some other manner. In the case of *Hill vs. Holloway*, he saw an opportunity to make his promise good, and he entered upon it with all the interest inspired by a favorite intellectual pursuit, and the ardor of vindictive hatred.

At the trial, he was so intent upon attributing improper influences, and raising the presumption of fraud, he failed to bring out the fact, which it is possible might have been established to the sat-

isfaction of the jury, whose sympathies were strongly against the will, and which would have been fatal, that the testator affixed his signature (the name was illegible) *in articulo mortis*, and that he was dead before the subscribing witnesses had signed. His argument took up three days: he regarded it as the ablest effort of his life; but it failed of its purpose, as what three-day argument does not? While the jury were out, Lockwood sat, as usual after a hard contest, moody and abstracted, fighting the battle over again in his own mind, and seeing perhaps but too clearly where it had been lost, if it were lost. When the jury came in, and the verdict against him was read, he arose, struck the table with his clenched fist, and swore he would never try another case in that court.

He never did.

His friend, Mr. E. L. Beard, was making preparation to go to California, and Lockwood proposed to join him. He thought he could do well by shipping a lot of liquors from New York in small bottles, and peddling them to miners! Beard had determined to go through Mexico to Mazatlan; Lockwood, not wishing to renew his acquaintance with the Mexicans, took passage around the Horn. Before parting, the friends provided themselves each with a bugle of the same tones, that they might hear and answer each other's calls, if they should at any time get lost in the wilderness of California. Beard had been in California some months, and was living at the Mission of San José, when, one day, he heard the familiar sound of Lockwood's bugle. Answering the call, he soon met Lockwood—covered with mud, gun on shoulder, knife and pistols in belt, bugle in hand—like a modern Don Quixote going to summons the surrender of a castle; with a sailor companion, loaded down with bundles, for a Sancho Panza.

Lockwood had suffered severely from

scurvy during the voyage. On arriving at San Francisco, he started for the Mission, landing in a whale-boat with one boatman; got lost; had been in the swamp all night; had taken short-cuts through sloughs and bayous; was chilled, famished, and very ill. On reaching the house, he insisted that he must be bled. The only physician in the neighborhood assured him that bleeding would be certain death. Lockwood maintained his opinion; and as the only way to demonstrate its correctness was by experiment, he tried it—bled himself until the doctor admitted the experiment was a fair one; and confounded his antagonist and science, by getting better, and eventually well.

Before leaving New York, he had been induced to abandon his contemplated traveling bar, and on the voyage had applied himself to the study of medicine. He had quarreled with the law, and thought of going back to his first love; but his hatred of sciolism made him unwilling to try experiments upon any life but his own, though his success in medicine, where he was his own first patient, was more flattering than in the law, where he was his own first client.

He soon came up to San Francisco, and for six months was clerk in a law-office, where he not only furnished the law, but swept the office, made the fires, and in all respects complied with his agreement to "make himself generally useful." He received his wages every evening; every night found him in a gambling-saloon; every morning penniless. His legal services were appreciated in the office, though he was spared no humiliation; and, at the end of his term, he was patronized with the offer of a partnership, if he would stay a year. "I have fulfilled my contract to the letter," he replied, "and you have paid me as you agreed, but I would not remain another hour——." The close of the speech would not look well in print.

He entered into a law partnership with —— and ——, which lasted until there was one division of profits. In the allotment to Lockwood, there was \$500 of State scrip, which he agreed to sell to one of his partners at a price named. When he brought in the warrants next morning, their value had declined—at least, in his partner's estimation—and Lockwood tore them up, and left the office.

For a month or two, he worked as a day-laborer—shoveling sand, coaling steamers, and doing any thing that came to hand. While he was thus engaged, an old acquaintance sought him out, to get him to try an important law-suit, involving title to real estate in the city. Lockwood at first refused to go; said he was earning an honest living, and did not want to be disturbed. His friend persisted, and, at length, banteringly offered to double his daily wages if he would go to work on his case. This proposition struck Lockwood favorably, and he acceded to it, stipulating that he should be paid every day, and that at no time afterward should any other fee be offered him, directly or indirectly; "for," said he, "I want none of my partners' earnings, and they shall have none of mine." He tried the case successfully; the profit involved was of great value: but he held his client to his contract, and his daily wages was his only fee.

After the term of his "partnership" expired, he opened an office alone, and was soon after employed as counsel by Palmer, Cook & Co., and through that connection was introduced to a general and lucrative practice.

Mr. Palmer was at San José in the winter of 1851, during the session of the Legislature at that place, anxious to secure the best possible legal services for his firm, and particularly for a test-case that involved the "water-lot titles, Government Reserve," etc. One evening, General McD—— and Judge H——

were in his room, and it occurred to him that he would take their opinion as to who was the best land-lawyer in San Francisco. Handing each a slip torn from the margin of a newspaper, he asked them to write the name of the man entitled to that pre-eminence in their judgment. He was surprised to find the same name written by each, and more surprised that it was a name—Lockwood—of which he had never heard. He returned to San Francisco the following day, to find this strange lawyer, who, in the trial of a single case, had impressed two of the finest legal minds in the State with a sense of his superiority. The interview and its result will be given, as nearly as they can be recalled, in Mr. Palmer's words:

"I found Lockwood in an unfurnished office, apparently absorbed in a black-letter-looking law-book. I introduced myself, and told him the case in which I wished to employ him. There was no need to go into details, as the case was well known by its title, having been freely discussed by the newspapers. Lockwood, scarcely looking up from his book, said, 'I don't think you have got any case.' Piqued by his abruptness, I answered, 'When you have given the matter as much attention as I have, perhaps you will be of a different opinion.' 'If you will come to-morrow morning,' he replied, 'I will give you a final answer.' When I went back, he was in the same position. It did not seem to me that he had moved, or turned a leaf of the volume before him. Without addressing a word directly to me, except to acknowledge my presence, he said, as if reading aloud to himself, 'A conveyance that is void, is void forever.'

"Not relishing that application of law, and nettled by his manner, I remarked that the counsel for the other side would probably be able to find that principle without his assistance. Without heeding my interruption, he went on, in the

same measured manner, 'But the sovereign power, by a sovereign act, may give validity to *the terms* of a conveyance which is void.'

"I saw his meaning and its importance as by a flash of lightning, and, applying it to the case, exclaimed, 'Then an Act of the Legislature may refer to a void deed for a description of lands; and it is the law which conveys the title, not the deed?'

"'Precisely. I will take your case, and win it.'

"From the moment he announced his position, I felt that he would win it; but when the cause was coming on for trial, I was amazed and terrified by the quantity of brandy he drank. I remonstrated to no purpose. Outside the court-room he became dull and stolid; within, on trial, he was luminous, ready upon every proposition; and I was constantly asking myself, 'How long can he hold out?' The case was on trial several days; four lawyers, as able as any in the State, were on the other side; and I do not remember a single instance in which Lockwood was taken at a disadvantage, either in argument, authority, or repartee. I recall at the moment one passage between him and Isaac E. Holmes. Lockwood had quoted law to the effect, I think, that, under certain conditions, an easement might be extinguished by a change of the fee. Holmes interrupted him—'Do you state that as law, Mr. Lockwood?'

"'Yes,' replied Lockwood, his manner for the moment slow, almost to drawing; 'I state it as law: and I have tried, and gained, an important case upon that principle.'

"'That case has not been reported, I fancy. It is not in the books, is it? It is Hoosier law, I presume.'

"'No, sir; the case is not in the books which the gentleman has read. It was tried before an Indiana court, at an Indiana bar—a court and bar on

which the gentleman's transcendent abilities would reflect no credit.'

"He held out, made his words good, and won the case. He was immediately retained by Palmer, Cook & Co. as their general counsel; and though paid large fees, his legal services were considered cheap. Of course he was not always successful, (the lawyer has had a small practice who never lost a case) but he was always ready. I never knew him to ask a continuance. A starved lion were scarcely fiercer than he after a defeat. When he was at bay, some one was apt to get hurt. As an instance of his crushing manner: once, when a witness, whose answers had been unsatisfactory, if not untrue, and whom he had cross-examined at great length, was about to leave the stand, Lockwood detained him with 'One question more;' finished the sentence he was writing, looked up, and transfixed him with the question, 'Would you believe yourself under oath?'

"Our patience was often taxed by his humors; but you know one can grant every thing to the eccentricities of genius, who would concede nothing to the caprices of a fool."

His large professional gains only fed his passion for gambling. Again at war with himself and the world, he determined, in the summer of '53, to break off his associations, and go to Australia. Some of his clients subsidized the master of the vessel on which he had taken passage to remain in port a week after Lockwood had gone on board, to see if he would not change his mind. When it was evident he would not, one of them visited him to inquire if he had any money. "Yes," he answered, taking a quarter-eagle from his pocket and throwing it overboard; "but I will sail free." His friend, Mr. Beard, however, had placed some clothing and money in the hands of the Captain, with orders to smuggle them into Lockwood's room "when his fit was over."

Arrived at Sydney, he set out to walk to Melbourne — about seven hundred miles — through wide stretches of uninhabited bush; over spurs of mountains, where there was not so much as a bridle-path: a journey so lonely, wild, and desolate, that no other White Man ever voluntarily made it alone and on foot.

He had always had a great admiration for English Law Reports, and a high opinion of English courts. He loved the old Common Law system of pleading; the distinction between Law and Equity proceedings; and had little respect for the code of "Law made easy," with its one form of civil action and unlimited liberty to amend. He thought that in an English court he would get into a purer atmosphere of law — where cases would not be argued by the newspapers, and prejudged by the public that makes and unmakes courts. He was not destined, however, to have any such experience; for a law of the Colony, or a rule of court, prohibited any one not a subject of the Queen from practicing law until after a residence of seven years in Australia.

• He remained in Australia nearly two years. At one time he was book-keeper to a mercantile house; at another, clerk in a law-office, from which he was discharged for refusing to copy a paragraph into a brief, which he said was not law; and for some months he was employed in the lonely, but not uncongenial occupation of herding sheep. After his return, speaking of his trip to Australia, he said: "I know you thought I was crazy, but I was not. It was the sanest act of my life. I felt that I must do some great penance for my sins and follies. I wanted to put a gulf between me and the past."

On the return-voyage, he was one day incensed by some real or fancied impertinence of a waiter at the dinner-table. After waiting a moment in vain for the Captain to reprove the servant, he ex-

claimed, "Captain, I will never eat another mouthful on your ship." The next day he was not seen in the cabin, and a lady passenger, who had heard his singular threat, went to his state-room and told him she would bring him something to eat from her own stores, in which neither the ship nor Captain had any interest. "Madam," he answered, "my words were, I would not eat on this ship." Fortunately, they put into Honolulu before he was literally starved, and he took passage on another vessel.

Soon after he arrived in San Francisco, he was offered a very large fee, and a contingent fortune, to appear for the "Peter Smith titles." It was a temptation, for he was very poor, and wanted money; wanted still more the *éclat* of a great law-suit, and thirsted for its excitement; but, on a collateral case, he had once given an opinion against the validity of the Peter Smith sales, and, from a sense of professional honor, declined the employment, and refused to re-examine the question.

After his "great penance," his character grew more subdued, his aims more rational, his life more steadfast. He no longer sought excitement and forgetfulness in dissipation and gambling. He had always clung to the idea of immortality—but rather as a hope than a faith;

and there was not a scar on his soul of which he was not painfully conscious. His tired heart wanted rest, and he was beginning to seek it—where so many other restless spirits have sought—under the shadow of authority, in the teachings of Rome. Not for him, though, was ever the undisturbed peace of the faithful; and when the devil in his blood arose, who can tell the agony of his soul's conflict?

He returned from Washington, after the argument of Field against Seabury, in the spring of 1856. In the fall of '57 he was again preparing to go East on professional business. To one of his friends who tried to dissuade him from going, he said, "I will stay, if you insist; but I feel that I shall go mad if I do."

He sailed as he had intended. At Aspinwall he connected with the ill-fated *Central America*, on her last voyage. During the storm he took his turn with other passengers at the pumps, until his strength was exhausted. Coming up to rest, he was met by one of the officers, and ordered back to work.

"Sir," he answered, "I will work no more."

His work was done. He went into his state-room, closed the door, and was never seen again. In a short time the wreck went down.

VASHTI'S MESSAGE.

"But the Queen Vashti refused to come at the King's commandment by his chamberlains."
BOOK OF ESTHER, i: 12.

Say to the King: I will not come, his Queen
That am not, and that never yet have been.

Say to the King: I will not stand again
A beauteous lie, among his princely men.

Say to the King: Cold pomp, and regal state,
And glittering servitude but mock my fate.

Say to the King: I am his slave, my life
Made all a splendid irony for wife.

Yet, say ye to the King: 'Twere sweet to wear
A sackcloth-gown, and kneel before him there,

Unsanded, mean, amid that rich-robed throng,
Braving its wonder when I passed along,

So he would raise me with one true, pure kiss:
This were my wifehood, and my queenhood this!

FROM MEXICO TO COSTA RICA.

"IF the steamer is not in sight to-morrow morning at daylight, we leave this place," was my remark, in Spanish, to Pascacio, as he was preparing the traveling cot for my night's rest, on an evening in February last. We were at Champerico—a small port of Guatemala, near the borders of Mexico. We had journeyed together for three weeks, over mountains and among volcanoes; we had forded rivers, camped in the woods, and slept in Indian towns, and had, at last, arrived at this place, where we were told the steamer *Salvador* would come, for the first time, to take off a quantity of coffee for shipment *via* Panama for Europe.

Pascacio was a very excellent man, and a good guide. He knew the country well: so well, that we only strayed four times into the wilderness; but he was an excellent servant, and a droll fellow, and relieved the tiresomeness of night journeys wonderfully.

We thus traveled together: Pascacio rode his donkey; I, another; and the third carried the baggage, which consisted of a traveling cot and bedding, a large basket of provisions, and my personal luggage. When we left the interior, my kind friends had laid out our route, and had given Pascacio instructions how to take care of me; and each day's journey was marked out for him,

and where it would be better to stop each night, in order to be the most comfortable. Before starting, I handed him a sum of money, to buy food for the animals while *en route*, and purchase any thing that might be needed for our comfort, as he spoke the Indian language, (of which I was ignorant) as well as Spanish.

The first evidence I had of Pascacio's worth was on the second day out, when, finding the Mexican saddle which I was riding exceedingly uncomfortable—realizing that a cushion of some kind would be needed, if we intended to make the journey successfully—I said to him, "The next Indian we meet carrying a pack of blankets to market, you stop him and buy one, for this saddle is killing me." "All right," he replied. In the course of the day, we met, at a spring, a native with quite a bale of woolen goods, and my heart was glad. Pascacio began to bargain, but suddenly stopped talking, and, telling me to come on, rode off at a brisk pace. In about an hour, I overtook him, and interrogated thus:

"Well, Pascacio, would the Indian not sell?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why did you not buy?"

"He asked too much. He wanted four reals, and I offered him three."

Then was I wroth. I read Pascacio a lecture for two hours, on the sin of parsimony, together with the wrong he had committed, in causing needless pain to a suffering mortal, which an extra expenditure of twelve and a half cents of some one else's money would have avoided. It was of no effect. I could not convince him that personal comfort had any value.

To return to Champerico: Six days had I been waiting for the expected steamer, my cot made up on the floor of a large warehouse nearly filled with coffee, and during the day I swung in a hammock, where the sea-breeze could

blow continually on me. The only people in the place were the laborers who man the launches for putting coffee on the vessels, and a few Mexicans from Chiapas, who had come down to the sea-coast on a *pasear*—hoping to see a steamer, for once in their lives. But, at last, even they went away, tired of waiting. The laborers, also, had all gone into the interior, to attend a festival. My provision-basket had given out. I was on my last crust of bread, and forty miles from a town. I asked Pascacio what we could have for breakfast. He answered, *iguanas*, and pointed to the door. I looked out, and saw two old Indian women bending before a fire, and holding over it enormous lizards. I investigated. Warming the *iguana* at the fire, his outer skin became soft and peeled off in the hand, and this was the initiatory preparation for the soup-kettle. By the fire, were about twenty more of these handsome reptiles, each from two to four feet long. On further inquiry, I found Pascacio was right, and unless the steamer should arrive in the morning, *iguanas* it had to be, or no breakfast; and then I made the remark which heads this article. As good luck would have it, at day-break the next morning there she was clear away down the coast, but coming rapidly up, and soon had cast anchor. Pascacio was regretfully dismissed, after generously presenting him with my spurs—and his memory will be ever fresh.

Myself and luggage were taken on the shoulders of a half-naked surf-man, and tumbled into a big launch, which, in a few minutes more, rode successfully through the breakers; and I was soon enjoying a good American breakfast, for the first time in months.

After taking aboard about one thousand bags of coffee and india-rubber, we left for San José, and arrived at dark. Here we were boarded by the Harbor-master, in uniform, elaborately decorated

with gold-lace and epaulets. Probably few dignitaries ever held so many positions, simultaneously, as this exalted officer—he combining the rank of Admiral of the Guatemala Navy with the positions of Light-house Keeper, Quarantine Officer, village Doctor, Revenue Officer, Harbor-master, Commissioner of Emigration, and Captain of the Port; also, in conjunction with his family, proprietor of a hostelry, where travelers were lodged at \$2 per day, finding their own beds and meals.

The passport system is part of the Government routine, and, before leaving the State, it was necessary to procure the proper document. On departure for any of the neighboring States, the charge is \$1; for Panama, or beyond, it is \$3; but when a crowd of travelers bound for Europe came to the *Comandante's* office for their passports, I was a little surprised that not one of them thought of going beyond San Salvador, just then, and, although many Guatemalans have visited the United States and Europe, I doubt if ever one of them left the port of San José with that intention, as the *Comandante* can testify.

After receiving the mail and cargo, on the next morning, a few hours of steaming brought us to Acajutla, in San Salvador. Anchoring within pistol-shot of the beach, hatches were thrown open, and work commenced immediately. The steamer was evidently expected, for piles of coffee, in bags, lay on the bank, at the water's edge, and were lowered into the boats as rapidly as possible.

There is absolutely nothing to see here. The town consists of a few dozen houses, with a small native village a couple of miles at its rear. The only occupation of the people is in handling goods for shipment to or from the considerable towns of Sonsonate and Santa Anna, some miles in the interior. The volcano of Izalco, about fifteen miles from the port, was in eruption, and, after dark, as

we lay at anchor, we had a fine view from the deck. Flames, mingled with clouds of smoke, rose from the summit, and we watched with awe the rivers of burning lava, as they made new courses for themselves down the mountain-sides. A smart earthquake-shock occurred during the night.

Three and a half hours, at eight knots an hour, and we are at La Libertad. The breakers here are more dangerous than at any other place on the coast; but the launches are handled with considerable skill, and it is seldom that one is upset. An iron wharf, somewhat similar to the one at San José, is in course of erection, and will be advantageous for the shipment of produce. As the steamer remains here until the following day, we, of course, all go ashore.

This running in and out of port every few hours, picking up a little sugar here and a little coffee there, reminds me of a honey-bee on his travels—a very pleasant amusement for the bee, as it is profitable for the steamer, but very annoying to the traveler who is anxious to reach his destination. Fortunately, Nature is beneficent, and the law of compensation is preserved; for the hot weather kills anxiety and brings laziness, and, gradually, the traveler forgets the day of the week, and then the month, until, at last, the only record he keeps is of the interval that has elapsed since his last claret-sangaree.

While the indigo, sugar, and coffee are going aboard ship, a few of us take a stroll over the hills, and then a delicious bath in the stream back of the village. These things occupy the time until it is necessary to go aboard for dinner. Having once escaped the infliction of *tortillas* and *olla podrida*, I had no desire to renew the experience.

At daylight we are off, and, sixteen hours later, the vessel moves into as pretty a harbor as there is on the coast, and drops anchor before the town of La

Union, (pronounced by its residents, "La Onion") the principal port in San Salvador. Boats swarm like bees around the ship, and we find no change from the usual programme of deception and extortion, common to boatmen and hackmen the world over.

The major part of the indigo crop of San Salvador, which amounts in value to about \$2,000,000, passes through La Union; but there are no wharves, and the launches and scows have to be loaded on the beach, and wait for high-tide to float them off. In front of the warehouses were piled over two thousand *ceroons* of indigo—all to go aboard the steamer; and as we were to tarry here till next day, we filled up the interval ashore.

La Union does considerable business, but more as a point of export for the native town of San Miguel, a few miles in the interior, than on her own account. At this latter place is held, on the 21st of November of each year, the great Indigo Fair, and buyers flock thither from all parts of the world: London, New York, Paris, Lima, all are represented. The natives, in times past, were satisfied with shawls, dresses, and trinkets, in exchange for their product; but, latterly, they have learned to appreciate silver coin (gold they don't like); therefore, the intending purchaser has to supply himself with the argentiferous metal before the fair commences, or he gets no indigo. American silver coin is much used, over a quarter of a million of dollars having been distributed during a single fair. The indigo barricades on La Libertad and La Union beaches were explained when I learned that the quantity shipped from the two ports amounted to over thirteen thousand *ceroons* annually.

La Union is hot, intensely hot. An expression I heard drop from an exhausted mariner—a plagiarism from Sydney Smith—"That a man might sit in his

bones, and still perspire," seemed quite appropriate to the situation. After rambling awhile, I was glad enough to get under the porch of the hotel, and worry through the day in sipping lemonade, and in watching the pranks of an ingenious ape, which was domesticated in the establishment. This ape was a female, and knew a wonderful amount. She smoked her cigar and drank her ale, like a good fellow. During the afternoon I had an opportunity to purchase some fine opals, which are found near here; also, some fine tortoise-shell work, inlaid with gold. This latter article is a specialty with the natives here, who really excel in the delicacy of their ornamentation of the tortoise-shell.

At daylight we are off again; but our poor old anchor had hardly time, in two hours, to forget the mud of La Union before it was sent down to explore the sand of the beach of Amapala—a very small place as yet, but, as it has a good harbor, and the only one Honduras possesses on the Pacific, and, withal, a free port, it will, probably, prosper in time.

During the night our passenger-list had been increased considerably by new arrivals—some from London; others from New York; others from South America—all connected with large business houses in the above places; and each of them talking two or three languages. They were light-hearted and careless of heat, indifferent to fatigue, and seemed to bear the same resemblance to the Army of Commerce that the Zouaves do to the Army of War. They had all been on the same errand along the coast—purchasing produce, or soliciting consignments. The fairs were over, indigo sold, sugar-crop placed, and, the coffee being well engaged for the current year, they were bound home, to rest till next season. The vessel lost its reputation for sobriety of conduct from this time forth; and, night and day, what with humorous stories and playful *badi-*

nage, ingenious cocktails and luxurious smokes, their time, at least, was killed most effectually.

The Purser allowed me the privilege of his boat, as we should stay but an hour; and I made use of the few minutes to look through the half-dozen houses Amapala contains, and to buy a hundred oranges for ten cents. On handing, in payment, an American quarter, I received, as change, a large handful of copper coin, amounting, nominally, to over \$1,000, but, intrinsically, worth less than ten cents.

Eighty miles of as bewitching scenery as the tourist could desire—through charming little tortuous passages, among wooded islets, and skirting bold banks of evergreen; and once more we fire our gun, as the anchor drops opposite the town of Corinto, in Nicaragua.

One would think that Nicaragua was the Negro Paradise, from the lazy, fat, and happy appearance of the boat-loads which surrounded our vessel, almost before the anchor was down. I had seen but very few Africans along the entire coast; but here they seemed to monopolize every thing. Their canoes were all hollowed tree-trunks—some large enough to carry three or four tons. Oranges, parrots, pine-apples, shells, and grass hammocks, were the staples of trade; and the chatter and hubbub incidental to a lively business only ended with the lifting of the anchor. There was almost nothing to be seen ashore: the few inhabitants were stirred into a little life by our arrival, but the next day they would fall asleep again. A little sugar, a few hides, and some Lima wood, are about all that Nicaragua has to spare for the outside world.

After leaving Corinto, we have quite a voyage of a day and a half, before reaching Punta Arenas—and quite charming coasting it is: enticing little coves, with glistening sandy beaches, at the foot of grandly wooded hills, mingled with soft

banks of verdure, which creep to the water's edge, almost within stone's-throw of the vessel, tempt the voyager to linger if he could; but eyes must do service quickly, for the panorama changes too swiftly. Just within the Gulf of Nicoya, is Costa Rica's only sea-port, Punta Arenas. The town is awkwardly placed, near the end of a long sand-spit, which terminates in a bar, two miles long; and around this spit and bar all freight has to be carried to the anchorage.

Our voyage is ended for the present, and, with our accumulated belongings, we are transferred, for the sum of one dollar, to the only approachable resemblance, with one exception, to a wharf, between Panama and Mexico. A bare-footed soldier accompanies us and our baggage to the wooden Custom-house, a few yards from the landing; and, after the customary inspection, we take up quarters in the hotel.

Punta Arenas is not a large place, although it is an important shipping point. Besides the native population, there are several foreign houses established here: German, English, Spanish, etc. The town is not particularly unhealthy, although so low. After the rainy season has ended, the coast-fever is more or less prevalent here, as well as along the entire coast, but it seems to affect more dangerously the natives from the interior than the foreign residents. I have known of a party of a hundred teamsters, arriving at the coast, who lost fifteen of their number in a single night.

The first evidence of Costa Rica's progress which struck my eye, on landing, was a telegraph line, which extends from the port to the capital, about fifty miles in the interior; but, strange incongruity, the streets were filled with ox-carts of the rudest style—all with solid wooden wheels, which creak and groan at each revolution. The Costa Rica Railroad was also being talked of, and the steamer just in had brought up, from

Panama, two surveyors for the road. They had evidently never traveled outside of London. At the hotel dinner-table, I was placed opposite them, and had the good fortune to be near enough to appreciate the following conversation. The Government had sent a Spanish official, who spoke English, to escort the new arrivals to the capital, and he was doing "his level best" to put the strangers at ease. During a pause, he asked the younger Englishman if he spoke Spanish, adding that it would be difficult to be comfortable without having some knowledge of the language. The Londoner replied, with a most charming cockney drawl: "Well, no! but, I suppose if these bloody greasers, you know, cawn't speak English, you know—why, a fellow must learn some kind o' bloody lingo, you know, that they can understand, you know." The conversation perceptibly lagged during the remainder of the dinner.

Being February, the coffee-crop had commenced to arrive, and the town was lively with business. Coffee is the all-important thing in Costa Rica—over two-thirds of the population being engaged, directly or indirectly, either in its cultivation or its sale. The crop of Costa Rica amounts to about twenty millions of pounds, annually, varying with the amount of rain that falls, and other causes which affect all agricultural countries. She has about reached her limit of production—so the natives say—as, even now, during the picking season, labor becomes difficult to obtain, except at rates that leave little profit to the farmer. San Salvador produces about four millions, and Guatemala seven millions of pounds, annually; but these States have only commenced the coffee culture as a business.

The manner of cultivating the coffee-plant varies but little in the several Central American States, and a short sketch of how their favorite beverage is pro-

duced, may be interesting to all good coffee-drinkers.

The coffee-beans are first planted in hot-beds, from which, in a few months, they sprout, and shoot up five or six inches high, when they are removed singly, and taken to the fields which have been prepared to receive them. There, the young sprouts are planted anew, in rows, with a space of from four to six feet between each plant. For two years they need no more care, except an occasional plowing out of the weeds which spring up around them. The third year, the plant is from three to four feet high, and commences to bear, producing about a pound of coffee fruit. Each year adds to the size and productiveness of the tree, till it reaches about ten feet in height; after which it gives a product of from twenty to thirty pounds of green fruit.

The coffee fruit resembles in shape, size, and color a plump cranberry, and grows clinging closely to the small, lateral branches of the tree; so that the hand can strip off at once the fifty or more berries a branch may bear. On some plantations, the trees are dwarfed, for the double purpose of increasing the fruitage and facilitating the picking.

The time of picking the crop varies, according to the locality, but ranges, on this coast, from December to March. When the fruit is ripe, all hands are employed—men, women, and children—and, as fast as picked, the berries are sent to the mills, which, arranged something like corn-shellers, remove the pulpy coverings—leaving the kernels, which are immediately spread out in the sun to dry. At this time the skies are watched carefully, and, in case of rain, the kernels are rapidly gathered under shelter, as rain upon them, while drying, would cause an irreparable injury; and, on some plantations, machines for drying by hot air have been introduced. After a few

days in the sun, the kernels become dry and crispy; they are then thrown into a circular trough, and large wooden rollers, shod with iron, crush the shell, and liberate the two beans which each shell contains. The bean has still another coating—its skin—which is the hardest of all to remove, but, through long continued attrition with the iron-shod rollers, this, also, is mostly removed, and then the fanning-mill cleans the bean, by blowing away the loosened skin and broken shells.

But the most expensive part of the process is now to come. Before long tables sit the natives, young and old, chattering, laughing, and singing as they work, and on these tables are poured the beans as they come from the fanning-mill. Each Indian holds a basket in her or his lap, and with both hands rapidly picks out, separately, every perfect bean, till there remains on the table nothing but broken and imperfect coffee, of no value. The hands are paid, at this work, so much per quintal, of one hundred pounds, and skillful pickers make good

wages. It takes 660 pounds of the fruit, as it comes from the tree, to produce one hundred pounds of clean marketable coffee—and yet, it pays.

Before leaving the plantation, the crop is placed in linen bags, each holding about 125 pounds: it is then ready for the port. Each teamster owns a number of large, heavy bags, into which he slips the bags of coffee, and so is enabled to deliver them, bright and clean, at Punta Arenas, after many miles of dusty road travel.

Costa Rica, as a State, is rich—its laboring population being comparatively independent; and to the coffee culture they owe their prosperity. There are a great number of small plantations, owned by natives, which do not produce more than twenty-five or fifty bags of coffee annually; but there are others which grow their thousands of bags. Costa Rica exports more in value than she imports, and it is no wonder that the State is rich, where the necessities of life consist only of a few beans and plantains.

POINT LOOKOUT.

I HAVE seen so little in relation to the life of a prisoner of war that is worthy perusal, that I have thought a brief sketch of what I saw at Point Lookout, in the course of two visits I made to that place during the war, would not be uninteresting to the general reader.

It was early in November, 1863, and early in the morning, when I made my way along the streets of Baltimore, through a wretched, drizzly fog, to the steamboat. At six A.M., we were under way. The weather was bad and dirty; the propeller pitched and rolled very disagreeably; and the fog did not lift until

about noon, when we made Point Lookout. This was a long, flat headland, overtopped with a grove of lofty pines, and easily recognized by its light-house, the extensive hospital buildings and store-houses, the plank inclosure, and dingy tents of the prison-camp, and the triad of guardian gun-boats, "standing around," like policemen on the street-corners. Our steamer rounded the point, lurching and tossing in a chopping sea, and came up to a sloppy wharf, where she made fast alongside great piles of fire-wood, corded up ready for use. The wharf was thronged, and made almost impassable, with army-wagons, officers,

soldiers, a few civilians, and shivering gangs of Negroes in cast-off uniforms, sickly and dismal-looking, as if they had a full appreciation of their "contraband" circumstances, and dreamed not of a Fifteenth Amendment.

A Lieutenant and guard occupied the gangway; and, as we stepped ashore, our passes, which had already been inspected by a Government detective aboard the steamer, were taken from us; we passed the guard, and found ourselves "inside the lines"—emphatically, strangers in a strange land. We tarried on the wharf, seeking for a pilot; and meanwhile the fog, spiteful as Kuhlborn, came back upon us with an ominous front of cloud, and proceeded to empty the vials of its wrath upon our heads in a way that set umbrellas at defiance. The rain came continually heavier, and entered and abided with us; and the wind blew fitfully fierce; and the steamer growled dismal, croupy music in her escape-pipe, and the wagon-horses stamped, and reared, and plunged, and splashed us with mud; and the Negroes discharged cargo in a listless, slovenly, sullen fashion, as if it were no concern of theirs: and still we stood upon the wharf, until our guide—a chance acquaintance—should be at leisure to serve us.

When, however, our lodgings were secured, and the rain had ended, and there was a glimpse of blue sky low down over the Virginia shore of the Potomac, the aspect of things was less disheartening, and I ceased to shrug my shoulders. I left my companions at the miserable barracks where they "took boarders," and proceeded to deliver a letter of introduction to one of the surgeons of the hospital. The buildings of this department I found to be admirably arranged. There were several series of barracks for convalescents, mess-rooms, and commissary buildings; and within these, near the water, the several wards of the hospital were built, divergent from a covered, cir-

cular walk, which answered for a common centre, and made access easy and convenient to every portion of the establishment. This plan of building a hospital like a wheel, in which the central part, roofed over and surmounted by a large tank of fresh water, answered as the hub, and the several ward-rooms as spokes, struck me as being very ingenious. The requisite compactness was secured, and, at the same time, the freest circulation of air, and the most thorough ventilation, in every part. It was owing to these fine hospitals, in every part of the country; to a large and efficient medical staff; to an abundant and judicious dietary, and to the devotion and fidelity of volunteer nurses and aids, that such a large proportion of our sick and wounded soldiers were restored to service, or to society, during the late war.

Having seen the hospital, delivered my letter, and exchanged a word or two with the feeble convalescents of both armies, who were lounging languidly about, I returned to our "boarding-house," a rickety shedding, that had evidently been built by contract. After tea—commissary biscuit, bacon, cheese, coffee without milk, sour bread, and watery, raw oysters—I sought my bed, a miserable iron cot, overspread with damp-smelling blankets that I feared to inspect. Here, while the wind howled and the rats kept fearless jubilee, I slept uneasily until day broke, and the rapid roll of drums, with the bugle's tantara, told me at once that the Sabbath had come, and that "there are no Sundays in war."

Permission and passes were to be obtained before we could visit the prisoners' camp: so there was another Provost-Marshal to be called upon. "The Department of St. Mary's," in which Point Lookout was situated, was, at that time, under the command of one Brigadier-General M—, an effete and dilapidated New Hampshire politician, with a nose like the angle of a "gambrel-roof,"

and the peevish temper of an old bachelor, who knew how

"ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

His command comprised a small brigade, and his business was the general care and supervision of the prisoners. The General had his head-quarters in a neat frame building, immediately upon the bay-shore, and just in the edge of the grove of tall pine-trees which marks the Point from afar off. It struck me that a man could be happy there, with that beautiful bay ever in view, sprinkled with the white sails of many craft; and with the murmur of the waves, and the plaintive, ceaseless voices of the pines filling his ears with *nocturne* music; but—it was currently reported the General had a chronic seizure of nostalgia that made him sigh pitifully for the shadows of the New Hampshire hills and the nasal voices of his political worshipers. In front of the house—to keep the tides from undermining it—there was a sea-wall built along the line of the beach, and upon this wall, the live-long day—and night, too, I suppose—a sentinel paced with monotonous tread, right-about facing, and going through sundry mysterious motions with his musket, each time he wheeled. To the left of the General's house is a double-cottage, devoted to the business of the Provost-Marshal, who, at the time of my visit, was a certain Captain Patterson, a man whose fiery hair and freckled face, no less than his name, betrayed a Scottish lineage.

To this cottage we resorted, at half-past eight of that bright Sunday morning. Captain Patterson was not in, but would "soon be there." The clerks were polite, and made us feel at home while we waited patiently. There were three of us: Mrs. —, a Baltimore lady, Mouline—my comrade—and myself, and our errands were the same: to visit our brothers, who were prisoners of war in the camp. A pass from the Provost-Marshal was requisite to procure us ac-

cess to them. The weather was charming: soft, mild, balmy as budding-time in spring; the sun streamed down with a golden radiance that made the blood tingle in sympathy; the bay, greenish-blue in the sunshine, and fretting a little with remembrance of last night's gale, pranced along in white-capped rollers, and broke upon the beach with a murmurous mimicry of ocean. The tawny beach, firm, elastic, pebble-strewn, was fringed, here and there, with green festoons of sea-weed; "the stately ships passed on"—pungies and half-rigged schooners, principally—up and down the bay and river, to harbor or to sea; and through the dark pines the breeze sent its unceasing voices, woven into strains of music one would have given much for the faculty to interpret. We waited patiently: all was so new, so charming, in this scene, that patience seemed no longer a virtue, but a gift. We waited, while the hours passed on, and the sentry trod his wall, and the Provost did not come. Presently, there was an accession to our company: a great, lumbering old family-carriage drove up, bearing a gentleman and two ladies—people of the neighborhood—come, like ourselves, to visit prisoners. Three or four soldiers also straggled in, passes their object. Time wore away—eleven o'clock came. "Where was the Provost?" Busy with the General. Yes, there they were. Through the window, tantalizingly open, we could detect the General's prominent profile, reflected against the Provost's flame-colored shock. Only forty yards away, and quite likely to see that certain ladies and gentlemen had been walking up and down in front of that office for more hours than one—precious hours, too, if measured by the standard of anticipation, anxiety, uncertainty. However, business is business, and ours would have consumed at least three minutes of that valuable time Captain Patterson was bestowing upon yesterday's paper—so, we waited. We

walked upon the beach, picking up pretty pebbles and bits of transparent quartz; we gazed wistfully out seaward, and watched the fleet of brigs and schooners that were coming and going in and out of the Potomac, catching the sunlight upon their white sails, and gliding along upon even courses with a quiet and beautiful grace of motion.

Still the time fled. Twelve o'clock came, and one—no Provost. There were signs of disaffection among the loiterers. The soldiers retired in disgust, having failed to bring the common enemy to close quarters. Mrs. — and Mouline withdrew to dine. The carriage still held its position, but greatly demoralized by the retreat of its supports. I remained still on active duty, keeping faithful guard in front of the double-cottage. The sentinel on the General's sea-wall eyed me with sympathetic glances as he trod his beat: there was a fellow-feeling between us. Two o'clock witnessed the final inglorious retreat of the carriage and its occupants, but beheld also the return of Mrs. — and Mouline to their posts. And now, patience and perseverance seemed at last about to be rewarded. General M—— and Captain Patterson appeared, (*vos plaudite!*) crossed the veranda, and, without so much as tossing a look at us, entered the pine woods, and, walking rapidly, disappeared from our sight in the direction of the prisoners' camp!

Mouline thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked out to sea. I saw Mrs. —'s eyes fill up with tears not to be repressed, as she bitterly exclaimed, "I wish the steamer were here, to take me home!" My comments made the clerks in the office look curiously at me, and shrug their shoulders.

At last, however, virtue received its reward. Captain Patterson returned at three o'clock, and, being now at last accessible, was found to possess grace enough for the little favor we required

of him. The passes were granted, an escort provided, and with hearts palpitating with the quick revulsion from bitter disappointment to eager expectancy, we wended our way joyfully toward the prisoners' camp.

Perhaps it was to compensate us for our long and patient waiting on that bright Sunday that we were granted the unusual favor of a repetition of our visit to the camp next morning, when, for a period of several hours, we were free to go whither we listed, and to examine for ourselves the unique and curious world there revealed to us. Later in the war, no person was admitted into the camp upon any pretext, unless he were some missionary, with white cravat and black valise, who came to lecture the prisoners upon the ungodliness of secession, and feed their hungry bellies with goodly store of tract and pious admonition.

The prison-camp was an inclosure of several acres in extent, immediately upon the bay-shore. It was quadrangular in shape, fenced in upon three sides with a plank fence about fourteen feet high, with a platform arranged outside along its entire length for a sentry-walk, so that the guards might be able to oversee all that transpired within. On the fourth side, the water-front, the fence was not so high, no sentries were mounted, and there were two open gate-ways, leading to platforms built out some distance over the water, and meant to subserve various hygienic purposes. Sentries constantly guarded this open front, so as to prevent escape, while there was a regular picket-guard pacing the wall, and relieved every four hours. There was also a corporal's guard at the main entrance-gate, and a guard-house adjacent to the sutler's booth, while a regiment of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery were encamped immediately opposite the inclosure. Arrived at the main entrance, we presented our credentials, were admitted, and put ourselves in charge of

Sergeant Finnegan, who, as Sergeant of the camp, was virtually guardian of the whole body of prisoners.

Before speaking of the general *coup-d'œil*, a word or two as to the arrangements of the camp. At the time of which I write, there were about 7,600 prisoners, apportioned off into divisions and companies, one hundred men to a company, and ten companies, (numbered from A to K) in a division. The upper third of the camp-ground (marked off by a ditch and a sentry-walk, across which no prisoner is permitted to come, unless on duty, or on special leave) was appropriated to commissary buildings and mess-rooms, of which there was one for each division, calculated to dine three hundred men at a meal. Each division and each company was in charge of a Confederate Sergeant, who mustered the men, called the roll, told them off for special duty, and acted as their agent with the authorities; for which services he was compensated by extra rations, extra privileges, or, as the case might be, with a parole that made him free of the whole region inside the Federal lines. This was quite a source of profit to many of the Sergeants, they receiving commissions for disbursing the funds of prisoners, (when they had any) selling their wares and toys, buying their supplies, and acting as their factors in numerous transactions, illegitimate equally with legitimate.

Beyond the mess-rooms was an open space, then the sentry-walk, after that the pumps, wells, etc.; another open space, and then came the prison-camp proper, neatly laid off into avenues and streets, according to the various companies and divisions: so that, given his number—*e. g.*, John Smith, Company A, First Division—any individual in the whole camp could be found when needed.

At my first visit, on Sunday afternoon, I did not go down into the camp proper, but, sending for the person of whom I was in search, contented myself with a

distant view of the strange and animated scene. Over and above the dirt natural to soldiers in active field life, and which must necessarily have been inseparable from the Confederate soldier, who had to make his uniform do such faithful and protracted service, there was a sort of dinginess peculiar to the color of the material of which the Confederate clothes were made; and consequently those soldiers were perhaps the dirtiest in appearance that the world has ever seen. I looked down upon the busy aisles and squares of the camp, where some two or three thousand of these men were moving about, singly or in groups, talking, walking, sauntering, staring, or—scratching; and I confessed to myself that it was the motliest scene I ever witnessed, or expected to witness. Immediately about me were a dozen or so of prisoners, doing voluntary service in the Commissary Department, at whom I looked full as curiously as they did at me. They were all lads, spare, thin, sallow, and, as a rule, having an expression in their eyes which told of hardships so long endured as to be contemplated patiently. I was particularly interested in one little fellow, a mere child in appearance, but with a certain manly air that was evidence enough of his bravery, while every thing about him told that he had received the rearing of a gentleman. He told me that he was nineteen years old, but I should not have thought him to be over sixteen, so slight was he, so boyish-looking—or, rather, girlish; for his long, smooth hair, his fine-cut features, his quiet, blue eye, and especially the way in which his lip quivered in acknowledgment of a kind word or two, made me feel toward him that pitying sense which is awakened within us by the sight of a distressed and helpless female. He was a South Carolinian, attached to Rhett's battery, had been wounded at Gettysburg, and taken prisoner during Lee's retreat. Poor little Woody! He seemed

to stand apart from the rough men around him, as if none were his friends; and he had no one to befriend him. I took the name and address of his only acquaintance in Maryland, but he had made some mistake in regard to it—no such person could be found. Ah me! I knew there was some poor mother's heart aching for that boy. I could see "mother's pet" written in every line of his sad, lonesome-looking face.

Visiting the camp, on Monday morning, early, we were escorted by the lively Finnegan right into the heart of the mystery, and left there in charge of our respective relatives. After a turn or two, my brother left me to go get his breakfast—his division just then marching up to their mess-house in a long file, two abreast—and I sauntered about, along the boundary avenue, "seeing the sights." The entire camp was in a state of activity, and a more *bizarre* spectacle it was impossible to conceive. I endeavored, as I best could, to fix upon some average characteristic by which to comprehend the scene in its *ensemble*, but I fear I was not very successful. In fact, there was no exact standard to be pitched upon—the Confederate did not satisfy any one's preconceived notions of a *soldier*. In every particular, his appearance was the opposite of what his reputation in the field led me to look for. He was, for example, unrivaled in the endurance and celerity of his marches—marches in which his only commissariat was the field of unripened maize—his only ordnance to be conquered from the enemy's trains—yet, his gait was without *elan*: it was careless, slouching, free, and, apparently, rather dull and slow. His shoes were of every pattern, and generally bad—I mean when he had any at all, for nearly one-fourth of the poor fellows I saw were utterly barefoot. His uniform was scarcely to be recognized as such, save that he invariably wore a jacket of an invariably dingy hue. His

head-gear was indescribably motley and various, embracing every possible mode: the blue *képi*, lettered and jaunty, in spite of dilapidation and dirt; slouch hats, black, brown, gray, torn, ragged, bandless, weather-beaten; old Guayaquil, Quaker broad-brims, (doubtless the spoils of Pennsylvania shelves) dismasted "stove-pipes," sailors' Scotch caps, elaborate, embroidered, velvet smoking-caps, and—no hats at all. Some whom I saw were in their shirt-sleeves; and some had scientifically bandaged the hurt places in their garments, and wore dingy bandanas about waist, shoulder, and knee. Many sported their blankets like a Mexican *poncho*; and, by way of substitute for blanket, I quite frequently saw some peeled and dilapidated quilt, or a strip of drugget or carpeting, many-hued as Joseph's coat. Yet, there was *one* distinguishing mark by which the Confederate soldier could invariably be recognized. This was: DIRT. It is a fact, that, with few exceptions, these veteran marchers and inveterate combatants were always dirty. They smelt like tramps and *habitués* of the work-house; they looked like the puddlers of a brick-yard. Dirt gave a hue, an odor, and a texture to their garments. Dirt added warmth and substance to their underclothes, (when they had any) and was irremovably ingrained in their skins—clinging to them as tightly as their sunburn. Three-fourths of the army were infested with an ineradicable psoric taint, which must still torture some portions of the Southern country, and will probably survive the present generation. This universal dirt was to be deprecated, as impairing the health and efficiency of troops; but it seemed to be inseparable from the kind of service which the Confederate forces had constantly to encounter. Whenever our own army had to encounter like severities, it was not able to preserve a more cleanly habit. A hospital-patient at Point Lookout in-

formed me, that, when McClellan's army was at Harrison's Landing, recuperating after the fatigues and losses of the Seven Days' Fight, it became so filthy and infested that one could not lie down upon the ground anywhere without being invaded by a ravenous swarm, ten-fold worse than those fleas of Tiberias, whose pæans have been sung by "Eöthen;" and a Confederate prisoner, actuated by a quaint *esprit de corps* that was laughable enough, remarked to me, seriously and soberly: "The Yankee gray-backs are a great deal bigger and fiercer than ours!" In point of fact, the Confederate service was a terribly hard one, and the men were so exercised in the mere matter of existence, that care of the person never had time to occupy their thoughts. They had not sufficient clothing for a change; nor had they often camped where water was so lavishly supplied as to be wasted on ablutions. So, it happened that the Confederate soldier—both in the field and camp—was constitutionally dirty, and possessed of an intrinsically bad smell. Nevertheless, there were individuals in it—and I saw numbers of them at Point Lookout, where their Maryland friends had many opportunities to supply them—who were as scrupulously neat, sweet, and clean in their persons, upon all occasions, as if they had just emerged from a bandbox.

The average *physique* of the Confederate was about that of the Federal soldier, I think. As a rule, they were less stout in flesh—thinner in cheek, and less prominent in muscle—evidently in consequence of a poorer quality of food. I noticed, also, that while there were a great many remarkably fine-looking men—men stamped with that air and bearing which are inseparable from good breeding, education, and refinement—there was also a much larger proportion of lads—slim, slender, and undeveloped—than in our army. Unquestionably, these boys suffered more in health than

soldiers who had four or five years more on their side; yet they, in many cases, evinced qualities of endurance, and general soldiery, far above their elders.

I was watching the hasty ablutions performing around the pump, and—while unpleasantly conscious that I was the centre of an increasing, staring, possibly admiring crowd—was amusing myself with the actions of one tall fellow, who, standing in file at the mess-room door, preparatory to taking his breakfast, had lifted his weather-beaten cap with one hand, and with the other was grubbing, plowing, harrowing, scraping, and raking among his long, unkempt, gypsy-like black locks, with a zeal and earnestness of endeavor impossible to describe, and so significantly, that I felt quite a contagion of example, as I involuntarily stepped to windward of him. When my brother returned from breakfast, his face twisted into a depreciatory grimace while he told me of his fare, and the insatiate yearning that possessed him for "one good square meal once more in his life." I called his attention to the chap I had been watching, and remarked that he reminded me of the model husbandman—"qui cultive à la fois son esprit et ses champs."

"Pshaw!" said Bobus, "that's nothing—look there!" and he pointed across to the sunny side of the inclosure, where, seated under the lee of the fence, were some fifty or sixty men, very busy, indeed—some with their shirts off; some with their trousers in their hands. It was a picture by Murillo, done in American colors.

Bobus now escorted me around the camp, from one point of interest to another. Presently we came to the sutler's—a shop outside the fence, with an open counter toward the camp. An eager throng was collected here, but apparently rather of spectators than customers.

"See how those Tar-heels block up

the way," said Bobus. "They have no money; they never buy any thing: but here they stand, the livelong day, gaping at a cheese, or a link of sausage."

Henri Murger speaks of a Bohemian flinging glances at a Christmas-turkey in a shop-window, hot enough to roast it, truffles and all; and the fierce eyes with which some of these poor Goobers regarded the riches of the sutler's shanty—its stores of provend, and its wealth of wear—convinced me that the chronicler of Bohemia did not exaggerate in his description. The scene was a fair commentary upon "the want and woe" of war. I thought, as I stood there gazing, that if some of the ardent preachers for active hostilities could have stood where I did, and seen what I did, they would have—"passed by on the other side." It was a *naïve* and vulgar hunger, perhaps; and some of the Baltimore boys, whom I knew in that same camp, would have starved sooner than exhibit it. Nevertheless, the sight affected me poignantly; and, with a keen sense of human impotency in the presence of human misery, I turned away, saddened and chilled to the very depths of my heart.

In the camp, however, such sights provoked no sympathy, but only scorn and ridicule. I speedily discovered, that, outside a man's own immediate circle of friends and acquaintances, there was little or no kindliness or fellow-feeling among the prisoners. A *sauve-qui-peut* rule prevailed: it was, continually, "devil take the hindmost." At the same time, there was but little open talk or free confidence: "There are so many spies in camp," it was explained to me. It must be remembered, however, in vindication of the prisoners from the character of unmitigated selfishness, that they were here confined without superiors to whom they could look up; every officer above the rank of Sergeant being sent to a different point, or, as was later done,

confined in a separate camp. The sense of equality in such circumstances naturally engenders a spirit of selfishness: I, Jack, am as good as Gill; I, Jack, have "to hoe my own row"—let Gill hoe his likewise. Had their officers been with them the case would have been far different, for the Confederate soldier was much attached to his superior, who held him accountable, of course, for the quality of his service—all veterans do that—and was a severe, because an intelligent critic of his conduct; but he judged him justly, and sustained him always. As a rule, however, an able officer, no matter what treatment he receives from those above him, is certain to be appreciated by the rank and file. I heard a Confederate soldier speaking of his Captain, a martinet and tyrant, who had occasioned him long imprisonment and much suffering. "I hate the fellow," said he, "but I can't help respecting him. He's as brave a man as ever lived, and a splendid soldier. I would follow him anywhere; for he would be sure to get me out, or—to stay in with me."

Near the sutler's booth a brick-yard was located, where thousands of bricks, neatly made of the stiff, white oak-clay which composes both soil and subsoil at Point Lookout, were laid out in symmetrical rows, to dry in the sun. These *adobes* were fabricated by the prisoners for the hearths and chimneys of their *chebangs*. Brick-making was only one of numerous branches of industry pursued in the camp; and, like another rebellious people aforesaid in bondage, our Rebel prisoners were forced to make their bricks "without straw"—no means of burning them being provided.

I was struck with the truth of an observation made by the English Colonel Freemantle, in his pleasant book, upon the many slang words, phrases, epithets, etc., current in the Confederate camps. I have noticed the same thing among the Federal soldiers. I suppose it is an

American propensity to invent names as well as things. The war vocabulary is a surprisingly large one, and will contribute handsomely to the next edition of Mr. John R. Bartlett's excellent "Dictionary of Americanisms." Some of the slang in use among the prisoners at Point Lookout was very amusing, as well as suggestive. For instance: prisoners who procured their release by taking the oath of allegiance, were called "Galvanized Yankees"—I suppose from the analogy to that worthless jewelry which is produced in imitation of gold by the electrotypic process. But it would require a separate article to do justice to this subject.

Bobus next conducted me toward the camp proper. "This is Market Street," said he, as we turned into the main thoroughfare—an avenue about twenty-five feet in width, with a shallow ditch on each side. Market Street had three or four streets parallel to it, and was intersected by probably a dozen more, all trodden hard and firm by the incessant feet that traversed them. The tents were pitched so as to front upon these streets, and were of three patterns: the common A tent, the wall tent, and the Sibley tent. The latter was much the best one in use, but was objected to by the prisoners, on the ground that too many men could be packed into it, rendering it unhealthy. Nearly every tent had its fire-place and chimney, albeit some were built in the most primitive fashion—of sticks and mud—and many had been disabled by the gale, the night before. Many ingenious fellows had built themselves substantial wooden houses—well framed, weather-boarded, battened, taut, and snug—made entirely out of cracker-boxes; of which, of course, a very great number came to camp.

But, indeed, the whole camp bore evidence of industry and skillful mechanism, and sufficiently proved the fact that the inventive ingenuity of the continent

is not by any means monopolized by New England. I saw singularly tasteful rings, made with a penknife out of an old horn button, or a piece of beef-bone. Badges, breast-pins, chains, seals, etc., abounded; but the most elaborate and elegant piece of workmanship was a species of fan, carved with a penknife out of a single block of wood, and yet as carefully and delicately wrought as a Chinese toy in ivory. Considering tools and material, these fans (which were sold at twenty-five cents apiece) were remarkable specimens of handicraft. Some of the prisoners, I learned afterward, wishing to escape, had built themselves a couple of boats out of cracker-boxes, and were just ready to launch them, when detected. And one inventive genius, who certainly merited to be encouraged, constructed a miniature steam-engine out of such old scraps of iron, etc., as he could pick up in camp and around the beach. The engine was said to run admirably, and yielded its builder quite a handsome revenue, by grinding hard-bread, and turning bones and gutta-percha for the ring-makers.

Market Street was a curiosity, indeed; and I may have gazed about me with eyes that wonder filled rather too full of speculation, but hardly think I stared so much, or so hard, as I was stared at, especially by the Tar-heels. No sooner did I pause at any point, but a crowd of curious ones would gather around me, so that I was glad to "move on" again. Poor fellows! Any body from the outside world was a treat and a wonder to them, shut up as they were from every thing like diversion and variety.

"Come on," said Bobus; and I followed him through the press and throng. I never beheld, within so small a compass, such a variety of life and character as I encountered upon Market Street. Gray-beards and children; red-headed Tennesseans, and dark Creoles from Florida and Louisiana; men well-clad, and

men in rags; men lounging and "loafing," or rushing and "shoving" their way along: the street was crowded and thronged with them. Here would come a fellow—barefoot, ragged as to his shrunken breeches, hatless, dirty and torn as to his shirt, his beard shaggy and innocent of comb or brush, his skin tarnished and brown with the stains of many a hard campaign; yet he would march along, sedate and dignified, with a tattered, filthy blanket flung over his shoulders, as stately and proud as any Don Cæsar that ever strode the Prado. Here would chance an Irishman, jolly and dirty, with as many freckles on his nose, and dimpling smiles about his mouth, as he had rents in his garments. Here came one in whom you could detect the old-time dandy, though his skin appeared in a dozen unbidden places through his threadbare harness. It was manifest in the tie of his ragged neckcloth, or in the twirl of his mustache, or in the cock of his frontless, greasy *képi*, or in the *nonchalant* assumption of his bursted boots. Here came a "Tiger," browner than the brownest, brawnier than the brawniest, shaggy, defiant, insolent, and "ugly"—looking, as he lounged by, sucking fiercely at his stubby pipe, and shouldering his undisputed way through the crowd. Here, a Baltimorean, better clad than most of the prisoners—thanks to friends at home—always to be known by his jaunty step, his trim-built figure, his easy, rollicking air, and the inevitable tooth-brush thrust always, like a nosegay, in the button-hole of his neat jacket. This specimen of the Tar-heel, who comes shuffling by, staring at you with lustreless eyes, is a veritable production of the piny woods—one who has been nurtured from infancy on sweet potatoes and persimmon beer. Poor devil! War has not used him kindly. His shoes are soleless; his carrotty hair steals out through the broken places in his straw hat; his clothes are worn

through, stained, dragged, besmeared, and his grimy person is the very incarnation of dirt. He carries a sauce-pan in his hand, and is doubtless going to the Commissary shed, to ask for "something for a sick man"—the universal formula of his eleemosynary importunity. While I was present, a Tar-heel came up to Sergeant Finnegan, and, pulling a most dolorous face, solicited "*a pint of grease—for a sick man!*"

Some of the prisoners, of the meaner kind, carried their begging to a most outrageous height. Vidocq, in his amusing memoirs, speaks of the manœuvres of his fellow galley-slaves in the Bicêtre prison, to obtain money by playing upon the simplicity and party prejudices of provincial royalists, writing to them what they called "Jerusalem letters." Many a "Southern sympathizer" in Maryland was imposed upon in like fashion, and many a *lettre de Jerusalem* was dispatched by the Tar-heels, the Goobers, the Clay-eaters, from Point Lookout. The plan was as follows: A fellow who wished his wants supplied, would secure a copy of some Baltimore paper, and then would get some prisoner "to the manor born," to indicate to him those among the advertisers who were supposed to be friendly to the Southern cause. Prepared with a list of these and their addresses, he would write off as many letters as he had paper and stamps for, giving a distressing picture in each of his destitute condition, and entreating aid of some kind. If the person addressed happened to have a son in the Southern army, so much the better for Mr. Tar-heel! That son ~~was~~ his intimate friend, brave fellow! Often had they shared the same blanket, eaten out of the same skillet, and impartially shared the (indefinite) contents of Tar-heel's haversack. More than half of these letters produced a substantial return; and one prisoner boasted that sixteen letters which he had forwarded, in a single day,

to various parties, all unknown to him, had brought him in two boxes of clothing and provisions, and more than one hundred dollars in money. It is only fair to add, that the great majority of the prisoners repudiated these mean artifices, despised those who employed them, and spared no pains to put down the practice.

But, there are other sights on Market Street. Here are the makers of rings—busy in their tent-doors, like Eastern tradesmen in their bazars; here is the post-office, with its expectant throng; here is a crowd gathered about a sort of bulletin-board, upon which all new camp regulations and “orders of the day” are promulgated; here is a faro-bank, with dealer and croupier, and a greedy retinue, betting every thing, from a fragment of tobacco to a Confederate six per cent. bond. And what is this man doing? He holds out a number of pieces of tobacco, cut into sizes meet for quids, upon a sheet of paper spread over the palm of his hand, and whines out his willingness to exchange “a chaw terbacker for a cracker!” Over yonder is his counterpart, crying, “A cracker for a chaw terbacker!”

“Crackers are the predominant currency here,” said Bobus, in explanation. “They are our nearest approach to specie, and are esteemed more valuable than the Yankee ‘greenbacks.’ They certainly comply with the demand for *hard* money. But, let’s stop here for a moment,” added he; “this is Wall Street—the grand centre of trade and barter; the mart and emporium of traffic. In its way, it is a great place for speculation.”

It was, indeed, a curious mart, and most reminded one of John Bunyan’s description of “Vanity Fair.” Four or five hundred persons were clustered together, in a close, eager group, through which it was quite difficult to force one’s way, nearly every man present having

something vendible, and each one crying his wares aloud, like hucksters in a market-house.

“Here’s a splendid pair of gloves,” said one, holding up a shrunken pair of black, worsted mittens, with mouse-nibbled fingers. “Who wants to buy a boot?” and a soleless, moldy, old calfskin was held up for admiration. “Cakes! cakes!” cried another, with half a dozen stale ginger-cakes in a wooden tray, hanging before him. “A ring for four bits! a ring for four bits!” “How many crackers for my trowsers?” yelled another, elevating the cast-off article. “Do you want to buy a rael goold watch?” I was asked, and, before I could answer No, I felt some one twitching at my elbow, and turning, saw a genuine Goober. “Stranger,” said he, with an indescribable drawl, “the fare we git h’yar ain’t norn of the biggest fer a tall man, an’ ef you an’ me kin strike up a leetle trade, I reckon et would be a graät help to me. Do you want to buy some ribbings?” and, taking from his pocket a velvet something which might formerly have been a lady’s needle-case, he opened it, and straightway unrolled before my bewildered eyes some yards of broad ribbon, of the most horrible, uncompromising sulphur-yellow that can be conceived. “Et’s only a dollar, straänger,” said he, evidently impressed with the thought that he was offering his goods at a sacrifice. I bought the ribbon; and then, fearing lest other goods equally serviceable, might seek a market with me, I followed Bobus, and rapidly walked away from Wall Street.

I ascertained that there was much gambling in camp, and Sergeant Finnegan told me it was productive of great mischief, as, among such a motley crew, there were of course many desperadoes, who would not hesitate to cut through a man’s tent, and rob, or even murder him, if his accumulations offered sufficient inducement. Consequently, the authori-

ties had made repeated, but unsuccessful, efforts to break up the practice.

From Wall Street, I accompanied Bobus to view the bay-front of the camp, where were many prisoners amusing themselves by fishing from the wharves; many pacing the sands, and picking up pebbles; and some impatient spirits, gazing out seaward with restless eyes, watching the moving vessels, and sniffing the crisp, salt air as if it was replete to them with suggestions of that blessed freedom for which they yearned.

Near this, I saw a piece of tunneling, which had been cut by certain of the prisoners who had planned an escape, in the execution of which they had been entrapped and most brutally shot down, with the connivance of the General in command. I saw the victims of this massacre—no other term was given to it by the officers with whom I conversed about it at the Point—at the hospital; and from thence accompanied Bobus to Baltimore Street—a locality named in compliment to its population, who were chiefly Marylanders, captured at or near Gettysburg, and brought to this camp from Fort Delaware, where the small-pox was raging violently. Many an old acquaintance of happier times did I meet on Baltimore Street, and many a cordial grip of the hand did I exchange! O, boys!—the glory of Charles Street, and Madison Avenue; frequenters of "Guy's," *habitués* of "Old Drury;" ye that used to congregate on the avenues, arrayed in all the glories of your purple and fine linen—O, boys! what a change was here! Dingy and seedy were ye,

and ragged and weather-beaten, brown as tan-bark and rough as shagreen—hard-fisted and tough, however, and manlike, and—*happy*! I could not doubt it, for I could see the clear eye, and hear the ringing laugh. Ye went away, mere puppies and snobs, most of ye. Ye came home—ye who survived; too few, alas!—men, veterans, leathern-hided, iron-framed, steel-nerved. But, O, the aching hearts, the anguished lives, the broken homes ye left behind you in that going, brave boys! O, the voids never filled, the graves still green, the memories still bleeding, the voice of lamentation in Ramah! O, the desolation and the terrors of such a war!

It was eleven o'clock, and we must depart; for the steamer was already due. We said our farewells, and turned toward the gate. As we reached it, it opened to admit a party of sixty, who had been detailed to gather fuel, and were returning, each man with a huge fagot bound upon his back. Pending their entry, I turned to wave a last adieu to Bobus, and take a final look at the camp. The blue smoke curled lazily above the tents; the hum of voices rose drowsily in the distance; the busy throngs moved to and fro in their motley garb, as before; and above them all, overlooking all, the blue-coated sentinels paced around the walls with steady tread, their bright muskets gleaming in the sunshine. Then, the steamer's whistle was heard; we started on our way; the gate opened, closed, and was barred behind us: and we were outside the prison-camp of Point Lookout.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND MATE.

I DO not remember when it was that the Second Mate first began to show his demonstrative admiration for our pretty fellow-passenger. It was Dick Halliday who called my attention to it as a capital joke while we were yet in the Mediterranean—a fortnight or so after we had sailed from Leghorn. We two were leaning on the quarter-rail just before dusk, when Miss Ellis came on deck. "There's the candle," said Dick, "and presently you'll see the moth." In the course of the next five minutes Mr. Jones, our Second Mate, lounged over from the opposite side of the deck, and entered into an animated conversation with the young lady on the interesting topic of sharks. At least we judged so by her questions, which were put in such a clear, sweet voice, that the wind, loth to part with the musical tones, indiscreetly carried them within our hearing. "He's a sort of death's-head moth in point of beauty," continued my friend; "but he's neither too ugly nor too old to suffer an uncomfortable singeing."

I had a half-formed idea that I rather liked the Second Mate, and a very certain conviction that I particularly admired pretty Mary Ellis. As I disliked to see the man make a fool of himself, or the girl appear in the discreditable character of a coquette, Dick's moth-and-candle theory annoyed me. I therefore took the liberty of totally disbelieving it, and should have continued to do so had not the evidence gradually become too plain to be mistaken.

There were only four of us in the cabin—Dick, Miss Ellis, her father, and myself. Why we had taken passage from Leghorn to New York in a slow-sailing, marble-laden ship, instead of returning

home by a quicker and more fashionable route, does not pertain to the present story. As the only lady passenger, Miss Ellis naturally was the chief object of interest to my friend and myself. Her father was old, ill, and unable to play whist, and was consequently an extremely uninteresting fellow-passenger. Fortunately he kept his room pretty closely, and we saw very little of him. But his daughter was the brightest and most bewitching little woman that ever made a long sea-voyage not only endurable, but delightful. She was twenty-five, as she frankly confessed, and had spent the last three years in traveling with her invalid father. She was never ill-tempered, never dull or dispirited, and though frank and bright in manner, never transgressed the limits of maidenly propriety. She was quite aware of the fact that she was extremely pretty, and she had an irresistible tendency toward innocent flirtation. Had I been a younger man, or had Dick not possessed a wife and a quantity of children at home, one or both of us would certainly have rehearsed the world-old drama of idle love, with Mary Ellis in the leading female *rôle*, as the critics would say.

As for Mr. Jones, he was the last man whom any one would have deemed capable of sentiment of any sort. He was old—for although he said he was only thirty-five, rough weather and a wild, dissolute life had made him much older than his years. His complexion was nearly the color of mahogany when it is thoroughly oiled, though it lacked the polished surface which is generally associated with that article in its manufactured state. His hair was grizzled and unkempt, and an ugly scar, which stretch-

ed across his forehead—the memorial of a desperate fight with a mutinous crew—added nothing to his beauty. Still, his eyes were clear and piercing, and his figure athletic and manly. I suppose there are women who might possibly have fallen in love with him. The Duchess Josiane certainly would.

When one came to scrutinize Jones spiritual, as distinguished from Jones physical, it was still more difficult to understand how he could have had the amazing self-conceit to imagine that Miss Ellis could regard him with any thing but the barest toleration. He was a bold, quick, skillful sailor; a man born to command the refuse of humanity that mans our merchant vessels. He was hard and cruel to the lazy and ignorant, and, as a swearer, eclipsed any one whom I had ever heard, in the devilish intensity of his innumerable oaths. He was a totally illiterate man, and his want of knowledge of navigation made it impossible for him to rise above a subordinate station in his profession. His conversation had a certain spice of shrewdness and homely good sense, but was a perpetual defiance of Lindley Murray and all his works. His code of morality was summarily comprehended in the two rules—never to be drunk at sea, and always to obey orders. This was certainly a pretty sort of fellow to take a fancy to a refined and delicate girl. To do him justice, he was brave and manly in his station; but what right had he to look, except from an infinite distance, at sweet Mary Ellis?

It would have been amusing, had it not made me indignant, to note how the man watched for her appearance. At every step that sounded from the companion-way he would turn, with a look of expectation in his face that the dullest witness could not fail to understand. When she did appear, he would soon contrive to carelessly approach her, and would never be absent from her side, ex-

cept for a few moments at a time, while the two were on deck. He was perpetually bringing mattresses for her to rest upon, and shawls to wrap around her. I have known him to keep a sailor in the mizzen-chains for hours at a time, catching floating bits of sea-weed and stray jelly-fish, for her amusement. What was more creditable to him, he never abused the men in her presence, and rarely swore while she was within hearing. More than once, at the warning touch of her hand upon his arm, he dropped his raised hand and suppressed the half-uttered oath about to be launched at some unhappy fellow who had committed an unusually irritating offense against the laws of good seamanship.

This moth-and-candle business went on for several weeks. Mary Ellis was, or affected to be, totally unconscious of the conquest she had made. Neither Dick nor myself felt at liberty to remonstrate with her in behalf of the peace of mind of the Second Mate. I did, however, venture one day to warn Mr. Jones of the attention that his conduct had attracted. We had grown quite friendly by this time, and I fancied that the kindly interest I took in his welfare would rather flatter him than otherwise. He listened to what I had to say, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his gaze directed miles away toward the distant horizon. "And so, Mr. Jones," I concluded, "you must see that this sort of thing won't do. The lady is quite out of your sphere, and either don't suspect that you care particularly for her, or else is amusing herself at your expense."

He turned and looked at me, silently. "Mister," said he, at last, slowly and reflectively, "like enough you mean all right, so I won't git mad about it. But you're makin' the d—est fool of yourself! Talkin' to me about yer spheres! Why, I'm a man, ain't I? And a White Man, too? And she's a woman, ain't she? What's yer spheres got to do with

my bein' perlite to the young woman? I expect she gits tired of your infernal jaw sometimes—I know I do, anyhow—and she don't mind listenin' to me a bit, for a healthy change. What I think of her ain't your business, nor yet nobody else's; but I ain't agoin' to let any man say that she's a playin' it on me. Now you've got your course, and that's enough. I don't allow no interferin' from passengers, nor nobody." And he walked away.

After this failure, I tried him with no more advice. Gradually I became convinced that Miss Ellis was in reality a heartless coquette, who was amusing herself with a conquest so out of the ordinary way as to interest her from its very oddity. The conviction that she was actually capable of this petty cruelty made me necessarily revise my original opinion of her; and I ceased to regard her with the warm admiration with which she had at first inspired me.

The voyage grew dull and tiresome. As it drew toward a close I began to chafe at any lull of the fair wind that had followed us nearly across the Atlantic, and to lose all patience at the first breath of an adverse breeze. I have not yet mentioned our Captain, for the simple reason that he had hardly been seen by any one of us since we had left Gibraltar. He was an ill-tempered, ill-mannered fellow, who disappeared in his cabin as soon as we were clear of the Straits, and entered upon a quiet course of retired drunkenness, in which he persevered throughout the voyage. The Mate navigated the ship, and was in every way an intelligent and competent officer. I never dreamed that we were not proceeding on our course as rapidly and safely as the ship could be sailed, until I, one day, saw the Mate chalk certain figures on a board and hold them up to the sight of a passing vessel. Her people immediately answered by displaying a series of totally different figures, the sight of which elicited a hearty oath from the

Mate, who said to Mr. Jones: "I knew our chronometer was wrong, but when the old man is sober enough to talk, he swears a blue-streak if I say any thing about it."

My newly awakened suspicions that we were not in the most enviable situation, were unexpectedly verified that same night. I had not felt well during the day, and, soon after dark, went to my state-room, which was in the house on deck, and lay down in my berth. Presently I heard voices from the deck close to my room. Of course, I ought not to have permitted myself to hear—for listening is not the proper term to apply to my involuntary share in the confidence which the Second Mate was bestowing upon Miss Ellis—but I could not easily help myself.

They had evidently been talking somewhere else, and had sheltered themselves beneath the lee of the house in order to continue their conversation unmolested. Mr. Jones was speaking when I first became aware of their close proximity to me.

"I'm agoin' to tell you this," he said, "because you're not like other women, that'll holler and raise Ned the minute they think there's any danger. You're brave, if I know what's brave in a gal—and I ought to by this time. I want you not to say a word about this to yer father, or any body, for it ain't my business to tell passengers any thing; but the fact is, we may go ashore any time to-night, and I want you to be ready."

"Go ashore to-night!" she cried, joyfully. "O, that is too good! Why, I thought we were a hundred miles from land."

"You don't git my meanin'," he replied. "What I mean to say is this: the Mate's chronometer is all wrong. He and I've suspicioned it for a week back, and to-day we got the longitude from the bark you was a lookin' at, and,

if they was right, we're close on the coast."

"And what of that? Shan't we get home all the quicker?" she asked, gayly.

"Don't you understand?" he answered. "The old man—the Captain, I mean—is gettin' sober, and he's told the Mate not to change his course, or to take a rag off her. First we know, we'll run slap onto Hatteras beach; and if it comes on to blow—as it's a goin' to, sure—we'll go to h—ll so quick that the old man won't get a chance to get drunk again."

"Do you mean that we are in danger?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"Yes, I do; but don't you git frightened. Mebbe we'll go through the night all right; but if we don't, and any thing does happen, come straight to me. I'll be on deck, and I'll lay down my life for you, Miss Mary, God knows!"

She asked him quickly: "Why do you mind what the Captain says, if he is not sober? Why don't you and Mr. Caswell [the Mate] do what you think best?"

He laughed grimly. "I've been to sea, Miss—man and boy—for twenty years, and I never yet went agin' my superior officer's orders. The old man says to drive her, and that's the end of it. If he drives her ashore, it's his own lookout; and, if it warn't for you, I wish he would. When he loses a ship or two, mebbe his owners will git sober men to navigate for 'em."

"I am not afraid, Mr. Jones," answered the girl. "If we are wrecked, I will do just as you tell me. You can't think how I thank you for telling me the truth."

Mr. Jones was quiet for a moment, and I heard her dress rustle, as though she turned to go. "Wait a bit, if you please, Miss," said the Second Mate: "I want to say one word to you."

After a pause, he began: "Miss Mary, you've no need to tell me what I am; as one of them old chaps that's in the cabin with you did, once, since we've

been out o' port. I know jest what I am, better'n you and he could tell me if you was to try your best and keep it up, right on end, for a week. I'm an ignorant brute, that ain't fit to touch yer dress—let alone yer hand. I do my duty when I'm at sea, and I get drunk and play h—ll when I'm ashore—and that's all there is o' me. But, you see, I never had no bringin' up. I don't even know who my mother was; and I've been kicked round Cherry Street when I was a boy, and knocked round at sea ever since I've been big enough to know the end of a marlin'-spike. I ain't so bad as some of the sailors thinks I am; but I'm a hundred thousand fadoms below you. All I want to tell you is jest this. There's never a man among all the lot you've knowed, that could begin to love you as I do. For God's sake, don't look afeard of me. I ain't such a fool as to think that you could ever keer a straw for me; but I can't help tellin' you how true and honest I love you. I'd die happy for you, Miss Mary, even if I knowed you'd never think of me again. I never meant to tell you this; and I'll never say another word about it. But, my God! when I think of how I love you, and how there's fifty thousand Atlantic Oceans between us, I get wild. I've thought of it some nights, Miss, till I couldn't bear it any longer, and I've jest jumped forward and gone to lickin' the sailors, to keep from goin' crazy, and——"

"Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!" came the sharp call of the Captain, cutting short the poor fellow's confession.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he answered, and went to meet his sober, but by no means sane commander. "Why havn't you got the to'gallants'ls set, sir? Didn't I tell you to give her all she'd carry?"

"The fore-to'gallant-yard's a little sprung, sir, and I wasn't sure of its bearin' the sail," answered Mr. Jones.

"I'll do the thinking for this ship, Mr. Jones—if you've no objection," return-

ed the Captain. "Set the fore and mizzen-to'gallants'ls, and don't you start a sheet until I give you word."

The top-gallant sails were sheeted home, and the yards hoisted. The wind, which had been blowing strongly all day, had freshened as the sun set, and was now blowing a stiff gale from the eastward. The ship staggered and plunged under her press of canvas. The Captain walked the deck with a quick, nervous step. He was intensely irritable, from the effects of his prolonged debauch, and, though quite sober, was goaded by his unstrung nerves into a reckless impatience that found relief only in the excitement of driving his ship to the uttermost of her capabilities. I listened with uneasiness to the howling of the wind through the rigging, and debated the question, whether to go to sleep, and so forget the danger we were in, or to go on deck and make myself uncomfortable, by watching for the disaster which I apprehended. My decision was quickened by a sudden order from the Captain. "Mr. Jones, set the main-royal."

"Set the main-royal, sir?" repeated the astonished Second Mate, in a doubtful tone.

"Set the main-royal, sir. Do you hear?" roared the Captain. "Loose all three of them, and set them instantly. If you don't know how to sail a ship with a fair wind, I'll show you."

Mr. Jones hesitated no longer. In a few moments the royals were spread to the gale; but before the yards were trimmed I was on deck.

Miss Ellis had disappeared, and the Second Mate was evidently averse to conversation. I noticed that a man lingered near the mizzen-rigging after the rest of the watch had gone forward. So, too, did the Captain, who walked abruptly up to the sailor, and demanded to know what he was waiting for.

"Mr. Jones ordered me to stand by the hal yards, sir," answered the man.

"Go forward!" yelled the Captain. "Mr. Jones, I want you to understand that when I'm on deck I can sail this ship without any of your interference. Let me see any more of it, and I'll put you in irons for mutiny: by G—!"

Poor Mr. Jones gave no answer. Himself the most intolerant and cruel of disciplinarians, he did not resent the rating of his commander. When that amiable officer turned away, his subordinate passed over to the other side of the deck, and leaned quietly against the bulwarks.

An hour passed away. It was a starless night, and to the danger of running ashore was added the other danger of a possible collision with some passing vessel. I thought of this; and was just about to pick my way forward, to satisfy myself that the lookout was not asleep, when the Second Mate suddenly placed his hand to his ear, and bent forward, as though listening intently. In another moment a sharp, piercing cry rang from the fore-castle—"Breakers ahead!"

"Let go yer royal and to'gallant hal-yards, fore and aft!" roared the Second Mate. "Stand by yer top-sail halyard. Man the port braces, some of us; and stand by to slack the starboard braces. Call all hands. 'Bout ship!"

But, while the light sails were yet fluttering in the caps, and before the yards could be swung, so as to change the vessel's course, she struck heavily, bows on—the main and fore top-gallant masts going over the side, and dragging the mizzen top-mast with them. At the same moment, an enormous green sea boarded us on the quarter, sweeping away the wretched Captain, several of the crew, and the First Mate, who was on deck a few seconds after she struck. Luckily, I was too far forward to receive the full force of the wave, and, as soon as the deck was clear of water, Mr. Jones made his way to my side, and said, "Go below and bring the gal forrard to the

fo'castle. Steady, now; and don't get yourself overboard."

By narrowly watching our opportunity, Dick, Miss Ellis, her father, and myself managed to gain the forecandle. Mr. Jones, bareheaded, and with his coat off, was busily superintending the cutting away of the masts, and the clearing of the wreck, which was thumping against the side with dangerous violence. Relieved from the weight of her top-hammer the ship rose somewhat, and drove farther in upon the sand. The seas boarded us less frequently; but the ship pounded on the beach with a violence which placed her in imminent danger of breaking up.

When he had done what he could for our momentary safety, Mr. Jones called the crew, and said: "If any of you want to try the boat, you can do it. I shan't. You can't be no more use here, but it's the safest place for you. However, if you want to take to the boat, I won't stand in your way."

"We'll take the boat, Mr. Jones," replied one of the men. "She'll go to pieces in half an hour, and you'd better come with us."

"Not I," returned the second mate, laughing. "I don't take no boating excursions in this weather. Wear away the boat if you want to, and good luck to you." And then turning to the passengers, he continued: "If you'll take my advice, you'll stop aboard. She'll last some time yet, but them fellows in the boat'll be swamped in ten minutes."

"We stay with you," said Mary, walking up to Mr. Jones, and placing her little hand in his rough, brown paws. That settled the question, for her and the rest of us.

The men cleared away a leaky boat that lay bottom upward on the house amidships, and, casting off, vanished in the darkness. Mr. Jones told us to keep where we were, while he went aft for a moment.

We watched him cautiously working his way aft to the wheel-house, which was still standing. Presently, he came in sight again, carrying a life-buoy. We knew for whom it was intended.

But just as he had nearly passed beyond the line of danger, he was struck by a mighty wave that tore him from his hold, and dashed him against the stump of the mainmast. Receding, the wave left him clinging to a bolt, but unable to rise. Dick and I dragged him forward, and laid him with his head in Mary's lap. The brave fellow had never lost his hold of the life-preserver.

He was insensible for a few moments, and on coming out of his swoon, said: "Tell her to keep this on. We must be near the shore, and if she holds together till daylight, they may get a line to us."

"But are you hurt, dear Mr. Jones?" cried Mary.

"I'm done for, Miss," he answered, shortly. "My leg's broke, and my ribs is stove in. Why the h—ll don't somebody hist that lantern where it can be seen?"

We took the ship's lantern, which was still aglow, and fastened it to the head of the foremast, which had broken just at the slings of the yard.

"I hope you fellows knows what to do if they gits a line aboard?" he asked, doubtfully.

We assured him that we did. Then silence fell upon us, as we sat waiting for death, or the dawn.

We were huddled together under the lee of the bulwarks. The old gentleman said never a word, but, from the frequent movement of his lips, was doubtless praying for our safety. Dick, who was the coolest of men, filled and lighted his pipe, confidently expressing his conviction that the ship would hold together until daylight. Mary was silent, stroking with gentle hand the weather-beaten brow of the Second Mate. Did her ten-

derness spring from remorse at having won his love, or was it possible that she really cared for him? Who shall know the fathomless mysteries of a woman's heart?

Hours had passed when Mr. Jones suddenly opened his eyes, and asked, "Has any body seen any thing of the boat yet?"

I looked over the side, and, by a singular coincidence, caught sight of a boat drifting by us, bottom upward.

The Second Mate actually laughed. "I knowed it," said he. "I told 'em the boat couldn't live in that sea. And if you had gone with them fellows, it would a' been all day with you by this time."

He relapsed again into silence and apparent insensibility. When next he spoke, his mind was evidently wandering. "I tell you," he suddenly cried, in a voice that startled us with its wild intensity, "that d—— chronometer's wrong, and we'll be ashore before morning. And if that pretty young creetur's drowned, I'll drown the old man myself: so help me God."

The night passed slowly on. The wind gradually lulled, and the sea perceptibly went down. "Daylight will soon be here," cried Dick: "we shall be saved yet."

Mr. Jones raised his head, and looked out into the night. The calm and resolute look had returned to his eyes. "I see the dawn, boys," he said: "stick by the ship. The sea's going down, and you're as safe as if you was ashore."

"We won't go ashore without you, Mr. Jones," said Mary. "I will nurse you day and night, until you are well."

"Nursin' won't do me no good, Miss Mary," he answered. "You needn't take me ashore. I'd a great sight rath-

er be hove overboard, as soon as the breath's out of me."

"It's growing light fast," said Dick, after another pause. But the Second Mate never opened his eyes.

"Miss Mary," he whispered, in a faint voice, "I'm agoin' now. Just let me hold your hand, if you don't mind."

She placed her hand in his, and a tear dropped on the hard, red face of Mr. Jones.

Dick and I did not venture to approach nearer to the awful presence of Death.

"I'm dyin', Miss, but I'm d—— glad of it. I couldn't have lived without the sight of you; and I'm happier now than I ever was before."

The tears fell again, and the sweet girl bent over and touched her pure lips to the forehead of the dying man.

A bright smile softened his stern, worn face. "May God Almighty pay you for your goodness," he whispered, huskily. "I don't know where I'm agoin' to, but if ever you come there, you'll let me look at you sometimes, won't you? I'll never bother you, but I could not bear to have you cut me."

A dull report came floating from the invisible shore.

"There's the gun," cried Mr. Jones. "They see our light ashore, and they'll have a surf-boat here before long. Good-by, Miss Mary. You'll make it all right for me up aloft, I know. Tell 'em I obeyed orders, and done my duty by the ship. Tell 'em you kissed me when I was adyin'. They won't be hard on me, if they know that. Make somebody take the mate's log-book ashore. He was all right; but d—— the lubber that wrecked his ship with a fair wind. Let me look at your eyes once. My God! how I have loved——"

And the Second Mate was dead.

IN AND UNDER GUANAJUATO.

WE had seen what remains to be seen to-day of the great mine of San José de Valenciano—the mine of all mines of the world, when Humboldt saw it; had climbed its massive walls, inclosing and dividing acres upon acres of outworks—walls which were built, like the Pyramids, to defy the assaults of time, and will last centuries beyond our day—and seen the great piles containing millions of tons of low-grade ore, and the grand *tiro*, 2,200 feet in depth. This vast shaft, thirty-six feet in diameter, octagonal, and laid up in masonry and cement as smooth as the walls of a house, poured out an almost unbroken stream of silver for three hundred years: the aggregate being more than \$800,000,000 in value. We had looked down into this great shaft five hundred feet; and dropped stones into the black water which fills it up to that point, and floods all the galleries, drifts, and tunnels, whose aggregate length is said to be greater than that of all the streets of Guanajuato, and heard echoes as loud and startling as the report of a six-pounder cannon come crashing back. We had fired our pistols down the *tiro*, and been rewarded with returning echoes, which caused a painful ringing in our ears for days thereafter. The votive offerings of the pious miners—who, centuries ago, were gathered to their fathers—in the chapel, had been duly admired, and the usual number of sorry jests had been made on the picture of the man who fell down the *tiro*, and, when about half-way to the bottom—say 1,100 feet, *poco mas ó menos*—bethought himself to call for the assistance of the Virgin, who instantly responded by stepping out of the wall and arresting his descent, to such a degree

that he went through the remainder of the journey as quietly as an infant drops to sleep, and landed at last on his feet at the bottom, without a bone broken, and not even troubled with a rush of blood to the head. There were men in our party who dared to doubt the whole story, and even wanted to bet, with the pious Father on duty that day, that there never was any such man in existence, in spite of the documents and the picture, to which he pointed triumphantly, as the most conclusive and irrefutable evidence of the truth of the tradition.

So we passed out through the rickety old gate in the massive wall into the great court-yard, and rewarding, with a *medio* apiece, the bright-eyed, ragged little boys who had been leading our horses up and down in the sunshine, to cool and dry them, as is the custom in Mexico, mounted and galloped back toward the city. Past the great church which crowns the height, and was built and supported for centuries from the offerings of the miners who gathered there every morning to offer prayers for protection from the dangers which every moment threatened them in their labor in the depths below; through the deserted streets, lined with ruined houses of what had once been a town of not less than 25,000 people, all dependent for a livelihood, in some manner, on the now drowned-out mine; over steep hills on roads once beautifully paved, but now broken up and going to ruin, like every thing else, we made our way, once more, back into the bustling, living city of to-day.

We passed the strong-walled, gray-stone *Castillo del Grenaditas*—now a prison—and looked up at the hooks on

which the heads of *Padre* Hidalgo and his patriot companions-in-arms were exposed for twelve years, until the savage, vindictive Spaniards were driven from the land; then down at the great stone which Hidalgo's Indian soldier carried on his back as an impenetrable shield, while he crawled on his hands and knees up to the massive wooden gates and set them on fire, leaving the remnant of the two thousand Spaniards who had garrisoned it to the mercy of the long-waiting patriots, who rushed in through the flames and carried the fortress by assault. Soldiers of pure Indian blood, clad in white uniforms, with red plumes in their hats, and bright American breech-loading rifles in their hands, stood at the gateway, and falling into line, while the trumpets and the kettle-drums filled the air with the wild din of the martial music of Cortez and Pizarro, presented arms with a machine-like precision as we galloped past. Across the ravine which leads down under many ancient stone-arched bridges, through Marfil, a suburban city, composed of silver-beneficiating *haciendas*, each of which is—and must be, for the safety of its inmates—a high-walled fortress, capable of resisting the attack of any thing less than a regular army, and up and down the narrow, winding streets of Guanajuato we galloped, only checking our speed when we reached the *Presa*, at the upper end of the ravine, at the foot of the Bouffa, on the southern side of the town, and looked about us to admire the Pompeian villa-like and very beautiful houses of the rich families of the district, which stand there, surrounded and overlooked by gardens in which bloom, with rare luxuriance, all the glorious flowers of this tropic clime.

The bells of the great church upon the Plaza ring out sharp and clear for two minutes uninterruptedly, then cease abruptly. It is the feast-day of some favorite saint, but the law is explicit, and General Antillon—the Governor of

Guanajuato—is inflexible in its execution: for two minutes may they ring, and not a second longer. Time was when the Church was all-powerful in Mexico: when, backed by the Inquisition, it ruled with unrelenting rigor the consciences and the actions of the people. In those good old days, the bells rang from morning until night on such a day as this, and long processions of ecclesiastics and devotees bore the sacred Host through the streets, while the people dropped on their knees, and with uncovered heads did homage. Woe to the impious man who dared to stand erect when such a procession passed! But, to-day, all is changed. The doors of the palace of the Inquisition are closed, and a bronze-hued Cromwell of Aztec blood and indomitable will sits where Cortez sat, and compels the Church to yield to the laws of the Republic an obedience as implicit and abject as it once demanded and received for itself. No religious procession can walk the streets to-day; and here in Guanajuato, where the Church handed Hidalgo over to the executioners to suffer a cruel death, a priest may not even walk the streets, alone, with shovel-hat or flowing gown, on pain of fine, imprisonment, and labor in the chain-gang. The cloister doors were closed some years ago on the recluses; and to-day, where cowed monk and veiled nun once told their beads and did penance for their sins, school children, bright, intelligent, and happy, are taught from books which the Inquisition banned, and in place of monkish legends on walls and gateways, read: "God has appointed Labor to be the Sentinel of Virtue;" "Ignorance and Slavery are twin-brothers: gain Knowledge, and be free." Verily, Time hath his revenges, and these are of them!

We halted, at last, at the *hacienda* of the Serrano Mine. Within the high-walled inclosure is the mouth of the tunnel, which runs straight into the bluff

side of the mountain, and intersects the *tiro*, or perpendicular shaft, at a depth of six hundred feet from its mouth above. Entering cars, which run along a railroad-track, we curled down, and were drawn away into the dark, damp depths of the mountain for a long distance. Then the cars stopped; and, provided with candles, we got out, and picked our way over the slippery planking to where the tunnel cuts into the *tiro*. This great shaft is six-sided, thirty feet in diameter, and laid up in masonry and plastered smooth, like its greater brother at the Valenciano. Taking hold of a rope we leaned out over the edge, and looked upward toward the blue sky—a sexagonal patch of which could be seen through the six hundred feet of the *tiro* above us. A huge cable of the *maguay*, or aloe fibre, stretched from the surface of the earth above us—where it was wound up and down upon a *malacate*—down through the *tiro* past where we stood, into the black depths eight hundred feet below. Holding fast and looking into the abyss, we could see flaring torches appearing and disappearing at the bottom, and, after a time, could make out the dim outlines of some great, opaque object ascending slowly toward us. At last this object reached the level of the tunnel in which we stood, and was hauled by the attendants, with long poles with iron hooks at the end, into the tunnel, and allowed to settle down in a large, shallow reservoir, or sink. It was a rawhide water-bucket, about eight feet high by six broad, and shaped exactly like one of the great earthen jars in which the Japanese tea is shipped to our market. As it touched the bottom of the tunnel it began to collapse, the water flowing out over the top, around which there is an iron ring to keep the mouth always extended; and soon it lay flattened out upon the ground—a mere mass of half-transparent hide. The pulling of a bell-wire communicating with

the outside world above, caused the cable to start again; and the water-bucket—holding several hogsheads when filled, but now a flaccid, dripping mass—ascended to the surface, and disappeared. Another signal; and with a wild, hissing noise, enlarged by the echoes into a great surge of sound, a burning rocket came tearing down the *tiro*, lighting it up for an instant as it passed, and, rushing into the lower depths, exploded with a terrific crash hundreds of feet beneath us. Another and another followed, and then there was a pause. Our attendants told us that something really grand was coming. We doubted the possibility of any thing more grand than what we had already witnessed being in store for us, but looked and listened. We could see that a ball of some dark substance—our attendants said it was a ball of dry *maguay* fibre, four feet in diameter, saturated with liquid resin—was being swung out on iron hooks over the mouth of the *tiro*. This ball was ignited with a torch, and after it had become completely enwrapped in flame, the cry of “Look out! look out!” (in Spanish) echoed through the chamber, and we saw the great, blazing globe come rushing like a destroying comet toward us. Down, down it came, and, with a roar like the loudest thunder that ever startled mortal ear, the flame trailing behind it twenty or thirty feet, dazzling and blinding us with its lurid glare, it shot past us, and went bounding and crashing into the black, cavernous depths below. Startled, stunned, deafened, blinded, several of the party retreated from the brink, and refused to witness a repetition of this stupendous subterranean pyrotechnic exhibition. Two other fire-balls were lighted, and sent roaring down the *tiro*, each appearing to waken the echoes with added force, as they shot past us like the lightning-bolt, and with a more blinding glare. I doubt if one could behold the equal of this scene, above or

below ground, in a life-time of travel. I never witnessed any thing to be compared with it for a moment, among all the works of men.

Our party were now satisfied with what they had seen, save myself, and turned back in the cars, to return to daylight. For myself, I was anxious to witness the primitive process of mining, in vogue to this day among the silver miners of central Mexico, and so determined to descend to the lower levels. A young Mexican engineer from the city of Mexico, recently sent out to superintend the Serrano, volunteered to go with me, and we started, with Indians—bearing lighted torches of *maguay* fibre twisted into a thick, stiff rope, and dipped in melted resin—before and behind us, down a winding and devious way, not connected with the main shaft, or *tiro*. For some hundreds of feet, we descended rude ladders, the rungs of which were round, undressed sticks, tied to the side poles, or supports, with thongs of rawhide; then down steps cut in the rock, daubed with clay, and wet from the incessantly dripping water, and so slippery that it required constant care and the use of stout stocks with sharp iron points—which we carried to steady our steps—to prevent our pitching headlong into the abyss. Through many a winding gallery—following the dip of the vein where the rich pay-rock was worked out, in places so low that we could hardly stand erect; and in others widening out into high, arched galleries, from which thousands of tons of ore had been taken many years ago, winding, and turning in and out, up and down, until we had lost all idea of the points of the compass—we journeyed on until it seemed as though the end would never be reached. The air became more and more dense and stifling, and the perspiration poured from us until our clothing was saturated, while our limbs trembled with exhaustion; and still we were descending deeper and deeper

into the bowels of the earth. At last, we reached a gallery in which men were at work, blasting ore from the vein—there about six feet wide—drilling well enough, but using the miserable soft powder of the country, and throwing out but small quantities of ore at each blast. We went back again, and descended still deeper into the earth, passing the entrance of great chambers in which we saw fires burning, and women and little children gathered around them, cooking food for the miners, and doing the usual work of the household.

Then we passed a gallery where a large number of horses and mules, used in the mine, were feeding. These poor creatures are let down by slings through the great *tiro*, and never see the blessed light of the sun again—working, year out and year in, in the everlasting darkness, until sight has fled from their useless eyes, and death at last comes to their relief. The poor, dumb sufferers turned their eyes toward the torches as we passed, but seemed not to see the bearers, so unused were they to the light. At the next turn, we emerged into a huge, black cavern, with a great well, or reservoir, in the centre: this was the bottom of the *tiro*. Into this reservoir the water from all the levels above is drained, and here the great buckets of rawhide—such as we saw above—come to be filled. As we stood there, one of them came down, and sinking into the water, was filled in an instant, and commenced at once to ascend, distended to its utmost capacity by the weight of its contents. There were many galleries and drifts branching out from this common centre, and we heard the reports of blasts, the clink, clink, clink of the sledges upon the drills, and the voices of the miners in all directions. Files of Indians bearing rawhide *cargas*, filled with ore, upon their backs, held in place by a broad strap across their foreheads, and bending beneath their burdens, came out of

the darkness in all directions, and flitted past us as silently as ghosts, on their way up toward the surface of the earth. We went down still some two hundred feet, at a sharp angle, following the dip of the vein, and stood at last in the lower level.

The scene around us now was novel to a degree. Water came in from every crack and crevice in the rock, and only incessant labor could prevent its flooding all the workings of the mine. As this is far below the bottom of the *tiro*, where the reservoir is located, the water must be carried up to it. Straight pine logs, bored through, from end to end, with augers, "pump-log" fashion, run from the bottom of the workings up, at an angle of forty-five degrees, along the foot-wall of the vein, to the reservoir above. Each of these logs is about fifteen feet in length, and through it plays a straight piston, with a swab at the lower end, and a short cross-handle at the upper. Two stalwart Indians, naked as they were born, sit on the wet rock, at the upper end of each log, and, bending forward, and rising upward to their feet, in concert, push and pull the piston-rod back and forth, by main strength, uttering a low half-sigh, half-groan, at each lift. Their skins glisten with the perspiration, which pours from every pore; and it is evident that the labor must be severe, to the last point of endurance; and yet we are told that these poor fellows work incessantly at these rude pumps for twelve hours in succession, every day of their lives. Their compensation, as their work is unusually severe, is greater than that of other laborers in Guanajuato: they earn fifty cents each, per day. They eat, drink, sleep, live, and die in the depths of the mines—rarely going up to daylight oftener than once a week, as long as their work lasts. Most of them have families, and must sustain them also upon the \$3 per week which they receive. Their food is a thin gruel,

made from maize, coarsely ground; *tor-tillas*, also of maize, and a few *frijoles*, or colored beans—perhaps once a day. Not a very stimulating or strengthening diet, one would say; but, then, on Sundays, if business is good at the mines, and work steady, it is varied by a little meat—say, the half of a bullock's head, the dried head and neck of a sheep, or goat, or a bullock's shin-bone and foot, costing a *cuartilla*, or three-cent piece, for the entire family. We saw thousands of people in the market-place last Sunday, buying such luxuries.

When a revolution occurs, it is quite likely that these poor men will be forced into the ranks of the forces of the ambitious scoundrel who has gotten it up for his own benefit; and if they are not killed on the field, they may return to find the mine idle, the proprietors ruined, and starvation staring their families in the face. Then, very likely, they will take to the highway, and, after a short career as robbers, find themselves in the hands of the Government troops, with a speedy trial, and the certainty of being called upon to walk out to the suburbs in the gray dawn of morning, and stand against a wall, with crucifixes in their hands, while the platoon before them takes deliberate aim, and waits the word which is to signal their departure from this world, its toils, and sufferings, and disappointments. All, or nearly all, of these men served in the army during the late campaign against the French and Imperialists; and many of them show the scars of bullet, lance, or sabre wounds on their naked bodies. They must give something from every week's earnings, too, to the church, when they go there on Sunday to kneel and pray for protection from the dangers which beset them every hour of their lives. A great rock fell down in this chamber, on the left, a few weeks since, and crushed to death or maimed a dozen men and boys; and the offerings in the church were doubled

on the next Sabbath. And yet these men are cheerful withal, and laugh and chat in a quiet, subdued way with each other, in the midst of all their danger and toil, and reply to our questions politely and courteously.

There is nothing like timbering in any of these mines, as timber is not to be had; and accidents must be of common occurrence. The miners work in gangs, who have a small share of the proceeds of the ore taken out, in addition to their wages, and this stimulates them to greater exertion, and renders watching by overseers unnecessary. At the end of the week, a *rescate* is held in the inclosure at the *hacienda*, and the ores are sold in lots to the bidder who whispers the highest sum into the ear of the salesman, who stands in silence under an umbrella in the centre of the yard, while the miners, standing by their respective piles, make the air ring with their eloquent praises of the quality and value of that in which each is specially interested.

There are some points where men are working, which are not drained by the hand-pumps which we have described; and these are kept free by Indians, who bale the water with calabashes, or gourds, into pig-skins. The skins are taken off the animal entire, save an opening at the throat, the flesh and bones having been beaten into a jelly with a club, in order to force it out at so small an opening. When the water is in the skin, it has the full outline of the natural animal; and the naked Indian with one of these upon his back, held on by a strap around his forehead, crawling up the slippery rocks to empty it into the great reservoir above,

resembles, as seen in the light of the flaring torches, a monster tarantula, or some monster born of the fever-racked brain of a delirious patient, rather than any thing human.

We visited half a dozen other points of interest in the mine, observing the dip and thickness of the ledge, its casings, and other matters not interesting to the general reader; talked a few minutes with the women and bright-eyed, naked little children, in the caves where the cooking and sleeping were going on, and then commenced our long, toilsome, winding ascent to the level of the tunnel again. When we emerged, at last, into blessed daylight once more, dripping wet from perspiration, faint and exhausted with the heat and climbing, the sun was just going down behind the mountain, in the west, and the day was at its close. We galloped down the *arroyo* toward the city, and, at the *Presa*, saw the beauty, wealth, and fashion of the town, driving in carriages, up and down the *paseo*, or, in gay parties, lounging under the verandas, or promenading in the lovely gardens of the private residences, on either side — visiting, flirting, and watching the passers-by. Music, and song, and laughter rippled on the ear; and the soft air of the tropical evening was fragrant with the breath of flowers. The world is very beautiful, and life a pleasant thing, to these favored dwellers in fair Guanajuato. Do they know aught of, or ever give a passing thought to that other life, with its incessant care and toil, and danger and vicissitude, which is going on, far down in the dark, damp, hot depths of the earth, beneath their feet?

"WHILE LILIES BUD AND BLOW."

While lilies bud and blow,
 While roses grow,
 And trees wave greenly in the sun—
 Wave greenly to and fro;
 And ring-doves coo and coo,
 And skies drop dew,
 And th' thrortle pipes above the nest
 His wee mate broods upon:
 How can one choose but sing
 Of joy, love—every thing!

While the north wind sobs and grieves,
 While the trees drop leaves,
 And scentless, budless meadows lie
 Bare to the beating rain;
 And the birds are grown and flown,
 And the nests are lone,
 And love, like closing day,
 Grows cold, grows old and gray:
 How can one help but sigh,
 While night draws nigh,
 And darkly runs the river to the main!

A little plat where showers
 May bring forth flowers,
 Poppies, mandragora, and all sweet balm!
 Ah me! who can but smile?
 Only a little while,
 And hearts forget to ache
 And eyes to wake;
 The grass clasps softly velvet palm with palm
 Above the quiet breast,
 And Hope, and God's white angels, know the rest!

THE PACIFIC COAST COD-FISHERY.

NOT long after the discovery of "mines" in California, the Pacific States and Territories came to be regarded as a country of vast material resources, aside from the beds of golden sands and mountains rich with precious metals. Among the multitude of adventurers who came hither were a class of industrious, energetic, and hardy men, who, from childhood, had passed their time on board the pigmy fishing-vessels, amid the gales, fogs, and rough seas of the Atlantic, varied only by brief respites at

home among friends and companions, who shared their precarious earnings. The change from the life of a mariner to that of a miner was not always congenial to these men, whose hereditary avocations were of the sea. Some restless spirits, unsuccessful in gold-hunting, longed to be again afloat. For this reason, there was no lack of experienced hands ready to embark in any marine venture, even in those gold-digging days.

As early as 1851, two brigs and two schooners were fitted out from San Francisco on sealing and sea-elephant voyages to the coast of Lower California, besides several small craft, scarcely larger than the ordinary plunger. In the spring of 1852 five vessels sailed from the same port, on like voyages; and several fine "New London smack-schooners" were engaged in catching the fish found along the coast, which were deposited in the vessels' wells and brought into port alive.

Cray-fish were also caught about the Santa Barbara Islands, and transported to San Francisco in the same manner. But these vessels proved too expensive for the limited business in those days, and were soon diverted to more lucrative employment. Moreover, as years passed, the catching and vending of fish in the California markets became the work of the Italian fishermen; and they, with the Chinese, at the present day, monopolize this branch of industry.

The first vessel fitted out to catch fish for salting and drying was the schooner *Astoria*. She sailed in the fall of 1852, on a short cruise among the Santa Barbara Islands, where were caught those larger species of fish known as California rock-cod, kelp-fish, or red-fish, etc., which were split, salted, and dried; and when sold in the markets of the Pacific metropolis, passed for cod-fish, or dry-fish, and were at that time highly prized by those New England Californians who relish a cod-fish dinner, or fish-balls for breakfast.

In the spring of 1853, the *Astoria* was dispatched on a northern fishing-voyage, and sailed for the North-west Coast; but was unsuccessful in finding the main resorts of the objects of pursuit, and, in a heavy gale, the vessel sustained damage, and returned to port. From that time no particular effort was made to search out the real cod-fish grounds, till 1863. Early in the spring of that year Captain Turner, in the brig *Timandra*, sailed from San Francisco for the Amoor River, (coast of eastern Siberia) with a cargo, which was landed there, except twenty-five tons of salt, that had been taken aboard for curing fish, should he succeed in finding good fishing-grounds on his return passage.

After leaving the Amoor, he sailed down the Gulf of Tartary, to latitude 48°, and anchored near the shore of Saghalien Island. Here he found the genuine cod quite plentiful. They were abundant in the gulf, near this latitude, upon rocky bottoms, where the depth did not exceed seventy fathoms, or shoal to less than ten. The weather was pleasant, and they had but little wind, if anchored under high land; but when lying off the low land, or in range of the mountain gulches, they frequently experienced strong breezes, that came from the shores of Saghalien. The fishermen pursued their business successfully, occasionally changing their anchorage, by way of exploration of that portion of the Tartary Gulf lying near the parallels of 48° and 49°, till the middle of July, when the fish left the ground, and were not again met with.

Captain Turner then made the best of his way to the Okhotsk Sea, and fished off the southern coast of Kamtchatka, near the river Bolshaya, where he completed his catch of ten thousand fish, and returned to San Francisco.

Such was the beginning of the Okhotsk Sea cod-fishery. The following seasons of 1864-5 found the indefatigable Cap-

tain on the same ground, in the same vessel, accompanied by quite a fleet from San Francisco—schooners, and brigs, and barks—which were all successful in taking good “fares.” In the spring of 1866, Captain Turner, knowing that the fleet would again go to the Okhotsk Sea, and fearing that, on their return, the supply of cured fish would be more than equal to the local demand, disposed of the *Timandra*, purchased a small schooner, called the *Porpoise*, and, having obtained some information in relation to the fishing around the Aleutian Islands, sailed for that region. After reaching the latitude of Juan de Fuca Strait he closed in with the land, passed through Queen Charlotte’s Sound, and along the outside coast as far as Sitka. Thence he sailed to Omega Island, where he found convenient harbors, secure from all winds, and myriads of fine cod about its shores. Here he quickly completed his cargo, and returned to San Francisco, after an absence of four months.

From 1866 the fishery has steadily increased up to the present time; the larger vessels generally going to the Okhotsk Sea, while the others fish about the Aleutian and Choumagin Islands.

Although our cod-fishing enterprise may be regarded as in its merest infancy, still, it has become a business which is already systematically prosecuted. The largest vessels employed are about three hundred tons, but the average is about sixty tons. Those of the largest class carry a crew of from eighteen to twenty-four men, including officers; and the smaller muster from eight to fourteen: all of whom go on shares, except the cook, who gets regular monthly wages. On account of the large number on board, quarters are provided both forward and aft; the former being spacious enough to serve as a sleeping and cooking apartment, as well as a mess-room for all hands.

The outfit for the voyage consists of

provisions for the crew, salt, in bulk, for curing the fish, hooks, lines, boats, boat-anchors, and a large rope-cable, not less than 250 fathoms long, to which is attached an anchor and fifty or sixty fathoms of chain, expressly for riding at anchor in the open sea. All being in readiness, the vessels sail on their summer voyages about the first of April, and return the following September or October.

The “Okhotsk fishing-ground”—as termed—reaches from off Bolshaya River, (lat. 53° N.) south to Cape Lopatka, (lat. 50° 55′) and extends seaward, from the Kamtchatka shore, twelve to twenty miles, over a depth varying from eighteen to forty fathoms. About the Aleutian Islands, the vessels usually anchor in from thirty to fifty fathoms.

Whoever has seen a large fishing-fleet riding to their hempen cables, far out at sea, rising on the crested waves, and falling again into the yawning chasms, alternately disappearing from view, has beheld a scene of peculiar interest. “Blow high, or blow low,” the gallant little vessels rear and plunge to their anchors through strong winds and combing seas, unless compelled to seek shelter from a gale of more than ordinary violence.

The daily routine of duty performed by the crews of the multitudinous fleet displays a degree of activity and hardihood which must elicit some respect for this class of our seamen. At an early hour all hands are called, when coffee is served; after which, the boats are hoisted out, each being furnished with an anchor, hooks and lines, and a pair of sculls. As soon as a boat strikes the water, one man jumps in, and away he pulls, a distance of one, two, or three miles, when he lets go his anchor, throws over his lines, and begins his day’s work. After fishing for three hours or more, he hauls up his anchor, and returns to the vessel to get his breakfast and put on board what fish may have been caught. Break-

fast being over, away go all the boats, each manned by one person, who returns from time to time, as occasion requires, to discharge his load of fish.

In this manner the work goes briskly on till late in the afternoon, when all hands come on board in time to "take care of the fish" caught through the day. This part of the work is performed systematically, and with great rapidity. The Captain and Mate (or one of the experienced men) act as "splitters and salters," or superintend that particular part of the work; then there are the "throaters" and "headers." First, the "throater" takes the fish, "cuts across" and "rips it down," and passes it to the "header," who breaks the head off, takes out the entrails, and passes it to the "splitter." The splitter splits the fish, and takes out the sound bone, passing it to the salter, who attends to salting and packing them away in the hold. Then the boats, or "dories," as they are called, are hoisted in and "nested," when the day's fishing is over. During the night "anchor watches" are kept by the men, each standing one hour; unless night-fishing is carried on, when the watches are arranged accordingly. And thus goes on the work from day to day, till the cargo is completed, or the season terminates.

The great loss of life and property among the fishing-fleets that resort to the George's Shoals and the Banks of Newfoundland, in the Atlantic, is not a matter of surprise, when is taken into consideration the numbers of passing vessels, the thick and boisterous weather that prevails, and the close proximity of the fishing-vessels. Then again, every fishing craft has scattered about her, during the day-time, ten or more boats, thickly dotting the expanse of ocean for leagues in every direction. The men in the boats, too, leave and return to their respective vessels in thick weather as if by instinct, having no compass to guide

them; and there is no lack of instances, where the solitary fisherman in the tiny dory leaves his vessel in the dense fog—and that is the last seen of him! It may be well to mention, that several of the largest vessels from San Francisco are under foreign flags, and manned by Kanakas, who receive monthly pay in lieu of a share. In such instances the fishing has been done in whale-boats, under the charge of an officer.

For a vessel with twelve or fourteen men to catch with single lines and "take care" of three thousand fish in a day, is reckoned good work; and one thousand "will pay."

In the Atlantic, where the cod have become comparatively scarce, trolls are used. A troll is a stretch of line five to six hundred fathoms long, with short lines and hooks attached to the main one, at each interval of a fathom. When using them, two boats, with two men in each, attend to setting each one, as it has to be stretched along the bottom, then anchored, and buoyed at both ends. This being done, two men in one boat attend it: one man, as rower, pulling the boat, while the other underruns the troll, and takes the fish from the hooks. But fish being so abundant on the Pacific coast, it is the opinion of many of the most intelligent fishermen that trolls will not come into general use with them for many years.

The cod-fishing fleet of the last year numbered five barks, one brig, and fifteen schooners, with an aggregate of 2,669 tons, and employing 280 men. Considering the vast extent of prolific cod-fish banks that are already known, as lying between the American and Asiatic shores; the mild and pleasant weather prevailing during summer in those regions, and the little risk of life and property in comparison with the "grounds" of the Atlantic, it is not unreasonable to expect, that, following the destiny of the whalemén, but a few years will pass be-

fore the greater portion of the large fleets that now crowd the George's Shoals and the Banks of Newfoundland will double Cape Horn, and ply their craft either about the peninsula of Kamtchatka, the islands of the Aleutian chain, or in various places throughout the whole extent of Behring's Sea. The many advantages to be derived by the fishermen of the Pacific over those of the Atlantic, are too obvious to be questioned. It is well known that both cod and mackerel, on the Eastern sea-board, have greatly decreased in numbers within a few years, and that the mackerel-fishery is no longer profitable, if prosecuted on any considerable scale. The meagre "fares" of cod now brought from the "Grand Banks," together with the great loss of life and property—principally by collisions, as navigation by steam and sail increases—make the final results of these voyages of hardship and inordinate risk quite discouraging.

On our side of the Continent, the peculiar dangers of the Atlantic are almost entirely avoided: the fishing-banks being remote from any great thoroughfare of passing vessels. Neither is there as much wear and tear; for the weather is less boisterous, and the best fishing-grounds are nearer the shores, where there is much less rough water than on banks exposed to the whole sweep of the ocean. Good harbors, that would afford a shelter to any number of vessels that may engage in winter fishing, are also plentiful. And, when the ships return to port, the climate of California, during the dry season, is unsurpassed for "making fish," and not subject to the annoyance of summer showers, which, too often, in our New England towns, have been the cause of turning nearly the whole Sunday's congregation out of church, to "pile up fish," to prevent them from be-

ing spoiled by rain. There is a diversity of opinion, however, as to the best atmosphere for drying fish—some maintaining that the latitudes of Oregon, and Washington Territory, are better than farther south: if such should prove true, there is ample room, in either State or Territory, to dry all the fish of the Pacific, and enough material close at hand to build *flakes*, fish-houses, store-houses, wharves, and even the vessels, if desired, while the indispensable salt is produced in abundance about the borders of San Francisco Bay, and in the lagoons along the northern coast of Lower California.

It has frequently been said that no remunerative market could be found for a heavy supply of fish, if brought to our ports. The same idea, in relation to lumber and grain, was once before advanced—both of which products, at the present time, are regarded as two great resources of wealth, upon our coast.

The reader need not be a prophet to foresee, that, of necessity, the supplies of dried fish for the Catholic countries of South America, and our Western States, east of the Rocky Mountains, as well as the whole coast of the Pacific, must be produced from the northern waters rolling between the shores of Asia and North America. The railroads will furnish easy transportation to the interior; and the quick passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, insures low freights in that direction. It is found, too, that the salmon of the Pacific shores are taking the same place in the Eastern markets that the mackerel once did. Hence, we predict that, at no very distant day, the principal cod-fishing fleets of the Atlantic, combined with that of the Pacific, will whiten the northern seas, from Mount Saint Elias to the Western Kuriles.

OLD BOB.

OLD BOB was a fatalist, and the most cheerful of philosophers. The things which happened were not only things which *must* happen, but they were the very best things which could have occurred under any possible combination of circumstances. Most people who knew him said that he was "not quite right, but—innocent, you know," and touched the forehead significantly. It is, however, not unusual for philosophers to be misunderstood; and, if they are true philosophers, they bear even this most cruel dispensation of Fate with equanimity. But it is quite possible that Bob never comprehended such a situation, for he was himself so firmly convinced by his own logic that it seemed but natural that others should be equally impressed. And then, too, his cheerful acquiescence in the decrees of Providence seemed to clothe him, in his own estimation, with "a little brief authority" in the disposition of events.

The subject of this sketch did not attain to a wrinkled visage and grizzled wool—for he was an African—in any miraculous or preternatural manner. Yet he was *always* old, or, at best, his youth was a merely chrysalis state of existence, taking homely, but cheerful color from the quiet life he led, and the simple things he knew. It was age, and age alone, that made him a philosopher, by giving dignity to his magnanimity and wisdom; but perhaps not the first instance where old age has not only converted, but *re-created*, the most commonplace of mortals into a philosopher, a sage—perchance a poet. In thinking of Old Bob and others I have known like him, I can but admire the admirable system of recompense maintained by Nature. When she

sends that most unwelcome of all of her visitors, Old Age, she gives him power only to destroy those things for which he can in full measure compensate. It is true, he hangs before the eyes a misty curtain, through which all outward things become invisible or indistinct; sounds, also, lose definiteness and character; he puts little tremors into the knees, irresolution into sturdy feet, and irresponsibility into hands that were wont to labor skillfully; he cracks the voice and bows the form, but, at the same time, he has taken away the desires which made the perfection of these things necessary, and adds a peculiar power of enjoyment, that receives little aid from external or material things. This last seems so peculiar and definite that I have sometimes fancied it should be added to the number of the senses, as being a natural heritage, which is attained in old age as wisdom-teeth are in maturity. It is an inestimable gift, and, under its beneficent influence, the countenances of old people often present pictures of happiness which no other age can supply.

Bob's character never seemed complete, except within the shadows of the brown, weather-stained domicile which he called his home: so much of the history and character of the inmates was written on even the rough exterior. There was a suggestion of black, instead of brown, about the color of the house—a little dim and faded, as if the rain had washed something out of, instead of into, the boards. Weather-stains are always at least semi-transparent; and beneath the most sombre coloring, there is a suggestion of the crude material, which paint renders impenetrable. Bob's house seemed to have put on a garb of everlasting mourning,

without being in the least oppressed by it. During the long summer days the door stood hospitably open; although, to be sure, few visitors sought ingress there, except the sunbeams and the breezes, which brought the fragrance of the wood and meadow with them. The one window, besides giving expression to the house, was a pretty accurate index of the material well-being of the inmates, as well as a tolerably correct calendar of the seasons. During seasons of comparative affluence, a well-preserved shawl, or a coat which was yet capable of doing much service, filled unglazed spaces in the sash; but there were times when the merest shreds and rags flaunted in derision of Old Bob's poverty. These excrescences became larger as the cold became more intense; and when the remorseless wind carried off the exterior layer, a fresh oblation would be offered from the inside. I never could quite understand how this quiet old couple managed to break so much window-glass, and have had my suspicions that they did it in order to display their ingenuity in supplying the deficiency. At one side of the house were a few acres of potatoes and corn, which Bob cultivated somewhat assiduously, but philosophically. If, for instance, his hoe should chance to strike a stone, he would stand lost in the contemplation of some unknown subject, which this had, perhaps, only *seemed* to suggest. A lively young Irishman would probably have done in an hour the work which Bob consumed a day in doing. But it mattered little. He had evolved much cheerful philosophy during the slow process, and, possibly, more nearly attained happiness in this humble way than you or I do in our more ambitious efforts. He conscientiously took his after-dinner *siesta* outside the door, in the sun, when the weather was warm enough to permit of his doing so; and Aunt Rose's tin-ware, which occupied with him an old bench which bore traces of

artistic designs with a jackknife, was hardly more shining and resplendent than Old Bob's wrinkled face. With the exception of another philosopher, for whom an Emperor could do nothing but stand out of his sunshine, I think Bob's enjoyment of the sun was exceptionally intense.

He was one of that class of peculiarly improvident persons to whom faith is vouchsafed in full measure. But when Bob said, "Providence will provide," he had in his mind the sturdy and somewhat corpulent figure of Squire Lee, whose well-filled larder Bob believed to be stocked with a supply of provisions on purpose to meet his individual wants.

During the winter Bob employed his time chiefly in making "boonders:" a peculiar kind of scrubbing-brush made entirely of wood. When there was nothing to eat in the little cabin, Bob filled his basket with these brushes, and plodded cheerfully off through the snow, secure of disposing of his wares advantageously among the farmers' wives in the neighborhood. It was Bob's firm belief that nobody could "keep house" *properly* unless he had a supply of the brushes of his manufacture. His chief patroness, however, was Mrs. Lee, who he always expected would purchase, *in toto*, such of his wares as remained after his other customers were supplied. At such times Mrs. Lee invariably asked him "how he got along this cold weather."

And Bob, thawing out his shriveled old hands in an ecstasy of delight before the genial glow of a generous old-fashioned kitchen fire, would reply, "Pretty well, pretty well, missus; the Lord takes mighty good care of this old darkey," and then might add, as an after-thought: "Now, there's Rose, she ain't got no faith. This mornin' she wants some pork mighty bad, and says she 'spects she'll have to beg for it. *You* know we ain't no such kind of poor folks as that;" and Bob would assume an expression of

superiority which befitted the occasion. "No, no," he would continue, in a queer, cracked voice, which was not without an echo of half-forgotten melody in it, "no; I tell Aunt Rose that we've allers been 'spectable folks, and *must* maintain our 'spectability." During the foregoing oration he would shake his head with an air of mild defiance at the luxurious-looking pies and cake which were being taken out of the oven. But Mrs. Lee always waited for the final appeal, which she knew would come. "Providence will provide, and Rose will get her pork, that's sartin," Bob would say at length, picking up his basket preparatory to his departure. He always said it with a half-subdued chuckle, and an appealing glance at Mrs. Lee, as if he was sure that she could not withstand the pious appeal, although she couldn't fail to see through the piety. Unless Mrs. Lee had a heart as obdurate as Pharaoh's, she must have yielded to such an adjuration. Various other things, besides the tid-bit specified, always found their way into the spacious basket, and Bob would joyfully return home with his faith in a bountiful Providence fortified, and glowing with a generous enthusiasm as he reflected that Mrs. Lee's pantry and dressers attained their speckless sanctity because it was her particular good fortune to own an unlimited supply of Old Bob's brushes.

He had certain other claims to the substantial generosity of the Lee family. They had always been the potential "our folks;" and perhaps it was to the familiar knowledge gained in boyhood, that the success of an art attained in old age was due. This was the possession and practice of miraculous powers, in a very mild degree. Indeed, it was chiefly confined to the power of finding various farming implements and household utensils that went astray in a strangely erratic and perplexing manner, especially during the pleasant summer weather. In these

singular manifestations, Bob's walking-stick played an important part. It was an unpretentious, unsuspicious-looking stick—as rough, and, at the same time, as stout a one, as one would chance to find in a day's walk through the forest. But, under Bob's direction, this particular cane (for he solemnly averred that none other would do it) indicated the direction in which the lost article was to be searched for. It was generally infallible, but only when taken in conjunction with Bob's personal miraculous powers; for, when the family remonstrated with him, as they often did, upon the absurdity of hiding what he only could find, he utterly ignored, or failed to comprehend the insinuation, and professed inability to account for the mystery.

But a circumstance occurred one day which seemed to crown his reputation for successful divination.

It was midday, at midsummer. There were no breezes abroad, nor any sound or motion to break the infinite stillness. Bob sat on the old bench, in the sunshine; he was leaning slightly forward, with his hands on his oak stick—the same which was used as a divination-rod, upon occasion. His eyes were fixed on the dim horizon, and occasionally, as his staff swayed gently from one side to the other, he would smile and nod his head, as if there were sights and sounds in that far country which he appreciated.

Suddenly, there were sounds of hurrying feet, and then the rustle of a dress, in the narrow garden-walk between Bob's growing corn, on one side, and his wife's blooming marigolds and "ragged sailors," on the other.

Bob came back from dream-land, and stood with his old, battered hat in his hand, bowing politely to Miss Caroline Lee, before she reached the door.

"Nice day, Miss Car'line. Can Bob be of any service; lost any thing, now?"

"No—yes!" replied his visitor; adding anxiously, "Has Gracie been here?"

"No; now we hain't seen any thing of the little lamb this blessed day." And Bob showed the whites of his eyes, in intense approval of the "lamb," or the day, or perhaps both.

"Good Lord! you don't mean to say that the child is lost?" ejaculated Rose, whose mind was somewhat quicker than Bob's.

"We've been looking for her an hour, and can't find her," replied Miss Lee, who had turned slightly, and was looking off in the middle of the meadow, where the blue water of a little lake was glinting in the sun.

"What do you suppose has come to her?" said Bob, probably by the way of conversation, for the silence was growing ominous.

"The garden-gate was open, and we found her sun-bonnet——"

There was no need to complete the sentence: all three so well knew the little path that led from the garden-gate down to the water's edge.

"That chil' ain't in the water, now, Rose; you mind," said Old Bob, as he watched the flutter of the young lady's dress up the path which led to the farmhouse, and saw the family and the farm people hurrying down to the lake.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Rose, incredulously. "'Twan't fur nuffin that I woke up last night cryin'; jest so 'twas when the Parson's Maggie died. O, dear! what a sight of trouble folks do have;" and Rose's sympathetic apron went up to her eyes.

Bob, himself, was nearly shaken out of his equanimity. It did not seem to be just the right thing, that the quiet waters should have closed so peacefully over the pretty baby-face. An old black hand was at work among the grizzled wool, trying to spell out, as it were, this decree of Fate, and make it a corollary to his cheerful philosophy. But the effort was unavailing; so he turned his attention to a matter nearer at hand, and tried

to impress upon Rose some doctrines of resignation. But this effort was also unsuccessful. Suddenly he stopped, meditated, and turned a round pebble, which was lying in the garden-walk, over and over again, with the toe of his boot. This was a somewhat difficult operation, as there were nine chances out of ten that the stone would become fastened in some of the numerous holes of this merited apology for a boot. But Bob's philosophy had all been evolved while performing some mechanical operation, until his mind seemed in an inalienable way connected with his hands and feet. The result of this process was the following:

"That Miss Gracie's a mighty nice chil', a wonderful chil'; but—yesterday I see her drivin' the cat by its tail, and I don't b'lieve she's gone and drown herself, nohow."

Bob's reasoning was inconsequent. It seemed to be derived from an innate idea that it was only the angelic children who came to sudden and premature death.

On the strength of this happy conviction, he set off cheerfully toward the great house. Nothing but tremulous echoes were awakened in the desolate house, as he stopped there for a moment.

"Lord, Lord! don't b'lieve that ere chil' is drown'd, more nor nothing," and, to show that he was quite himself, and not at all excited, Bob hid away several important kitchen utensils. It would not have been human nature to have neglected such an opportunity to do a stroke in the way of business.

"Folks what have to work for a livin' must some do one thing, and some another," remarked Bob; "if I don't sow in the seed-time, where's I goin' to get any harvest?"

As the echoes refused to solve the problem Bob walked away, with a feeling of satisfaction predominating. But when he reached the well, in spite of his profound belief that no harm had come to the pet and darling of the household,

he stopped to look into it. He only saw in the crystal depths an old and somewhat anxious face, which strangely contradicted his happy belief. In the garden he stopped to look at the vegetables, and stooped to pull a weed. The gate stood open, and he muttered something about "sich keerlessness," and went slowly and half reluctantly down the path which led to the lake. His cane, that wizard's staff, which was the humble means of his gaining an honest livelihood, struck obliquely upon a round stone, and fell from his trembling hands. Bob stopped for a moment and meditated, and then slowly shuffled off toward a clump of garden-lilies. The staff pointed toward them, and habit is the superior power, which we obey in exigencies, as well as in the natural course of events.

The lilies were of those wanderers from the garden which display a surprising adaptability for wild life—taking with a wanton willfulness to unrestrained and lawless ways. In their rank luxuriousness, they overgrew the weeds upon whose province they encroached, and rooted out the quiet grasses, the rightful owners of the soil. Narrow, ribbon-like leaves rose in dense and verdant clusters, and fell outward by their own flexibility and weight into natural and not ungraceful curves. From each centre rose spikes of coarse, yellow, inodorous flowers. They still retained a flavor of garden civilization and culture, but it was of that kind to which the natural odor of wild thyme and clover is infinitely preferable. There was a little island of these in the green and close-cropped pasture-field, and hens, those erratic bipeds, were fond of taking morning strolls, and afternoon rambles, in the vicinity.

Bob knew their habits well, for many a hatful of eggs had he carried away from such insecure resting-places; and was duly thankful to the kind Providence which provided such highly relished lux-

uries. Indeed, the cane did seem to possess miraculous powers, for the lilies would to-day have been forgotten but for it. There were five minutes of unsuccessful search: he lifted the lily-leaves carefully with his stick, but no hidden treasures were revealed. Suddenly his countenance glowed, for there they were—six of them—white and pearly, which bespoke their freshness and adaptability for future flapjacks or fritters. But it was not the eggs, fresh as they were, and with the history of future good things written so legibly to him on their fragile shells, that caused him to utter an exclamation of delight; for, on beyond them, in the sunlight which his stick had let in among the shadows, was a brown, chubby hand, from which had fallen withered buttercups and daisies. Gracie was rubbing her blue eyes gravely open, as if she were not sure that her strange surroundings were not part of the fairyland where she had been wandering.

Ten minutes later, when Bob was standing in the centre of an admiring group, he dilated on the merits of "that cane," and moralized on the usefulness of even such a "worn-out vessel" as himself. Neither did he fail to indicate the obvious moral, that a sufficient degree of faith would have saved a world of anxiety and trouble.

This simple incident was the grain of mustard-seed which presently grew into such fair proportions that it became, in Bob's estimation, little less than a miracle, and overshadowed much of his conversation. And from the story he went off into pleasant, drowsy moralizing and generalities. It was like the voice of the cricket, not melodious or tuneful in itself, but with, nevertheless, its own blithe, irrepressible little chirrup, which told the story that a cheery spirit will last longer than summer verdure, or youthful freshness and vigor.

Bob continued to "trust in Providence, and to keep *his* powder dry"—that is,

to help himself whenever the exigencies of the case demanded it, and he could find an opportunity of doing so. He officiated, for a year or two, in the important capacity of "oldest inhabitant;" and it is to be feared, that the demoralizing influence of office affected his character for veracity, for he reported each winter snow-storm to be more severe than any which had previously occurred; the freshets were more devastating, but the summers never grew hotter.

One day, he was found seated on his

favorite bench, where he had sat through the sunshine of so many summer days; his head was resting against the weather-beaten cabin which had sheltered him. His half-closed eyes seemed fixed upon the dim horizon: there was a smile caught and tangled among the wrinkles, as if he had seen visions of plenty, and an eternal sunshine of content, before he passed to the borders of that other land. And his staff, dropped from his powerless hands, pointed silently toward the little country church-yard.

A BOAR-HUNT.

IN the good old days, when Placer-ville was in its glory, and when gold was obtained not in pennyweight dribblets, but by the pound-weight, few men in that mining camp were doing so well as Lanty Spelman and myself. Coming home to our tent early one Saturday afternoon for the purpose of cleaning our week's gold—we got three pounds' weight of it that week—we lit our pipes and lounged idly. This is the miner's usual preliminary to action, at once recuperative and cautious. "That," said I, after a pause, "that was a narrow escape you had this morning, when the bank caved in as you were getting into the drive."

"Pretty sharp, wasn't it?" smiled Lanty; "but I've been so used to narrow escapes in my time that I've come to look upon these matters as second nature. I never told you of a fight I had with a wild boar once, did I?"

"No."

"It was pretty rough, I tell you," said Lanty, shaking the ashes out of his pipe and plunging into his story:

The first time that I ever attached myself to a boar-hunting expedition,

was in 18—, now thirty years ago, the hunting-ground being one of the Navigator's Islands. The Navigator's are nowadays pretty much resorted to by all sorts of holiday-makers, but at the time I speak of Captain Hill and myself were the only two White Men living on these islands, having been cast ashore on one of them by the wreck of the *Nantucket*, from New Bedford, during a whaling-voyage in the Pacific. The natives were very friendly, and, when we had been living for some weeks among them, would often take Hill out with them in their hunting excursions; while I, a lad of only eighteen, was not yet deemed sufficiently seasoned to endure the fatigues of a hunting campaign, and was always left behind—an arrangement, by the way, which I did not relish. At last I resolved, indeed, to be one of the very next hunting party, the grumbling and fears of the hunters to the contrary notwithstanding. I had not long to wait.

A party was made up for going to the mountains, many miles inland; for the valleys and undulating ground at the foot of the mountains were the favorite resort of wild hogs. Those were always

occasions of considerable importance, for a hunting party was usually composed of forty or fifty men, young, strong, and active, who carried provisions for several days, lest the chase should prove unsuccessful. Days, therefore, were spent in preparation, when the women were constantly at work preparing the commissariat. Preliminaries over, at last, the expedition started at dawn, accompanied by a multitude of dogs, all barking with such anticipating zeal as made the woods hoarse with the echoes.

It was a beautiful morning, and, like all mornings in the tropics, the air was cool and refreshing; the birds chirped and fluttered about so happily, as to have filled one's heart with responsive pleasure. The very glistening of the silvery dew, as it bespangled the grass and flirted with the sunbeams, had something about it of indescribable felicity.

We mustered fifty young men, each armed with a sharp, iron-pointed spear; and after two days' marching arrived on the hunting-grounds. But the mountains, so called, were no mountains at all, being nothing more, indeed, than tableland of ordinary elevation, retaining the characteristics of the low country, in soil, grass, shrub, and tree. Properly speaking, there are no mountains in the island, but there were what pleased us better: namely, herds of swine, whose ancient progenitors had been debarked years ago by Captain Cook, with a view, no doubt, to colonization. The colony was, indeed, in quite a flourishing state, both as regards the numerical strength of the population, and the thriving condition of its individual members, and must have realized, in sooth, the most sanguine hopes of its beneficent founder.

Long before we came near to these interesting colonists they sniffed approaching danger, as we knew by their snorting and grunting; for, inured to savage warfare, their outposts had been on the

alert, and conveyed intelligence of our approach, when a precipitate retreat, on their side, was the immediate and simultaneous result. On our side, small detachments, of six or seven men each, were called out, with instructions to skirmish, harass, and, if possible, surround the fugitives. At this juncture, Hill—who led a division, and to whose command I was assigned—recommended me to keep in the rear, observing that though hunting wild hogs was excellent sport, it was not any the less dangerous to persons inexperienced in such adventures.

"Therefore," said he, "keep at a distance until you see a chance of using your spear with safety to yourself."

On we went for about a mile, each division followed by a full complement of dogs trained to the business on hand, when we reconnoitered a herd of about five hundred on the summit of a hill, apparently in profound consultation. This was the citadel, on which it would appear they meant to make a final stand, and this citadel our men proceeded to invest with all possible caution, and with all our available force. Keeping our dogs in the rear, we reached the base of the hill, and began the ascent with a steady, stealthy pace. Notwithstanding the cunning and vigilance of the herd, we were within fifty paces of their sentinels before they perceived us. Fancy five hundred pigs, of all sizes and both genders, taken by surprise, and then you can imagine the tumultuous rush, the squealing, and the grunting that immediately followed! Now was the opportunity for the dogs. In they went, "earring" the juveniles, and holding them, while we dispatched them with our clubs and spears. In less than forty minutes, as many "young slips" (as an Irishman would say) lay dead on the sward. No one knew, indeed, where the work of destruction would end, had I not just then observed a bristly boar, of enormous

size, sweeping down the slope at about twenty yards' distance.

"Hurrah, my lads," I shouted, "here's a magnificent boar; let's have a dash at him!" and away I ran at top speed.

"Come back! come back!" shouted Hill; "madman! where are you going?"

"Come on, come on!" I cried, "or else he'll be off," without slacking my speed. While Hill and a few of the natives followed me and the boar, some more of our men had hand-to-hand conflicts with other boars; for it is the nature of these creatures to turn and fight when one of their number is attacked or closely pursued, although, if only one or any number of the common herd is assailed, their sense of chivalry does not call upon them to make the least resistance. On went the bristly beast, which, from his enormous size and ferocious aspect, appeared to be the great-grandsire of the whole herd, closely pursued by me, while Hill and the natives kept clamoring and shouting for me to come back. Mistaking their noise and alarm for the excitement of the chase, I only ran the faster, and was every yard gaining on the boar. The animal, meanwhile, unconscious that he had been the object of particular pursuit, kept running straight ahead for a considerable distance, when at last, instinctively apprehending the state of affairs, he made a sudden stand. He was frothing with excitement and incipient rage; his long, coarse bristles stood erect all over his body, and his tusks, as large as a young elephant's, overshot his horrid jaws. I was now within ten yards of the terrible monster, and it was *only now* that I saw the supremely formidable character of the adversary I had the temerity to pursue, and the still greater difficulty now to avoid. His size, as I have said, was prodigious, and for the first time I had a clear look at his dreadful tusks. He was standing with his side toward me, and watching, with that peculiar cunning and ferocity characteristic

of the species when enraged. I paused, but only for an instant, for, though struck with wonder and astonishment as much at the enormous strength exhibited in the animal's structure as at his strangely savage appearance, it was no time for reflection, far less for indecision: I must prepare for attack or defense, perhaps both, for to retreat might tempt pursuit on the part of my adversary, and this would be unpleasant, perhaps dangerous, and certainly degrading to a sprig of chivalry like myself, impatient for some dashing adventure. Scarcely had these thoughts crossed my mind, when the boar, furious and impatient for attack, turned sharply round, and rushed at me open-mouthed. I retreated a little, for to attack him single-handed, with a Samoan spear, would be sheer madness. Hill and the natives, who were now close at hand, called out "to take to the nearest tree." This I immediately did, and, fortunately, it was a large one.

"Dodge him now," cried Hill, "and keep a sharp lookout, while we try and divert his attention."

I did so, and kept going cautiously around the tree, closely pursued by my enemy, who kept dashing his tusks against the tree in a perfect rage, shivering the hard bark in pieces.

In vain did they try to set on the dogs: the curs only yelped and barked, but did not dare to "go in." After much urging and a great deal of swearing, two of the better bred ventured forward, but only to be instantly mangled. One of them he struck on the ribs with his tusks, and tore out his entrails; the other, he crushed to death under his feet.

From this incident, together with Hill's anxiety, and the absolute terror exhibited by the natives, I perceived the mortal peril in which my absurd love of adventure had placed me. Hill and the others threw their spears, in the hope of wounding him, or at any rate of diverting his attention, but the fragile weapons

glanced off his bristly hide as though he were a rhinoceros. In fact, the furious monster did not notice them at all. I now saw plainly enough that my safety must entirely depend upon my own exertions, and that my rescue, if at all possible, must be achieved by myself alone. Therefore, reversing our positions, I became the pursuer, instead of the pursued, and this I accomplished by running rapidly round the tree, and coming within two feet of my enemy's rear. I struck him with my spear in the flank, and quickly recovered my position at the tree. The boar turned sharply and furiously round, but, expecting such a movement, I also took the opposite direction to that in which I had been pursuing him.

"Bravely and cleverly done!" shouted Hill, joyously. "Be cool, my dear fellow—be cool, and you'll yet kill him: a feat which no man on this island has ever done, single-handed. He bleeds profusely; be quick and cautious, but do not speak, for your voice will only madden him, by indicating your proximity. Give him time to bleed as much as possible before you make a second attempt."

This was cheering, and I felt doubly courageous, and much more confident. Before, it was the imperative necessity of making some attempt to save my life, which prompted the hazardous act of using my spear; now, I was stimulated by ambition and the hope of achieving a daring exploit. I waited several minutes before repeating my last attack, in the hope he would grow weak from loss of blood, and then slacken his pace; but though he bled freely, there was no diminution of strength. I resolved to try again, and, therefore, approached him; but this time with more ardor and less prudence. I struck, but, instead of striking in the under part of the body, where the hide was penetrable, the point of my spear struck on the ribs and glanced off,

without leaving a scratch. The boar made a rapid movement with his head to strike me with his tusks, which, though I fortunately escaped myself, struck the spear, and wrested it from my grasp.

I retreated, as before. The spectators were dumb with horror, and poor Hill paled with fear. Fortunately, the size and circumference of the tree admitted of some manoeuvring. The boar, as if, in his turn, elated at his own dexterity, grew doubly furious, as he certainly became more rapid in his movements.

"Is there any danger," I asked, "of his turning and meeting me as I go round the tree?"

"Make yourself easy on that point," said Hill: "such a thing has never been known, except when he receives a fresh blow."

Satisfied with this assurance, I kept going around the tree at a running pace, as before, while my adversary, animated by the sound of my voice, was close at my heels.

"When you see a chance, throw me a spear," I said, hurriedly.

"I'll see to that," said Hill; "and, meanwhile, my dear boy, keep up your heart."

Singular enough, the boar's attention, during the whole of this time, had not been in the least diverted by the others, who were not more than a few yards distant. But set, as it were, on his intended victim, he disregarded all objects besides.

The exertion, excitement, and heat of the sun caused the perspiration to run freely down my person, but I felt no symptom of exhaustion, nor even of fatigue; and the boar, though still bleeding, seemed to relax none of his speed, nor lose any of his strength.

Seeing an opportunity, Hill at last threw me his spear, which I failed to catch, and it fell within six inches of my adversary, when the infuriated monster seized it in his jaws and crushed it into

fragments. This interesting piece of by-play detained him a little in his progress, when the opportunity was seized of throwing me another spear, which I was more fortunate in securing. After he had wreaked his vengeance in this manner on the Samoan javelin he resumed his pace, but somewhat slower than before, as if his brutish instinct had been a little appeased by the act of crunching my fragile weapon. Ere many minutes I repeated the attack, this time with caution and precision, and struck him once more in the flank, inflicting a deep wound. I immediately made a retrograde movement, my adversary did the same, and a shout of applause burst from the spectators.

"Bravely done, once more!" shouted Hill, frantic with joy; "you've given it him home this time! Be cool, my boy; for heaven's sake, be cool! The blood is coming in streams, and if he were the very devil he must soon feel the effects."

The blood did certainly flow in streams, and I soon began to experience the inconvenient effects, for the ground on which I was forced to run was so saturated and slippery that I was in imminent danger of falling, and of becoming an easy and unresisting victim. Still, I felt that to act again on the offensive by striking another blow, and so hasten the termination of the conflict, would at present be injudicious. Having allowed a certain time for this passive kind of warfare to have its due effect, I dealt him another as efficacious as the last. This was the only thrust by which he seemed to be sensibly affected, and he began to slacken his pace. Owing to the slippery nature of the ground, my position was now more precarious and insecure than ever, and I experienced a degree of heart-sickness that was really alarming. What if he should turn round, or even resume his former rapid pace: I should be unable to avoid him. I was, even now, scarcely able to retain my footing; but if,

maddened with pain and goaded to a last effort, he should concentrate his expiring strength in one desperate attack, I should be utterly lost. Hill saw my embarrassment, and implored me to keep up my spirits; adding, that, as I had hitherto acted so bravely, it would be unmanly now to despond, since the conflict was about to terminate in a glorious victory.

Animated by this reminder, I resolved to strike another blow. "One more blow," thought I; "and if I succeed in planting it effectively, I shall either disable him altogether, or, at any rate, sufficiently so to enable me to leave the tree." I dashed at him, and dealt a powerful one—plunging my spear-head to the wood. It completely stunned him, and he stood bleeding as if a knife had been struck in his neck. I now felt I could leave the tree and rejoin my companions, which I instantly did, to my own great relief, and amid their sincere congratulations. Poor Hill embraced me, declaring that "he never hoped to see me escape." The natives were quite demonstrative in their congratulations, and lifted me on their shoulders, declaring I was a warrior equal to the best on the island. Thus, I was made a great man, not so much by bravery as by dodging. The boar, left standing, helplessly enough, at the foot of the tree, soon bled to death.

Meanwhile, fifty yards away, they were shouting, swearing, and laughing at a man up in a tree. Going around the tree was another wild boar, like the one I had just been killing and dodging, running and chipping the hard bark off with his huge tusks, foaming and frothing in wild rage at some one he heard, but could not see; and at the distance of ten yards or so was a circle of young men, darting their spears at him, and recovering them again by means of a cord attached to the end of the hafts. Ah! these natives are wise fellows. Born to

the business—the “pomp and circumstance” of boar-hunting—when one of them succeeds in drawing the boar’s attention to himself, he takes to the nearest tree, just as I did; but, instead of running *around* the tree, as I did, he runs *up* it, with the agility of a monkey. Then he begins to shout, with might and main, to fix the attention of the boar, who immediately begins to run around the tree, in the hope of catching the owner of the voice. The man above keeps on roaring; the boar keeps on running around; and those standing away at a short distance keep darting their spears into his bristly hide, while the stupid pig, at every blow he receives, and every sound he hears from above, is getting more furious, and nearer, to his assailant—forgetting altogether that the man in the tree is only a decoy, and that those standing around are his real assailants. This is a sport—the only one in danger of being hurt being the boar, who, after awhile, gets so exhausted as to be capable of no resistance, and is easily dispatched.

We returned, laden with the products of the expedition, and made a triumphal entry into the “Village of the Gods,” amid the barking of dogs, the yelling of little boys, and the general rejoicing of the whole village. It was a glorious day, and to be duly celebrated by a great feast. The hunters who had so successfully provided for the gastronomic pleasures of our friends were the objects of general attention; and, as for myself—I, who, single-handed, had killed, or shall I say *dodged*, a boar to death—why, I was the observed of all observers.

Preparations for the anticipated feast had already been in a forward state: pyramids of red-hot stones were in waiting, and, beside them, heaps of leaves, for covering over the intended edibles; to burn off the bristles, and eviscerate a couple of boars, and half a dozen pigs, was, therefore, all that remained to be

done. As many hands make light work, this part of the festive preparation was soon accomplished, when the pyramids were razed, and the boars and pigs laid on the red-hot stones, and then carefully covered up with a great heap of leaves, to prevent the heat from escaping. In two hours, the animals entire were placed before the expectant guests, in excellent condition, and cooked “to a turn.” The boar which I had slain, or rather dodged to death, was laid on a mat, before a circle of chiefs, who considered themselves honored with my company; and then began the carousing, after the most approved Samoan fashion. The oldest of the chiefs took up a piece of thin-edged bamboo, and with it artistically separated the head from the trunk, severing the vertebral column with anatomical dexterity and dispatch. The head, entire, was courteously placed before me as a trophy, and the carcass was dissected with equal skill and rapidity, and portions sent round to my less illustrious neighbors. I politely requested that the boar’s head should be subjected to a similar disposition. This done, the feast proceeded with the utmost decorum and politeness, followed by copious libations of the national beverage, manufactured from a shrub, the root of which is chewed by women, then put into a wooden dish, called a *tano*, diluted with water, then strained, and next poured into goblets of cocoa-nut shell. The beverage, to the use of which the natives were much addicted, had the color and taste of soap-suds, and had a narcotic effect, which stupefied, but did not unseat reason, as do the beverages of civilized society.

Yet, as my friend concluded, he cast a glance, half wistful and half disdainful, at the bottle on the shelf—a look which I correctly interpreted, and to which I duly attended, as he resumed his pipe with dignified composure.

SILK-CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE material benefits accruing from the long, dry seasons, and mild and equable climate of California, are peculiarly manifested in the culture of silk. The worm that spins this delicate fibre is exceedingly sensitive to meteorological changes, whether these be in the electrical conditions, the quiet, or the temperature of the atmosphere. It is liable to be fatally injured, at all stages of its existence, by any considerable excess of heat, cold, or long-continued moisture, as well as by heavy thunderstorms, or other violent electrical disturbances. It also suffers readily from an insufficiency of sunlight, or a lack of ventilation. It has happened, on many occasions, both in European and Asiatic countries, that almost the entire stock of silk-worms has been killed by a long, cold rain; heavy and repeated peals of thunder having been attended with like effects. Protracted dampness covers the worm with a downy mold, inducing disease, and often causing death. Owing to the injuries received, or the maladies engendered, by these meteorological changes and conditions, more than one-half the worms hatched in these countries die before they reach maturity. Nor are the injuries arising from these causes confined to the worm itself; the eggs sometimes suffering to an equal or even greater extent.

In Europe, it is calculated that not one egg in four will produce a cocoon, the fatality of late years having risen to an average of fifty per cent. among the peasants, or small growers, and seventy-five per cent. among the larger proprietors. This disease has now been prevalent in the silk-growing districts of Europe for fourteen years, its ravages

having increased steadily throughout all that time. The entire region within a thousand miles of the Mediterranean, is afflicted with this scourge. Although the ablest chemists and entomologists have investigated the subject with the utmost care, they have been unable to detect the cause, or to furnish any preventive; and were it not that fresh supplies of eggs could be procured from places abroad, these countries would be obliged to give up the culture of silk altogether. The annual loss from this cause in France alone is estimated at \$20,000,000, the production of cocoons having been reduced from 25,000,000 to 4,000,000 kilograms; while in Italy and Turkey the results have been almost equally disastrous.

Until within the past few years, these countries obtained their supply of healthy eggs chiefly from Japan, sending there annually a considerable number of persons to make these purchases. The prices paid for eggs at Yokohama—the principal mart in Japan—have varied from \$1.50 to \$6 per ounce, averaging about \$2.50 per ounce. The sum expended there for eggs, on account of Italy and France, amounted, in 1867, to \$2,000,000, and in 1868 to double that sum. These eggs, which were formerly sent to Europe *via* the Isthmus of Suez, have, since the establishment of the San Francisco and China line of steamers, come this way, going forward first by the Panama route, and latterly by railroad.

For several years past, the California breeders have been sharing this traffic with those of Japan, the proportion falling to the former being rapidly on the increase. That they will be able to mo-

nopolize this trade in a very short time seems probable, inasmuch as the California eggs have shown themselves more healthy, and every way superior to those of Japan; while our greater proximity to the points of ultimate distribution will enable us to supply all demands from that quarter quicker, and at less cost, than could be done by the Japanese grower. It appears that of the eggs sent to Europe, none raised in this State failed to arrive at their destination in a sound and healthy condition, whereas a large proportion of those forwarded from Japan were damaged to an extent that rendered them worthless; this result having been mainly due to the greater length of the sea-voyage, and in part, also, perhaps, to defects inherent to the eggs. In view of this experience, most foreign orders will, no doubt, hereafter be filled in California, thereby curtailing the product of raw silk, and retarding, for the time being, its manufacture in this State. The latter business, however, has begun under favorable auspices, and with every prospect of proving remunerative to its enterprising founders. It is reasonable to suppose that the California grower will dispose of his eggs so long as he finds this more profitable than rearing the worms; and as there is little likelihood that the disease now so prevalent in Europe will suffer early abatement, it seems probable that the raising of eggs will for a long time constitute the principal branch of this husbandry in California.

So deeply interested have the principal silk-growing countries of Europe become in the question of obtaining a full and cheap supply of eggs, that France, Italy, and Austria lately sent out a joint Commission to Japan, for the purpose of ascertaining the reason for the constantly increasing cost of eggs in that country, and whether it was due to a system of extortion being practiced, or to an actual scarcity arising from the ravages of

disease, as alleged by that people and Government. The latter these Commissions, after a careful examination, found to be really the cause, and so reported to their Governments. They say that a little before the silk-worm there begins to form its cocoon, a small fly deposits an egg upon it, which, adhering to the animal, is carried into the cocoon with it, afterward hatching out a minute grub that eventually destroys the chrysalis. This pest has been spreading rapidly in Japan for some years past, and, in the absence of any remedy—none having yet been found—the silk-raisers of that country will themselves soon be obliged to look abroad for eggs.

Dr. Tryski, the Austrian Commissioner, says that of all the cocoons reserved for producing eggs the past year in Japan, more than forty per cent. was lost, causing the price to advance to \$4.50 and \$5 per ounce; and yet there had already been shipped thence to Europe 1,300,000 ounces, at a cost of \$5,850,000, the prospect being that the entire quantity sent away the current year would reach 2,000,000 ounces, costing there not less than \$9,000,000.

These are enormous figures, taken in connection with a business, or rather only one branch of a business, which, even as an entirety, Californians have been apt to consider as but of secondary importance. It is almost startling to think that from a calling so neglected, and a commodity so apparently insignificant, we may be able to realize in a short time a larger sum, and infinitely greater gains, than from one-half of all our other agricultural productions. And this, too, from a business that can be readily started, and with little capital—that requires but a small amount of land, no skilled labor—demanding scarcely any other care than that of women and children, and which, in any event, need not greatly interfere with other farming operations, the attention bestowed upon it being called for

mostly at times when other matters are not apt to be pressing.

Thus far the business, since it became fairly established, has proved generally profitable; and, in many cases, where largely engaged in and well attended, highly lucrative. Hitherto, California-grown eggs have sold readily at from \$8 to \$10 per ounce, with the exception of a short period in 1868, when the price fell to \$4. Since then former rates have been re-established, and it is not probable that they will again very soon recede to so low a figure. Should they do so, however, the business would still be profitable, as it was found to pay well at \$6 per ounce, at a time when the production of eggs was comparatively limited, and when a large percentage of loss resulted from sending them to market by a circuitous route through tropical climates. Many of the eggs transmitted by way of Panama—the only practicable route up to one year ago—were hatched or killed outright on the voyage, owing to the high degree of heat to which they were exposed.

Reverting to the early history of silk-culture in California, we find that we owe its introduction, in the first instance, to the late Louis Prevost, a native of France, and pioneer settler in this State. Accustomed to the business in his native land, perceiving the advantages enjoyed for its prosecution here, Mr. Prevost determined upon testing the capacities of our climate in this respect by a practical trial. To this end he purchased a tract of land well suited to the purpose, near the town of San José, a portion of which he proceeded to plant with mulberry-trees. Having prepared the necessary food, he met with many disappointments in attempting to supply himself with worms; several shipments of eggs, consigned to him during as many successive years, having come to hand in a condition that rendered them useless. Succeeding, at last, in obtaining a healthy lot,

he was soon the owner of a large number of worms, which, to his delight, proved to be voracious feeders and vigorous workers; the cocoons produced by them surpassing in size, appearance, and every desirable quality any he had ever seen in Europe. From this time, Mr. Prevost engaged in the business to the extent of his means, which, being limited, restricted his operations at first. In the fall of 1860 he had but five hundred eggs, which were gradually multiplied until, in 1865, the number reached 100,000; after which they increased much more rapidly.

Meantime, other parties, encouraged by Mr. Prevost's example and advice, had begun to experiment in this line of production; and, having met with invariable success, the quantity of trees, as well as worms, increased rapidly; the number of the former growing in the State, last year, having been estimated at 6,000,000 to 7,000,000. The number of cocoons made during that year exceeded 5,000,000; and it is the opinion of competent judges that 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 will be produced the present, and nearly twice as many the next ensuing summer, notwithstanding the large prospective shipments to Europe. It is believed that the annual increase will be at the rate of sixty or seventy per cent for some time hereafter.

The counties in this State most extensively engaged in the business of growing the trees and rearing the worms are Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Sacramento, Yolo, El Dorado, and Nevada. It is, however, largely carried on in many other counties, there having been twenty-eight exhibitions of cocoons at the State Fair in 1868, representing nearly every portion of California. Among these parties the largest growers were I. N. Hoag, of Yolo County, who had, at that time, 1,000,000 worms; W. M. Haynie, of Sacramento, with 800,000 worms, and Louis Prevost, of San José, who was then feeding over

500,000 worms; and the operations of these parties have, since that time, been much extended. At present, there are other growers in the State not much behind these in the extent of their operations.

The mulberry-tree will not only grow, but thrives wonderfully in nearly all parts of California, requiring no more care in its culture than ordinary fruit or forest trees. Spots where the cotton-wood, poplar, or balm of Gilead spring up naturally, would be well suited for mulberry nurseries and plantations, these trees all belonging to the same family.

How readily and largely this business of growing the eggs and cocoons can be made to pay, is shown by the recently published statements of Mr. I. N. Hoag. Mr. Hoag, who resides in Yolo County, near Sacramento, has a plantation of mulberry-trees, embracing an area of three and a half acres. On the 1st of June, 1868, he commenced feeding his worms, having finished by the 25th of July, when the eggs, amounting to 486 ounces and 13½ pennyweights, were all laid. These, excepting a few kept for his own use, were at once disposed of, at the rate of \$4 per ounce; amounting, with those retained, and a small number of perforated cocoons, to \$3,920. The entire cost of this production, labor included, was but \$472, leaving a net profit of \$3,448: at the rate of \$1,000 per acre. But a little over two months elapsed, from the time he commenced feeding until the eggs were sold and receipted for. The trees, in this case, had been grown from cuttings, planted where they stood, two years before. During the preceding winter they had been cut back close to the ground—the tops being required for planting—and gave scarcely more than half as many leaves as they would if they had been pruned with a view to promoting a more exuberant foliage. In the following month of August Mr. Hoag fed, from the same trees, about

an equal number of worms of the Japanese trivoltine variety; but not caring to procure eggs of this kind, he destroyed the chrysalides in the cocoons, preserving the fibre for future use. The silk thus obtained was donated to Mr. Joseph Neumann, of San Francisco, who has since woven it into two flags: one of which is destined to float over the State House at Sacramento, and the other over the National Capitol.

Taking at random a few other examples, we find that Mr. H. G. Ballou, of Yolo County, obtained, last year, (a very unfavorable one for the business) sixty ounces of eggs and twelve pounds of cocoons, from the worms hatched from a single ounce of eggs of the French variety; his profits being at the rate of \$996 per acre of trees. T. B. Flint, of Sacramento, feeding worms hatched from less than three ounces of French eggs, produced forty-eight pounds of perforated cocoons and two hundred and eighty ounces of eggs, realizing clear profits at the rate of \$1,261 per acre. Without citing other instances, we may say that a similar success has attended the silk-growers generally throughout the State.

To commence the culture of silk in California is now comparatively an easy matter. Eight or ten years ago labor and materials were costly, while eggs and cuttings were difficult to be obtained, and every thing had to be learned by experiment. Now such labor as will serve for this business can be had at low rates; material for building and fencing is cheap, while eggs for hatching can be procured conveniently and at little cost, cuttings for planting being obtainable at mere nominal figures, and even without charge in many places. Not much land is needed, though it should be of a good quality, and is the better for having a southerly or easterly exposure. Deep plowing and thorough cultivation are necessary at first, though the trees, after attaining a few years of age, and being set

out in plantations, require but little care. The tree can be grown from the root, from the seed, or from cuttings—the latter being the most common mode of propagation in California. It grows in this State so readily and vigorously that no manuring is needed, the shoots set out in the winter yielding a considerable quantity of leaves suitable for feeding the young worms the following summer. In twelve months from planting, the trees have reached a height of ten or fifteen feet, with a corresponding growth of trunk, and are ready for regular cropping at the end of three years, being often cut back a year earlier. Neither in Japan, China, nor any European country do the trees grow so rapidly or yield so large an amount of leafage as in California, nor will they elsewhere bear such close and frequent stripping of their leaves and branches. The mulberry-tree in California generally attains as large a growth, and is as prolific of food for the worm at three years, as in France at five years. Owing to the vitality and recuperative power of the tree here, the plan of cutting off the branches with the leaves on, instead of plucking the latter and feeding them to the worms, is generally practiced after the insects are a week or ten days old. In but few countries would the trees be able to recover themselves, and at once put forth new shoots, after such extensive mutilations. By this method of gathering the food much labor is saved, while the worm, crawling upon the branches, attacks the leaf in a natural way, insuring cleanliness to itself and economy of food. In supplying the shoots after this manner, four are first laid down in the form of a square, crossing each other at the ends. As fast as the leaves are devoured, four new branches are added; a rectangular pen being thus built up, with fresh leaves, and the worms feeding upon them constantly at the top. The litter, *exuviz*, and droppings now fall below, and the

worms are easily removed. By this plan ventilation is also secured—this, as well as cleanliness, being essential in every cocoonery. In countries having a humid atmosphere, it is important that no *débris* of any kind be suffered to accumulate, as the gases generated by their decomposition, and even the bad odors caused by their presence, endanger the life of the worms. In California, however, such extreme care is not necessary, the dryness of the atmosphere counteracting decomposition to such an extent that no removal of these waste matters is called for during the latter half of the worms' existence.

Nothing is more essential to the health of these creatures than a dry climate and a tranquil existence. Even the leaves must be free from rain and dew when fed to them, while violent electrical disturbances always cause them more or less harm. In those countries subject to heavy rains, it is difficult to provide against the first of these evils; while the latter can in no wise be averted. In California, *any* rain or thunder seldom occurs during the season of the silk-worms' active existence. In most parts of the State the temperature, as well as the aridity, of the atmosphere best suits the habits of these insects. Advantages arise, too, from the evenness of the climate; as sudden and extreme changes, from which it is exempt, work to the prejudice of the worm. In California the eggs hatch spontaneously, no artificial heat ever being required for this or any other purpose connected with silk husbandry. In nearly all other countries, heat, generated by various artificial means, has to be employed for drying the leaves, or raising the temperature of the cocoonery, involving a necessity for much additional labor and expense, and interfering with effective ventilation. In localities where the temperature of the open air is insufficient to hatch the eggs, Californians may insure

this process by placing them in glass-covered boxes exposed to the sun, or in a garret upon which the rays of the sun fall during the day. Light being another element necessary to the health of the silk-worm, the long-continued and uninterrupted sunshine of the California summer fully meets its requirements. That it would thrive here might be inferred from the fact, that a species of this worm is native to the country, being found in the interior of the State, breeding, and subsisting upon the wild lilac, the leaf of which seems to contain properties similar to those of the mulberry-tree.

As compared with France—the leading silk-growing country of Europe—California can produce the raw material at much less cost than can be done there, notwithstanding high-priced labor. In California, one person can feed and look after 75,000 worms; in France, this calls for the services of two persons. Here an acre of trees will feed 140,000 worms—a third more than the average in that country, whose trees also do not yield leaves as early. The most skillful Eu-

ropean growers are satisfied with a net yearly profit of \$400 per acre, while the California grower can safely count on \$1,200. His cocoons yield not only more silk, but of a better quality than most others. With the rich, virgin soil of California no stimulating manures are required, such as often tend to enfeeble the worm and deteriorate the quality of the fibre spun by it.

In regard to the reeling and weaving of this textile into fabrics, it will probably be some time before this will be extensively carried on in California. Recently, however, a company, embracing a number of skillful operators, has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing silk in San Francisco; it being their intention to use whatever raw material of domestic growth may offer, and obtain the balance of their supply, should more be needed, from China and Japan. In the establishment of this manufactory, the silk-growers of California, having the assurance of a home-market for their fibre, will be warranted in paying more attention to its production than heretofore.

"A LADY IN CAMP."

CAMP "Andrew Jackson," in the southern part of Arizona, had not always been without that brightest star on the horizon of an Army Officer's outpost life, "A lady in camp." If you happened to be of sufficiently good social standing, and clever fellow enough to be received and entertained by the officers of the 101st Cavalry—which had long garrisoned Camp Andrew Jackson—one or the other of them might tell you, confidentially, lounging in a quartermaster-made chair under the *ramáda* of the sutler-store, as far as he knew it, the story of this lady.

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Camp Andrew Jackson was a two-company post; and the officers of both companies, or the number remaining—after a liberal deduction by detached service, furlough, and sick-list—had congregated one day, years ago, to discuss the chances of the Major's arrival in the course of the night or the following day. The place of congregating was the sutler-store, or the *ramáda* in front of it; time, between "stables" and "retreat."

"Don't I tell you," asserted young Grumpet, in his most emphatic manner, "don't I tell you that when I was in

Tucson, the General told me that he should not be able to let the Major have more than five men and a Corporal, for escort from Tucson out here; and do you think that Major Stanford, with that young wife of his—a shining mark for Apache arrows—would venture on the road, in broad daylight, with this small number? No, indeed. I tell you he'll start out from Tucson about this time, reach Davidson's Springs at midnight, and get in here toward morning in good order and condition."

"Seems to me I shouldn't be afraid to start out from Tucson, and go anywhere in broad daylight, with *my* wife," said old Captain Manson, the Post-Commander, grimly.

An amused expression passed over the faces of the younger officers: every body in camp knew, from hearsay, if not from personal observation, that the Captain and his wife lived like "cats and dogs" when they were together, and that he would probably have let *her* go out from Tucson anywhere, in broad daylight and all alone, without the slightest fear or compunction, had she been in Arizona.

"For my part," continued Mr. Grumpet, who had been assigned to the 101st, and ordered to Arizona immediately after graduating from West Point, one year ago, "I shall be rejoiced to welcome a lady to the camp. One grows rusty at these outposts in the course of years, without the refining influence of ladies' society—without opportunities of any kind for cultivating and improving one's intellect and manners."

"The 101st has always had an excellent library, embracing books suited to a wide range of capacities and intellect, from a 'First Reader' to 'Corinne' and the 'Cosmos.' And, as far as *tournaire* and manners are concerned," continued the gruff Captain in a lower tone, and turning to the Post-Adjutant beside him, "why, I'm sure the Doctor and I have made Chesterfieldian prodigies of Tom,

the pup; Bruin, the grizzly; and Chatter, the parrot!"

From the laugh that followed, the Junior Lieutenant of Company "F" knew that something had been said to create this merriment, at his expense; but he consoled himself with the thought that "old Manson" felt sore because Major Stanford would relieve him in the command of the post, and probably make him (Grumpet) Post-Adjutant, as he belonged to the Major's Company. Left in command of Company "F" by the Senior Lieutenant's absence, and Officer of the Day at the same time, Mr. Grumpet felt that he had no more time to devote to this class of mortals; so, bidding them a disdainful "*Adieu*," he proceeded to his own quarters, where he arranged sash, sabre, and belt to the greatest advantage on his sprightly person, and then awaited the summons to the parade-ground.

Whatever his meditations might have been, as his eyes wandered over the interminable sand-waste before him, they were interrupted by the spectacle of a cloud of dust arising in the distance. Quickly returning to his brother officers, he called their attention to this phenomenon.

"If it is not a smoke that the Indians are raising for a signal, it must be the Major with his party," was Captain Manson's opinion.

To Mr. Grumpet's infinite disgust he could not find time to argue this question with his superior officer, for the arbitrary tones of the bugle called him to the parade-ground, and when he next found time to contemplate the landscape, the Major's outfit was already in sight and slowly nearing the camp.

There is nothing martial in the appearance and progress of a military "outfit," unless accompanied by a command: the rough, gaunt mules drawing the dust-covered ambulance or carriage, followed, as the case may be, by one, two, or three

heavy army-wagons; the jaded, worn horses of the escort, and the tired-looking, travel-stained men forming the escort, make a decidedly demoralized and demoralizing impression toward the close of a long journey.

The two occupants of the elegant traveling-carriage accompanying this train were in a state of involuntary *déshabillé*, owing to the sand-storm through which they had passed early that morning, during which the Major's hat and a number of Mrs. Stanford's veils and wraps had taken to flight. Marcelita alone, seated beside the driver in the front of the carriage, had sustained no losses; as her *rebozo*, the only outside garment she possessed, had been so tightly wrapped around her that the storm had vented its fury in vain on her belongings.

Marcelita was one of those moon-faced, good-natured Mexican women we meet with in New Mexico and Arizona. She had probably decided in her own mind—though it was not very deep—that it was just as easy to smoke her *cigarritos* lounging on the floor of the *adobe* quarters of Camp Andrew Jackson, earning thereby *dos reales* per day, and a never-failing supply of *frijoles con carne*, as it was to perform the same amount of labor in Tucson, where nothing could be earned by it, and the supplies of the dainties just mentioned were by no means certain or unfailing. So Marcelita became Mrs. Stanford's maid. "Tiring-maid," I should have said; only I am very certain Marcelita would have drawn Mrs. Stanford's stockings on her arms, and one of the richly embroidered petticoats over the plainer-made dresses, had the attiring been left to the taste and judgment of this dusky child of the soil.

Captain Manson alone greeted the Major and his wife when the train drew up at the commanding officer's quarters, the younger officers discreetly awaiting the morrow to pay their respects. In accordance with true "army spirit," Ma-

yor Stanford's quarters had been furnished with the best Camp Andrew Jackson could boast of, in the way of household goods and furniture, when it had become known that he was to bring a young wife to camp. Not the officers of the Army alone possess this knightly spirit: every soldier in the command is always ready and willing to part with the best and dearest in his possession, to contribute to the comfort or pleasure of "the lady in camp." Major Stanford had not been with his company since the close of the war; still, when the Captain courteously inquired whether there was any particular individual in the company whom he would prefer to take into his personal service, the Major requested that Holly—who had already been an old soldier, while the Major was cadet at West Point—might be sent him.

Holly demonstrated his joy at being thus distinguished by his "old Lieutenant;" and on returning to the men's quarters had so much to say about the beauty, grace, and goodness of the Major's wife, that the men immediately grew enthusiastic, and before tattoo obtained the Sergeant-Major's permission to serenade this first lady in Camp Andrew Jackson, providing a sufficient number of instruments could be found. And Mrs. Stanford was awakened from her early slumbers by "music," the first night she spent in this camp.

There are always a number of tolerable musicians to be found among almost any body of soldiers. The 101st had always been celebrated for the musical talent in the rank and file of its members; and though the Graces and the Muses had been somewhat neglected of late years, they threatened now to take possession of every individual man, with truly alarming fervor. Indeed, Mrs. Stanford's life was made very pleasant at this dreaded outpost in Arizona—albeit in a little, cheerless room, with mud walls and mud floor, carpeted half with

soldier blankets, half with old tent-cloth. A wash-stand of painted pine-wood, and a table of the same material in its native color; a bench to match; one or two camp-chairs, and a camp-cot with red blanket—representing a sofa—made up and completed the *ameublement* of Mrs. Stanford's best room. But there were red calico curtains at the little windows, and a bright rug upon the table; and books, and the thousand little *souvenirs* and pretty trifles always to be found in a lady's possession, were drawn out of trunks and boxes, and other hiding-places, to give the room a civilized aspect.

Still, it was not pleasant in this close-built room, with the door shut; and open, the sand and reptiles drifted in promiscuously. It became one of Marcelita's chief duties, in time, to examine the nooks and corners of the apartment before closing the door for the night, to make sure that no intrusive rattlesnake had sought admittance, and to shake up pillows and blankets before her mistress retired, to see that neither centipede nor tarantula shared her couch. Otherwise it was tolerable; even young Grumpet was agreeable, though he had not been made Post-Adjutant, but he was Mrs. Stanford's most favored escort in her rides, and that made up for all other losses and disappointments.

The country was not altogether a howling wilderness, either: though the road that passed close by the Major's quarters led into the most desolate, the most Indian-ridden part of all Arizona, still, at a point where the road made a sudden fall, a narrow path branched off, and ran immediately into a little valley, where grass and wild flowers were kept fresh and blooming, by the spring at the foot of the hill. It was an oasis such as is frequently found in Arizona, more particularly at the foot of the mountain ranges; and to this spot Mrs. Stanford, accompanied by the Major, Marcelita, or

some one of the gentlemen, often bent her steps, at times when no Indians were apprehended in the vicinity of the post. The evenings at the garrison were dedicated to quiet games of whist, or interchange of the various news of the day. On Tuesdays, these conversations were liveliest; for the mail came in from Tucson on that day, and letters from the different outposts and the East were received and discussed.

One Tuesday there was, among the official papers laid on the Post-Commander's desk, an order from Department Head-quarters, directing that provision be made for furnishing quarters to a company of infantry. Camp Andrew Jackson was to be made a three-company post, on account of the growing depredations of the hostile tribes of Indians. It was not until weeks afterward that any speculations were indulged as to what company, of what regiment, had been assigned to the post; but at the hospitable board of the Major's one evening, after a late tea, it was the irrepressible Grumpet who proclaimed that he knew to a certainty all about the matter in question. Company "H," of the 43d Infantry, was coming, and had already reached Fort Yuma, *en route* to Camp Lowell (Tucson).

"Then Crabtree is in command of the company; or has Captain Howell been relieved? He was on detached service in Washington, the last I heard from him," remarked Major Stanford. But Mr. Grumpet interrupted:

"There you are wrong, again; Crabtree is not with them at all."

"Why, how's that?" was asked from all sides; even Mrs. Stanford had looked up.

Whenever Grumpet had a good thing he always made the most of it; and it was irresistibly charming to let Mrs. Stanford see that he knew more than all the rest put together.

"Ahem! Mr Crabtree, senior Lieu-

tenant of Company "H," 43d Infantry, has exchanged, with the sanction of the War Department, with Mr. Addison—Charlie Addison, you know—of Company "D," 65th Infantry."

In an "aside" to himself, he continued: "Well, I declare! I've astonished Mrs. Stanford by my superior knowledge. Why, she's actually staring at me."

So she was; or, at least, her eyes were wide-open, and her face was pale as death.

"Are you sick, Eva, my child?" asked the Major; "or do you see any thing that frightens you?"

"Neither," she answered, passing her hand over her face; "only tired a little."

"There," put in the Doctor, "I *thought* Mrs. Stanford had baked those tarts and prepared the salad, with her own hands, to-day, and now I am certain of it; and I prescribe that the gentlemen immediately depart from here, and leave Mrs. Stanford to rest, and her own reflections."

Her own reflections! They crowded on her fast and unbidden, when left alone by her husband and the rest of the officers. Marcelita, after having repeatedly assured her mistress that the house was free from invading vermin, had settled down on the floor, with her back against the wall, when she found that Eva paid no heed to what she said. After awhile she grew bolder, and lighted and smoked *cigarritos*, enjoying them to her heart's content, while Eva was enjoying "her own reflections."

"My dear child, did I stay out late? We all went into the sutler's a little while, after taps. Did you sit up to wait for me?" asked the Major, kindly, breaking in on Eva's reflections.

Marcelita had started up out of a sound sleep when the Major had first entered the room, and she rolled into her own little tent now, into her bed, and back into the arms of the drowsy god, with-

out once thinking of scorpion or tarantula.

Weeks passed before any more tidings of the 43d were heard; then they entered Camp Andrew Jackson one day—not with fife and drum, and colors flying, but silently, quietly; with shoulders stooping under the load of knapsack and musket—packed all day long through scorching sun and ankle-deep sand. It was not till Eva saw the line of tents newly pitched, on the following day, that she knew of the arrival.

"Yes," said the Major, "they have come; but both Captain Howland and Lieutenant Addison appear very reserved. I don't think either of them will call till a formal invitation has been extended them. Perhaps we had better invite them all to dinner some day—that will place them at their ease to visit here, later."

Invitations, accordingly, were issued for a certain day; but the Fates so willed it that the horses of Company "F" were stampeded from the picket-line by a band of Apaches, during the night preceding; and Arroyos, the guide, expressed his conviction that he could lead the troops to the *rancheria* of these Indians, and recover the horses taken. Although Major Stanford's position as Post-Commander would have justified him in sending some subaltern officer, he preferred to take charge of the expedition in person, leaving the post in Captain Manson's hands.

"You look pale, child," said Major Stanford, bidding Eva farewell, while the Orderly was holding his horse outside. "I am almost glad, on your account, that the dinner-party could be put off. Your color has been fading for weeks, and if you do not brighten up soon, I shall have to send you back home, to your aunt." And tenderly smoothing the glossy hair back from her face, he kissed it again and again, before vaulting into the saddle.

Accompanied by Marcelita alone, Eva, toward evening, set out on her usual ramble, following the road from which the path branched off, leading into the valley. At the point where the road falls off toward Tucson, she stopped before taking the path that led to the spring, and cast a long, shivering look around her. Wearily her eyes roamed over the desolate land; wearily they followed the road, with its countless windings, far into the level country; wearily they watched the flight of a solitary crow, flapping its wings as it hovered, with a doleful cry, over the one, single tree on the plain, that held its ragged branches up to the sky, as though pleading for the dews of heaven to nurture and expand its stunted growth. An endless, dreary waste—an infinitude of hopeless, changeless desert—a hard, yellow crust, where the wind had left it bare from sand, above which the air was still vibrating from the heat of the day, though the breeze that came with the sunset had already sprung up; the only verdure an occasional bush of grease-wood, or *mesquite*, with never a blade of grass, nor a bunch of weeds, in the wide spaces between.

Farther on to her right, she could see the rough, frowning rocks in the mountain yonder, looking as though evil spirits had piled them there, in well-arranged confusion, to prevent the children of Earth from taking possession of its steep heights, and its jealously hidden treasures.

Grand, and lonely, and desolate looked the mountain, and lonely and desolate looked the plain, as Eva stood there, her hands folded and drooping, the light wind tossing her hair, and fluttering and playing in the folds of her dress. It was the picture of her own life, unfolding before her: lone, and drear, and barren; without change or relief, without verdure, or blossom, or goodly springs of crystal water; the arid Desert—her life, dragging its slow length along; the frowning

Mountain—her duties, and the unavoidable tasks that life imposed on her.

With a sigh she turned from both. Before her lay the cool valley, sheltered from careless eyes, and from the sand and dust of the road, and the country beyond. Very small was the valley of the spring, with its laughing flowers and shady trees—like the one leaf from the volume of her memory that was tinted with the color of the rose and the sunbeam.

"And up the valley came the swell of music on the wind"—bringing back scenes on which the sun had thrown its glorious parting rays in times past, when life had seemed bright, and full of promise and inexhaustible joy. But she brought her face resolutely back to the Desert and the Mountain.

She walked on rapidly toward the spring where Marcelita had spread her *redoso* on the trunk of a fallen tree, before starting out to gather the flowers that grew in the valley.

Almost exhausted, Eva had seated herself on the improvised couch, but was startled by a step beside her. Was it a spirit conjured up by the flood of memories surging through her breast that stood before her?

"Eva!"

"Charlie, O Charlie! have you come at last?" But already the spell was broken.

"I can not think why Lieutenant Addison should wish to surprise me here. Would it not be more fitting to visit our quarters, if he felt constrained to comply with the etiquette of the garrison?"

"For God's sake, Eva," he cried, passionately, "listen to me one moment; grant that I may speak to you once more as Eva—not as the wife of Major Stanford. Let me hear the truth from your own lips. Eva, I have come here to this horrible, horrible country, because I knew you were here. I came here to see you—to learn from you why

you were false to me; why you spurned my love—the deepest and truest man ever felt for woman—and then to die."

He had thrown his cap, marked with the insignia of his rank and calling, into the grass at his feet; and the last rays of the sun, falling aslant on his rich, brown hair, made it bright and golden again, as Eva so well remembered it.

"False!" she repeated, slowly, as though her tongue refused to frame the accusation against him; "*you* were false—not I. Or was it not deceiving me—to tell me of your love; to promise faith and constancy to me while carrying on a flirtation—a correspondence with another woman?"

"You can not believe that, Eva, any more than I could believe what Abby Hamilton told me—that you had left your aunt's house without telling me of it, purposely to avoid me and break every tie between us—till a package, containing all my letters to you was handed me the day we marched from Fort Leavenworth."

"Those letters had been taken from my desk in my absence. But I had intrusted Abby with a note for you, when I was called to my sister's bedside. And, was it not Abby with whom you were seen riding?"

"Yes—to meet you at Mr. Redpath's farm; and I afterward sent you a note, through her, to which there came no answer save that package of my own letters."

"Why, then, did you go from me? Had you so little faith in me, so little love for me, that you could make no effort to see me? Was it so great a task to write me a few, short lines?"

"Then none of my letters have ever reached you? O, Eva, my darling—my lost one—can you not feel how my heart was wrung, how every drop of blood was turned into a scorching tear, searing my brain and eating my life away, when day after day passed, and no tidings came

from you? I was on the point of deserting the command, of bringing ruin and disgrace on myself, when a brain fever put an end to my misery for the time, and I was carried to Fort Lyons, as they thought, only to be buried there. When I returned to Leavenworth on sick-leave, I was told you were gone, and your aunt took good care not to let me know where to find you. She had never liked me; but I could forgive her cruelty to me, did not your wan face and weary eyes tell me that my darling girl has not found the happiness I should have sacrificed my own to have purchased for her."

Eva bowed her face in her hands, and deep sobs seemed to rend her very soul, but no word passed her lips.

"Then your life has been made a wreck, as well as my own, Eva?" he continued, wildly—almost fiercely. "Is it right that it should be so: that we should be robbed of all that makes life sweet and desirable, by the wicked acts of others? Must we submit? Is it too late——"

"Too late," echoed Eva; "you forget that I am the wife of another. We must submit. Do not make the task harder for me than it is, Charlie; promise never, never to come to me again."

"I promise," he said, kneeling beside her, and bending over her hand. "Here at your feet ends my wasted life; for I swear to you that I will never go back into the world that lies beyond this camp. But if you believe now that I have been true to you and to my faith, then lay your hand on my head once again, as you did years ago, before we part forever."

"Forever." For an instant the hand he had reverently kissed was laid lovingly on his soft, wavy hair; then Eva arose, leaving him with his face buried in the damp grass, and the shades of night fast gathering around him.

An Orderly with a letter for Mrs. Stan-

ford had been waiting for some time at the quarters. It was from Major Stanford.

"You went out with the Major this morning, did you not, Tarleton?" she asked of the man.

"Yes, Madame; and the Major sent me back with dispatches for Captain Manson, and this letter for you."

The Major wrote: "Arroyos' opinion, after closely examining the tracks of the absconding Indians, is, that we had better wait for reinforcements before attacking their *rancheria*. Keep Marcelita in your room. I know how timid you are. If you prefer to have a guard nearer to your quarters, send your compliments to Captain Manson—he has my instructions. We shall probably return tomorrow, by sundown. Till then, 'be of good cheer.'"

"There are more men to be sent out to-night?" asked Eva of the gray-headed soldier. She had always shown particular regard for this man; so he answered more at length than he would have ventured to do under other circumstances.

"Yes, Madame; and I heard the men say down at the quarters, that the new Lieutenant who came with the Infantry was to take charge of the scout."

"Very well; tell Holly to give you a cup of tea and something to eat. Say to the Major that I shall not be afraid to-night."

"Thank you, Madame." And with a military salute, he retired.

Her husband's letter lay unheeded on the table, and Eva was still in the dark when Captain Manson entered the room, some time later. Marcelita brought candles; and the Captain, pointing to the letter, said:

"The Major is very anxious that you should not feel the slightest fear to-night. I hope you have worded your answer so that he will not have any uneasiness on your account."

"I sent word that I should not be afraid."

"Nevertheless, I shall place a sentinel near your quarters, if I possibly can. To tell the truth, Major Stanford has ordered out more men than I should ever have sent away from the post. If Arroyos was not so confident that *all* the red devils are engaged in that one direction, I should have advised the Major to leave more men here. But you need have no fears."

The sound of the bugle, and the tramp of horses, interrupted him.

"The command is going out; they will reach the Major some time during the night. Can't think what on earth brought that youngster—Addison—out here. Been anxious to go on an Indian scout, too, ever since he came: he'll cry 'enough' before he gets back, this time, I'll warrant you. The clang of those cavalry trumpets is horrible, isn't it: cuts right through your head, don't it?"

Eva had dropped her hands almost as quickly as she had raised them to her temples; and with her face shaded from the light, she silently looked on the cavalcade that passed along under the mellow light of the new moon.

She sat there long after the Captain had left her; she sat there still when the early moon had gone down, and Marcelita had closed the door before resorting to her favorite seat on the floor, with her back against the wall, from where she watched her mistress with eyes growing smaller and smaller, till they closed at last. The wind had risen again, and was blowing fitfully around the corners of the *adobe* buildings, causing the sentinel on his lonely beat to draw his cap firmer down on his head. It was just such a gusty, blustering wind as would make the cry of the watchful guard appear to come from all sorts of impossible directions, when "ten o'clock and all is well" was sung out. A dismal howl, as though hundreds of *coyotes* were taking

up the refrain, answered the cry; and then the clamoring and yelping always following the first howl was carried farther and farther away till it died in the distance.

Marcelita shook herself in her sleep. "Holy Virgin protect us, they are the Indians," she muttered, with her eyes closed.

Eva had drawn her shawl closer around her; but neither the wild night nor the doleful music had any terror for her; she only felt "her life was dreary," while listening to "the shrill winds that were up and away."

Silence and darkness had once more settled on the camp; but the silence was suddenly rent by fierce, unearthly sounds: yells and shrieks, such as only hell, or its legitimate child, the savage Indian, could give utterance to; shouts of triumph and exultation that made Eva's blood run cold with horror. Marcelita had started to her feet at the first sound, and was tearing her hair wildly, as she repeated, in a paroxysm of terror, "The Indians, the Indians! O saints of heaven, protect us!" The darkness was broken by little flashes of light, where the sentinels, some of them already in the death-struggle, were firing their muskets in warning or in self-defense. A sharp knocking on the door, and voices outside, brought Eva there.

"Open, Madame, quick: there is no time to be lost"—it was Holly's voice—"they have attacked the men's quarters first, and we can reach head-quarters and the Adjutant's office from this side. It is the only safe place; but quick, quick." And between them—the man who had been on guard near the house and the faithful Holly—they almost dragged Eva from the room, and hurried her into the darkness outside.

The elevation to which exalted rank of any kind raises us, is always more or less isolation from our fellow-beings. Major Stanford's, as commanding offi-

cer's quarters, were some distance from those of the other officers, and the space that lay between them proved fatal to Eva's safety.

Every single *verde-bush* seemed suddenly alive with yelling demons, when the little party had fairly left the shelter of the house behind them.

Holly had no arms, and the other soldier had been lanced through the body; still Eva pursued her way, and could already distinguish Mr. Grumpet's voice cheering the small number of men on to resistance, when a whizzing sound passed close by her ear, and the next moment she found her arms pinioned to her body by the lariat thrown over her head, and felt herself dragged rapidly over the ground, till dexter hands caught and lifted her on the back of a horse. Here she was held as in a vice, and carried away so swiftly that Marcelita's screams and Holly's curses—heard for a moment above all the din and confusion of the impromptu battle-field—soon died away in the distance, as her captor urged his animal to its utmost speed.

On dashed the horse; the angry winds tore her hair, and the spiteful thorns of the *mesquite* caught her flowing robes, and rudely tore her flesh till she bled from a thousand little wounds, but not a moan or murmur escaped her lips. A merciful fit of unconsciousness at last overtook her; and, when she awoke, she found herself on the ground, her wrists fettered by sharp thongs, that were cutting deep into the tender, white flesh. The first faint glimmer of light was breaking in the east; and Eva could see that quite a number of Indian^s had met here, and were evidently in deep consultation on some subject of vast importance; for even the savage who was cowering close beside her, as though to watch her, was leaning forward to catch the conversation, with an intent and absorbed air.

They had made their way into the mountains, as the Apaches always do

after a successful raid; for the less agile horses of our cavalry can not follow their goat-like ponies on paths and trails known only to the Indians.

Perhaps Eva was even now lying among the rocks and boulders that had looked down on her so frowningly yesterday at sunset; perhaps, even then had the foe into whose hands she had fallen marked her for his prey, as he watched and counted—unobserved by the less keen eyes of his "White brethren"—all the chances for and against the success of a sudden onslaught.

From the little flat where they were halting, Eva could catch just one glimpse of the country at the foot of the mountain; and from it she could see—though the mist had not yet cleared away—that they must have ascended to a considerable height. Broken, jagged rocks inclosed them on all sides; a stunted tree or overgrown cactus, here and there, springing into sight as the light grew in the east. A heavy dew had fallen, and Eva was so chilled that she could not have made use of her hands, had they been unfettered. The watchful Indian had noticed the shiver that ran through her frame, and his eyes were fixed on her face, to discover if consciousness had returned. But his eyes wandered from Eva's face directly, and traveled in the direction of the narrow trail by which they had come, winding around the wall of rock, behind which the deliberating savages were seated in a circle, Indian fashion, their legs crossed. At a little distance could be seen their horses, nibbling the scant grass the mountain afforded—and one of these, perhaps, had

loosened the little stone that rolled down the side of the mountain.

So the Indian mounting guard over Eva appeared to think at least, for he again turned his attention to the proceedings of the council, when suddenly there came the warning of their sentinel on the rock above them, and simultaneously the shout of "On them, my men! down with them! She is here! she is safe!"

Eva's guard uttered one yell before Lieutenant Addison's ball laid him in the dust; but a dozen arrows were already aimed at Charlie's heart.

"Eva!" he cried, "Eva, have courage; I am coming, I am near you!"

So near that she could see where the arrow had struck his side, and the blue coat was fast growing purple from the blood that followed where the arrow in its flight had made that ugly gash. So near that she could realize how desperate was the struggle between him and the half-naked, light-footed horde that disputed every step to Eva's side, literally at the point of the lance.

But the soldiers were not far behind; and with the strength that comes only of love or despair, the young man reached Eva's side at last. She had not fainted—much as my lady readers may upbraid her for this omission of the proprieties—but held up her poor, fettered hands to him with a look for which he would have laid down his life a thousand times over.

"You are free," he cried, loosening her fetters with trembling hands; "you are free! And if I have broken my promise—if I have come to you again—I have come only to die at your feet."

WAYSIDES OF NATURE.

NO. I.

N EARLY twenty years ago, the writer started on a "prospecting" tour to the southern mines, which comprise that part of California included in the basins of the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers. The initial point was Stockton; the means of traveling, in old-fashioned Concord stages, which, in those days of adventure and excitement, were generally crowded with passengers. At early dawn, our team started off on a full gallop, over a plain as level as a floor, and, so far as one could judge by the eye, indefinite in extent. So long as we remained within the belt of atmosphere which absorbed vapor by being in proximity with the river, the ride was pleasant and exhilarating; but as the sun peered above the horizon, in his summer solstice, the air became dry and hot, and the ponderous vehicle threw up such dense masses of dust that the substantial foundation of the earth was entirely obscured, and one was tempted to imagine himself aboard the veritable chariot which Phaeton borrowed of his sire, and started over a celebrated race-course. Occasionally, however, the mettle of the steeds is curbed, and we are enabled to observe the natural surroundings. For twelve miles east of Stockton the soil is of dark, fine alluvium, admirably adapted to cereal products. Occasionally, there are to be seen the remains of a slough, the edges of which are marked by a few willows of stunted growth. The California white-oak (*Quercus ovatifolia*) is sparsely scattered, sometimes in groups of four or six, but more generally in solitary specimens. It is the only representative of the vegetable world that we

are destined to see over the expanse of our day's journey. Nearly all seem to have passed their prime; they attain a growth of about thirty feet high, and a few aspire to a diameter of four feet. They constitute the principal kind of firewood in San Francisco: indeed, they are scarcely available for any other purpose. The wood is brittle, crooked-grained, will not burn freely, and leaves a large residue of ashes.

In every direction over the plains are innumerable little mounds, from six to eighteen inches high, which forcibly remind the observer of an extensive graveyard. Each one is the representative of a hole and a tunnel, very uncertain both in size and depth. They have been made by squirrels, (*Spermophilus Douglassii*?) which burrow in the ground, and carry out the dirt to the surface. They appear thus to occupy the entire country, under old Spanish grants, for more recent settlers, in the shape of a small species of owl, (*Athene* —?) have not only squatted over the domain, but have actually jumped the improvements thereon. The squirrel, in fact, so far from making any hostile demonstrations against his demure visitor, has not only accepted the situation of affairs, but made a *quasi*-contract, whereby the two animals peaceably occupy the same subterranean abode. We say he is a jumper, but from circumstantial evidence; for the members of his tribe are notoriously lazy, and indisposed to take much trouble in building up a home. True, Veillot asserts that the burrowing owl, indigenous to the plains of Peru, is said to excavate his own habitation in the earth. But Say, having ob-

tained a specimen of this same species (*Athene Cunicularia*—Mol.) at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had an opportunity of observing it in that locality, and asserts that its habits on the plains are somewhat different in circumstances from those of the same bird in Chile and the West Indies; as it takes up its abode in the deserted burrows of the prairie-marmot, and often appears amicably associated with this little, barking quadruped. This owl is nine and one-half inches long, and two feet from tip to tip—almost double in size of the species under consideration, whose habits, there is every reason to believe, accord with those of his larger brother. It is, most probably, the same species that is found in Oregon and southern California.

He may generally be seen standing near the outlet of the hole, with his mate close by his side, both keeping a sharp lookout for intruders; for be it known, they belong to the diurnal portion of their family. When a traveler comes along, and Mr. Strix thinks he is about as near to him as an honest man should be, he pipes out one or two of his short notes, by way of informing his friend, the squirrel, who may be prospecting at a considerable distance off, of the proximity of visitors. Whereat the squirrel takes to his heels, and, arriving home, quickly disappears beneath the surface of the ground. Sometimes the owl leisurely walks in after his landlord has entered; sometimes he flies off to a safe distance, and posts himself on another point of observation. So far as I have ever learned, this social relation has been maintained, to mutual satisfaction, from time immemorial. Of course, it must not be inferred that there is always a pair of owls to each squirrel-hole. In the range of vision, one may see from four to a dozen, standing around. In Los Angeles, an additional tenant, in the shape of a rattlesnake, is admitted into the household, so that the trio, so far apart in natural

habits, form an united and harmonious family.

This statement is so well authenticated, that its correctness can not be called in question. It is a very singular fact, that means of intelligible intercourse should exist between animals which hold such remote stations from each other in the scale of organization. That members of the same species, or even of different genera, should have a common language, is a plain proposition. It is also palpable, that cries of alarm raised by the bird, in consequence of the presence of a common enemy, should be understood by other animals; for living in daily proximity, they become accustomed to each other's expressions of fear or of frolic. But that the owl, naturally solitary in his habits, should seek and maintain association with the squirrel, which lives in communities, is a more singular fact. Yet it will be remembered, that other species, of both these orders, seek hollow trees for a residence, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that their social relations may have been thus established, by casual meetings in the same apartments. It matters not to our hero, whether he has a hole in a tree, or in the ground. The latter, however, he now takes by force of transmitted habit. Doubtlessly, his friendship for the squirrel is based on selfishness. The squirrel raises a great many children in a small house; and the owl, who has, at least, a traditionary reputation for wisdom, may well afford to insinuate himself into the good graces of the parents, and relieve them partially of household duties, by assuming the subordinate position of child's nurse; for, in this relation, he can slyly gobble down a fat young baby for breakfast, on the plea of giving the weaker children a better chance, and then walk out to the door and stand sentinel, while the old folks take their morning excursions. This may be also true of the rattlesnake; though we

can not give his cold brain much credit for causality. He is not averse to conducting his bride into a hollow log, and there establishing family relations; but he prefers the crevice of a rock, with a bed of soft mold—without having very definite ideas of the reason why. Probably it is because he will there be sooner roused from hibernal sleep; and the rock, being a better conductor of heat, will be more favorable to the process of incubation, by retaining a uniform temperature, under the influence of the vernal sun. It will not do, however, to reason much by proxy for this beast: he is a slow, stupid fellow, under any circumstances, and, did we make no pretensions to physiological science, we would say that the little brain he had was equally divided between his head and his tail. He will go to sleep in October, and will make one nap of it till the following May or June; and I believe that the difference of a month or two in the duration of his brumal rest is a matter of such small import, that he would never discover it. As there are no rocks, and but few trees adapted to his taste in this locality, his only alternative for a home is in these underground railroads. Here he would naturally enter, and if he did not condescend to cultivate social relations with the inmates, his small stock of mother-wit would tell him that there were great inducements to take up permanent board, as he could appropriate a mammal at any time to his gastric necessities, and take his ease, coiled up amid fur and feathers, while Nature would be performing the act of digestion. Independently of the question of food, the sensation of warmth is grateful to all reptiles. Nothing will soothe and domesticate them so quickly. Many a time have I made snakes docile and familiar as kittens, by coiling them up within my hands, or carrying them home in my hat. No animal, however malicious in disposition, will deliberately quarrel with another which promotes its

comfort, unless impelled by anger, or want of food. The same principle of kindness by which man subdues the wildness of Nature, and brings into harmonious relations dispositions which are apparently incompatible, may be exercised by the lower orders of creation toward each other, with similar results.

In early times—from '49 to '56—the spermophilus existed in California in such prodigious numbers as to render agricultural labor, in some sections of the State, entirely abortive. In an incredibly short period, they would destroy a hundred-acre grain-field, and every thing else in the shape of vegetation, which was within the range of their predatory excursions. Utter desolation followed in their course, and, though shot down by thousands, it made no apparent decrease in their number. At last, farmers resorted to the plan of soaking wheat in a strong solution of strychnine—then scattering it broadcast, in exposed situations. Two or three grains would be sufficient to throw a squirrel over, and the eagerness to obtain a good meal excited a lively competition among the multitude, in eating the fatal poison. The result was a marvelous mortality, which so changed the balance of power that it is seldom any extensive injury is now inflicted by them. But so great is their procreative power, that, should farmers relax vigilance, their ranches would again be overrun, in a very short time.

We must not omit, in this place, a recognition of the influence which these animals exert, in producing degradation of land. The great amount of soil and gravel which they convey from their holes, is much more rapidly removed by the action of running water than the more compact portion which surrounds it: and not merely on the surface; for, as their burrows, which form a perfect network through the ground, become filled with water—as they will during the heavy rains of winter—the partitions between

them will be broken down, and small subterranean currents, thus established, will cause the superincumbent earth to cave in—the animals, meantime, having effected a change of base to higher and safer ground. This process, repeated from time to time, adds very materially to the rapidity with which a change of level is effected over a large surface of land. These results are more marked on mountain-sides than on plains. Among the foot-hills of Mt. Diablo, squirrels are abundant in many places. They will concentrate near or around a white-oak, in preference to any other localities, from which we may sometimes see a well-beaten trail, leading to a gulch which they frequent for water. Higher on the flanks of these steep hills, where there are no trees, they excavate their tunnels, without appearing to be deterred by slight difficulties. About two feet from the mouth of one of these drifts, which was eight inches in diameter, I found a flattish stone that weighed about eight pounds. There is no doubt that the squirrels, having encountered it in their shaft, loosed it from its connections, raised it perpendicularly a foot, brought it out, and deposited it in the spot where it lay. In various other places, old holes had become filled with water, caved in, and subsequently enlarged, by the downward currents thus established. One of these cavities was about four feet deep, three wide, and twelve long. It communicated with others, lower down the hill, each one being of greater dimensions than that above it, until, on the side of the main ravine, it formed a large, deep gulch, with perpendicular walls. On an opposite acclivity, where, probably, some Brigham Young of the race had once established his summer residence, there is a circular depression, over sixteen feet in diameter, and eight or ten deep, on the upper side, caused by the caving in, and subsequent washing away, of the gravelly soil. There are numerous other cases,

in the main similar to each other, which can be seen in almost every direction, and which give results truly astonishing of the relative rapidity of degradation between such localities and places where the roots of wild-oats, and other grasses, form some protection to the surface.

About twelve miles from Stockton, the alluvium of which we have spoken disappears, by being gradually covered with a bed of drift. North and south, as far as the eye can see, a few straggling oaks mark its outline, beyond which no natural vegetation exists across the remainder of the plain, except annual plants, which, springing to life with winter rains and the warmth of spring, are parched out of existence as soon as the summer breath of June begins our sterile cycle of six months. The face of the country now presents the general character of a plain, having scattered over it low, rounded elevations, scarce deserving the name of hills. Occasionally we cross a gulch, from six to twelve feet deep, which forms a tortuous water-course for winter rains, and whose bed, in spite of the dry weather, still retains a few straggling puddles of dirty water, for the special accommodation of certain lank hogs, the desiccated owner of which insists on their living with him on what he styles a ranch. On the nearly perpendicular sides of these gulches are strata of rounded stones, coarse gravel, and sand, which plainly indicate the agency by which the deposit was made. Quartz, jasper, trachyte, hornblende, and slate—the mineral components of the great mountain range which we are rapidly approaching—intermixed with gravel and sand, constitute the principal ingredients of these strata. I could see no appreciable difference in size, shape, or composition of the material, in the excavations of an unfinished well, forty feet deep, which was being dug near one of our stopping-places.

We are approaching some low, truncated hills, which are either remnants of mountains, or of an elevated plain which has been degraded by natural causes. We have passed one about twenty-five feet high, near whose summit several light-colored, thin, horizontal strata appear between others of darker ground. To the left, perhaps half a mile distant, is a similar one, and others of corresponding character, and all of the same height, successively come in view. We are disposed to the conclusion that continuity of structure once existed between these isolated elevations, but that it has been destroyed by running water, which gradually widened its channels through the friable mass, until a lower level was established. Within two miles of Knight's Ferry, there occurs a perceptible change in elevation. Numerous hills, remnants of spurs of table-mountain, which terminates at this ford, are scattered round. The crest of the highest being attained, we see the Stanislaus—at this point with a bed near two hundred feet wide, with its current moving about four miles per hour. On both sides of the river, the broken hills abruptly rise about three hundred feet, and exhibit the same kinds of horizontal strata as the truncated mounds just alluded to, about three miles to the west. Here occurs a deposit of placer gold—the nearest to San Francisco of any that has yet been discovered in paying quantity. In the bed of the river, along the banks, and in the hills two hundred feet high, are many remunerative claims, which are supplied with water from a long ditch.

From this ferry, the Stanislaus flows in a south-westerly course, for forty miles, before it debouches into the San Joaquin, twenty miles south of Stockton. It soon loses its bluffs, and its quiet course through the plains is marked in places by dense undergrowth of willows. I believe that surveys have reported the altitude of the river here at thirty feet

above high water. This estimate is evidently too low, for it gives but nine inches' fall per mile—an amount totally insufficient to keep the bed of the river clear from ordinary obstructions. Mining flumes, constructed on a grade of sixteen inches to the mile, and giving a current of three miles per hour, will convey pebbles as large as a hen's-egg along their smooth bottoms. To obtain the same driving force in the bed of a river, would probably require at least twenty inches. It is probable that the difference of altitude between the two places amounts to fifty or sixty feet. The rapidity of the current justifies this conclusion.

From Stockton to Knight's Ferry requires from five to seven hours' staging. Our Jehu says the distance between the two places is, south-easterly, thirty-five miles. As it is a purgatorial journey in hot weather, no one will feel disposed to doubt his word. In fact, the map of the United States Survey makes it exactly that distance; and as the two authorities coincide, no one can tell whether the stage-drivers gave the *data* to the surveyors, or whether the surveyors gave them to the stage-drivers.

So much for a transverse section of this valley. In order to retain connection with this part of the subject, we will drop, for a time, our stage-coach excursion, and assume at will an ubiquitous function with the reader. On taking a good map of California, and drawing an axis north-westerly and south-easterly through the Bay of San Francisco, we will observe three ranges of mountains, nearly parallel with this line: one to the west, along the Pacific coast; the others, to the east, and distant respectively eight, and twenty-five miles from the axis. Northerly, they extend nearly to the 42d parallel; and on the southern extreme, they blend together at about the 34th. These are the Coast Range Mountains. Lateral spurs are thrown off from all

these ranges, without, however, any particular reference, either to parallelism, or to similarity of mineral composition. Between the last two, these spurs meet each other; and having been broken up and degraded by natural causes, they appear in immense numbers from an elevated point, as mammary hills of various dimensions, in general totally barren, a few being partially covered with a dense growth of grease-wood (*Adenostema fasciculata*). Many of the cañons are wooded with oak (*Quercus agrifolia* and *ovatifolia*); and where streams meander through the rich valleys which cover extensive areas among the hills, other indigenous trees are to be found. The alder, maple, and walnut are of those which flourish immediately in this district.*

Mt. Diablo is such a conspicuous representative, that it gives name to the third range. The eastern flanks of this, form the western boundaries of the great San Joaquin and Kern River valleys. They trend south-easterly a little below the 35th parallel, where they sweep round and meet the gigantic spurs of the Sierras, thus inclosing in a solid wall the lower portion of the valley. The head-waters of the Sacramento River originate nearly 250 miles north-west of Mt. Diablo. Those of the San Joaquin debouch from the Sierras about latitude 37°, and, flowing south-westerly seventy miles, turn nearly at a right angle, and pursue a north-westerly course, till they mingle with the waters of the Sacramento, and pass into Suisun Bay. At its southern angle, the San Joaquin receives a tributary called King's River, which, heading about twenty miles from the northern border of Tulare, adds eighteen miles to its direct axis. It then traverses in nearly a straight line a distance of 165 miles north-westerly, and, entering the *tule*-swamps a short distance from Stockton,

diverges west, and unites with the Sacramento.

The tributaries which enter these two main rivers of the valley are numerous, and many of them are large. The average width of the plain through which they flow, is full fifty miles. Coming in from the east, and running nearly parallel with each other, are the Yuba, the Cosumnes, the American, the Mokelumne, the Calaveras, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced, the Chewehilla, the Fresno, and others of smaller dimensions. All of these originate among the granite hills of the Sierras; and, after meandering through cañons, which confine them to their limits for a distance of seventy or a hundred miles, and receiving large branches which are designated as forks of the main river, they lose their high, precipitous walls of rock, debouch from the foot-hills, and flow onward, as quiet, unpretending streams.

Notwithstanding these rivers receive their supply from the very summit of the Sierras, and traverse so far among their broken spurs before emerging on the open plain, but few of them retain any available portion of water, and the beds of several become almost totally dry about the middle of summer. The explanation of this phenomenon must necessarily be reserved for a future occasion, when we come to consider the topographical character of the country east of the valley.

Though there are many streams making down from the eastern slope of Mt. Diablo Range, there are but two or three at most which enter the San Joaquin. The breadth of the mountain is narrow, the foot-hills low and detached, some extending 1,000 yards or more into the plain before they disappear. Each hill, in a general way, has a gulch of its own, depending for size on the drainage it receives from interior and subjacent ones. Some of these gulches are twenty feet deep, and it is evident that in time of

* *Alnus Oregona*, *Acer Macrophylla*, *Negunda Californica*, *Juglans Californica*, *Oreodaphne Californica*, (bay-tree) all attain a full growth.

heavy rains they are the recipients of large volumes of water, which are hurled down in deep and fearful torrents, and rapidly disappear through the coarse gravel of the plains long before a current can be established to the main river.

Within a short distance of the northern edge of Lake Tulare there is a slight elevation of the transverse axis of the plain, but sufficient to determine the course of water in opposite directions—north-west to the San Joaquin, south-east to the lake. From this point the great basin continues 100 miles farther south-east, where it terminates by the union of the Coast Range with the Sierras. Five rivers, which emerge from the latter mountains, empty into the eastern and southerly sides of the lake, while none are received on the western side. The lake itself is about thirty miles long and twenty wide. In the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, I made inquiries, some years ago, at the office of the United States Surveyor-General respecting this body of water, and was given to understand that Deputy-Surveyors were not expected to sound any lakes or rivers which they may happen to encounter, lest they might get beyond their depth. Professor Blake, however, in his excellent report contained in volume five of the Railroad Survey, pronounces it, in common with other lakes in the valley, to be a shallow affair. This comprises about all of our official knowledge in the case, with the exception of the fact, to which I am personally cognizant, that it receives the drainage of a basin nearly one hundred miles square, and located principally to the south-west.

We have thus a continuous valley about five hundred miles in length and fifty miles in width, with scarcely any deviations of level from undulations or intervening hills. In fact, portions along its whole extent are subject to be overflowed by the heavy rains of winter. With its wa-

ter-shed, it will average a breadth of more than 100 miles, and include an area of 60,000 square miles—equal to the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. Its agricultural and mineral resources, as we will have occasion to show hereafter, are capable of sustaining a population of over 2,000,000 of souls. The only outlet of this immense basin, which is girded by mountains from 1,000 to 12,000 feet high, is where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers unite by sloughs to form Suisun Bay, which extends south-west, with a diameter of nearly six miles. The western extremity of this bay contracts to a channel two miles wide, on account of the Coast Range hills impinging on each side. Time was, in fact, when the entire outlet was closed by mountain barriers, and a vast inland sea covered the whole valley. At the extremity of Suisun Bay, and running north-west for six miles, are the Straits of Carquinez; mingling its waters with Mare Island Straits—the outlet of Napa Creek—the current deflects to the west, and widens into an oval area twelve miles in diameter, forming the Bay of San Pablo. A series of high hills between these straits and the shore of the bay are partially surrounded on the north with swamp-land, and form Mare Island, which contains an area of about 1,200 acres. The Sonoma and the Petaluma creeks, heading about forty miles to the north among the Coast Range hills, also empty into San Pablo Bay. At the southern extremity of this bay a small promontory projects from the eastern shore, and narrows the channel, thus forming Raccoon Straits, in passing which we enter San Francisco Bay. The broken hills which line the shores of these waters form a complete shelter against the high westerly winds and the dense fogs, which prevail during the summer months along the Bay of San Francisco. Within a few minutes' travel, the damp, cold, and cheerless

winds give place to the serenity of a summer day; and one is glad to lay aside a heavy overcoat and seek cool zephyrs, and to feast on the changing panorama of Nature, as the golden atmosphere of evening lights it up in surpassing beauty.

I here conclude a general outline of one of the most remarkable valleys of the American Continent. It remains to discuss, in a future paper, some of its prominent characteristics in topography, climate, and natural history.

A PINY-WOODS CHARACTER.

WITH the reader's permission, I will be his *cicerone* in a visit to the house of Tammany Jones, a representative of those drollest of all mortals, the piny-woods men of Mississippi. It was over the doors of such, or around their hats, that the vanguard of the Union troopers sometimes found the mystic cord, twisted of a red strand and a white one, which said as plainly as words could say, "The blue we dare not, but the red we will not." This was the blood sprinkled upon the lintel which Sherman passed over in that direful day when he smote the first-born of the rebellious.*

In the vast primeval forest where he lives, there are never any tempests to keep his door in a ghostly clacking; but he hears all night, above the roof, the melancholy sighing of the pines, like the sighing of some lonely, wandering wraith of a Pascagoula. Sometimes he is startled at midnight by a clutch of talons on his roof, and then the sepulchral voice of Madge-howlet resounds through the attic like a roll of stage-thunder.

One of the queerest things in human nature is the early rising of these piny-woods men, coupled with their egregious laziness and personal uncleanness. A score of times I have known them rise long before daybreak, spit on their hands, "to git a good start," make a fire, and then sit in the house the whole livelong

day. Their early rising, I presume, is sufficiently accounted for by the remarkably good ventilation of their cabins.

By the door there are some sun-flowers—those universal hierophants of the rude poetry which blossoms in the soul of the poor. There is, perhaps, also a harmless and necessary hen-house, and a little patch of cow-peas, okra, and "sich-like truck." Against the house are stretched all manner of fells—raccoons', opossums', foxes', and beavers'—whose ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted tails flutter like the captured battle-flags I once saw on the cabin of a famous Major-General. These are the parchments testifying to his graduation in Draw-bead College, and these caudal ribbons are fairer in his eyes than all baccalaureate silks and seals.

If I omit to speak of his dogs, and of dogs in the aggregate in the South, I am a goat. Nobody in that chivalrous country, except Cuffee, is such a fool as to walk; and in the night we all looked alike, and, either by mistake or by design, they gave my calves many an outrageous *ante-bellum* nip. A sad-eyed hound, with his drooping ears, and his long, melancholy cry, making

"So musical a discord, such sweet thunder,"

as he runs in the glorious chase, I admire to a passion; but these mangy types, with their ears eaten off close up to their heads, and their bobbed and worm-eaten tails—to be bitten by such a beast!

* To be accurate, it is necessary to say that all the members of this secret organisation whom I ever saw were in, and natives of, Georgia.

The fondness of some of the piny-woods men for these wretched curs passes any thing recorded of London or Benares. I remember once one of six or seven of the sort attempted to attack me, but staggered and fell, hideous with disease, when the owner remarked, in the most thoroughly matter-of-course way, "He's had the blind staggers that 'ar way now goin' on seven year."

Tammany Jones wears a brindled suit throughout: trowsers with an old-time flap to set down before, jerkin, waistcoat buttoned to the chin, and a fox-skin cap, with a queue of tails. He has an immense shock of hair, which stands out all around below his cap in a bushy rim. In that part of his gristly face not concealed by his beard, you can no more read any workings of his soul than you could on a Dutch clock which winks its eyes, except now and then, when he gives it a sort of dry squeeze of self-satisfaction. You must watch his eyes for every thing. The pupils contract and dilate continually, like a cat's. Now they glint with a flash of clownish humor, and now they roll whitely upward, like the orbs of a dying sheep, when he is about to utter some extraordinarily whimsical conceit which has just flashed upon him.

In the cabin, what a clutter!

I have a confused recollection of pots, pans, kettles, poker, wife, axe, stag's-horns, snuff-swab; but the only objects of whose presence I am positively certain, are, that drinking-gourd, ornamented with a raccoon's tail, and the thirteen small children. There is also a cob-pipe in use, embellished with several rattles or rattlesnakes. The thirteen small children are all girls, regularly graded in height, except where the war made a gap in the succession. Their only garments, I judge, are kirtles of coarse negro-cloth, which once was white, which hang to the floor, as limp and as straight as an evacuated night-gown.

Jones sits on a tripod stool at one

chimney-corner, and I at the other, while the children huddle all over the wood-pile in the corner, and watch me with the owl-eyed, unwinking stare of childhood. Mrs. Jones dusts the clay hearth with a brush of broom-grass, and puts more yams into the ashes for the stranger. Then she sifts meal into a tray, and makes pones. These she pats and pats, and chucks with the spoon over and over again in a kind of farinaceous roundelay, which seems to say:

"The corn-bread is rough,

The corn-bread is tough,

But, thank the good Lord, we have enough."

See, even in this poor being, her woman's instinct for beauty is not destroyed. Meantime Jones and I fall to talking.

"Well, I saäy! if I'd been gwine to shoot a Yankee, I'd never pinte'd a gun at you. You look mo' like one of we uns."

"I am not one of the original stock; but I suppose you call every Northern man a Yankee since the war?"

"Well, I reckon, yaäs. That 'ar war wuz a onlucky circumstance. I alluz kinder tuk to Yankees befo', but that 'ar sorter rubbed the ha'r up my back."

"Were you badly treated by our army?"

"Right smart, yaäs. D'ye see that 'ar gal thar? Well, she wuzn't bigger'n a fyste then, and wuz as purty as a speckled pup. A soldier feller come along, and thought as how he must have somethin', though 'twuz the last blanket we hed in the housen; so he jest laid the gal onto the flo', tuk the blanket by the corners, and histed it up, an' you orter seed that 'ar gal roll out 'cross the flo'."

"But then the soldiers couldn't always tell their friends, for every body said he was a Unionist."

"But they sometimes knowed mighty well who their enemies wuz. Thar wuz Jedge Sours, up in Hinds: they run him clean off, and burnt his housens, and tuk

his pianer and his picters out in the yard fur to make targets outen. But I kinder felt hull-fo'ed when I heerd that 'ar, fur he'd wanted secession so bad his teeth wuz loose. *He* could whup a hull cow-pen full of Yankees, and mind the gap, *he* could. He would fight a saw-mill, and give it three licks the start. But when a passel of cavalry fellers come a trottin' into his yard one mornin', the way he lit outen them diggin's wuz a caution to tom-cats. He wuz that bad skeered he run plumb agin' a yaller fyste, and knocked a all-fired yelp outen it, but he wuz half a mile off befo' he heerd the yelp. A steer a runnin' in spring, and switchin' his tail, with a grub-worm a eatin' of his back, wuzn't a circumstance to him."

"Ha! ha! ha! He was considerably cooled, then, before the surrender came."

"You could a' tuk him out through the stitches of his britches, he wuz so small. I seed him 'bout a fortnit after his housens wuz done burnt, and he looked like he'd let a bird go. He's the wust whupped man in the lay-out, I reckon. Now, thar wuz his neighbor, Cap'n Jarnley, he wuz a ole Whig, and went agin' secedin' original; but when he seed 'twuzn't no use, he lit in, and he fit till the hull kit and bilin' busted up. I never seed a man keep his dander up like he did. He wuz like the dog said to the cat, when he seed her tryin' to pull a mouse out of the hole by nippin' onto the eend of the tail—'you must purr-severe.'"

"How was it that so many who opposed secession, afterward fought best in the army?"

"Well, it happened mostly by their gittin' all-fired mad. Leastways they said as how they wuz drug into it, they fit outen pure cussedness."

"There is a proverb, you know, 'Beware the fury of a patient man.' The old-line Whigs were generally moderate men, but they seem to have become

roused at last by accusations of disloyalty toward the South."

"Them's 'bout the licks, stranger, I reckon. When Cap'n Jarnley wunst got his mind sot onto a thing, he wuz the most contrairiest man I ever seed. He wuz so contrairy his ha'r all growed up 'stead of down, like one of these h'yur frizzly hens."

"If every body had been as obstinate, the South would have won, perhaps."

"I reckon not, stranger. If we'd fit the Yankees by theirselves, mebbe so we would; but the hull world wuz agin' us. The Yankee armies come through h'yur jest like sheep jumpin' over a fence, they wuz so thick."

"It would have been more agreeable to you, at least, than the results which did happen."

"Well, now, stranger, you're sorter feelin' under my ribs. I reckon a man had a leetle ruther see his neighbor's housen blowed down as hissens. But I've often thought, kinder to myself like, mebbe so 'twuz better as it turned out. If we'd gained our freedom, us po' men would a' been like little dogs in high oats."

"How so?"

"Well, all the big Secessioners as had Niggers, would a' made laws for no man to vote 'less he had Niggers; then they'd tuk away eddication from us; then they'd jest held sticks for us to jump over, like trainin' pups."

"But now that the Negro works for wages, like White Men, every tub will stand on its own bottom."

"Well, you see, when a Nigger is hired, it's mighty nigh as if he wuz a slave agin. Niggers knows they is onpleasant to a White Man's olfunctionary narves, and that 'ar makes 'em sorter meek like. A Secessioner, as is alluz used to slingin' his orders round promisc'us, ruther have a nigger he kin cuss, as a White Man that kin do his own cussin'. Us po' men is 'bout the

most independentest people ever was, I reckon; and they caän't feather their beds off of *that* goose without gittin' some squawkin'. They found out that 'ar when some of 'em tried to make us lick out the skillet in the army, jest as they used to their Niggers; and some of 'em seed lightnin', too, when the war wuz done ended, for that ar' very circumstance."

"But they all say now, they want to see the Negroes sent out of the South."

"Well, you've heerd a 'skeeter on a bull's horn befo' now, I reckon. They want Niggers to stay bad enough; and most of 'em hain't got no mo' use fur we po' men than a hog has fur Sunday. That's what makes Niggers sech a cuss to us. And any furriner as comes h'yur in reggard of benefitin' of hisself, he's a comin' to a ass fur to git wool. If the Niggers alone wuz agin' us we could wollop 'em; but Secessioners and Niggers both—that 'ar's too many coons for the pup. You caän't have two black-birds a pickin' the nits off of one sow; and so long as Niggers is round, us po' men's not gwine to git any work."

"But I think you poor men and the Negroes can both find enough to do."

"I reckon thar's enough; but Niggers works cheaper anyhow. Niggers lives jest on corn-bread and meat, and no White Man caän't do that: 'twould burn him out clean as a pump-log. He wants a change, as the b'ar said when he wuz tired of man-meat. A White Man's got to have sass and green truck. But Niggers is the most triffin'est, no-'count-est, low-down bein's on the face of the livin' yearth. They hain't go no mo' sense'n one of these h'yur teeter-birds, as runs round all the time, a stoopin' up behind. I'll show you the stump, to-morrow, whar I hired one, and give him his supper, lodgin', and breakfast; and after he eat breakfast, he cut down that tree, and then sloped. Jest let a Nigger eat as many new molasses as he wants,

and ride the gates, and he's happy as a lizard onto a rail."

"But I see a good many White folks, who, if they are not riding the gates, are at least sitting in the house."

"But the Secessioners gits all the land, and the Niggers gits all the work; and that 'ar gives a po' man '*casion* fur meditatin' a good deal on his latter eend, as the fellow said when he wuz settin' onto a stump when he orter been grubbin'. All them things together makes the ile onto our soup powerful thin like."

"Wouldn't White Men make head better, if they would not refuse to work in the same field with Negroes?"

"But no White Man's gwine to do it. It's born into us, stranger. No White Man as respects hisself is ever gwine to do it. He'll be John-Browned fust. But come, set up, stranger, and take a snook."

We place each his stool or bench around the table, which the fat pine fire lights up more gorgeously than many-jetted gas. There are the roast yams from the ashes, delicious as can be eaten only in Mississippi; chitterlings; and greasy, rank bacon with cabbage. If the reader knows what chitterlings are, the word is enough; if not, I will not harrow his stomach by giving a detailed description. The cabbage, or collards, boiled with bacon, are a *materia circa quam* for a good deal of sport-making by Northern travelers, and over which a great many noses are daintily turned up—and justly, when the dish is prepared by the Negroes and the lower class of Whites. But, after all, it is a dish which was served up to Jupiter himself, as recorded by Ovid, in "*Baucis and Philemon*."

Supper is dispatched in profound silence. Then the woman sits by the chimney-corner, rests her gaunt, fallow elbows on her knees, leans her head upon her hands, and sucks her snuff-swab. There is an hour or two of talk,

with many a stupid pause, and many a long, clownish yawn from all parts of the house. Then the family distribute themselves in various beds and "shake-downs." I decline any of them, and, being somewhat modest, am obliged to look hard at the fire till there is profound silence in the rear, indicating that the transition has been effected. During the night there is an ominous mauling and scratching in the bed-quilts, and occasionally a faint squeal from a child, when the attack is heavier than usual. But thanks to the good ventilation of the cabin, I make a tolerable night of it in my chair.

SOLITAIRE.

Hour after hour

I measure these lean ribs of weary land,
And count the wind-cut ruffles in the sand,
With sparkling strips of sun and strips of shade.
I see the aloe bud, and bloom, and fade;
I mark the dissolution of the flower,

Hour after hour.

Day after day,

Bright is the morning sun, and fierce the noon;
The pulseless air cleaves to me in a swoon;
The low-voiced water-fall, with muffled note,
The hoarse sea growling from some cavern-throat,
Are all my answers while I watch and pray,

Day after day.

Year after year

I feel my o'ertasked sight begin to fail
With vainly searching for a phantom-sail:
Entombed within my crystal wall of sea,
No tender human footstep quickens me;
No sweet and homely human forms appear,

Year after year.

ETC.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

Rome, March, 1870.

The last month has not brought about any particular change in the political aspects of Europe. Perhaps, however, that is not the fault of certain very busy people. An attempted revolution is to be noted in France, and something strongly resembling the same in Bavaria. Of course, there have been hopes in that direction in Spain, also. In Rome, we have had a most discordant and rebellious body of prelates, dealing with a most unreasonable and unyielding master. And all over the Continent, and in the East, not to speak of our own country, there has been a power behind the Council, which will not learn that its only duty is blind obedience to blinded Italians, even when they are arrayed in purple and fine lace.

The winter has been dreadful all over Europe. We in Italy, are perfectly ashamed of it. At Nice, the water froze in the pitchers and pails. At Naples, ice lay in the streets. The Roman fountains were encased in the same. Farther north it was, of course, worse. Coachmen froze on their boxes in Paris. In Russia, there were instances of passengers freezing in the railroad cars. Schools and colleges were closed. In the neighborhood of the Rhine, cattle and poultry were frozen to death. We have constantly been cut off from communication with France by the impossibility of passing the Mont Cenis. The winter with us has, of course, not been generally cold, but it has been very rainy. Within the last fortnight the grain-fields have become beautifully green, and the almond-tree has blossomed, and we hope for the Italian sun, which has so greatly forsaken us.

M. de Rochefort, so well known as the editor of the *Lanterne*, and, until a few days ago, editor of the *Marseillaise*, has, at last, been overtaken by French justice, and is in the prison of St. Pélagie. It will be remem-

bered that, under the old laws, he was condemned so often to fine and imprisonment that he would have required a princely fortune to pay his debts, and a new lease of life to serve out his sentences. But when the more liberal laws were passed in France, all his condemnations were annulled, and he returned to Paris to devote himself, heart and soul, to the injury of the Imperial Government. He really did succeed in making himself a nuisance. He had been, at one time, amusing, but he soon ceased altogether to be so, and his paper exerted a baneful influence over a certain class of minds. It is hard, that because of a man who has shown himself a mere demagogue, young Victor Le Noir should have been laid in his coffin on the day that was to have been his marriage-day. It is hard, that just at the moment when the Dictator of France was stripping himself of his authority to lay it upon the people of France, Rochefort should have driven the country to the verge of a revolution; and less than justice is meted to him in the six months' imprisonment which is his sentence. He defied Government to arrest him, and declared that 40,000 workmen would be his escort to prison, were the arrest attempted. There was no such escort. M. Rochefort is lodged in prison, and although, after his arrest, there was some disturbance, and in the *mêlée* one or two police-officers were killed, and a vast number of idlers shut up for a night or two, M. Rochefort is neither the martyr nor the idol of Paris. The fact is, that there is a growing feeling in France of the Emperor's sincerity in his determination to give the people as much liberty as they will properly receive. M. Daru's speech in the Chambers a few days ago was very effective, and came with good grace from one who retired from private life when France was governed by an absolute monarch, and returned to take a part in public affairs only when that Dictatorship

was at an end; "when," as he expressed it, "the chief of the nation can not dispose—without the will of the people—of the fortune, blood, or liberty of a single citizen." The Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that the time has come when France demands reform, and not revolution. He dwelt on three points: that the sovereign had yielded to the wishes of the people by abandoning part of his power; that the foreign policy of France is the preservation of peace; and that her internal policy is peace also—a peace not to be sought by disarming the Executive of its necessary attributes, but by depriving the Opposition of all legitimate grounds of complaint. The orator produced a great impression upon his hearers by the answer he made to a question which, as he said, might arise: *i. e.*, what course would be taken should the Assembly and Cabinet disagree. In that case, the sovereign would be asked to choose between them. But he strongly deprecated division, *coups de théâtres*, and all interruption of public business. M. Daru's speech produced a wonderful effect. The vote of confidence in the ministry was overwhelming. It was passed by a majority of 236. But eighteen dissentient votes were given.

Mr. Gladstone's new Irish land-bill seems to be greatly approved of. It will prevent arbitrary eviction, and give the tenant compensation for improvement. These things are, of course, all in favor of the tenant. The landlord grumbles, but it will prove a life-preserver for him, and in the end must benefit him, by bringing about a pleasant state of feeling between him and his people. There seems little doubt that the bill, or one closely resembling it, will become law, and Ireland make her masters less trouble in consequence. Meanwhile, there are still occasional outrages, and threats are made to frightened landlords, which they are often afraid to disregard.

In Bavaria, the Separatists have had an addition to their party. The Ultramontanes have become wonderfully patriotic. Of course, Prince Hohenlohe's course is the secret for this state of things, which has been really very serious. There has been talk of abdication. The malcontents are supported by Austria. But the King of Prussia has spoken very clearly in his late speech. He says: "The confidence which our South Ger-

man allies place in these guarantees"—(the treaties between Prussia and themselves)—"rests on the certainty of perfect reciprocity. The feeling of national solidarity to which the existing treaties owe their origin, the mutually plighted faith of German Princes, the identity of the highest interest of the entire country, lend to our relations to South Germany a stability which can not be shaken by the ever-moving wave of political passion." King William looks forward to an united Germany, capable alone and unaided of securing the peace of Europe. Bavaria understands her position thoroughly, and will not be apt to make the mistake which Hanover made. The Prince (Hohenlohe) has resigned, and seems determined not to reconsider his decision, although he has the full confidence of the King, who, indeed, is at a loss how to do without him. He quite sees that he can not do away with any of the terms of the alliance between Prussia and Bavaria, and he also sees that he can not yield to the Ultramontanes. The poor young man—who is a remarkable character as a private man, with decided genius in some respects—is in a position for which he is not at all fitted. He can do much for the internal condition of his country, but does not in the least know how to direct her politics. And he is so erratic at times in his conduct as to be suspected of partial insanity. Indeed, a family council is said to have been held two years ago, with a view to forcing him to retire under guardianship to private life. Matters do not yet seem settled with regard to him, or his country.

There has been another little insurrection in Spain, for whom the right monarch still refuses to appear. Don Carlos proposed to make a little tour in the country, to help things along. He left Switzerland, and had reached Lyons, when he received a polite invitation to try the air of the northern part of the French Empire, or that of Switzerland again. He chose the latter, and was kindly conducted to the French frontier. There is considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the lower classes, and they have lately had an interview with the Regent, through a committee, which was charged to beg for a formal promise that relief should be afforded to the distressed laboring classes. The Regent

has just sent to the Viceroy of Egypt the grand cordon of the Order of Charles III. Spain is busying herself with internal improvements, and really gets on wonderfully well, considering her unsettled condition. Don Carlos was traveling under the name of the Marquis d'Alcantara. The Duke of Modena had furnished him, it is said, with money for a new attempt on the throne.

A very extraordinary conspiracy has been for some time going on in Russia, of which the details have been lately made public. A secret revolutionary society was organized in the country last autumn. Its title was, The People's Tribunal. Its device was an axe, and it endeavored to establish its branches among the disaffected of all parts of Europe. Red Republicanism was, of course, the object to be aimed at—and that, by any means, murder included. Its ramifications were stopped in various places, but it seems to have received its death-blow by having dealt a blow of its axe upon one of its members. A young man, named Ivanon, opposed certain of its laws, and it was decided that he must be got rid of. He was, therefore, induced, on some pretext, to go by night to a certain garden in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, where he was strangled, and his body flung into a pond. The examination of the murderers—all of whom but one have been taken—has revealed the secrets of the society to which he belonged. The health of the Czar seems no better, and Russia greatly needs his counsels and his direction.

There is nothing of particular interest to note in Italy, save the failing of a number of banks, which should have never been allowed to exist. They professed to give almost fifty per cent., and in some cases even more than fifty per cent. interest. They were in being but a few months—long enough, however, to produce dreadful trouble. Some of the bankers have fled, and others are arrested. The loss is several millions of francs. The King went down to Naples for a few days of Carnival, and to see, for the first time, his grandchild. The air there suits him, and he may prolong his visit.

The trouble between the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt is at an end. The army of Egypt is to be reduced, and most of the Sultan's demands have been complied with.

The Suez Canal is further improved within the last few weeks. The rock at Serapeum is entirely removed. The work was very cleverly done by placing detonating powder upon it, which seemed to positively annihilate the great mass. The canal is now twenty-nine feet deep at that spot, and the navigation open to the largest vessels from sea to sea.

It has been long in contemplation to erect a monument in honor of the Emperor Maximilian at Trieste. The monument is to be a splendid shaft of granite, upon which will be placed the statue of the unfortunate Prince. The statue will be of bronze. The figure is to wear the uniform of the Vice-Admiral of Austria. The inscriptions will not refer to his sad career in Mexico.

The San Donato collection is just now being sold. This collection was, it will be remembered, in the Villa San Donato, near Florence, the property of Prince Demidoff. The sale takes place in Paris, and many of the pictures are bringing wonderful prices. Ary Schaefer's wonderful work, "Francesca di Rimini," returns to the Orleans family, by whom it was originally possessed. The Prince bought it at the sale of the collection of the Duke of Orleans for 43,000 francs. The Duke of Aumale has now bought it for 100,000 francs. "Henry IV and the Spanish Ambassador," by Bormington—in which picture the artist represents his Majesty on all-fours, being ridden by his little son, with the other children gathered about him—brought 83,900 francs. The collection is a grand one, and it is sad to have it so scattered; but as permission to see it has been difficult to obtain of late, the pictures may, perhaps, do more good elsewhere.

There has been a sort of superstition that no harm could ever happen to one mounting Goethe's lovely campanile at Florence, even should an attempt be made to commit suicide. But, in this merry Carnival season, a man threw himself from one of its upper stories, and was, of course, killed. He had not been well for some days before the event, but his friends, by whom he was greatly beloved, had seen nothing like symptoms of mental aberration about him. On the day of his suicide, he had told his family that he was better, and would go out. He went directly to the cathedral, mounted the tower very

rapidly, in order to escape the guide who was following him, forced himself through the iron balustrade, and, a few moments after he had left his home, was picked up a corpse.

The King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria will, it is hoped, hold their long-deferred meeting directly after Easter, at Vienna. The Marquis de Pepoli, Minister of Italy to Austria, has just returned to his post, and informed the Emperor of his master's intention to visit the Austrian Court at the time of which I speak.

Princess Frederica, daughter of the ex-King of Hanover, will probably marry the Archduke Louis Victor. King George is about to retire to an estate in Bavaria, and there amuse himself with music and literary pursuits. He has, at last, given up his "divine right," in which he was so firm a believer.

But I must drop small gossip, and tell your readers of Rome just now, for Rome is once more, in a certain sense, the centre of the world. The Council still sits, although many think that it may be dispersed by Easter. The disunion which prevails is very great. The fact is, that the Italians are greatly in the majority. They are not the most spiritual, nor the most beloved among the Fathers, while they are, perhaps, the most patient and the most persevering. They have hoped to carry all before them by the sheer force of will, and have been greatly disappointed. The Roman journals are obliged themselves to speak of rebellion on the part of members of the Council. Monseigneur Dupanloup, who was at one time very quiet, is again active, and can not be repressed. The Archbishop of Milan spoke a short time ago against the dogma of infallibility, and, lest his speech should be tabled, sent it home to be printed. In the Eastern churches, there is a schism. Some thirty priests have refused to submit to their patriarch and representative at Rome, and are worshiping in a church especially given up to themselves, while the matter is still in abeyance. The Pope finds himself obliged to depute a messenger to see if something can be done with the rebels. There is great division among the French prelates. The German and Austrian are no more inclined to yield every thing to the Ultramontanes than ever. And a considerable body of the "Fathers" of our own country have been

allowed leave of absence, because of "their indulging in improper recrimination," says the *Monde*. Then the attitude of the Governments of Catholic powers is by no means what could be wished. France is speaking very plainly. The last letter of M. Daru, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a very strong one. It was not strictly official, but it was made public, as evidently it was expected that it should be, and it spoke in strong terms of the possibility of the withdrawal of the French troops from Civita Vecchia. The Austrian Government is obliged to be equally strong in its advices to the Vatican. There is great danger that the Concordat may be abolished. In short, the infallibility dogma is an impossibility, unless Rome is ready to accept a divided Church, and a temporal power whose foundations may at any time crumble to dust. The Council is a fearfully expensive luxury. It drains the Pontifical purse, in spite of cells, and carpetless floors, and discomforts which have doubtless hastened the end of some of the poor old denizens of Roman convents. But if this expensive luxury be no luxury at all, but a simple trouble to the Vatican; if the dogma may not be proclaimed, the disappointment will be dreadful. The news which comes to me this morning confirms a rumor that the Pope has felt obliged to promise the French Government that it should not be published. Of course, the Roman journals admit nothing of the kind. The question is in order at present, with the twenty-one canons of the Syllabus. I have forgotten that all the excitement with regard to these has occurred since my last letter to the OVERLAND. Twenty-one canons then were laid before the Fathers with regard to the "Church of Christ." Every one of these canons ended in "let him be accursed." And they covered an immense deal of ground. No human being, save the members of the Ultramontane party, was excepted. He who does not believe as does Rome in the constitution of the Romish Church, "let him be accursed." He who gives to the Pope but a certain kind of theoretical obedience, "let him be accursed." I can not enter very fully into details with regard to these canons, but they were felt by the liberals to be most uncalled for, and most dangerous. The

great thing was this, however, How did the outside world get hold of them? The *Augsburg Gazette* published them. The Paris papers published them. The Italian papers did the same. A fine hubbub was created. Banishments and perquisitions occurred in all directions. The mischief was done, however. And now such a commotion has been produced that, in all probability, they must be withdrawn, or greatly modified, before they can be made binding. Rome is furious that they have been made known. But she has great reason to be thankful that some one has let out her secrets. For the decretal of these canons would have surely produced a schism in Germany. The news from the East which reaches me since I commenced my letter, shows that the state of things is exceedingly grave. The last packet brings letters informing us that the Armenians in Constantinople, without waiting for the result of their appeal to Rome, have not only opened churches, but nominated their bishops and vicars. They may disband should Rome restrain their patriarch, or rather restore to him and to them their former privileges; but without this indulgence, the schism will surely be confirmed.

The Papal money is being refused now all over the Continent. The amusing part of it is, that we here have almost none of it. The circumstances under which France decides to refuse it are as follows: The international convention of 1865, adhered to by France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Rome, lowered the standard of silver coinage to 835-1000. It also provided that the issue should be at the rate of six francs per head for each citizen of each country. Rome did not at that time sign the convention, but promised to do so, and was allowed to profit by it as if she had already done so. She profited in this manner: She reckoned her population so as to make it include the inhabitants of Umbria and the Marches, and issued her money on that basis of reckoning. She lowered her standard 3-1000. Great complaints were made of the immense flooding of the Continent with Papal money. Switzerland refused to longer accept it, because of the breach of the contract in that respect. France strove to induce Rome to contract her emission, and meanwhile received the coin, until

quite lately, when it was discovered at the Mint that the standard had also been lowered. She now receives it at the rate of ninety-one centimes on the franc, but only for the moment. After the 30th of April, it will no longer be accepted.

The next public meeting of the Council will take place on the 25th of March, when (if ever) the new dogmas, or some of them, will be ready for publication. The Exhibition of Christian Art is now open, but is not as yet a success. Carnival was very mournful, although masks were allowed for two days. The private frolics were, however, very pleasant. The weather was bad.

STIVALETTO.

IN excavating for the foundations of a *corral*, in San Bernardino County, there was recently exhumed one of the lost decades of Livy graven on tin-plates, in the reformed Egyptian character. Among the many time-honored fictions of Roman history which it destroys, is the sublime reply of Caius Marius to the officer who sought him amid the ruins of Carthage. The hero's *genuine* answer is to be found in the following verses, which he is said to have chanted with much pathos. They have been transcribed from the new-found MS., (which—it is but just to the historian to state—contains an apology for their Atellan rudeness) and are offered to the public, not only as illustrating history, but as indicating the classical dignity of American statesmanship:

AD MUSCAM MOLESTAM.

I.

Mihi videtur ut angeli cantent
Pennique celeribus item volent,
Ac eos sentio, bis terque sentio,
(Genitricem hoc olim dixisse scio)
Theriacei diffudisse nuper
Nigri huius in caput desuper.
Abi, musca, ne inquietes me,
Sum enim miles de maniplo G.

II.

Itemque sentio, mentis per vim,
Ut phosphorus ipse egomet sim,
Sed tamen existimat Æthiops hic—
Apricetur sicubi dormiens sic
Ut adesset musca punctura narum—
Sibi tegendum caput tam charum.
Abi, musca, ne inquietes me,
Sum enim miles de maniplo G.

[MS. EFFOSSVM. KAL. APR. MDCCCLXX.]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HEDGED IN. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The heroine of Miss Phelps' latest story is a very young girl, who, in the moral darkness and degradation of a certain back-slum, called "Thicket Street," becomes the mother of an illegitimate child. Helplessly, but not hopelessly cast down, she runs away from her associates, and tries to gain an honest livelihood. But moral people dare not take her in; careful people don't want the child; and, after considerable suffering, she abandons it to the foundling hospital. Then she finds a place as child's nurse in the family of "Mrs. Myrtle"—a worldly-religious woman—who discovers her secret, and incontinently turns her adrift. At last, Providence, assisted by Miss Phelps, creates a friend for her in "Mrs. Purcell"—a widow, with an only daughter—who takes her in, educates her, and treats her with discriminating kindness. This the heroine poorly returns by dying, off-hand, when her reformation is complete, in a perfectly gratuitous manner.

However much we may sympathize with the author's moral intent, it is to be feared that we owe but little of that sympathy to Miss Phelps' manner of setting the moral before us. It certainly needs no clever ghost, come back from the reconstructed heaven of *The Gates Ajar*, to tell us that the treatment of fallen women by their Christian sisterhood is, in the main, unchristian and unsisterly; nor is the revelation convincing, when made through characters that, we fear, are neither sentient nor human. The people of "Thicket Street," even the heroine, "Nixy," are too evidently projected from the author's undue nervous consciousness—evolved, one might say, from an hysterical hallucination, in which the patient imagines herself different people. They speak the conventional speech of the ignorant class as it is known in

books, but their sentiments are always the sentiments of Miss Phelps. They use slang, we fear, only because it is *slang*, and not because it is the rude poetry of a certain class, and only admissible as such in literature. When "Nixy" says, "You bet," it startles the reader as if it came from the lips of the fair author herself; and, as at that moment Miss Phelps is illustrating a kind of poetical sentiment, which belongs to her own plane, and not the level of her character, it is shocking, because inartistic and unnatural. The author is continually mistaking what *she* would do under certain circumstances, for what would be natural to her *heroine*. The following fragment of a speech from the father of "Nixy's" child—offered as the ordinary style of thought and reasoning of the average New England *gamin*—is an amusing instance of how little actual study and natural perception enter into the composition of much "characteristic dialogue:"

"' Good luck got you—I won't say but you needed good luck, Nix—and here ye be, and here, for aught I ken see, ye'll continer to be, and no ketchin' up with you in this world or t'other. Now if a fella'd got his heart sot on ketchin' up—which I won't deny I ain't so partikkular 'bout—and there, agin, why *ain't I*?' continued poor Dick, drowned in his own metaphysics. 'When folks *are* sot on ketchin' up, and other folks are sot they won't be ketched up with, and the God as made 'em looks on and—and, as you might say, bets on the innings for the 2.40 creetur—Well! I don't mean no disrespect to him in especial,' broke off Dick; 'but I can't say as I see it.'"

It is characteristic of the limitations of the purely sentimental reformer, that Miss Phelps, having made an honest girl of her heroine, is obliged to kill her to keep her out of society. Perhaps this is partly owing to that feminine disregard for human life, when a pathetic point is to be made, which we have shudderingly noticed before in this author; but it is, more probably, because she feels, although

she does not say it, that happiness, married felicity, station, and brown-stone fronts are not for such kind of folks. These things are the perquisites of us good girls. "We will," intimate such reformers, "recognize you as an erring sister; we will lift you to our level; we will convince you of sin—but you will please be unhappy and die. You will be permitted to die to slow music and in full communion. We wish you to understand that you are forgiven; but we would remark that it is proper for you not to get over it."

The masculine reader will be both amused and instructed to see how the mysterious feminine instincts of dress and color may be made to do duty, in feminine ethics, for moral principles. The spotless daughter of "Mrs. Purcell" is always clothed in white—merino or muslin, as the season may indicate—as a feminine rebuke to the luckless "Nixy," who is denied that candid raiment, and who tastes the full bitterness of sin in black. There is a tremendous feminine significance in the fact that "Nixy" is made to occupy "The Gray Room"—a significance which no masculine reader can expect to understand. Nor can he ever appreciate the ethical beauty of "Nixy's" refusal to wear a daintily embroidered night-gown, while in her unregenerate condition, or the calm satisfaction with which, in her regenerate state, she afterward assumes the embroidered *robe de nuit*. Surely, all is not lost to the world so long as this delicate sense of the purity of linen cambric still retains possession of the female breast. The moral night-gown of Miss Phelps' heroine—no less distinctive than the "cutty sark" of Burns' witch—will flutter down the corridors of Time, at once a cheering signal to the oppressed and downcast, and a reward and promise to the truly penitent and regenerate.

We confess to a feeling of disappointment in Miss Phelps. There were touches of honesty and truthfulness in her *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, which led us to expect better things from her. The success of *The Gates Ajar* was but the ephemeral success of all compromises between tradition and progressive thought; a success which is lost and forgotten in the next compromise. And *Hedged In* is a proof that Miss Phelps is unable to

grapple with abstract questions, without departing from the first principles of her Art.

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING. By W. W. Hall, M. D. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Perhaps we should class among the reforms that we have to be really grateful for, the late attempts to reach the stubborn bowels of a dyspeptic nation through the brain and sensible sanitary essays, rather than by the old-fashioned way of patent nostrums, and the advertising columns of newspapers. There is, of course, the possibility of hobby-riding—a temptation which few reformers of any kind can resist; but the reader may recall, within the last three or four years, as many honest and able works on health and popular sanitary reforms, written in the best spirit of an honorable profession—never, perhaps, more honorable than in its conscientious promulgation of facts which, if considered, might in time curtail its emoluments and lessen its privileges. We are not prepared to say that this will be the unavoidable result of the doctors teaching people how to do without them, for there will always be a decent, conservative class of patients who will prefer to be physicked in the orthodox manner of their ancestors, who will cease to respect their physicians in proportion as they understand them, and will be willing to do penance for the sake of indulgence.

That the stomach is immediately responsible for the quality of the blood, and that disease is the result of impoverished or deranged circulation, are the simple facts—well known, but not always well considered—on which Doctor Hall bases his present volume. That proper food can take the place of drugs in the prevention and cure of disease, that practical common sense can in many cases obviate the use of prescriptions, and that fresh air and exercise are the only safe stimulants, are among his hypotheses. Perhaps there is an undue repetition of all this, but Doctor Hall is writing for a class who can stand repetition, and, it is presumed, certain other sensational effects which he introduces in his volume. But it is possible, also, that some of the startling titles of his paragraphs, and the occasional tendency to undue emphasis,

may frighten away a class who would otherwise be benefited by his good sense. There are, however, some comprehensive tables of the nutritive value and comparative digestibility of different kinds of food—of course, based upon Beaumont's well-known experiments, and limited by the defects of a theory based upon an individual "case"—but much more sensibly arranged than we remember to have seen them. It is left, of course, to the reader to exercise some discretion even with these rules; and if apples or "cole slaw" do not agree with him, not to eat them, although they stand first among easily digested edibles.

The positive value of these, and the other works to which we have alluded, is not reduced by the defects which a more scientific review might detect. They offer valuable hints to the sick, and excellent precautions to the healthy; and by divesting certain symptoms and diseases of their mystery, they remove the vague terrors of the hypochondriac. Whether they will make man a well-regulated, compensating machine, to whom extra-effort, over-work, nervousness, and over-indulgence shall be unknown; or whether it were advisable for the world that they should do so, is a question that, at present, they can very well leave out of the discussion. How far that singular combination of weakness and force, known as the "screw," is essential to the good of civilization, and one of its products, is a point that requires a more profound analysis, and broader generalization, than we have yet been able to detect in works of this quality.

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

There is, perhaps, little difference between obviously moral books and those that are only suggestively immoral, when both are obviously untruthful to Nature. Most readers shrink from obvious didactics of any kind; but when, as is too often the case, the departures from truth and human nature are greater in the moral books, it is then that weak humanity suffers some corruption in the enforced comparison. There are certainly some books where the author's mor-

al is so apparent, and the literary merit so accidental and harmless, that the active reader will be apt to amuse himself by inventing a catastrophe and *dénouement* quite different from the author's, and will, in sheer sympathy with outraged humanity, take the bad characters under his protection.

There is so much of this fell moral purpose in *Mrs. Jerminham's Journal*, that nine readers out of ten will regret that Mrs. Jerminham did not run away from the brutal prig who chanced to be her husband; and they will, possibly, be quite as virtuous in principle as the author. Certainly, "Mrs. Jerminham's" apotheosis of a typical British Husband—the *baron* of Blackstone—is quite enough to justify the shrillest indignation of Woman's Rights advocates, and all the bitterness with which Mrs. Stowe has painted the creature.

Told in the artificial form of a poetical *Journal*, "Mrs. Jerminham's" story is that of a young and silly girl, who, with no experience of the heart, and never having been in love, is married, in the conventional way, to social eligibility. Her husband, a banker, loves her devotedly, which he shows by first purchasing her in this truly orthodox, British manner; by forbidding her to waltz; by threatening her with corporal punishment; by gripping her arm until black and blue; by giving her serious books to read; and by other tender attentions most calculated to fill the female mind with gratitude and esteem. At first the giddy young wife rebels, *will* waltz, and even flirts—albeit in a mild, insipid way. But when her husband adds desertion to his other attractions, and goes to Spain, she begins to feel the mysterious promptings of affection. When he returns, surly and cold, her conjugal regard is full-grown. Under the harshness of his glance, the austerity of his frown, the perfect wife is developed—whose qualities would seem to be unqualified submission and utter self-abnegation. But "Mr. Jerminham" still remains cold and sullen, until he, one day, meets with an accident, and is brought home on a shutter. "Mrs. Jerminham" plies him with jellies and beef-tea, saves his valuable life—to the regret of the reader—and hap-

pinness dawns with convalescence upon the perfect pair.

As we have already stated, the moral of the story is obvious. But we can not tell whether the typical British Husband is drawn from present life, or is an ideal of the future—whether the writer belongs to the noble sex here vindicated, or whether she is an impressive young woman who has contemplated Man after *Jane Eyre's* "Rochester." The verse is good enough for Coventry Patmore, and the sentiment is not above his mark.

THE UNKIND WORD, AND OTHER STORIES.

By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Unkind Word," the story which gives its title to the book, is written to show that unkind words are wrong, and ill-become our civilization or Christianization. We think the principle is generally acknowledged, although not entirely, because, as Miss Muloch suggests, some terrible catastrophe *may* befall our friends. Such a possibility does not appeal with sufficient force, as a natural sequence, to become a controlling influence in society, for the incidents selected to enforce the lesson are usually exceptional. Herein lies the objection to the somewhat antiquated fashion of writing *from* a moral. All the maxims selected are highly proper, and the authoress has this advantage: that almost any story will illustrate most of the general principles. On such a broad basis there is no obvious impropriety in selecting the title of the story already alluded to, although, it must be confessed, there is no other obvious reason why it should be used.

It is a tragedy of Scottish highland life, and with our key-note the interest centers upon the conversation of two brothers, in which the words used on either side were, politely speaking, "unkind." The following morning the elder brother starts for Glasgow, in pursuance of a previous plan. He is never again heard from, and years afterward, it appears from relics discovered among the rocks, that he must have perished in attempting a dangerous pass. The journey was not only not instigated by the conversation, but

it was afterward remembered that he had intimated his design of taking that particular course. It was, of course, very naughty for the boys to call each other "names," but, as far as we can see, the result would have been the same had the conversation been eminently polite and proper.

The other stories are mostly sketches, or desultory essays upon social subjects. We confess that we like Miss Muloch's novels and stories, even with the morals, better than the morals by themselves. She has a merciless way of interrupting herself by parentheses, which is, to say the least, bewildering. The reader's progress is continually impeded by bars. There is no use in trying to escape them, for they are inevitable. By the time that the reader has climbed over and under these, until he reaches a paper where one confronts him in its very subject, "To Novelists—and a Novelist," he will desire, perhaps, to rest from his labors, as we did.

UNDER FOOT. A Novel. By Alton Clyde. New York: American News Company.

It yet remains for some enterprising American to secure the patent for a recipe for making the most marketable novels. It is quite possible that the day is not far distant when this suggestion will be utilized, and people will be pathetically adjured to "make their own novels, and thus save expense." Although the individual who secures such a patent may flatter himself that he is a public benefactor, he will, in fact, merely popularize genius—not introduce any thing new. The class of novels to which *Under Foot* belongs, is, to all intents and purposes, constructed on this plan.

The villain of the book smiles. Since Dickens introduced the polished and refined "Carker" to the public, one not only "may," but *must* smile, in order to be a villain. If this individual be also endowed with light hair, a mild and pleasing countenance, and a good set of teeth—human nature shudders to contemplate such a scoundrel, and admits the superiority of art. "*Jane Eyre*" is, we believe, responsible for the heroine's toilet, which is, necessarily, a "simple gray dress." One of the trio of heroines appears in this tradition-

al costume, which eminently becomes her "statuesque style of beauty." Who was it that introduced the lay-figure of the uncle with the cynical mask? We recognize him as a respectable member of a popular *troupe*, but the monotonous perpetuity of his characteristics is somewhat confusing. There can be no doubt as to his profession, for he lets us into all of his secrets by talking to himself in stage-whispers. This individual, who so frequently recurs in novels, is of so unique a character that it is, perhaps, not astonishing that the showman is proud to "trot him out."

The good young man, who, in this novel, is "under foot," is, perhaps, less interesting than any of the others. He is rescued from this unpleasant position by the cynical uncle, which was, certainly, a most fortunate circumstance for the "poor, but honest" youth,

for he was not endowed with sufficient vitality to extricate himself. The incidents of the book are arranged in a consciously startling manner; but are as harmless in their individual and combined result as most of the "bag-aboos" of childhood.

It will, perhaps, be said that the book is, at least, innocent, and that the moral is a highly proper one; the bad people are converted and die, and the good people, in the end, enjoy health, prosperity, and happiness. But we doubt if sentiment which is a mere synonym for silliness, is *healthful* reading; so that, in spite of the quantity of ready-made material, the genius who invents "patent novels" may not be, after all, eminently successful. Meanwhile, the public will continue to devour, with what relish they may, the novels served up by such authors as Alton Clyde.

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May 31

VOL. 4.

No. 6.

THE
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JUNE, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York.

Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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The Luck of Roaring Camp, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Published originally in THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, the admirable San Francisco periodical which Mr. Harte's editorship has done so much to advance, and afterward taken up by the newspapers, the sketches have attracted more attention and won more applause than any other contemporaneous efforts of a similar nature in American literature. But, heretofore, many persons have heard their praises without being able to find them, while others have read one of them and looked in vain for the rest. Now, however, they are in a form in which they can all be read by every one who is attracted toward them by the splendid reputation which they have already, and we can not but think that they will meet with the great popular success so richly deserved by their novelty, their sympathy, their humor, and their completeness. For, after all, though Mr. Harte modestly calls them sketches, and while they are really studies of a new and strange life they are rendered complete by the exquisite finish which bears the impress of a masterly hand.—Chicago Times.

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ized by a double-parallel row of seats, which were generally occupied by placid-looking Celestials. Mexicans rode by on furiously galloping mustangs; men, women, and children were riding in buggies or open barouches; farm wagons, heavy, cumbrous, and with vestiges of the mud of the early settlers still upon them, plodded in from the country; and teamsters, driving four, five, or six horses, with loads of redwood lumber from the mountains, carelessly cracked their resounding whips within the precincts of the holy walk.—From "*In Search of a Summer Retreat*," in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for June.

CARAVAN OF A JAVANESE PRINCE. —As the Prince's guest, I rode with him in front of the party; and as at times we would descend some steep hill-side to the valley, it was a most picturesque sight to glance back at the long train of horsemen, in their varied costumes, winding down the road behind us, the red cloths of the lancers, their spear-heads glittering in the sun, their curious head-gear (very like inverted wash-hand-basins) painted and emblazoned with gay colors, bringing up the rear of the procession. Here and there a gorgeous umbrella, shining with gold and silver, would shade some native dignitary: the rich dresses of the princes and their suites, with the gay trappings of their horses, all combining to produce a most brilliant effect. But, picturesque as the sight was, no less remarkable was the calm beauty of Nature, for the country we traversed seemed a very Eden, and each day possessed its fresh attractions of scenery, and new features of beauty. Here we saw the luxuriance of the valley: the stately palm and graceful bamboo mirrored in the stream, with a background of dense reed-jungle, growing to a height of twelve feet—the home of the tiger and leopard. The bounteous earth teemed with fruitfulness: foliage of every tropical variety, feathery fern-trees, shrubs of all kinds; forest-trees, overgrown with vines to such an extent that their very luxuriance impeded their growth, choking each other up for want of space. Now, by the soft, clear moonlight, we saw the stern outlines of snow-capped mountains standing out sharply relieved against the deep-blue sky; the torrents rushing from their sides would be seen winding afar off down in the valley, like a silver thread, although there it becomes a broad river. After our ride, each day, we were entertained at one of the Prince's country-houses, consisting, usually, of the peculiarly shaped Javanese roof, supported by carved columns of dark wood: matting being hung between the pillars, in place of walls, for the sake of air, the weather being always sultry here. The inhabitants of the vil-

lage will rise to the surface, and may be skimmed off, and cast away.

2. In the twelfth month, place the seed in a large, earthen vessel, fill it with pure water of melted snow, and cover the same with earth. When the seed has sprouted, sow broadcast, or in drills; thus, you will avoid the breeding of worms.

3. To determine whether the coming year will be good or bad, take one measure of seed in the beginning of the winter season, and measure it carefully; then place it in an earthen vessel, and put it in a dark place, and leave it for fifty days; then measure it again. If then it fills the measure fuller than before, the season will be good; if less than before, the season will be bad.

4. *Treatment of new land.*—First, burn the grass, (in order to destroy both the seeds and the roots of grass and weeds) plow, then sow to *sesamum*, (an oily grain) for one year. This is for the purpose of destroying more thoroughly the roots of the wild grasses.

5. In the neighborhood of good flowers and good grain *sesamum* must not be planted, for it will destroy their roots also. The process by which it does this, is, by the dew or rain falling upon it, running down the leaves and stalks, thus carrying a poison with it into the ground, to affect the roots of whatever plant it may come in contact with.

6. Seeds of flowers and fruits must, in like manner, be selected from the best trees, and from those which bear the finest fruits and flowers, and which are free from all disease. Let these seeds be carefully cleansed, dried, and stored in glass bottles, or secure vessels, and laid up high from the ground, in dry places, so as to avoid damp and mold. They should be accurately labeled and dated, so as to avoid the mixing of fruits and flowers, and also, so as to avoid the liability of planting seed which is more than a year old.

7. In planting the seeds of flowers and fruits, let there be no fear of too high ground, nor a fear of too much hoeing and spading. But observe the season for planting which is prescribed in the approved treatises on the subject. In planting, put the fruit-stones into the ground the right side up. Some seed needs to be soaked before planting—some not. In sowing seed, observe that some, which are large, will bear a considerable depth of earth, while small seeds must not be buried deep. They may be covered with a mixture of ashes and earth, so as to kill the worms. After the sprouts have appeared, some may be watered, and some not: you must discriminate. If, after three or five days, there is no rain, they must be artificially watered—but with discretion.—From "*The Chinese as Agriculturists*," in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for June.

For you see man.

And that he

For 'twas to

No? Well, th

CALIFORNIA QUARTZ YIELD

Comparing the average rock crushed in California, some present themselves as our most serious age yield of Arizona does not exceed our own workable per ton is the average raised and crushed rock yielding less than be worked at present bearing quartz-lodes from \$3 to \$4 per parts of the State's erous belt of Montana Nevada, but remain find ledges in Arizona, yielding only a couple: From 7,453 to the ton, of quartz-mine in California amounted to \$2. \$10,500 was declared raising the rock in extracting gold machinery, and loss estimated at \$130 per del Rey Mine, probably worked since to give a handsome with a yield of not an ounce of gold per and the quartz-n profitably worked one-eighth of an why ledges of such ed profitably in of main idle in our California labor is de other countries, ev ble region of California Laborers receiving lia, receive \$3 in employed at a com

Then he trembled and cried.
"The cuss had struck—" "Water?"—beg your parding, young
you lied!

It was gold—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
h the coopilow's his'n—which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
darned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'vur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow—and thet's me.
From the OVERLAND MONTHLY for June.

ND AUSTRALIAN
PARED.—In com-
eld of the quartz-
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nding rate. Add-

ed to this is the fact that the Australian
miners take the precaution to know the
exact amount of gold contained in the
quartz prior to crushing it, with the
amount remaining in the tailings after
crushing; the particularity and minute-
ness of the details in the various appar-
atus used for saving the gold, which is
much neglected by Californians; and
the employment of the cheaper labor of
machinery, where practicable, instead of
manual labor, as in the case of self-act-
ing aprons for feeding the stamps from
the hoppers, which is done by hand in
this State. Such we believe to be the
true causes of the difference in the min-
imum quality of the ores crushed in the
two countries.—*From "Gold and Gold-
Mining," in OVERLAND MONTHLY for
June.*

MIRAGE IN THE DESERT.—Leaving
camp one morning, I saw, on turning,
that a narrow strip of short, coarse grass
had been suddenly transformed into a
tall, magnificent hedge; and a single,
meagre stem of *verde* would as suddenly
grow into a large, spreading tree. Out
of the clouds, on the horizon, would some-
times loom up, majestically, a tall spire, a
heavy dome, or a vessel under full sail;
and changing into one fantastic shape
after another, the picture would slowly
fade into vapor at last. Whole cities
have sprung up before my eyes: I could
have pointed out which one of the differ-
ent cupolas I supposed to be the City
Hall, and which steeple, according to my
estimation, belonged to the First Pres-
byterian Church; and could have shown
the exact locality of the harbor, from the
number of masts I saw across the roofs
of the houses yonder. Even Phil was
deceived one morning. I asked him why
he stopped the ambulance, and allowed
the mules to rest at so unusual an hour
in the day? He pointed to a mountain
I had not noticed before, which stood

path. I fared, past the homes of Alcott
and Emerson—noting, by the way, that
the last name I saw was getting out an
unusually intelligible work, in the shape
of a new fence—and at last reached
"The Way-side." Old, straggling, in-
congruous—part of it having shingled
sides, after the fashion of antediluvian
periods; part of it being modern, with
the orthodox bow-windows and veran-
das, and the whole surmounted by a
queer, box-like structure, which formed
the owner's study. This edifice was
strictly *sui generis*.

It nestled at the base of a wooded hill,
but yet very near the street, from which
it was partially screened by a thicket of
evergreens, and masses of a climber,
which the children of my time used to
call "matrimony." The place appeared
quite deserted—"Life and Thought had
gone away"—and, in the front window,
gleamed a placard, bearing those drear-
iest of words, "*For Sale*."—*From "A
Day in Hawthorne's Haunts," in OVER-
LAND MONTHLY for June.*

THE STONE FACE IN THE DESERT.—
In the mountain around which we had
passed on the last day's journey from
Gila Bend, is to be seen, plainly and
distinctly, the face of a man, reclining,
with his eyes closed as though in sleep.
Among the most beautiful of all the le-
gends told here, is that concerning this
face. It is Montezuma's face, so the In-
dians believe, (even those in Mexico,
who have never seen the image) and he
will awaken from his long sleep some
day, will gather all the brave and the
faithful around him, raise and uplift his
downtrodden people, and restore to his
kingdom the old power and the old glory
—as it was, before the Hidalgos invad-
ed it. So strong is this belief in some
parts of Mexico, that people who passed
through that country years ago, tell me
of some localities where fires were kept
constantly burning, in anticipation of
Montezuma's early coming. It looks as
though the stern face up there was just
a little softened in its expression, by
the deep slumber that holds the eyelids
over the commanding eye; and all Na-
ture seems hushed into death-like still-
ness. Day after day, year after year,
century after century, slumbers the man
up there on the height, and life and veg-
etation sleep on the arid plains below
—a slumber never disturbed—a sleep
never broken; for the battle-cry of Yu-
ma, Pimo, and Maricopa that once rang
at the foot of the mountain, did not
reach Montezuma's ear; and the dying
shrieks of the children of those who
came far over the seas to rob him of
his sceptre and crown, fall unheeded on
the rocks and the deserts that guard his
sleep.—*From "Crossing the Arizona
Deserts," in OVERLAND MONTHLY for
June.*

the trees. The top of the car was utilized by a double-parallel row of seats, which were generally occupied by placid-looking Celestials. Mexicans rode by on furiously galloping mustangs; men, women, and children were stowed in gies or open baro heavy, cumbrous, the mud of the ez them, plodded in teamsters, driving with loads of red mountains, care sounding whips the holy walk-
Summer Retr
MONTHLY for

the heavy kernels will sink, and the light will rise to the surface, and man has been med off, and cast on
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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 4.—JUNE, 1870.—No. 6.

THE FAILURE AT FORT FISHER.

WE used to say, in a sort of querulous irony, that our winter-quarters had been "off Cape Hatteras." It is a soldier's privilege to grumble at the petty discomforts and minor hardships of his lot, though rarely does he lift his voice against the great and peculiar dangers of war. Battle, sudden death, wounds—to complain of these would be ignoble and cowardly; but he "takes it out" in fault-finding over the quality of his coffee and hard-bread, the perversity of Generals or Colonels, who shift camp as soon as his chimney is built, or any of the hundreds of seemingly unnecessary annoyances that spoil his individual comfort. So after we had seen the December of 1864 usher in the usual mud-and-frost embargo upon matters military, and had consequently made ourselves comfortable with log walls and mud chimneys, we grumbled not a little at an order to march to Bermuda Hundred. Away from the front, with its comfortable log camps and the easy duties of winter, to a Quartermaster's landing! Mud! mules! wagons! and hard,

constant work of the unloading sort! The prospect was any thing but pleasant.

Our duties at Bermuda, however, proved to be not unloading, but loading, and ourselves the easily stowed cargo. Ah, an expedition! and by water! Now this looked cheerful, and grim-visaged War smoothed his wrinkled front at once at the prospect of his legitimate work.

As we steamed pleasantly down the James, we did not regret the pots and pans, and rough camp-chairs, we had left behind.

Fortress Monroe, the great navy floating in the roads, the fleet of transports—how novel and delightful all this seemed after the dull sameness of the earth-works and the picket-duty in the Richmond lines! Although it became a little tiresome with a day or two of delay, especially as a winter gale began to blow in the roads; and what with rain and fog, and dragging anchors, and sea-sickness, we found our water expedition not all poetry.

At last the troops were all shifted from

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOHN H. CARMANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of California.

al costume, which eminently becomes her "statuesque style of beauty." Who was it that introduced the lay-figure of the uncle with the cynical mask? We recognize him as a respectable member of a popular *troupe*, but the monotonous perpetuity of his characteristics is somewhat confusing. There can be no doubt as to his profession, for he lets us into all of his secrets by talking to himself in stage-whispers. This individual, who so frequently recurs in novels, is of so unique a character that it is, perhaps, not astonishing that the showman is proud to "trot him out."

The good young man, who, in this novel, is "under foot," is, perhaps, less interesting than any of the others. He is rescued from this unpleasant position by the cynical uncle, which was, certainly, a most fortunate circumstance for the "poor, but honest" youth,

for he was not endowed with sufficient vitality to extricate himself. The incidents of the book are arranged in a consciously startling manner; but are as harmless in their individual and combined result as most of the "bug-aboos" of childhood.

It will, perhaps, be said that the book is, at least, innocent, and that the moral is a highly proper one; the bad people are converted and die, and the good people, in the end, enjoy health, prosperity, and happiness. But we doubt if sentiment which is a mere synonym for silliness, is *healthful* reading; so that, in spite of the quantity of ready-made material, the genius who invents "patent novels" may not be, after all, eminently successful. Meanwhile, the public will continue to devour, with what relish they may, the novels served up by such authors as Alton Clyde.

delay was considerable before the undertaking was fairly inaugurated. There had been delay in embarking at Bermuda, delay in transshipping at Old Point, and cold-blooded delay—though, perhaps, with the best, if not the wisest, of motives—in the retrograde parade up the Potomac. So, though the troops left camp on the 6th of December, the expedition did not pass the capes till the 14th, a week later. But now the game was fairly begun.

The winter seas about Cape Hatteras are hardly less formidable and dreaded than the savage waters off Cape Horn. Yet they roared as gently as a sucking dove as we sailed smoothly by in placid water, and balmy air, and bright moonlight. Before the morning of the 16th we were at our destination off Masonboro' Inlet, still followed by favoring winds and summer airs.

Then delay again interposed its bar, though all the transport fleet seemed to be about us. Our vessels lay to with their steam partly suppressed, while the decks swarmed with troops, and boats paddled idly over the smooth waters, and fishing-lines came forth to fill up the leisure hours.

This all the 16th and the 17th, and then the 18th. And now the Masters and Mates of the transport steamers began to murmur audibly. We were fast drinking up their limited supply of water. Their reservoirs were not vast, and our mouths were many, and with all these delays they were near the bottom of their tanks. But perhaps more dangerous still, the idleness was fast devouring the fleet's supply of coal. The summer weather could not last long, and the chance of escaping the dangerous shore in the teeth of a gale, with coal low in the bunkers, was slight.

The 19th was another day of idleness, fishing, placid seas, and nautical growlings. Still no naval craft in sight. Infantry in swarms on every deck.

The 20th came, still calm and mild, but with signs presaging wind, and a signal or two from transports out of water, or too short of coal for further trifling. Then the huge *Livingston*, to which we looked for orders, began to move among the fleet, and by noon hailed us, to know our stage of fuel and water. And presently again she sent us word to run into Beaufort Harbor for supplies.

There was now a keen edge of cold in the freshening wind, and as we turned northward, we felt more tumult of waves than hitherto; by night, a gale of wind and a laboring propeller—a combination unequalled for physical discomfort.

We had almost consumed our ballast of coal, and, with our freight of troops high up on deck or between-decks, we were top-heavy to a degree almost amounting to unseaworthiness. Some time later, and before daylight, the gale justified the claim of Hatteras to its unenviable reputation. And it blew upon a lee-shore, and a hostile one, where escape from drowning meant a military prison.

Morning came, bright with sunlight, but the winds and waves still howled angrily. We had made Beaufort during the night, but had to wait for daylight for pilotage.

The entrance to Beaufort from the sea is through a narrow, winding channel between sunken rocks, difficult to be passed at any time, but unsafe during an easterly gale. Here was the fleet of transports rolling in the offing, and each vessel flying its notice for a pilot. But pilots were scarce, and the gale came harder and harder.

At last the increasing danger from sunken rocks and a lee-shore made it impracticable to wait in such a spot; and all the transports abandoned Beaufort and struggled for the open sea.

Oh, the bright, green, riotous, foam-capped waves! how fiercely they buffet-

ed us back—back toward the low, flat shore and the sunken rocks! The sailors had spoken of our vessel as “crank” when we were in the Chesapeake with full ballast of coal; now her coal was nearly gone, and she was staggering against a heavy gale and head-seas. Swerving upward as the billow struck her bows, her deck was dangerously inclined, and the unfamiliar infantry lost its legs at every bound, clinging to stanchions and ropes’-ends for dear life. The danger was not small in the wild game of pitch-and-toss we were undergoing. The upright and somewhat stiff carriage of body, which is part of an infantry-man’s drill, partly unfits him for sea-voyaging; certainly disqualifies him for the acquisition of the nautical necessity known as sea-legs. And it was a rude introduction to the sea which the propeller *General Lyon* had to offer us. If it was appalling to stand on her bows when the great wave sent them swerving and towering upward—the timbers cracking and groaning—it was equally appalling to sink down to the depths below with her stern—down with a plunge at first, then more slowly, but determinedly, with a facility for sinking that made each slow recovery seem a miracle to us. Plunging her screw deep in the water at one time till the snorting engine could hardly turn the slow blades round; then rising high and higher till the screw was lifted clear out of water, revolving with fearful velocity, and racking with the vast force of the machinery the whole ship—she toiled heavily in the sea, and made no progress. And the gale came harder and harder, still on shore, till the anxious, watching eyes began to report no longer “no progress,” but slow-drifting toward the hostile coast.

Officers below and invisible, struggling with overturned stomachs and in unsteady berths, in the utter despondency of sea-sickness. Men between-decks, with the hatches fastened down

above them; knapsacks, muskets, blankets, and the sea-sick, praying negro-soldiers, all rolling together in a wild mixture. In sight twenty other steamers, all rolling and clawing off shore: the *Baltic*, the *Livingston*, and side-wheelers generally making some head against the gale; the propellers less powerful, but holding their positions, with few exceptions; the *Weeboset* near us, and like us drifting slowly alee, and out-*Lyoning* the *Lyon* in rolling; and the whole fleet gradually separating and scattering: this was the position of Butler’s armada early in the afternoon.

Before night, however, the wind began, as sailors say, to “haul.” And the haul was favorable to us, as we now again held our own, and could even run slowly down the coast without nearing it—a process which enlarged our sea-room considerably. So when night came the lee-shore danger had passed away, although the rolling was even more emphatic, with an increased allowance of physical discomfort.

But our short supply of coal had become shorter still. We must make port to-morrow, or take to such sailing power as we had. In the matter of water-supply, also, we were not twenty-four hours ahead.

Luckily the morning came with the wind hauled so far round as to drive us no longer on a lee-shore, and the fleet drew in again slowly to the foaming rocks of Beaufort. As we drew near we found several of our consorts with ensigns Union down, and other signals of distress; some of them forty-eight hours out of water, some with broken rudder-chains, bulwarks “stove,” and smoke-stacks and top-rigging carried away; while a few were hobbling lamely with jury-mast sails, wholly out of water and coal.

Beaufort pilots were plenty at last, as the Navy had taken the matter in hand, and picked enough out of her own fleet

May 31

VOL. 4.

No. 6.

THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JUNE, 1870.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,
Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

through the surf was sadly wanting. A "Naval Brigade" was part of the army force—an independent organization, especially formed for service along the shores and the indented coast-line of the region about Norfolk—an infantry force, in fact, but provided with boats, and drilled to handle them. By means of this corps, all the landing of troops was effected; but both men and boats were far too few to throw the troops rapidly on shore. It was late in the day before a brigade column was formed. At last, we who still remained on the transports could see the beginning of the advance of skirmishers, and the "supports" and "line of battle" following. The familiar sight stirred all our soldierly enthusiasm, and stimulated a debarkation not authorized nor provided for. Sick of the sea, and eager to support the advance of the *reconnaissance* under General Curtis, we hailed the nearest boats of the Naval Brigade, without orders, and began to take passage for the surf-line, on the beach. We got a few boat-loads safely on the beach, when the *Livingston* checked our enthusiasm with the surprising order to re-embark. Surprising, because this movement proves to be no mere check to our haste only, but the general order of the hour to all.

Now, to our limited vision, every thing seemed to be going not only well, but with a flood-tide of success. The beach batteries had been captured, the great fort silenced, and our advance was then nearing the parapet—was, in fact, far inside musket-range—with no opposition. The enemy was evidently hiding in bomb-proofs from the now-dying naval fire, and enthusiasm and confidence seemed to be universal among the troops. With all this patent to every one, comes the order to retrograde—inscrutable, but resistless.

In the growing twilight the boats return, and, repeating their ferries through the surf, bring off to the transports most

of the troops not with the advance, now far away forward. Still watching the movements of Curtis, we see the skirmish-line apparently descend into the ditch of the fort, with still no opposition. Darkness blots out the fort, the fleet, the line of battle on shore—lastly, the near shore-line, and the tall, dark, pine forest. Lights twinkle over the water, and show the places of the vessels. The wind blows cold, and we desert the deck for the lighted cabin, and its supper-table, to discuss the meal and the situation, and to exercise our inalienable right to criticise. The rank and file have had already more than one occasion, since the sailing of the armada, to vaunt a knowledge better than their Generals, and to point out faults in the military tactics employed. But this last stroke—of retreat at the moment of apparent success—crowns the great undertaking with something like ridicule. We were not only turning back, after weathering the gales of Hatteras, and the blunders of bad judgment and ill equipment, but after seeing the grand naval cannonade reduce the great earth-work to silence, and the gallant advance under Curtis make its way, unopposed, to the very counterscarp of the fort. "It could have been taken; at any rate, we ought to have had a chance to try," is the opinion universal throughout that part of the fleet within conversation and visiting range of us.

In the midst of our comments, a sharp rattle of musketry on shore draws us rapidly from the cabin—but all is still again, before we can reach the quarter-deck. We strain our eyes in the direction of the dark shore, but can see no flash, and hear no more firing. Finally, the penetrating chill of the rising wind drives us below again; and so to bed, once more, on the transports.

The rattle of reveille roll-call rouses us early, and we muster on unsteady decks; for the wind has risen in the

night, and white lines of surf now mark many rows of breakers, reaching far out from the shore. General Curtis' troops are on the beach near us, safely returned from their *reconnaissance*, rich in several hundred prisoners, and a trophy or two taken from the very parapet of Fort Fisher. The bevy of prisoners was the result of the sudden musketry fusillade of the evening before. It was a short episode of the return from the *reconnaissance*, the skirmish-line falling in with a body of "North Carolina Junior Reserves," which was either on its way to reinforce the fort garrison, or escaping from the fort to the safer cover of the pine-woods. Its absence could not have weakened the garrison, as its presence would have added to it no strength. It fell easily into the hands of a dozen skirmishers of Curtis' command. Poor, frightened boys, poorly dressed and ill fed, and laboring under the weight of their muskets—sorry soldiers, indeed!

A flag from the parapet of the fort was popularly reported to be among the trophies of the advance; and, at any rate, some of our soldiers did actually reach the parapet, meeting none to molest or make them afraid. I wonder if this fact had reached General Butler's ears, when he decided that the work was impregnable, and sounded the retreat. If not, he still seems open to the criticism of the rank and file, in not waiting for the result of his *reconnaissance*.

The troops were all back on the beach, now, with not a man lost or injured, and ready to embark, with their prizes, on their inglorious return. I suppose it is unjust for a subordinate to judge of the decisions of his commander, ignorant of the facts of the case, as in some measure he must necessarily be; but the undertaking was on so magnificent and extensive a scale that it was very humiliating to abandon it before it was fairly brought to the final test—especially, when every step, up to the point of that

test, had resulted so apparently in our favor. The explosion of a steamer filled with powder had, indeed, failed to accomplish the results expected of it, but a prodigious weight of iron had been thrown into the fort, with the great result of reducing the work to silence; and, finally, an advance force of infantry had reached the crest of the work, and had been withdrawn again, without opposition, or the loss of a man. If, therefore, the place was considered impregnable, it must have been upon other grounds than the results of the naval fire and the *reconnaissance*. Did it need the adjuncts of this vast naval fleet, and the transportation of troops around Cape Hatteras, in winter, to decide a point which, after all, was decided without their help?

The 26th of December was a day of rough water on the North Carolina coast. The boats which struggled through the surf in the morning were, many of them, swamped, and "stove" to pieces; and soon, all efforts to remove the troops had to be abandoned. This left them in an awkward predicament, as they had no rations, and no water within reach, and the enemy might become bold enough, especially if they should receive reinforcements, to attempt an attack upon them by night, or serious annoyance from the woods, by day.

The effort for re-embarkation failing, several attempts were made to float supplies ashore, which resulted in failure also, and the swamping of successive cargoes of casks and boxes. Finally, however, a raft was devised which held together, and got safely through the surf, with a scant supply of food and water. But the afternoon brought no abatement of wind or waves, and the night closed with the re-embarkation as remote as ever. The men on shore threw up an earth-work of beach sand, to cover themselves from the scattering fire from the woods, gathered supplies of fire-wood,

and generally made all ready for a possible long continuance of rough water. Had another gale sprung up, blowing on shore in this interval, all the vessels of the fleet would have been obliged to run seaward, leaving the troops on shore to the tender mercies of starvation, or the enemy.

The next day, however, brought a shift of wind, which lessened the surf, and,

presently, boats got ashore safely. With no accidents, beyond a universal ducking, troops and prisoners were at last all transferred to the transport steamers. Soon after noon we turned our bows northward, and watched till Fort Fisher dropped below the horizon.

And so ended the first attempt against Wilmington—a defeat, with no man hurt, and every step a success.

GOLD AND GOLD-MINING.

QUARTZ is generally asserted to be the “mother of gold;” but how it originated, is a question upon which the most eminent geologists are at variance. One asserts it to be caused by an igneous injection from the bowels of the earth; another, that it is merely an aqueous deposit from the ocean into the fissures in the earth's crust, formed during its upheaval by volcanic action; another, that it originated from solids converted into vapor by heat, and subsequently condensed; another argues that it has been formed by electricity, while still another believes it to be the bounding rock in a state of decomposition. There are equally as many opinions as to the manner in which quartz has been impregnated with gold, but that which is accepted by many of the most eminent geologists of the day, is, that the quartz and gold are obtained from the natural rock bounding the quartz-ledge, or vein; the quartz being the rock in a state of decomposition, and the gold which intersects the quartz being an aggregation of the mineral which the rock naturally contains in itself. The yield of gold, according to this theory, depends entirely upon the decomposed state of the rock; and consequently gold will be found in equal quantities at all depths, providing decomposition contin-

ues to an equal degree, and the more advanced the decomposition the richer the ledge. Practical results support this theory, which is antagonistic to that advanced by Sir Roderick Murchison, who favors the “igneous injection” theory, and asserts that gold will not be found at any great depth from the surface, founding his assertions upon the very unsatisfactory results of gold-mining in the Ural Mountains. But, in face of all these scientific theories, the gold-miner boldly advances his own: that “gold is only where you find it.”

The alchemists of old were of the opinion that the baser metals contained all the constituents of gold, but were mixed with impurities, and that they would at once resume the character and properties of gold whenever these impurities were removed. All metals were believed to be compounds of mercury and sulphur. Some of them believed that the art of making gold was communicated to mankind by angels or demons. Much of their time was devoted to its manufacture, and, if we credit the stories on record, some succeeded in accomplishing it. For the benefit of the curious the following, which is only one of many of their receipts for making the precious metal, is inserted: “Take of moisture an ounce and a half; of mercur-

ional redness—that is, of the soul of the sun—a fourth part, that is, half an ounce; of yellow seyr, likewise half an ounce; and of auripigmentum, a half-ounce—making, in all, three ounces. Know that the vine of wise men is extracted in threes, and its wine at last is completed in thirty.” The substance which possessed the wonderful power of transforming the baser metals into gold, is described as being a red powder, having a very peculiar smell.

Mining for gold has been carried on from time immemorial. Quartz is known to have been worked by the Egyptians two thousand years ago, and the appliances used by them for extracting the gold from the rock were almost the same as those used by modern gold-miners.

The gold obtained from South America in the seventeenth century has been estimated at \$1,685,000,000; and the amount obtained from Mexico from the year 1733 to 1840, inclusive, is computed at \$65,587,603. The richest gold-mines known to the Spaniards existed on the Isthmus of Darien. Don Andreas de Ariza, Governor of the Province of Cana and Espiritu Santo, writing to Spain an explanation-map of the interior, in the year 1781, declares that “gold was taken from these mines in such abundance as to be measured by the half-bushel and weighed by the hundred-weight.” These valuable mines yielded a great revenue to the Spanish Crown until the year 1720. The gold-mines of the Ural Mountains, in Russia, yield about \$15,000,000 annually, which is extracted altogether from sulphurets. The annual yield of the Hungarian gold-mines is estimated at \$850,000. But California is the country which can rightfully lay claim to the title of being the mother of modern gold-producing countries. Sir Francis Drake reported the existence of gold in this country as far back as 1579, but it appears to have been unheeded until the accidental discovery of the golden sands

of the American River, by Marshall and Bennett, in '48, which inaugurated a new era in its history, important to itself and to the world at large. Prior to this discovery California appears to have been thinly populated, and herds of horses and cattle comprised the wealth of the better classes; hides and tallow were the principal, if not the only, articles of trade; at all events, ox-hides performed the important office of currency, being the “California bank-notes” of those days. San Francisco is represented at the time of the outbreak of the gold excitement as having only one open store and only seven male inhabitants. Building lots were granted by the *Alcaldes* for the sum of \$15, which would now bring ten times as many thousands. The gold “mania” appears to have possessed every grade of society. Clerks left their desks, store-keepers their stores, Captains and crews deserted their vessels in the same boat, and even Colonel Mason, the Governor of the Territory, could not resist the temptation, and went with the rest to see the “elephant,” “so as to be better able to make a report to Government.”

The means used for working the auriferous deposits in those early days were very primitive, yet the results were really startling: a pleasure-trip to the mines appears to have been the sure means of obtaining a fortune.

The attention of California miners was drawn toward quartz as early as 1850, and the first quartz-mill was erected in the year following. The number of quartz-mills stated to be in operation at present in the State is 472, carrying 5,120 stamps, and erected at an aggregate cost of \$10,000,000. The yield of gold reached its culminating point in 1853, when the export of treasure is stated to be \$57,000,000. Since that time it has been gradually decreasing, and from official returns collected by Mr. Rossiter W. Raymond, we ascertain

that the product of gold during 1868 amounted to \$22,000,000 only. This great decrease is attributed to the exhaustion of the alluvial deposits, and the decrease in the number of those employed in gold-mining. The present number of gold-miners in the State, including Chinese, is estimated at about 45,000: thus the average yield of gold is about \$488 per man per annum.

Long before the gold excitement occurred in California, Australian settlers were aware of the existence of gold in their country. Their servants were frequently known to have gold-dust in their possession; but inasmuch as these shepherds were generally men of indifferent character—being principally “ticket-of-leave” men, or “old lags,” as they were commonly called—it was often questionable whether the gold was actually the product of the soil, or the fruit of some successful robbery committed by them. Their time and attention were devoted entirely to sheep-raising, and their explorations in the country were limited to the finding of runs for their sheep and cattle.

Sir Roderick Murchison, on being shown a piece of rock from Australia, declared that gold existed in the locality from whence it came, and in 1844 he publicly announced through the press that he was confident that gold existed in large quantities in that country, and that it would eventually become a valuable gold-field. Ten years before its practical discovery by Hargreaves, an old California miner, the Rev. W. Clarke, prophesied the existence of gold, and even as far back as 1788, the discovery of gold was announced; but, if such was the case, it was not believed.

The statistics concerning the product, etc., of the Australian gold-mines, are far more reliable and elaborate than those of any other gold-producing country, and the information obtainable through official reports and other sources is of a

most interesting and valuable character. From returns published relating to the Colony of Victoria, the principal gold-producing district, we find that the gross produce of these gold-fields, from their first discovery, in 1851, to the 31st of December, 1868, amounts to \$736,713,836. The number of men engaged in gold-mining during 1868 was: of Europeans, alluvial miners, 33,073; of Chinese, 15,756; of European quartz-miners, 14,595; of Chinese, 58 only. The average yield per man is estimated at \$492 per annum—about \$4 per man, per annum, more than the supposed average yield of California. The highest average earnings were obtained in 1852, when they amounted to \$1,312; the lowest average occurred ten years later, at which period they only reached \$337 per man. The number of gold-mining companies registered up to the 31st of December, 1868, is 2,471, containing 7,421,492½ shares, and representing a nominal capital of \$122,156,025. The revenue derived from the gold-fields alone, from the year 1851 to 1868, inclusive, amounted to \$104,229,300. Quartz-mining is carried on extensively, and is a most profitable branch of industry; but, comparing the average yield per ton of its quartz-ledges with other quartz-mining countries, Australia's yield is exceedingly low, as the following figures prove, which were obtained from the returns made by the mining-surveyors and registrars in the Colony, and represent “crushings” which came under their immediate notice from 1859 to 1868, inclusive: The amount of quartz which they reported crushed was 5,881,669 9-20 tons, and yielded an average of 11 pennyweights and 12.37 grains, or about \$10, per ton. Still, some immense yields have been obtained: for instance, a sample of quartz from the Swedish reef, situated sixteen miles from Melbourne, yielded the enormous amount of 3,854 ounces per ton. The number of ledges which have been opened and

worked, at some time or other, in the Colony, is 2,561.

The following statistics of the cost of raising and crushing quartz in various districts throughout the Colony, have been obtained from the mining companies themselves: At Clunes, the average cost of raising and delivering the quartz at the machine is \$3.08, and the cost of crushing and extracting the gold, \$1.78 per ton. At Ballarat, the average cost of raising and delivering rock, crushing, and extracting the gold, \$2.10 per ton. At Bright, the average cost of raising and delivering the quartz is only fifty-two cents per ton, and the cost of crushing, fifty-two cents also. The average cost of raising and delivering the quartz at Wood's Point amounts to \$1.92 per ton; for crushing, by steam-power, eighty-four cents. At Maldon, the average cost, in two quartz-mines, of raising and delivering quartz at the mill, is as high as \$6.50, and the cost of crushing and extracting the gold, \$3.25 per ton.

In comparing the average yield of the quartz-rock crushed in Australia with that of California, some very important facts present themselves to our view, and claim our most serious attention. The average yield of Australian quartz-mines does not exceed the minimum yield of our own workable ledges. Ten dollars per ton is the average of all the quartz raised and crushed in that country; but rock yielding less than that here, can not be worked at present. Extensive gold-bearing quartz-lands, which will yield from \$3 to \$9 per ton, exist in many parts of the State, and in the great auriferous belt of Mariposa, Calaveras, and Nevada, but remain unworked, while we find ledges in Australia profitably worked, yielding only \$2 per ton—for example: From 7,453 tons, of 2,240 pounds to the ton, of quartz obtained from a quartz-mine in Ballarat, the yield per ton amounted to \$2, and yet a dividend of \$10,500 was declared. The total cost of

raising the rock from the mine, crushing, extracting gold, wear and tear of machinery, and loss of mercury, was estimated at \$1.30 per ton. The St. John del Rey Mine, in Brazil, has been profitably worked since 1830, and continues to give a handsome profit to its owners, with a yield of no more than a quarter of an ounce of gold per ton of 2,240 pounds; and the quartz-mines of Hungary are profitably worked, with a yield of only one-eighth of an ounce. The reason why ledges of such low grades are worked profitably in other countries and remain idle in our own, is evident. California labor is dearer than in any of the other countries, excepting the inhospitable region of Cariboo, British Columbia. Laborers receiving \$2 per day in Australia, receive \$3 in this State, and all others employed at a corresponding rate. Added to this is the fact that the Australian miners take the precaution to know the exact amount of gold contained in the quartz prior to crushing it, with the amount remaining in the tailings after crushing; the particularity and minuteness of the details in the various apparatus used for saving the gold, which is much neglected by Californians; and the employment of the cheaper labor of machinery, where practicable, instead of manual labor, as in the case of self-acting aprons for feeding the stamps from the hoppers, which is done by hand in this State. Such we believe to be the true causes of the difference in the minimum quality of the ores crushed in the two countries. But the high rate of labor can not be expected to continue long, inasmuch as our condition is becoming rapidly equalized with that of our Eastern neighbors, having already been brought in close proximity to them; and, undoubtedly, the change will eventually have a truly beneficial effect upon all concerned, opening mines that are now idle, giving permanent employment to ten times the number of miners now em-

ployed, and placing the State foremost in the rank of gold-producing countries.

The gold obtained from the mercury-box—which is the lowest part of the apparatus used for saving gold, and which is usually changed every four or six months—is frequently found in a crystallized state, the crystals varying in size from that of a pin's-point to that of a garden pea. These gold-crystals are supposed to be formed by the mercury becoming saturated by the gold which finds its way into it from the stamp-boxes, and there dissolving. This process continues until it reaches a certain climax, when it is compelled to discharge the metal dissolved in an equal proportion with that which it receives, and the gold thus discharged crystallizes at the bottom and on the sides of the boxes. The quality of these gold-crystals is almost pure, containing only a very small percentage of quicksilver.

The gold-mines of Australia are renowned for the large masses of gold, or nuggets, obtained from them. The largest nuggets on record were found in the gold-fields of Victoria. The "Welcome Stranger," weighing over 2,280 ounces, was found at Dunolly, Victoria, on the 5th of February, 1869, by James Deason and Richard Oates, lying, barely covered with earth, in a loose, gravelly loam, resting on a stiff, red clay, within two feet of the sandstone bed-rock. It measured twenty-one inches in length, and was about ten inches in thickness, its value at the Bank of England being \$47,670. The "Welcome" nugget was found on the 15th of June, 1858, at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, at a depth of 180 feet, and it measured twenty inches in length by seven in thickness, weighing 2,217 ozs. 16 dwts. It was first sold for \$52,500, but its actual value was only \$45,625. Another large nugget, called the "Blanche Barkly" nugget, was obtained at Kingower, and weighed 1,743

ozs. 13 dwts. Ten others, ranging from a thousand to 1,619 ounces, were discovered in the same Colony at various times.

In rewarding the discoverers of its various mining-camps, the Government of Victoria has been extremely liberal, having paid them, in the aggregate, the sum of \$127,000.

The existence of gold in Britain has been remarked since the time of the invasion of that island by the Romans, but the appliances for profitably extracting it from its matrix were not successfully introduced until about ten years after the discovery of gold in California. It was then that the Clogau and Vigra mines, in Merionethshire, originally worked for copper ore, were successfully worked for gold, and the following returns of the produce of those mines are satisfactory evidence of the extreme richness of that ledge: From January, 1861, to April, 1862, 9¼ tons of quartz were crushed in a "Britten" machine—a large, cast-iron mortar, with a conical-shaped pestle worked by machinery—and yielded 3,625 ounces of gold, averaging \$7,430 per ton. During the same period, a "Berdan" machine—an American invention—was employed in crushing 650 tons of inferior quartz, from which 686 ounces of gold were extracted, averaging in yield a little over \$21 per ton. The total amount of quartz crushed from 1861 to 1866, inclusive, was 10,991 tons of 2,240 pounds to the ton, yielding 14,381 ozs. 17 dwts. 1 gr., and averaging about \$22.75 per ton. Operations had been commenced in other mines, and on other ledges, but were eventually suspended, on account of the utter want of a systematic mode of working the quartz.

The gold-diggings of British Columbia, discovered in 1858, are limited to the alluvial. The annual yield of the principal mining-camp, Cariboo, is estimated at about \$2,000,000, which is the product of about 2,000 miners, the aver-

age yield being about \$1,000 per man per annum.

The discovery of gold in Nova Scotia occurred in 1860, and although some alluvial deposits have been found, still mining is almost entirely confined to quartz. The number of men employed in these mines, during 1866, amounted to 670, and thirty-eight mills were employed in crushing the 30,963 tons of rock raised during that time, yielding 24,162 ounces of gold, averaging \$13.25 per ton, and \$669 per man per annum. In 1867, 676 men were employed, and thirty-five mills were working. The total amount of quartz crushed amounted to 30,673 tons, and the total yield of gold 27,583 ounces, averaging \$15.75 per ton, and \$765 per man per annum.

The New Zealand diggings were discovered in 1861, and the gold exports from the Province of Otago, since its discovery by Mr. Reid, is estimated at about \$45,500,000. The dampness of the climate, the wet nature of the ground, and the scarcity of timber for fuel and mining purposes, are great drawbacks to it as a mining-camp. The ground is considered rich, but the leads are disconnected and difficult to follow on account of the modern water-courses having cut through the old channels in every direction. The greatest yield from these gold-fields was obtained in 1863, amounting to \$11,604,660; but, since then, the yield has been decreasing every year, and that of 1868 only amounted to about \$3,000,000. This may be accounted for by the gradual decrease in the number of those employed in the search for gold.

The statistics concerning the quantity of gold produced in Africa are more indefinite and unreliable than those connected with any other quarter of the globe. Some spot on its eastern coast is supposed to have been the land of Ophir, from whence Solomon's ships came laden with the precious metal for the adornment of his magnificent temple.

Although this Continent is supposed to have been the source of the greater portion of the gold possessed by the ancients, latterly its yield has been exceedingly small compared with the products of the other Continents, the supply obtained during the last one hundred years being estimated at less than one million dollars per annum. It is now found principally at Kordofan, between Darfour and Abyssinia, in the east; and in the west, from the river Senegal, extending south to the Cape of Palma, near the Gold Coast—a name in itself implying the existence of gold within its limits.

The annual product of the gold-mines scattered over southern Asia is computed to be about \$5,000,000 only, while the island of Borneo, according to Sir James Brooke, who resided in it for many years, yields the same amount alone, giving employment to about 35,000 Chinese and natives.

The laws regulating gold-mining are almost identical in all countries—a few modifications, of course, being made to suit the supposed wealth of the land, and the cost of apparatus necessary for its successful working; and it is a curious fact, that the gold-mining ordinances of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain were similar in nature to the laws now in force in modern gold-fields.

The progress of gold-mining has been much more rapid in Australia than in any other gold-producing country; and as such, it has undoubtedly reached the zenith of its glory.

Californians are remarkable for the pride they take in the erection of their quartz-mills, having an eye for beauty as well as utility. Quartz-crushing machinery is more complete and effective in California than it is in Australia; and to Californians alone is the credit due for having brought it to its present state of perfection. But the Australians have always been on the alert, readily taking advantage of these inventions, and im-

proving on the Californians by being more systematic in saving the metal after it leaves the stamps. As a gold-mining country, this State may be considered to

be advancing rapidly toward maturity, while all other gold-producing countries, excepting Australia, are either on the decline, or else only in their infancy.

TREASURE-TROVE.

THE Alchemist gazed at the Burgomaster with an expression of kindly interest, and, for a moment, remained in deep reflection.

"Mynheer Van Pouffle," he remarked, at length, "you have done for me, in friendship, a great and invaluable service. Mere money could not have procured for me the satisfaction which your disinterested labors have conferred. Tomorrow I leave this town, for several months; but, before I go, it would please me if—tell me, now, what can I do for you?"

The Burgomaster took his pipe out of his mouth, shuffled uneasily with his feet, and gazed nervously upon the floor. He had conferred the favor with a willing heart, and without any expectation of reward, never having been accustomed to desire payment for any thing out of the line of his ordinary occupation—and so his countenance now indicated.

"There is nothing that I would have," he stammered; "I have money, more than——"

"Listen!" interrupted the Alchemist. "What I can do for you is much, and, as it takes nothing from me, you can most freely accept it. In these vials"—and with that he drew from the inner pocket of his vest two flasks, each holding about half a pint—"you will find subtle charms, extracted by myself from the *arcana* of Nature. They are alike in color, but different in their effects. This one will turn into gold whatever it touches; the other will renew the vigor of your youth in a few hours. One of these vials

shall be your own—which of them do you choose?"

Poor old Van Pouffle's eyes glistened. Only a moment before, he had imagined that he could accept nothing. Chief-Burgomaster of Ghent—head of the Honorable Guild of Worshipful Jewelers—with golden ingots in his safe, and large deposits in the bank—what further was there that any man could do for him? But now that he gazed at the two flasks, he began to reflect how much was really wanting to complete the sum of his prosperity. Life—renewed youth? Ah, that would be something, indeed. But what use of that, after all, if, as a young man, he had not the power to commence life in the enjoyment of a full fortune, unfettered by any business cares at all? To throw the guild to the dogs—to range over Europe with servants and horses, and gold attire, and all that an inexhaustible purse could give——

"Why can not I have both the vials?" he longingly asked.

"I greatly fear to give them to you," was the hesitating answer; "it is in the records of our trade, that one benefit conferred will insure the blessing that is intended, but that two will bring ill-luck. Nevertheless, as you have thus far been a man of good fortune, it may be that—— Well, take them both, therefore. I will trust that in your case it will turn out all for good."

Then, without waiting for thanks, the Alchemist slipped softly away, and left the Burgomaster sitting alone before the two flasks. He was in a whirl of trans-

port, delight, bright anticipation, vivid dreams. Who would not have been, at having wealth and youth thus freely placed at his command? With eager eyes, and beating heart, he gazed upon his treasure. So small—and yet so powerful for good. How hard, indeed, it was to realize it all? How awful, almost, the power given to him—the mystery placed within his grasp! How brilliant should be the new career opening before him! With tremulous hands he raised the bottles from the table, held them up to the light, and, absorbed in thought, gazed upon the sparkling, wine-colored fluid within.

“This, on the right, for the gold,” he whispered to himself; “was it not so that he told me? And this, on the left, for the youth; and—— Ha! what now?”

“Dinner is ready, Mynheer Van Pouffle,” said the maid-servant, coming forward, and touching him upon the elbow—the better to awaken his abstracted attention.

“Ah, yes—dinner, Gretchen; to be sure. But do not come in so suddenly again. You startle me; do you know? I was just thinking—— Well, well; dinner it is.”

With that, he placed the little bottles upon the table again. They could wait for an hour longer, to be sure, but dinner, all the while, would be getting cold. But was it Chance or Fate that, at the moment, intervened, and caused him, unconsciously, to reverse the order of the bottles? It matters not, perhaps, so long as it was done. Then, rising, he hobbled on his gouty feet into the next room, and sat down to his repast.

It was a well-spread board. The Burgomaster had a keen taste for a properly disposed table; and though his infirmities were often so severe that he could not pay to the viands that pleasant attention that he would have desired, yet it was a satisfactory thing to his soul, even when confined to little more than a

crust of bread, to look around and behold, at every side, a tempting array of smoking dishes. It spoke of affluence, and a generous nature, and created a tranquilizing effect upon his spirits, even when he did no more than snuff the gentle aroma, and thence let the sweet tit-bits go untasted. Now, as usual, there was no lack of matter to tempt his favorably disposed palate; and, to the right and left, the ham of Westphalia, and the huge, ribbon-dressed sausage, each flanked with circling satellites of vegetable delicacies, sent up their grateful steam.

The Burgomaster now ate with a relish. It is true that in the early hours of the morning he had felt the well-known pangs of indigestion, and, with rueful countenance, while trying to stifle the pain, had prognosticated new abstinence, for the day, from all generous diet. But the premonitions of ill had all charitably passed away. He was himself again—free from pain, and its scarcely less unpleasant forebodings—feeling bright and elastic, with hopes and assurances of renewed strength. Who, better than himself, could now enjoy that luxurious repast?

While now he sat alone, and munched the tender sausage, and sipped the fragrant port, he cast his eyes, in dreamy indolence, upon the attendant Gretchen, who, standing opposite, waited, with faithful solicitude, to supply his wants. Day after day, for many years past, he had seen her, in like attitude, before him, and yet, all that time, he had never taken particular note of her. She was nothing more than an ordinary, well-appearing waiting-girl, it had seemed to him—that was all. But now—how did it happen that he began to notice in her a certain pleasant beauty: how that her eye was bright, and full of laughter—that her teeth were white and regular, and her hair curling naturally, and that her figure was well-proportioned and buxom,

and, moreover, had a certain gracefulness of its own, far different from the customary coarseness belonging to girls of her degree? Was it the aurora of his anticipated new youthfulness, that now shone into his long-deadened perceptions, and, with a certain reviving fire of intelligence, enabled him to detect those excellences and attractions which had so long hitherto escaped his observation?

"Gretchen," he said, "you are a very pretty lass. Has no one ever told you so?"

"No one, Mynheer," she said, slyly casting down her eyes, and playing with the strings of her apron. But it is to be feared that she did not speak the truth, for how could such a fresh-looking young creature appear, even at the church, without gaining some meed of admiration? "No one, Mynheer—except that old Caspar has sometimes said——"

"Old Caspar is a fool, Gretchen, and has no business to speak with you at all, in the way of flattery or compliment. He is nearly eighty, and has his back bowed like the side of a fiddle, and his thin legs can scarcely hold him up, and all his teeth have long since dropped out of his head. What right has he to notice you at all, indeed?"

"Nay, master; even old men will sometimes look and speak their minds."

"But never men as old as he is, Gretchen—never as old as that. Nor should you be at all pleased with any thing he may say, seeing that he ought to have dropped into his grave ten years ago, and during at least that time his wits have been wool-growing, and his brain half-addled. Why, he had grown up into manhood while I was a very little boy," continued the Burgomaster, straightening up his back and throwing out his rotund stomach with ill-disguised pride and complacency. "Surely such a pretty girl as you are would not——"

"Don't, master, don't!" cried Gretchen, with sudden interruption. It was

not, however, in repression of compliment or admiration that she spoke, but with more practical purpose. It was her business to guard the Burgomaster from injury, even while he might be bestowing commendations upon her; and was he not at that moment periling his valuable existence? "Don't, master! You know that, of all things, you can never eat a cucumber, and yesterday even the little balls in the soup spoiled your afternoon rest."

"Poor girl!" responded the Burgomaster, somewhat pityingly, and all the while holding the cucumber in his left hand, while, with the knife in his right, he essayed to make the first cut. "And you really think that this trifle will injure me? Know that, even if it should give me a passing twinge, it would be only for a moment, seeing that I have at hand a cure which—— Know, too, that with a new stomach and a new brain, I shall be able to—— But you do not comprehend me: is it not so? You think, Gretchen, that perhaps I am wandering in my mind. But now look, and see how little this poor little vegetable can injure me."

With that, he delicately peeled off the green rind, sliced the white pulp into thin segments, and slowly swallowed them, one by one, giving no heed to their proper mastication, but letting them slip down unbroken through the length of his capacious throat. At all times, he enjoyed cucumbers; and now, that he was bent upon displaying his indifference to their subtle attacks, his eyes glistened with more than usual animation, and the beads stood out upon his forehead with the excitement of anticipated victory. Meanwhile, Gretchen stood by with anxious countenance, dreading to see him drop from his chair. In a quiet, deferential way she loved her master, and would have regretted that any harm should happen to him. But having once uttered her caution, she

no longer dared to speak, but in silent affright watched the slices, one after the other, disappear, and only breathed freer when the last of the cucumbers had entirely vanished, and the Burgomaster, none the worse for his effort, wiped his hands and arose from the table.

"There, Gretchen, did they do me any harm?" he chuckled, with a pleasant smile of exultation. In truth, he seemed to have been wonderfully sustained through the task, and, if any thing, came out the brighter for it—protected from all ill, doubtless, by the same elastic assurances which had guarded him at the commencement of the banquet. "Am I the less strong and active for them, Gretchen? Do you not know that a new and youthful stom—; but, of course, you can not understand that. To-morrow you will, perhaps. Look at me to-morrow, Gretchen, and then it may be— Well, well; let that also pass at present."

With that he stepped forward, and prepared to open the door between the two rooms; then, brimful of the customary garrulousness of old age, stopped for the moment again, and said:

"Did I tell you that you are a very pretty lass, Gretchen? If I did not, I think that I should have done so. And might it be that some day you would like a young, good-looking husband? I was good-looking myself when I was young, and it may be again that— But that, also, is talking in mysteries; is it not? Yet, stay; one moment. How would you like if that same young husband were to hang around your neck a chain with the great Bullul-gullul diamond—the one which I have now polishing in my laboratory, and which—Heavens and earth! what now is all this?"

The Burgomaster did well to exclaim, for just then, as he opened the door, the sharp sound of breakage of glass met his ear, and, with a glance urged into almost

supernatural quickness, he saw that one of the two choice vials lay shattered upon the floor. With the same flash of eye, he beheld a thin, stooping form escaping stealthily through a door upon the other side, and, at a bound, he collared the fugitive and dragged him back into the room.

"What means this?" the Burgomaster cried, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable fury, and pointing downward at the broken vial. "Is this your doing, you villain?"

Old Caspar trembled in every limb, and sank slowly upon his knees. He was a gaunt old man, shriveled and palsied to the last degree—so aged, indeed, that it seemed as though it were impossible for him to stand alone at any time, and now doubly unable to do so, when so violently arrested.

"The bottle, is it, master?" he gasped, all in a quiver of consternation. "Yes, there were two of them on the table, and the cat came in and knocked one of them over. I saw her do it and jump out of the window, and I was about to go out and throw a stone at her, when you pulled me back."

"Is this true, Caspar, or are you now lying, as, indeed, you always are?"

The old man slowly got upon his feet, losing gradually the apprehension of immediate violence, and swore by all that he could think of as most sacred, that every word he had uttered was the truth—so strike him dead, if it was not. It might have appeared suspicious to the Burgomaster that there was no moisture on the floor where the broken vial lay—a fact that could only be accounted for by the supposition that the liquid might have been removed before the breakage; but, somehow, his attention did not happen to be directed to that circumstance. He might, too, have noticed a queer, sly look in the corner of Caspar's eye, giving cogency to a faint inkling of an idea that the old man was indulging in false-

hood, in spite of all his asseverations and oaths; but what good would it now do to cherish such thoughts? The mischief was done, and could not be undone; and the Burgomaster had a vein of philosophy in his composition which would not permit him to give way to useless regrets.

"The cat, was it, Caspar? That being so, I would be glad if the meddling animal had tarried long enough to poison herself with——"

"Poison, was it, master? Oh!" exclaimed the old man, with a hideous and frightened grimace, involuntarily clapping his hands upon his stomach and doubling up.

"Peace, fool! Did I say it was poison? Might not even a little good wine serve to poison a weak cat, were she inclined to drink it?"

"Ah, it was wine, then?" ejaculated Caspar, straightening himself up, with some appearance of relief. "I thought that—that is to say, it looked to me like wine."

"Wine or no wine," interrupted the Burgomaster, turning on him with sudden, imperious gesture, not altogether unaccompanied by some remaining suspicion, "it matters little to you. Get you to your work, and do not let me see you here again, or it may be the worse for you."

Glad to escape so easily, old Caspar sidled through the door, giving with his toothless mouth a parting sly leer at Gretchen; and the Burgomaster mournfully stooped down and picked up a fragment of the vial.

"Gone, entirely gone!" he muttered to himself. "Not a drop left. And yet it might have been worse," he exclaimed, as he marked the position of the other bottle upon the table. "This bottle which is broken is merely that one which turns all things to gold; and it may be that, after all, I have gold enough, and to spare. The Bullul-gullul

diamond is, in itself, a fortune. Moreover, with the youth and vigor to which this other draught will restore me, I can certainly increase my wealth to any necessary extent. Yes, it might have been worse; and now, to guard against any further accident, I will drink this remaining one at once."

He placed it to his lips, threw back his head, and gradually the liquid trickled down his throat. It was not unpleasant to the taste—a little like wine, but yet easy to be distinguished from it by any adept—sweet, and somewhat oily; altogether a very palatable medicine.

"A little dose that I am taking to prevent any ill effects from the cucumbers, Gretchen," he said, noticing that the pretty maid stood by and watched his action with some curiosity. "And now I think that I will retire to bed for awhile. Possibly the medicine will have a better influence over me if I remain tranquil. And, Gretchen, tell old Caspar that he must not forget to see that the big diamond is safely locked up. And stay yet a moment, girl. Do you—see any present change in my appearance—as yet?"

"A little, master. I think that your eyes look heavier, and you do not seem to breathe as freely. You know that I warned you against the cucum——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, Gretchen," he responded, with a slight tinge of disappointment in his tone. "I suppose, though, that it will take time. Well, well, I will go to bed, now, and be sure you tell Caspar."

With that he shuffled off, and Gretchen, after a few moments of mingled reflection and work, left the room, in search of the old clerk. She found him in the laboratory, where, for years past, he had been accustomed to dally over trifling scientific experiments—the refuse of certain ideas that, in their day, had been well arranged and of considerable promise. Seeing her approach, he turned and made a feeble attempt to throw his arm

about her, in senile gallantry. It was generally his custom thus to greet her coming, as well as to mutter, in broken tones, those words of compliment of which she had spoken to her master; and she, regarding the demonstrations with as much indifference as though they were made by a post, as calmly avoided them.

"Be quiet, Caspar," she said, easily keeping at the farther side of a chair; "and remember that you are to put the big diamond away safely—that's all I'm to tell you."

"To be sure, Gretchen. And, aha! would like to wear the diamond yourself, eh?"

It was the second time within the hour that the suggestion had been made to her, and it was rather a startling coincidence to a poor servant-girl. While she looked up in wonderment, Caspar took the diamond from its case and dangled it before her. It was a magnificent gem, almost as large as a filbert, cut elaborately in the most artistic angles, so that even by the fading light it threw out brilliant sparkles. In the Middle Ages it had been the property of a wealthy Jew, who had been put to torture by a noble covetous of its possession, but had stoically died, making no sign. In fact the Jew had swallowed it, and been buried with it in what at the time had been some Potter's-field. Now, within a few months past, while the Burgomaster was having an extension dug to the foundation of his house, the workmen had come across a few scattered bones, and in their midst this treasure shining like a star. Believing it to be only a piece of glass, the workmen had brought it in to their employer, merely hoping to gain thereby a few moments' respite from labor, and possibly a pitcher of ale. The Burgomaster, remembering the tradition, recognized the value of the trinket, gave them the ale, wisely kept his own counsel, and after a few months advertised

for sale the celebrated Bullul-gullul diamond, lately the property of an Eastern Rajah.

"Well, well, of course you can't wear it," exclaimed Caspar, with a sigh, as, after holding the diamond for a moment beside her blooming cheek, he slowly restored it to its case. "Do you know, Gretchen, that somehow I now feel like wearing diamonds myself?"

"You, Caspar?"

"Yes, as though I should like to go again into the world, as I did when a young man, with a sword at my side and this diamond in the hilt; with ribbons, and velvets, and plumes, and the like. I feel younger and gayer in spirits than for years past, Gretchen."

"And you look younger and gayer, too," was the girl's reply; and she gazed up at him with some curiosity. "Your eye is brighter, and your color different, and somehow your back is straighter, and I think that——"

"That what, Gretchen?"

"That you have been drinking, Caspar—that's where it is. It won't last, you know, and, drink as hard as you may, you will never again feel young enough to go out into the world with a diamond-hilted sword, and ribbons, and velvets. There, now!"

With a merry laugh she tripped away, leaving Caspar somewhat discomposed at her careless pleasantry. He grumbled and growled considerably, as he put the jewel away; though, after all, his discontent seemed caused not so much by her conduct as by his own infirmities.

"I wish that I were younger, in reality," he said to himself. "I think that I would make love to that girl; and perhaps I could make her as much in love with me as I with her, and worry her, as she now worries me. She reminds me of——"

Of whom, in particular, Caspar could now scarcely recall, it was so long ago; but the thought brought up tangled mem-

ories of many fair faces which had smiled upon him in the years gone by, and he sadly reflected that such smiles could never come again. Oh, life, life! why is it so soon over? And why does sparkling, redolent youth last so very few years? Bitterly revolving these sad ideas and vain regrets, he fell at last asleep, and it seemed as though his dreams should follow out that unpleasant sequence of thought, and be tinged with something of the same bitterness. But dreams are, after all, coy and uncertain spirits—fickle and unreliable—coming with black wings when all should be gay; and occasionally banishing despondency with gleams of gold and purple radiance. So now, though poor Caspar fell asleep with nothing but gloom upon his heart, his dreams appeared as bright, ministering angels, wafting sweet sounds to his ears, spreading out joyous pictures before him, and making blood boil with all the ardor and transport of youth. Might it, indeed, be that man could ever become young again? At least, in his visions it was so, for the jovial follies and excesses of the past began to be lived over again, and the field of existence once more swarmed with beauteous faces, and gay revels, and careless tossing here and there of gold; until, as the morning approached, a loud knock at the door aroused him.

“What now?”

“It is I—Gretchen. Arise quickly, Caspar, and come down, for our master is very ill.”

Then, with the customary garrulity of maid-servants, not able to wait until she could speak with him face to face, she placed her mouth to the key-hole, and, while Caspar dressed himself, in broken tones whispered all she knew. The Burgomaster had lain down after dinner, very composedly, and had slept for some hours without apparent disturbance; then had been aroused by a violent pain in his chest. Such a pain! And he had

undressed and regularly gone to bed, had again slept for a few hours, and once more been aroused by that same pain; and the doctor had come, and did not seem to know what to do for him; and the master was all the time growing worse; and it must be that the cucumbers were at the bottom of it, which, at the time, she had warned him against; but, cucumbers or no cucumbers, there did not seem to be any relief for him. And what, now, would become of them all? It was thus she made her tearful plaint; and Caspar, in the excitement of the sudden call, felt not aware of the unaccustomed strength with which he bounded from the bed, or with what vigorous arm he dressed himself—usually a long and nervously executed operation; or with what firm tread he strode along the passage and entered his master’s room. Nor, as he stood beside the couch, did he at first remark the strange, half-frightened gaze which the sick man fastened upon him.

“What—what have you been doing to yourself, Caspar?” the Burgomaster slowly articulated. His own sufferings, at the moment, were severe—pains and aches running through every limb; his face was, in one place, swollen, and, elsewhere, fallen away; clammy perspiration stood upon his wrinkled, yellow skin; he appeared ten years older than the day before; a single night seemed to have done the work of ages upon him. Wasted with terrible debility and fever, and distressed with an agony that no medicine seemed able to allay, he was a most pitiable object, indeed. And yet, amid all his rack of body and distress of mind, he could not but take note of Caspar, and repeated, with shortened breath, “What—what have you done to yourself?”

“Yes, Caspar, what have you done?” was also Gretchen’s responsive cry.

“Done!” repeated Caspar, in bewilderment, and involuntarily he looked into

the glass. Gracious powers! there was a transformation, indeed! The roundness of his back had, somehow, entirely disappeared, as well as the skinniness of his chest and shoulders. A fair proportion of flesh now covered his hitherto emaciated body, giving him the figure of a stout, prosperous burgher of fifty years. His white hair had become thicker, and now was merely flecked with gray. His face was fuller and marked with healthy tints, such as were becoming to a man of middle age. And lo! as, pleased with the unaccountable transformation, he smiled, the smile grew broader, for he beheld two circlets of strong teeth peeping out, half-grown, like a baby's teeth, to fill the due measure of the hitherto empty jaws.

"Was it—was it really the cat, Caspar?" feebly moaned the poor old man upon the bed, struck with sudden suspicion of terrible wrong.

"It was really the cat, master," responded Caspar, smiling pleasantly, with the consciousness of his newly gained molars and incisors. He knew that he was lying; but why should he now care to have any scruples about the truthfulness of his answer? Caring little about such matters when he stood trembling upon the edge of the grave, should he mind them the more now that, in some mysterious manner, new years of life seemed assured to him? "It was truly the cat, good master; I saw her upset the bottle, and then plunge out of the window."

"Go! leave me alone, now," muttered the sick man, only half convinced, in spite of the natural charity and trustfulness of his heart. "Oh! that wicked Alchemist! Go, all of you, I say, and let me try to sleep."

They left him at once—Caspar nothing loth to get away from further questioning; and Gretchen following, in order, if possible, to learn more about the mystery. Not more perplexed, indeed, was she than Caspar himself; but he,

though so full of inward mystification, put a brave heart upon the affair, and at once proceeded to give vent to his most plausible inventions.

"Do you not see how it was, Gretchen, my dear? Know that for years I have been in love with you, and have simulated the appearance of an old man, in order to effect an entrance into the house. He is such a cross, jealous old Tartar—is Van Pouffle—that I could not see you, otherwise. Now that he is ill, so that he can not interfere with us, I have dared to throw off my disguise—to put away my white hair, and unbend my back, and show myself before you as I really am."

A more logical mind than that of Gretchen might have argued that certain of the attributes of age which Caspar had so lately displayed could scarcely be the result of artificial disguise; that, even if they were so, it was rather an extraordinary proceeding for Caspar to have persisted in that disguise during six years, without paying her any attention beyond an occasional vacant leer, or stupid compliment; and that it was strange that, even if the Burgomaster had been so jealous, Caspar could have expected to advance his own love matters better by counterfeiting an old man, in-doors, than a young man, out-doors. But what would you have? The female mind is not always critical, and is often apt to lose acuteness of perception where a lover is concerned; and, therefore, Gretchen, if not convinced, persuaded herself, with tolerable ease, that it might be as well to postpone any logical examination of the mystery, and let things drift on pleasantly, as they might incline. Perhaps she might have yielded still more gracious assent to his explanation, and set aside all and every particle of doubt whatsoever, if Caspar had happened to appear still younger; but so far, at least, he was not yet a young man. He was no longer, indeed, a shambling, toothless old cripple—but, even in a stout

burgher of fifty, there may be room for improvement. Yet still, making the best of him, such as he was, Gretchen now condescended to smile upon him, and seemed disposed to endure his compliments, and ardent glances, with much more favor than heretofore—especially, as he found a new argument to tempt her.

"And listen, Gretchen. Do you not remember that yesterday I spoke to you about the Bullul-gullul diamond? You thought I was jesting when I said that you ought to wear it; did you not? Well, we will see, to-morrow. Then will I put off more of my disguise, and become yet more the young man that I really am," he continued, with superb conviction that the great, mysterious change, which had so transformed him, might not yet have finished its course. "And then, too, our master will be dead."

"Alas! you think so, Caspar?"

"I know it, Gretchen; I never yet saw a man look as he has to-day, and not be dead before the next morning dawned. What matters it that all the doctors in the land are attending him, so long as the fact of the illness is there all the while, and no one can tell what ails him? Well, he will be dead, and leaves neither kith nor kin; and why, therefore, should we not help ourselves as we like, and leave for some other land, where we can enjoy ourselves without constraint?"

So, yielding to his arguments, and seeming, all the while, to see him growing yet younger before her eyes, Gretchen sat with him, and waited for the drama to be played out. It was as Caspar had said: the Burgomaster had been stricken with death, and nothing now could save him. The cause could not be told; one, two, and, at last, six, of the first physicians from all the cities round about, were assembled at his bed-side, and debated the matter, but without reaching any agreement. There were the pains in the head, and the chest, and the stomach—all these were well-assured facts

—but, as to their origin, who could tell; or which pain came first, or which of them depended upon the others? So, the doctors debated and disagreed: and, meanwhile, the day wore on, and pills and plasters, and bleedings and lotions, gave no relief; and, little by little, the groans of the poor man grew fainter and fainter, and, at length, ceased; and day wore gradually into night—and, at last, came the hour when all the curtains of the house must be drawn down. No more noise, now, for many days—darkness and death in the house, together. Hardly the foot-fall of the innocent, maligned cat, or the gnawing of mouse. Only, at the break of the next morning, as stealthy as foot-fall of cat or mouse, the cautious tread of Gretchen.

Carefully descending the stairs, she held by the hand a handsome young man, softly treading on tiptoe, like herself. Could this, indeed, be Caspar—still further changed, and every feature now glowing with youth and health? Was this slim, dapper figure really his? Were those golden, curling locks, the neat mustache, and little, pointed beard, the attributes of the metamorphosed old clerk? Great, indeed, are the mysteries of alchemy! Gently, now, the two stepped along, and reaching, at last, the foot of the stairs, turned toward the door leading to the street, whispering softly to each other, as they went.

"Are you certain that you have the big diamond safe, dear Caspar?"

"Yes, dear Gretchen; and you the pearls from the inner case?"

"Every one, dear Caspar."

Then, as they passed the room where the dead man lay, the door slowly opened, and a grave and somewhat reverend figure emerged. It was the figure of one of the most learned physicians of Rotterdam—sent for as a last recourse. Seeing the two young people slipping past, he now arrested them with a solemn wave of his hand.

"Pardon me, good sir," he said to Caspar; "I do not know what family the dear deceased has left behind him, but am I entirely wrong in presuming that I now see before me two of his afflicted offspring?"

"You are right, indeed, most worshipful Doctor," rejoined Caspar, pulling down his face into a suitable expression of hopeless grief, and giving Gretchen a pinch of caution upon the arm; "we are his sorrowing son and daughter, sir, now on our way to the neighboring residence of a worthy aunt, in search of that consolation which only she can give."

"Alas! that this terrible trial should have fallen upon you, children dear!—And now, suspend your grief for a moment, and tell me this: had your honorable father the morbid habit, possessed by many, of swallowing those things which are not suitable for the stomach, and hence inevitably impair the health?"

"What mean you, my venera——"

"This is the matter to which I refer, afflicted sir. All this last night have I been laboring to discover the cause of your respected sire's death. The brain and the heart were right—but elsewhere I have encountered these;" and he held forth some twenty plates of shining metal. "These are gold—solid gold—you will observe. Each of them must be worth a doubloon, at least—so weighty are they—and, undoubtedly, they must have been the primary, and probably the only cause of the lamentable decease. And, strange

to say, these plates of gold seem to bear the singular appearance of being fashioned in the similitude of slices of cucumber. You will observe, here, the roughly squared edges, and there the seed-marks, and further, the——"

"I see it all," said Caspar, taking the gold plates into his own hands, and slyly weighing them; "and now, I truly am enabled to recall it all. Yes, it was, indeed, the strange habit of my dear father to swallow those things which he should not. And I recognize these articles, also. They were designed for an ornament to the table of the Prince of Orange, but, before delivery, they disappeared. We supposed that they had been stolen, but now, alas! the mystery is revealed—And have you yet finished your examination, honored Doctor?"

"Not entirely, as I would wish."

"Then proceed, respected sir, and let us offer you no delay. You may yet find further treasures. There is, even now, a large diamond missing, and we have been fearful that it has been stolen. Should you discover it, pray keep it for yourself, as a mark of my esteem and gratitude. And now, for the present, farewell. Perhaps we shall meet again."

With a long-drawn sigh, Caspar slowly dropped the gold plates into his pocket, alongside of the case where the diamond lay ensconced, and with Gretchen hanging upon his arm, turned away, and left the house; while the Doctor, elate with futile hope, re-entered the chamber of the dead.

A WINTER NIGHT'S RIDE IN THE SIERRA.

MY medical friend had puffed away vigorously at his cigar for some minutes, in silence; and then, throwing away the stump, quietly began:

It was in the winter of 1868-69, when I had just been placed in charge of a division near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, on the then half-finished Central Pacific Railroad. After a long day's ride, I came back to the boarding-house at ten o'clock in the evening, and was told that a messenger had been there from Camp No. —, with a request that I would lose no time in hurrying over there to attend upon John Smith, who was in a very critical condition. The messenger had been very urgent, and it was evidently a case of life and death—nothing less. I took a few minutes to consider. I was tired out, and wanted sleep badly, but could, on a pinch, go a little farther without breaking down entirely. The moon would be up at eleven o'clock, and the night was still and clear, though the snow had only just ceased falling, and was from five to eight feet deep on the level, if you can use the expression properly where there is nothing like a level to be found, and the roads—or trails, rather—are obliterated by the drifts. I inquired about the location of Camp No. —. It was twelve miles away, and directly over a ridge, or spur, of the mountains. My own horse could not stand the trip, but a big lubber of a cart-horse, that they said was a good saddle-horse, was offered me. I got supper, put on dry socks and an extra pair of furlined overboots, and, just before midnight, was in the saddle and off.

A good saddle-horse! The brute belonged to the nightmare family, and his

mother must have taken special pride in him. Great heavens, what a gait! He had traveled so long in the cart that the steady jolt had communicated itself to his spine, and become chronic. At every step he jerked his back up, as if expecting to feel the girth-strap strike him underneath, and neither curses nor blows would induce him for a moment to recognize the fact that he was out of the shafts, and abandon his eternal hippy-hop. When I started out, there were hard lumps in the saddle, as large as chestnuts; before the twelve miles were half completed, the lumps had grown to the size of paving-stones, and awfully sharp-edged and rasping. The snow which had just fallen filled the trail, but the old snow underneath being hard-packed, and the trees along the route well blazed, I had no difficulty in keeping in the right track most of the time. But when about three miles from my place of destination, as near as I could guess, clouds obscured the moon for a time, and I lost the road. I kept on as well as I knew how, guessing at the location of Camp No. —, and, after rolling down the steep side of a ravine, and working half an hour to get old Jerky back upon the ridge, filling my overshoes with snow, and fairly exhausting myself in floundering through the drifts, I was rewarded with the sight of lights in some cabins half a mile away. Not doubting that this was Camp No. —, I rounded a small cañon, worked my way over a point of rocks, Jerky stumbling and falling repeatedly, and reached the cabins at half-past twelve o'clock.

The lights had disappeared. "Halloo the house, there!" No answer. "Halloo the house!" louder and longer than

before. A panel in the side of the nearest cabin opened slowly and cautiously, and after time enough had elapsed to allow of a critical examination of the party outside, a voice demanded: "Who you, John? What you wantee catchee here?" It was a Chinese wood-cutters' camp, and there was not a White Man about the place.

The Johns told me that there was a camp of White Men on the other side of the ravine I had just crossed, and perhaps half a mile farther up the mountain; they thought it might be "Camp Numble —." Half an hour's floundering through the snow brought me back to the point whence I had sighted the lights, and soon after 1 A.M. I was at the White Men's camp. I roused the inmates more easily here, as they were indulging in a little friendly game of "pitch," or "draw"—that being Saturday night—and had not retired to their virtuous bunks. No, that was not Camp No. —, my informer told me, and, what was worse, Camp No. — was right over the summit of the mountain, a mile and a half away. I could go around by the trail, three miles, or ride up to the railroad-track, tie my horse, and walk through the snow-sheds, a little more than a mile—it was contrary to the rules to take an animal inside the sheds.

I started up toward the track, and reached it at 2 A.M. The night was now clear and still; not the slightest noise could be heard, and the silence was something awful and oppressive. The last man and the last horse on earth will not feel more completely alone than Jerky and I did at that moment. As I was about to dismount and tie him to a tree, a thought struck me. I knew every regular train on the road, and there was none due for hours from either direction. I had a time-table in my pocket, and I took it out and examined it carefully by the moonlight. The track was clear; why might I not venture to save my

strength and that of my horse, and, by saving time, perhaps save a valuable human life as well? Why not, indeed? The more I thought of it, the more satisfied I became that it was a safe thing to do.

The moon, now unobscured, was high in the heavens as I entered the snow-shed, and it was not very difficult to keep the way, as the light came scintillating through a thousand cracks and crevices in the rough timber structure. Three or four culverts, to allow the passage of mountain streams when the snow is melting, checked my progress for a brief time, but there was a plank across one or two, for the convenience of "foot-passengers," and as the water was hard frozen, I got old Jerky around the others in safety.

The worst was over, and I was already beginning to chuckle over the adventure, and pride myself on my forethought and pluck in making the venture. I had, undoubtedly, saved at least an hour of hard work wading through the snow, and possibly—not improbably, in fact—saved a life. Just then I heard a low, tremulous, humming noise running along the frost-laden rails, and instinctively checked my horse to listen. It had subsided for the moment, and I went on in silence. Suddenly it commenced again, and seemed louder and clearer than before. I halted again. God have mercy upon me! I exclaimed, involuntarily. It was the rumble of the wheels of a coming train, beyond a question. I sprang to the ground, and placed my ear to the rail. The train was coming from the west: it must be a "construction train," laden with materials for the road, and possibly with laborers, as well. The track occupied the full width of the shed, allowing only for the overhang of the cars. A man might escape, by lying down; but a horse was almost sure of death, and if the train struck him, it must go off the track almost inevitably. I was upon old Jerky's back before I was even aware of

what I intended doing, and started down the grade, to the eastward, as fast as his stiff and clumsy legs, urged by whip and spur, and the attraction of gravitation, could move him. Clearer and clearer came the humming noise; and I heard, at length, a short, sharp whistle, as the rushing train entered a tunnel, turned a sharp curve, or passed out of a tunnel. It could not be more than two miles, or three at most, away. Jerky skated over the ice-patches, and floundered through the small snow-drifts which had filtered in through the crevices in the shed-work, but reckless of danger to limbs alone in presence of the greater danger to myself, and perhaps hundreds of my fellow-men, I whipped and spurred unceasingly, and drove him on at the height of his speed. Nearer and nearer came the train; I could already hear the chough, chough, chough of the locomotive behind me. At last, I saw an opening in the side of the shed not many rods distant, and, with a triumphant yell, I urged my steed to put forth his utmost effort. Sixty seconds more and I would be saved, and the danger to the train avoided. The seconds seemed hours in the feverish excitement of the moment, but they were over at last, and I sprang off my horse on the instant that he reached the opening, and rushed, with the rein in my hand, through the aperture. Old Jerky snorted and sprang backward, throwing me down, and pulling the rein from my hand. I saw the trouble at a glance. The opening was not of sufficient height to admit of a horse going through it erect, and a heavy timber to which the planks were nailed, ran across the top. I sprang inside, and took a survey of the situation in an instant. The beam would have borne ten times the strain that I could have brought to bear upon it, as it was a foot thick, sound, and firmly placed. I threw all my strength and weight against the planking a little beyond the beam, and fell back upon the

icy ground; the planks were imbedded in the frozen ground at their lower ends, and I could not start them in the slightest degree. I sprang up, and ran to the other side of the shed, to try if the planking on that side was less firmly secured. Through the crevices I saw a precipice running hundreds of feet, sheer down from the side of the shed. I could not escape that way, and if the train went off there, no person on it would survive to tell the tale.

I fell on my knees to pray, but, before I had uttered a word, the thought passed through my brain that I might throw the horse down, and pull him through the opening by main strength. I had the rope from the saddle in my hands in an instant, and throwing it around his fore-legs, I sprang to one side, and with my whole strength attempted to trip him. The brute jumped backward, and refused to fall, while the rope ran through my hands, tearing the skin, and searing the flesh as if I had grasped a red-hot iron. I remembered, at that moment, having seen a Mexican *vaquero* showing off his skill in horsemanship, at San José, amid an admiring throng, and making the sneering remark to a friend, "And he is nothing but a bull-driver, after all!" In that time of supreme agony, I would have sacrificed every advantage of birth, education, talent, and professional skill, and changed places with that uneducated, despised, bull-driving Greaser, merely to have received in turn the gift of the ability to perform the trick of throwing down a horse. My foot struck a stick of wood, such as is used for burning on the locomotives, which was lying on the ground, and I instantly stooped to get it, determined to beat the brains out of the brute with it, or at least stun him into insensibility, and then pull him into the opening. It was frozen fast in the ice, and I could not tear it loose, though I put forth strength which seemed herculean, in the frenzy of my excitement.

It occurred to me that I had a pocket-knife, and I might cut his throat; but the train was almost upon me, and there was no time for him to bleed to death; this reflection did not consume a second and a half. In my despair, I gave one long-drawn yell—Help! No answer came.

The train came on, as it seemed to me, with lightning speed, upon the down-grade, and the light of the locomotive head-lamp already fell upon me. Ten seconds more, and there would be a terrific crash, and a pile of broken cars; and crushed, bleeding, and dying men would burst through the side of the shed, and go rolling down the mountain-side. Deadly faint, and convinced that all was nearly over, I staggered against the side of the shed, closed my eyes, and sank half down to the ground. I heard Jerky give a sudden snort of terror, and opened my eyes. He had discovered the danger at last, and comprehended it all in an instant. The train could not have been more than thirty feet from him, when he made one tremendous jump, and went through the opening. The beam caught the high Mexican saddle, tore it into fragments, and frightfully lacerated his back, but his weight, and the strength which mortal terror gave him, carried him through, and he fell in the snow, outside. I sprang after him, just as the locomotive came abreast of me, and fell, trembling, exhausted, and fainting, beside him.

I don't think the engineer saw us at all. I did not see him, so far as I could remember afterward. It was half an hour before I could gather strength enough to regain my feet. When I did so, I got my exhausted and bleeding horse upon his legs, and replaced the wreck of the saddle upon his lacerated back, securing it, as well as I could, with some thongs cut from the edge of the rein, and my pocket-handkerchief, torn into strips, and prepared to resume my journey. In

a cañon, filled with the black shadow of the mountain, I saw what appeared to be the dim outlines of several cabins. That must be Camp No. —! Pulling my limping steed after me by the bridle, I made my way slowly and painfully down to the nearest cabin, and knocked at the door. "Git!" was the response which came to the third or fourth knock. I repeated the knocking. "Git! you drunken son of a gun! You have been yelling around here long enough! Leave—or I'll put a bullet through you!" came in decided, and most emphatic tones, from within. I called out that I was the doctor from Camp —, not the man they mistook me for, and wanted to know if that was Camp —, and if John Smith was there—John Smith, who was dying, and wanted the doctor so bad. There was a moment's debate, in whispers, between two or more persons inside, then I heard the scratching of matches, and the shuffling of heavy slippers over the floor, and, at last, the door was opened. "Be you the doctor? Well, you are a powerful weak-looking young chicken, for a doctor!" said John Smith—for it proved to be him—after he had held the candle to my face, and deliberately scrutinized my person for some seconds.

"You sent for me, I think, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, yes, I did send for you; but I'm kinder sorry now that I did, for I have concluded to go over thar, to-morrow, on business, anyhow."

"But the messenger said you were dying, or the next thing to it—*almost* dead, I think he said."

"Well, yes, I was pretty considerable scared at the time. You see, I had a eruption come out right bad on my leg, and I was afraid that it might be pleurisy, or new-amonia, or erysifilus, or suthin o' that sort, and if I come over in the snow and catched cold in it I might a' gone in."

He sat down on the side of his bunk, and pulled up the drawer from his right

shin: there was a patch of ringworm there, about the size of a silver dollar—and that was all. I made use of some strong expressions. I don't often swear, but I felt aggravated, under all the circumstances, and considered myself justified. I still so consider. Mr. Smith heard me through. Then he arose majestically to his feet, and thus relieved himself:

"Young man! I jest put you up for a durned fool, on first sight—an' I wan't sold *much*! Ef you hain't got no more sense nor ter git mad 'bout trifles, you'll have many a long day ter wait 'fore you'll

be called on agin to visit this camp—an' it's goin' to be a right lively camp in the spring, you bet! I *did* perpose ter ask yer ter take a drink, bein' as how it's late, an' you must a' had a purty good ride over the mounting; but now, I'd jest see yer blessed first. Thar's the door; git! you durned, ornary, wizened, contemptable little scrub, an' don't come foolin' around here no more, ef yer don't want ter git hurt! Git!"

I took his advice, and "*got*," without another word, just as the gray dawn began to streak the sky over beyond the Washoe Mountains.

A DAY IN HAWTHORNE'S HAUNTS.

MANY years ago, in picturesque Berkshire, I walked with an elderly friend upon one of the many lovely roads that led out of the mountain village of L—. We had strolled on and on, gazing lovingly at cloud, and tree, and mossed rock, and silver brook, until, at the distance of a mile or so from the little hamlet, my companion paused near an old-fashioned red cottage, standing in the shadow of a bald-topped hill which, not far away, rose steeply in air. There was nothing specially attractive about the place except, perhaps, its off-look to the south. That was exquisite. Near at hand, glistened the clear waters of "The Bowl;" farther on, the lazy Housatonic wound—a shining ribbon—across "Stockbridge Plain;" farther yet, loomed up the storm-beaten cliffs of "Monument Mountain;" and, farthest of all, faintly outlined against the sky, soared the "Dome of Taghanic." But I soon found that we had not halted with the simple purpose of enjoying this prospect, magnificent as it was; for my guide, pointing an impressive finger at the insignificant red house itself, said slowly:

"Hawthorne, who wrote the 'Wonder Book,' lives there."

With an odd mixture of reverence and curiosity, I ventured a step nearer the sacred domain, and peered under the dense boughs of the evergreens that overhung the pathway to the humble door, hoping I might see my newly found treasure, if only "as through a glass, darkly." But he was nowhere visible; and, casting "one longing, lingering look behind," I turned reluctantly away.

"Jubilee Days" found me, in company with the rest of the world, at "The Hub." But one morning I said to myself: "I will escape from the bells, and the guns, and the drums, and the anvils; from the surging crowd, with its noisy, demonstrative enthusiasm; from this modern uproar, which would have scandalized the grave and decorous Boston of worshipful Governor Bellingham's time. I will escape from all this, and take refuge for awhile in Hawthorne's Salem." Thither, then, I went, and such a strange old town I found it! No stir, no life; only a vague sense of having lived once an aristocrat—

ic and influential existence. As I trod the deserted streets, I involuntarily peopled them with the creations of the novelist's matchless fancy. Yonder stately, but decaying mansion, could be none other than "The House of the Seven Gables;" and surely that was "Phebe's" sunny face which beamed upon me through its open window. This elderly gentleman who approaches—evidently belonging to "a very high order of respectability"—is it not "Judge Pyncheon," himself? Should I meet "Hepzibah" and "Clifford," out to catch a momentary ray of morning sunshine? Might I not chance to see "Holgrave" gardening, or have a casual chat with gossiping "Uncle Benner?" Filled with a thousand vain imaginings of this sort, I reached the Custom-house.

Ascending the steps, and entering at the portal—which is still guarded by "an enormous specimen of the American eagle"—I found the venerable edifice essentially the same as when its pen-and-ink portrait was painted by its literary surveyor, in his famous "Introduction" to the "Scarlet Letter." The same, except that tape and sealing-wax were at a greater discount, and the stillness of its offices yet more unbroken, than in his day. I was fortunate in meeting there a certain Colonel M——, an associate of Hawthorne's during his official term, and son of the "radically conservative" General M——, who figures in the aforementioned "Introduction." The Colonel was, himself, an old man, as feeble and palsy-stricken as one of the "patriarchal veterans" over whom the Roman-cist ruled; yet his faded eye rekindled with something of its early fire as he spoke of his former compatriot. In weak tones, and with a painfully slow utterance, he rehearsed the incidents of times gone by, and dwelt enthusiastically upon the merits of his departed friend. Among the many pleasant things he said, I best recollect the statement that Hawthorne

prized "The Golden Touch" most highly of all his own writings. How delightful to know that this inimitable bit of modernized mythology, whose union of perfect finish with severe *morale* has enchanted the world of readers, had power to warm even its author into praise! Meanwhile, as his talk flowed on, the Colonel had conducted me to an upper apartment, once the lumber-room, from whence streamed the lurid radiance of "The Scarlet Letter;" he had shown me Hawthorne's office, to the left of the main entrance; the stool on which he used to sit; the window from which he looked over the harbor, and across to Marblehead; sundry yellow papers, bearing his official stamp and signature; his desk, and the autograph scratched with his thumb-nail, in some idle moment, upon the "desk's dull wood." Long I lingered over these mute memorials—so sad, so pitiful it seemed, that they could survive him who gave them all their charm.

I went out, at last, still attended by my aged *chaperon*, on to the dilapidated wharf, at whose head the Custom-house stands. There, more plainly, if possible, than anywhere else, may be seen the decadence of Salem. Commerce has absolutely forsaken her waters. Noble vessels, redolent of spicy, foreign odors, lie at this pier no more; but, instead, a "very ancient and fish-like smell" arose from "smacks" anchored hard by, and from the "cod" which were strewn profusely about, in every stage of preparation for the market. Turning from these disenchanting realities, my tottering guide led me, through quiet ways, and past "town pumps" enough to furnish innumerable "rills" for the refreshing of a thirsty people, to the Manning House, once the home of Hawthorne's maternal grand-parents. It was a large, unpainted, wooden structure, with no pretensions to architectural grace, and looking as if it might be rich in those dreary,

square rooms of which the former generations of New Englanders were so fond. Here, then, the little Nathaniel dwelt, for a long time, with his widowed mother; his baby-feet clambered over these crumbling door-sills, and from these many-paned windows his childish eyes looked out upon the life he was afterward to delineate with such weird and subtle power. Inquiring for the original Hawthorne homestead, I learned that the tenement had been long ago demolished, and that the graves of our author's nautical ancestors were all that still remained to hint of their past. Toward them I bent my willing steps.

In the midst of the town is an old, old grave-yard, forsaken, and overrun with a tangled growth of weed and brier. Entering there, and pressing aside the tall, rank grasses from the ancient headstones, I deciphered the names of Hawthornes—hardy mariners—who, after following the sea all their mortal lives, set sail on the Ocean of Eternity more than two hundred years ago. In this "God's acre," my reverend friend, with many kindly adieux, left me; and there I loitered until the shrill scream of the locomotive, coming from the station near at hand, warned me of the departing train which should whirl me back to the city. An unwelcome summons, unwillingly obeyed.

I was once more in the "Athens of America," but its turmoil and dissonance seemed louder and harsher than ever. Perhaps it was only that my appetite for still seclusion "had grown by what it fed on" during the morning hours; at all events, afternoon saw me *en route* for silence and—Concord.

And what a delightful run of twenty miles was that! It was one of those heavenly June days—known only to rugged New England—when Nature makes amends for all the year's asperities, by a single, bewitching smile. The air was "ethereal mildness" itself; and, in the

magical light, the commonest objects were transfigured.

Onward we sped, through a delicious region, until we skirted the shore of a pretty lakelet, and the conductor shouted, "Walden Pond."

Shade of Thoreau!—a steam-engine within these consecrated precincts? But this was not the end of the sacrilege. Leaning from the car-window, I saw the sylvan paths desecrated by crowds of fashionable idlers; a pavilion profanely reared its bold front from a romantic nook on the bank of the Pond; and showy barges, filled with Cockneys, floated on its holy waters. In short, I perceived that this region, once the exclusive demesne of an eccentric enthusiast, had become a popular summer resort; "and thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

A little farther, and I stepped from the train into the loveliest village of the world! So, at least, Concord appeared to me, as I looked through the serene air at the placid beauty of its adjacent scenery, at its broad, winding streets, its lawns, its garden plats, and, above all, its elms. Ah, those elms! Shadowing every thoroughfare, drooping over gray stone-walls, sheltering alike the lowly cot and the grand mansion, tossing their pliant sprays on every breeze: they were living poems!

But here, as in Salem, I was bound on a Hawthorne quest; and, disregarding the thousand other seductions of this paradise of philosophers, I set out for that old Manse whose Mosses I had so long cherished. A walk of half an hour, through "unspeakable rural solitudes," brought me to the object of my search. A veritable antique, standing far back from the highway, its entrance marked by "tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone," and an "avenue of black ash-trees," leading to the door: there could be no mistaking its identity. A group of persons—tenants of the place—lounged and

chatted on the sloping green-sward before the Manse; and obtaining from them a courteous permission, I passed in. Here, then, Hawthorne lived that sweet, idyllic life, whose record we find all too brief! As in a dream—so strange, yet so familiar, seemed every thing—I moved through the quaint rooms, low-ceiled and dusky, out into the orchard which has borne such luscious fruit of thought in his pages. And here were all the friends he has taught us to know: the gnarled and knotted apple-trees—the Concord, “river of peace and quietness,” flowing at their feet; the boat-house; farther on, the granite obelisk, set where

“—once the embattled farmers stood;”

the rude stones which mark the resting-place of those unknown British soldiers who fell here, first victims of our Revolution—nothing was lacking. *A propos* of these soldiers: I was sorry to find the ancient feud between England and America freshly exhibited on this memorable battle-ground. Some vindictive Yankee tourist had planted upon their “nameless grave” the unsightly stump of a broom, and, interweaving grass, thistles, and all manner of noxious weeds among its scanty splinters, in mimicry of a floral basket, had left it there—a satirical tribute to the memory and virtues of the departed.

But the day waned, and I had still much before me. A mile or more from the old Manse, and in almost an opposite direction, stands the dwelling which Hawthorne owned and occupied during his later years. I could not leave it unvisited. So, along another green-arched path I fared, past the homes of Alcott and Emerson—noting, by the way, that the last-named seer was getting out an unusually intelligible work, in the shape of a new fence—and at last reached “The Way-side.” Odd, straggling, incongruous—part of it having shingled sides, after the fashion of antediluvian periods; part of it being modern, with

the orthodox bow-windows and verandas, and the whole surmounted by a queer, box-like structure, which formed the owner’s study. This edifice was strictly *sui generis*.

It nestled at the base of a wooded hill, but yet very near the street, from which it was partially screened by a thicket of evergreens, and masses of a climber, which the children of my time used to call “matrimony.” The place appeared quite deserted—“Life and Thought had gone away”—and, in the front window, gleamed a placard, bearing those dreariest of words, “*For Sale*.”

Through the neglected walks I passed to the hill-side, and climbed its abrupt ascent. From its top nothing of the startling or grand in Nature was to be seen—but an indescribably soothing landscape lay spread out before me. As I gazed, I could no longer wonder that Hawthorne wrote: “To me, there is a peculiar, quiet charm in these broad meadows, and gentle eminences. They are better than mountains, because they do not stamp and stereotype themselves into the brain, and thus grow wearisome with the same strong impression, repeated day after day. A few summer weeks among mountains, a life-time among green meadows and placid slopes, with outlines forever new, because continually fading out of the memory—such would be my sober choice.”

“Thinking, sadly, how short after all had been his sojourn amid these loved and congenial scenes, I descended, and, passing out at the little gate—from which he went forth one morning, never to return—I sought his *last* home.

Upon the summit of a knoll, in “Sleepy Hollow Cemetery,” is a sunshiny plateau, set round with moaning pines. There—

“The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.”

A warm-hearted, garrulous old gardener, working near, volunteered the in-

formation that Mrs. H., in deference to her husband's fixed dislike (while living) of mausoleums and epitaphs, tried to mark his tomb by a *hawthorn hedge*. But the vigorous climate rendered this leafy monument impracticable, and, for awhile, there was nothing by which to distinguish the spot; worse yet, there was not even the faintest indication of a "stone." Against such heartless neglect, Mrs. Grundy forthwith raised her hands and voice, in holy protest, at the same time giving vigorous utterance to her views on widows, in general; and, finally, overcome by her wrathful innu-

endoes, the afflicted wife sacrificed to the angry goddess.

Two low marbles, each bearing the single word—Hawthorne—now shine among the dark, glossy leaves of the periwinkle which shrouds "him who died too soon."

The golden glow of sunset rested on the village, as I looked adieu, making fair beyond expression that which was already beautiful. Long I watched the slowly fading glory; and then swept onward, through the marvelous half-lights and tender glooms of evening.

WESTERN FRONTIER LIFE.

DWELLERS of the West who are on the shady side of fifty will recollect the speculations of the year 1836, in *morus multicaulis*, wild lands, and "paper cities." Money was very abundant, "wild-cat" especially, in the Western States, which was receivable at the United States Land Offices in payment for Government lands. This plethoric state of the money-market, no doubt, had a tendency to stimulate and keep up the excitement, and every body was getting rich by investments in wild lands and city lots.

At that time I was living, with my family, on Grand Island, just below Buffalo, New York, in the employ of the East Boston Timber Company.* One

of the agents of the company had been "out West," and returned, bringing with him showy maps of cities, (that had no existence, except on paper) and powers of attorney for the sale of lots that were "sure to double in value within a year." Here was my opportunity to get rich! I improved it by investing a few hundred dollars in corner lots in the flourishing (on paper) city of "Port Washington," located at the mouth of "Saug River," on the west shore of Lake Michigan, Wisconsin Territory, twenty-five miles north of Milwaukee, and the same distance south of Sheboygan. The following winter we made preparations for immigrating to that Territory and taking possession of our new purchase. As my wife's health was not very good, and we had two small children, it was necessary that we should secure the services of a hired girl. This we found rather a difficult matter to settle to our satisfaction: not that there was any scarcity of girls willing to go, but all that offered

* On this island, opposite the village of Tonawanda, was, and probably is yet, a small brick monument, inclosing, in one of its panels, a stone about two and one-half by four feet, with an inscription in Hebrew, and the following, in English, probably a translation of the first:

"ARARAT:
A CITY OF REFUGE FOR THE JEWS:
Founded by M. M. Noah, A.D. 1824."

The Hon. Stephen White, of Boston, President of the company, told me the failure of the Jews to found the city was probably caused by our Government re-

fusing to give them exclusive jurisdiction of the island. Grand Island is twelve to fourteen miles in length, and six in width, at its widest part.

were too young and good-looking. My wife said they would be sure to get married within a month, and leave us minus help and passage-money—the latter no small item: “thirty dollars by steamer to any of the ports on Lake Michigan.” Finally, we were eminently successful, as we then believed, in securing the services of an old maid—so coarse and ugly that we felt quite sure that no man could be found willing to marry her; but, to make assurance doubly sure, we made an agreement with her, that in case she married within the year, she should forfeit her wages. (That such bargains are futile will be sufficiently obvious from the sequel.) We left Buffalo the next spring—May, 1837—on the old steamer *Pennsylvania*, Captain Cotton, and, after a tedious voyage of ten days, reached our place of destination.

The first view of the place was not calculated to raise our anticipation of making a fortune by the rise in value of city lots. Instead of public buildings, public squares, and a large river, as represented on the maps, we found a cleared space of about twenty acres, the site of an old Indian planting-ground: surrounded on all sides, except the lake front, by a dense forest, extending from Milwaukee, on the south, to Green Bay, on the north, and Rock River, on the west; a half-dozen half-finished houses, about the same number of half-finished families, and a dozen or more single men.

Our landing created quite an excitement, and was honored by the presence of every man, woman, and child in the place. It was “the first steamer of the season;” “the first that had ever made a landing at the Port;” and what was of more importance in the eyes of the young men, our maid-of-all-work was the first *single* woman. We overheard various remarks on the latter subject: such as, “She is not handsome, certainly.” “Better than none, though.” “Too old to add much to the future population,” etc.

Matters looked rather gloomy at first, and the great question with us was, how to make a living until we could sell some of our numerous city lots. Fortunately, we had a little more furniture with us than our neighbors were blessed with, including a few spare beds and a *hired girl*. Our plan was to build a house with a spare room or two, for the accommodation of the few travelers passing on the trail. This we accomplished, and were settled in it about the first of September. In a few days thereafter, we had the pleasure of receiving our first guest, Mr. George Smith, the Scotch banker, from Chicago, on his way to Green Bay. We had a tolerably fair lot of groceries and a little salt pork on hand; but we had no fresh meat, and it would hardly do to place before such a distinguished guest nothing but salt pork. I had, that day, for sport, shot a couple of large woodpeckers, and I told our cook to have them dressed and broiled. In a short time, a dinner of fried pork and broiled woodpecker was placed on the table, and Mr. Smith set to, evidently with an excellent appetite. When he had nearly finished picking the bones of one of the birds, he inquired its name. “Woodcock, sir,” I replied. “Ah,” said he, “they have the real *game* taste.” He finished up with a dessert of wild blackberries: and our first dinner proved a success. Subsequently, we seldom passed a night without one or more travelers stopping with us. The revenue from this source proved sufficient to keep us in groceries and salt provisions. For fresh meat, I had to depend upon my gun; but we never ventured on that style of woodcock again.

We had been settled but a few weeks when we made the discovery that we should not be able to retain the services of our “help” for any great length of time. Betsey soon had an offer of marriage. In fact, she had several offers. Betsey, who probably never in her life

before had had a beau, had now a dozen, and she could put on airs: she could pick and choose. An old bachelor by the name of D—— was the owner of a log-cabin on the west side of the Milwaukee River, with two or three acres of land cleared off and planted with potatoes and turnips. The owner of the cabin and vegetables carried the day over all city competitors, and the wedding was appointed to come off early in October.

As Justice of the Peace, I was requested to perform the ceremony. This I flatly refused. I was not going to be cheated out of the services of our "help" until her year was out—not if I could help it. But the offer of five bushels of white turnips as a wedding-fee, induced me to change my mind. On the day appointed, the bridegroom made his appearance, with the five bushels of turnips on an ox-sled; and off this conveyance he was to take the bride home on the following day. The ceremony was performed to the best of my ability; every body was there, and dancing to the music of a poor violin was kept up until a late hour. But now comes the serio-comic part of the business. Just as the guests were about to take their leave, one of Betsey's rejected suitors, who was better posted than myself in the law matrimonial, as enacted by the Solons of the Wisconsin Legislature, inquired "whether the *Squire* had seen the *license* authorizing the parties to be joined in marriage?" Had a small bomb-shell exploded in our midst, it could not have created greater consternation. "Was it a fact that a license was necessary; and if such was the fact, why had not our friend made it known before the ceremony was performed?" His reply was: "That he thought it would be greater fun to let the ceremony go on, and blow it up afterward. Then, you know, we could have another wedding. Hurrah for another wedding!" In vain for Mr. D—— to remonstrate. They threaten-

ed to tear the house down, if their will was not obeyed, and D—— was forced to submit to their mandate—to be separated from his bride—which he did with a very bad grace. The next morning, he procured the important document from Milwaukee. The ceremony was repeated: this time to the satisfaction of the outsiders, who had thus another "jolly good time," and retired in good order, after giving three cheers to the health of the "first couple married in Port Washington." The next morning Betsey, mounting the ox-sled, disappeared in the woods; and that was the last we ever saw of her.

Soon after the wedding, one family after another began to leave. The young men, also, who had now no incentive to remain, gradually disappeared, until, by the following July, (1838) we were left entirely alone. As I had, unfortunately, taken a contract under Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General, to carry the mail from Milwaukee to Green Bay, we were forced to remain, to board the carriers. The reason for this exodus may be thus explained: The great plethora of wild-cat money in 1835 and 1836, induced capitalists and speculators to invest in real estate; and they had entered every section of Government land along the lake-shore, from Milwaukee to Manitowoc, and for five or six miles back from any possible site for a future city, and held such lands at fabulous prices. The result was, that settlers could not be induced to go five or six miles into the wilderness to make a home, while Government land of a better quality, and in a more open country, could be had in the southern part of the Territory. Of course our city, under these circumstances, was bound to be a failure. Thus we remained without a White neighbor, until late in the fall of 1839, when we were so fortunate as to succeed in getting a half-breed family to take our place, and we removed to Milwaukee. To ef-

fect this exchange, we were under the necessity of chartering the little steamer *C. C. Trowbridge* to come up from Milwaukee, bring our successor, and take us away. During all this time—two and a half years—there had not a single family settled on the trail between Milwaukee and Sheboygan. Now Milwaukee is a great city, and Port Washington and Sheboygan, if not great cities, are at least important villages. This, by the way.

Soon after the last family had departed, leaving us solitary and alone, we were surprised, and at first not a little alarmed, to see a small fleet of bark canoes, filled with Indians, come along the coast, from the north, and enter the mouth of our little creek, by courtesy called "Sauk River." We soon found that we had nothing to fear. They were "good Indians"—"This was Indians' old camping-ground"—"White Chief had ordered Indians on to Reservation, west of Mississippi"—"Indians did not like to go there"—"Had taken canoes, and gone to British territory, north of Lake Huron"—"Had starved out"—"Nothing to eat but fish, fish"—"If White Man let Indian stop on old camping-ground, Indian be White Man's good friend." Of course, "White Man," as he could not help himself, gave his consent, and also gave them a liberal supply of corn and salt beef. From that time on we had no trouble with them, but found them useful in keeping us supplied with venison, wild turkeys, and other game. That this was their old camping-ground there could be no question, for, immediately upon landing, they opened two or three *caches*, and unearched various treasures which they had been unable to take with them, such as rush and flag matting, birch-bark, water-buckets, etc.

In the following winter, it was reported that the small-pox was prevalent at Milwaukee. The Indians heard of it, and were much alarmed. We showed them

the arm of our little girl, with a full-matured scab of the kine-pox on it, and explained the benefits of vaccination to them, as well as we were able. "Would we doctor Indian same way?" To be sure we would; and we vaccinated fifty or more of them—old and young. In nearly every case the result was satisfactory, and they were very grateful for "White Man's medicine, to keep off small-pox."

So much faith had we in their friendship, that my wife, when unavoidably left alone, would go to their encampment, and invite two or three of the Indians, with their squaws, to come and sleep on the floor, to protect her from any straggling White Men. This was an honor that they appeared very proud of. Poor Indians! I fear they did not fare quite so well after we left, for I noticed several barrels, marked "Vinegar," but smelling suspiciously like whisky, landed from the steamer which took us away.

The winter of 1838-39 set in early, with heavy snow-storms, and there was but little travel—just sufficient to keep the trail open. One night, a traveler named Brooks, master of a small coasting packet, the *Nekick*, (Indian for fox) stopped with us. His vessel had been frozen in at Green Bay, and he was making his way out, on foot; he wanted an early start in the morning—"Could we give him breakfast as early as five o'clock in the morning?"—and his last request, before going to bed, was for an early start.

Now, we had some slight acquaintance with the Captain, having made a trip or two in his vessel, the previous summer, and knew that he was fond of a practical joke, and could take, as well as give them. So, exactly at midnight, without having gone to bed ourselves, we turned the hands of the clock forward to indicate five o'clock, had a hot breakfast on the table, and called up the Captain. He remarked that the night ap-

peared very short, but supposed it was in consequence of his sleeping so soundly. After he had finished his breakfast, which did not occupy much time, I went with him a few rods, put him on the trail, told him to keep the beaten path and he could not get lost, wished him a pleasant journey, returned to the house, went to bed, and had seven hours' sleep before sunrise. This was the last we saw or heard of the Captain, until the summer of 1851. We were keeping tavern at Sacramento, when one evening a rough-looking miner, with a heavy purse of gold-dust, put up with us; and as I was showing him to bed he turned to me, and inquired if we "gave travelers in California an *early start*." Referring to the time, he said that after traveling about two hours without any sign of daylight, he began to mistrust that he was sold; but no matter—he reached Milwaukee in time for another breakfast.

After two and a half years of this retired life, the little steamer *Trowbridge* came down and took us to Milwaukee, then a place of some two or three hundred inhabitants.

In looking about for some business in which to engage, we found the lease and furniture of the "Milwaukee House" for sale, and concluded that we had had sufficient experience in hotel-keeping at Port Washington to warrant us in making the purchase, which we accordingly did. The house was, at that time, kept by Mr. Daniel Wells—since, the Honorable Daniel Wells, M. C., of Wisconsin.

Mr. Wells' first visit to Port Washington was made under peculiar circumstances. He had started from Milwaukee on horseback, in company with a friend, but had started too late in the day; darkness fell upon them about five miles before reaching our place, and they lost the trail. Hearing the surf beating on the beach of the lake at their right, they managed to lead their horses down the

bluff, and thought to follow the beach, but they had not made more than a mile or two before they found their passage blocked by a perpendicular bluff, jutting into the lake, with deep water at its base, and they were forced to wait for daylight before they could extricate themselves from their unpleasant predicament. I remember well their forlorn appearance when they arrived at our house in the morning, cold, wet, and hungry.

We found keeping the Milwaukee House—then, and for years after, *the* house west of Lake Michigan—very pleasant excitement, after our long solitary confinement at Port Washington.

Very little worthy of note, as pertaining to frontier life, transpired during our stay of nine years in Milwaukee. The population, during that time, increased from a few hundred to about fifteen thousand, and Milwaukee could no longer be considered a frontier town. One little incident connected with the first introduction of the telegraph may be worth mentioning, before taking leave of the place. The office had been opened but a day or two, when a young man from the country came to me to get my assistance in the recovery of a valuable horse, which had been stolen from him two days previously. It occurred to me that the thief had had just sufficient time to reach Chicago, and that he would probably offer the horse for sale there. I told the young man that we would try what the telegraph could do for us. He said he "didn't know Mr. Telegraph;" but I took him to the office, sent a dispatch to Mr. Davlin, the auctioneer at the horse-market, describing the animal, and requested him to detain it, if offered at his market. Scarcely half an hour had passed before an answer was returned, saying, "I have got the horse, but the thief has escaped." The astonishment of the countryman can be better imagined than described.

In 1848 we left Milwaukee for the in-

terior of the State, and in the spring of 1850 started for California, across the Plains. We crossed the Missouri River at St. Joseph, on the first day of May, with ten good horses, a light and a heavy wagon, the usual supplies of tents and provisions, and \$700 in gold in our pockets.

We arrived at Hangtown on the last day of August, with three broken-down horses, and about \$200 in money left, but the whole family in much better

health than when we started. As we had been four months without any vegetables to eat, we, immediately on our arrival, set out in search of some, and soon found a trading-post, with some onions exposed for sale. On inquiring the price, we were told, "One dollar," and at once ordered a half-bushel of them. "I reckon, stranger, you don't understand the price; onions is worth a dollar a pound." "Ah, indeed!" And we took half a pound.

ONE.

To sit with hands crossed, and to think
 How you clasped them last night;
 Close eyes, and just pause on the brink
 Of a kiss's delight:

To start from that wild dream of two,
 And waken—just one;
 To feel Love so near, and not you;
 Sitting chill in the sun,—

Unconsoled by the warmth of a vow
 Which, forgotten by you,
 Might burn through my soul even now,
 Where one sits, and not two.

For that hand-clasp was only a chance,
 That kiss is foregone;
 The touch that left me in a trance,
 Of no passion was born.

You passed, turned your head with a smile,
 I smiled as you went;
 One careless; one thinking the while
 Of all that Love meant.

And Love comes but once in a life
 With its bitter-sweet pain.
 I shall live through its longing and strife,
 Count loss, hide my slain.

And you? Life may hold to your mind
 The pleasures men prize,

For a fair face is easy to find,
And love-lighted eyes.

And yet—are you loved every day?
Though I shiver alone,
What this hour might prove who may say,
If two sat here—not one.

THE CHINESE AS AGRICULTURISTS.

LAST summer, I visited a friend in one of the pleasant pastoral valleys of California. The house was in a twenty-acre lot, which, as farmers say, was situated "as prettily as any land that ever lay out-doors." The house, barns, and out-buildings had evidently been planned by an Eastern farmer. On every hand, the fields were cultivated; the valley and hill-farms had been plowed in their season, and now were promising to repay the labor which had been expended upon them; while this twenty-acre lot was knee-deep in weeds and thistles. What could be the matter here? My friend was a thrifty man; he knew how a farm ought to look; yet, at the same time, he knew what sort of farming paid, and what did not pay: perhaps he was anticipating low prices for this year. I would inquire.

"Listen," said my friend, in response to the inquiry. "As long ago as '49, this field was plowed—plowed and sowed. The plowing, and sowing, and reaping were all right; but then every thing that was reaped was taken from the place! Nothing was fed out on the farm, except what was needed to keep the teams. The straw was burned, and so was the stubble, and even the manure-heaps fared the same fate, to get them out of the way; for all that the farmers in those days thought of was to get a crop for the present year, without any reference to the future. They seemed

to think that the soil of these valleys could never be exhausted; and the amount of grain they gathered per acre was, indeed, amazing. That style of farming was followed up year after year; each succeeding season the plow was sent deeper into the soil; every thing that the ground yielded was carried off, or burnt up, and nothing was returned to it. What has been the consequence? Why, just what you see here to-day. I took the place four years ago, and am still paying the rent which good farming lands ought to bring. I plowed, and got my seed well in: at harvest-time, the weeds were ranⁿ enough, but the wheat was miserable. The second year the entire field was plowed again, and a portion of it was heavily manured. Where we manured we had a paying crop, but the balance wouldn't pay for reaping. The third year we tried our best to get the cost of our labor and seed out of the land, but failed; and so this year we determined to try how it might pay as a pasture, but, as you see, the burrs and thistles have got possession. Animals can run in it, but there's no pasture for them. The place is for rent to whoever wants it."

I looked at this pretty field, (pretty, but for its brambles) without a stump or rock, sloping gently toward the south, but now "for rent," because "it will no longer yield enough to pay the expense of plowing and seeding. I could not

help thinking of the millions of little farms on the other side of the Pacific—farms which have been worked for three or four thousand years, but which are as fertile to-day as they were when the first mattock was struck into the soil after the "Great Yu" (of Chinese story) had performed his herculean task of "draining off the waters of the Deluge." I remembered, also, the many gardens I had seen in the neighborhood of California towns, which had been made by Chinamen—entirely *made*, either on the sand, or on the brackish earth redeemed from the sea—and these gardens yielding a series of crops yearly, and never rebelling, or failing from exhaustion.

I remembered, also, that Chinese farms have no rest, but that as soon as one crop is off, another is put in, and that in China there are no worn-out and deserted fields, such as are found in the settlements of the half-civilized Indians of America. Soon I found myself querying as to what might be the ultimate results of the course which the California landlords and renters are pursuing. Will these worn-out lands be rented, by and by, to the skillful, industrious, and frugal Chinese agriculturists, who will convert our exhausted soils into fruitful gardens; or will our farmers, by employing these immigrants on their fields, avail themselves of the skill and experience in all sorts of husbandry which that people possess, and thus save themselves from bankruptcy, and our beautiful valleys from desolation?

My subsequent inquiries strengthened some of the impressions above recorded. The yield of grain per acre on farms in various sections of the country, I learned, has been steadily decreasing, and renters find it more and more difficult to make a living from their leased lands; and all because the only interest of farmers has seemed to be to get what they could out of the soil during the period covered by their lease, with-

out any care for the man that might come after them.

From the circumstances above related, I was led to study somewhat the system of Chinese husbandry; and knowing that the present *status* of the various arts in China has been reached after an experience of many generations; that those experiences have been gathered up, and recorded in books, and that, at the present time, the people are much inclined, whether in the professions, the arts, or in the ordinary duties of common life, to do every thing according to the book, I therefore considered it the wisest course, if we would study agriculture *à la Chinois*, to have recourse directly to some treatise on this subject which was of authority among that people. Some of the results of those investigations are here offered to the reader.

The work which I examined consists of several volumes, and contains hints and directions applicable to every department of farming and gardening. There are rules for the breeding and treatment of all kinds of domestic animals and fowls; of bees, butterflies, silk-worms, and fish. There are instructions respecting the making and repairing of farming utensils; but, for the present, we will confine ourselves to the department of grain and fruit-raising.

The chapter begins with directions for selecting seed.

[TRANSLATION.]

1. The seeds of the "five grains" must be carefully separated, so as not to have different kinds of grain growing in the same field; also, let the seed thus selected be sound and ripe, and all ripe alike, lest, being unlike, some portions of the crop should grow and ripen earlier than others.

2. *Rules for gathering seed among the standing grain.*—Having selected the choice and bright heads of grain, pluck, and suspend them in a dry place

till the next seeding-time, then shell and wash the seed; put it into water, when the heavy kernels will sink, and the light will rise to the surface, and may be skimmed off, and cast away.

3. In the twelfth month, place the seed in a large, earthen vessel, fill it with pure water of melted snow, and cover the same with earth. When the seed has sprouted, sow broadcast, or in drills; thus, you will avoid the breeding of worms.

4. To determine whether the coming year will be good or bad, take one measure of seed in the beginning of the winter season, and measure it carefully; then place it in an earthen vessel, and put it in a dark place, and leave it for fifty days; then measure it again. If then it fills the measure fuller than before, the season will be good; if less than before, the season will be bad.

5. *Treatment of new land.*—First, burn the grass, (in order to destroy both the seeds and the roots of grass and weeds) plow, then sow to *sesamum*, (an oily grain) for one year. This is for the purpose of destroying more thoroughly the roots of the wild grasses.

6. In the neighborhood of good flowers and good grain *sesamum* must not be planted, for it will destroy their roots also. The process by which it does this, is, by the dew or rain falling upon it, running down the leaves and stalks, thus carrying a poison with it into the ground, to affect the roots of whatever plant it may come in contact with.

7. Seeds of flowers and fruits must, in like manner, be selected from the best trees, and from those which bear the finest fruits and flowers, and which are free from all disease. Let these seeds be carefully cleansed, dried, and stored in glass bottles, or secure vessels, and laid up high from the ground, in dry places, so as to avoid damp and mold. They should be accurately labeled and dated, so as to avoid the mixing of fruits and flowers, and also, so as to avoid the

liability of planting seed which is more than a year old.

8. In planting the seeds of flowers and fruits, let there be no fear of too high ground, nor a fear of too much hoeing and spading. But observe the season for planting which is prescribed in the approved treatises on the subject. In planting, put the fruit-stones into the ground the right side up. Some seed needs to be soaked before planting—some not. In sowing seed, observe that some, which are large, will bear a considerable depth of earth, while small seeds must not be buried deep. They may be covered with a mixture of ashes and earth, so as to kill the worms. After the sprouts have appeared, some may be watered, and some not: you must discriminate. If, after three or five days, there is no rain, they must be artificially watered—but with discretion.

9. *To replant.*—Cut off the suckers, and replant them. When a tree has suckers, they must be cut, but without injury to the main tree: that is, a portion of the sucker's root must also be taken up; still, in all this operation, regard must be had to the proper time for doing it. As roots have their own laws, and are governed by the *Dual Principles*, they must be replanted in precisely the same position which they originally occupied. Such as have already attained some growth must have their limbs and leaves trimmed, considering that their roots have been mutilated. In planting them, first dig a trench; put in the plant; then pack the earth hard around the roots, to prevent the young trees being shaken and loosened by the wind. Afterward water the roots, and add more earth. Lest animals should disturb the tree, or tread the earth too much about the roots, let them be guarded by a fence. To keep off bugs, take one bulb of garlic, and one inch of liquorice, (or some other medicine) and place the same at the root of the tree; and this will also

cause the tree to produce more abundantly.

10. *The time for transplanting.*—For transplanting, the best season is the first month, (Chinese) and any time during that month. For ornamental trees, the same rules apply as for fruit-trees. Flowering trees should be transplanted between the first and the middle of the first month. Herbs and plants may be transplanted in the middle of the second month—although the third month will answer. For all this work, lucky days should be selected.

11. *About planting slips.*—Select good soil, and moist. At about the second or third month, when the buds are putting out, select the fattest and best sprouts. Cut them about one and a half feet in length. At the base, shave the wood from both sides, in the form of a wedge. With a stick, make a hole, five or six inches deep; insert the slip, and bring the earth close around it—taking care that the slips stand about one foot apart; water them at proper times. In the heat of summer, construct a low staging over them, to shield them from the scorching rays of the sun. In the winter, cover with straw, to keep them from freezing. In the second year, they will be sufficiently strong to dispense with such nursing. When they have acquired a height, say of four or five feet, they may be transplanted. For cutting and setting such slips, select a cloudy day—and if it is somewhat damp and rainy, all the better.

N. B.—Cut off the top, so that the height above ground shall not exceed the portion of the slip below ground. Flower slips must be treated like slips of other trees—with certain exceptions.

12. (This chapter contains rules for the cultivation of *taro*, and other bulbous roots.)

13. *Further rules for transplanting.*—Cut off the central tap-root. Do not bury the roots too deep in the earth—

but spread them out on the surface. Then wind straw around the body of the tree, even to its top, to prevent the sun from scalding or wilting it. Drive a stake, and let the tree be tied to it, for support, and to keep it erect. Water at proper times. (Here follow special rules for the transplanting of flowers.)

Chapters 14, 15, and 16 are on *grafting* and *inarching*. This is done by bringing two small trees together, causing them to grow into one, by cutting and binding together, and after they have become firmly united cutting away the part which is not wanted. Also, by slitting the bark of a limb of a young tree, and inserting a slip or bud, and binding it there; and when the slip has grown, cutting away the upper portion of the original limb. Also, by sawing off a limb, and inserting grafts. Thus many kinds of trees may be grafted upon one stock.

17. *On watering with water, or with liquid manure.*—This is on the principle that trees, grasses, grain, and herbs, as well as men and animals, all need to drink, which they must do through their leaves and pores, and not merely through their roots. Do not wait till you observe a wilting and withering of the flowers and fruit before you water, but do it constantly, whenever occasion requires. Be careful, however, not to force the tree or grain to grow too fast. As a person should neither starve nor surfeit, so flowers, grain, and herbs should neither be starved nor overfed. Great care must be had in the mixing of liquid manures, and these are some of the rules:

In the 1st month, put 7 parts manure to 3 parts water.

"	2d	"	6	"	4	"
"	3d	"	5	"	5	"
"	4th	"	4	"	6	"
"	5th	"	3	"	7	"
"	8th	"	4	"	6	"
"	9th	"	5	"	5	"
"	10th	"	6	"	4	"
"	11th	"	7	"	3	"
"	12th	"	8	"	2	"

In addition, in a dry season let there be, also, the sprinkling of pure water,

daily. Every few days, apply liquid manure: the manure in the morning—the pure water in the evening. Fruit-trees, however, must not be treated in this way—although there are exceptions. After the blossoms are out, there should be no watering, lest you damage them.

As to manuring trees, let it be done in the morning, and let it be applied to the roots, and let the earth be loosened with a hoe. In the evening, apply water to the leaves; rain-water is preferable. Night-soil buried in an earthen jar for the space of a year and then prepared as above, is especially valuable in the cultivation of flowers.

18. *On compost-heaps.*—They are made thus: Pile up straw, grass, old wood, etc.; set on fire, and then cover with earth—and this earth selected according to the different purposes for which the compost is to be used: different soils being selected with reference to their different uses. Burn the heap thoroughly; add night-soil, and burn again. Again gather straw, wood, etc., and again cover with the ashes of the former burning, and add more earth and more night-soil, and repeat the process several times.

This compost is especially valuable for flowers.

A second rule is given thus: Gather animal manure of all and every kind, mix it with rotten leather, with duck and fowl manure, with the excrements of silk-worms, and short hair from barbers'-shops; add the refuse of hemp-seed and of beans, after the oil is expressed. Let all this be mixed with earth, and, thus mixed, let it lie and ferment. Bones for manure should be ground, pounded, and sifted. This is to be sown upon the young rice just before it is taken up and transplanted, for thus every new hill, or bunch of rice, when transplanted, carries with it this dressing of bone-dust, which causes it to grow luxuriantly.

19. This chapter is on the treatment

of trees to improve their health, by inserting medicine into the body of the tree. Different medicines are specified, according to the different results which are desired.

20. *To enlarge the size of fruits.*—Before the sprouts have started in the spring, dig under the tree and cut off the tap-root, retaining all the lateral roots; then loosen the earth, and add rich soil and manure. Thus you will improve the size and quality of your fruits.

21. This chapter contains directions for freeing trees from worms.

22. Teaches how to hasten the opening of flowers.

23. Teaches how to retard the opening of flowers.

24. Contains especial directions for the management of house-plants, and how to make them luxuriant and healthy, with the use of very little earth.

25. Further rules for dressing, pruning, and reinvigorating house-plants.

26. *When to cut timber, so as to secure durability and freedom from worms.*—Let it be cut in the fourth or in the seventh month. If not cut in these months, then let the timber be soaked in water for one month.

27. Treats of the various influences of wind, sun, cold, heat, and noxious air upon house-plants.

28. Gives directions for plucking flowers so as not to injure the parent stem of the bush or vine. It teaches how to make bouquets and flower-pictures, and how to cause such flowers for a long time to preserve their bloom and fragrance.

29. This chapter, is upon the art of keeping back the flowers of one season, and causing them to appear in the next. It also contains especial directions for the cultivation of roses.

30. *Certain traditional superstitions respecting the gathering of fruit.*—Let each piece of fruit be plucked with both hands, for if plucked with only one hand,

the next year the tree will not yield so abundantly. Also, a son or daughter in mourning for parents, and a pregnant woman, ought not to take fruit from a tree, lest it affect unfavorably the quantity and quality of the next year's yield.

31, 32, 33, and 34. Are chapters containing instruction in regard to gathering and preserving the *latche*, the jubee, almonds, and olives.

35. Is on the planting of peach-stones.

36. Shows how to convert an apricot-tree from a state of barrenness to that of fruitfulness.

37. To improve the flavor, as well as the quantity, of fruit. Make a small hole in the root of the tree, at the proper period, when the sap is flowing upward, and place therein certain medicines.

Chapter 38 is on the grafting of grapevines; 39, on raising lilies in pots; 40, on the rooster's-comb flower. 41 to 50, are all equally important for the Chinese horticulturist; but for us to particularize might be somewhat tedious.

51. *Rules for changing the color of red flowers to white.*—Burn brimstone beneath them, and thus the color will change.

Chapters 52, 53, and 54 also treat of floriculture.

55. This chapter treats of the cultivation of the bamboo. (We quote but a single item.) It sometimes happens that the bamboo produces blossoms, and then a species of grain; but after such an occurrence it will die, unless steps are taken to prevent the catastrophe. To save the whole grove from dying, select the largest tree of the grove, cut off the upper portion, and fill a joint of the stump with manure. Thus, the remainder of the grove will be saved.

Chapter 56 has instructions for preventing suckers from growing about the roots of the bamboo. 57 treats of the edible shoots of the bamboo. 58 shows how to cultivate yellow scallions. 59 is on the raising of cabbages.

60. *To preserve white cabbage till spring.*—Select the plump heads which have the round leaves; gather up the leaves around the cabbage-head, bind them loosely in their places with straw; then heap damp earth around the roots. They will stand in their places through the frosts and snow of winter, and in the spring be fresh and sweet for cooking.

Chapter 61 shows how to make melons ripen fast; and chapter 62 is on the subject of bean-sprouts—a common article of food.

The above meagre selections are from a book which bears the marks of age and use. It is a farmer's hand-book, and is full of references to larger and more elaborate works on the several departments of husbandry.

In the same work, as intimated previously, we have instructions respecting the rearing of all the different kinds of domestic animals, and respecting their feed; also, a description of the diseases to which they are subject, and the manner in which those diseases should be treated. There is another treatise on fowls—how to raise, feed, and keep them healthy. Another, on the rearing of birds; others, respectively, on trees, silk-worms, gold and silver-fish, shrimps, and other kinds of fish. Another chapter on the method of inviting butterflies to one's neighborhood.

The cultivation of cotton, hemp, tea, sugar-cane, tobacco, and other articles receives its due proportion of attention; but we need not quote any further at the present time. Enough has been presented to prove that the Chinese have done their full share to make the "two blades of grass grow where but one grew before."

If, hereafter, landlords may find themselves perplexed to know what to do with worn-out, unproductive farms, they need not be long in doubt, for there are renters at hand, who, if guaranteed peacea-

ble possession for a term of years, will not only pay a reasonable rent, but will restore those lands to a condition as good or better than when in their native state. Likewise, farmers in search of laborers, both skillful and industrious, and who from early childhood have been trained in the system of husbandry above described, will know where to look for them; and, if economy is an additional

recommendation, they have it in that people, who deprecate the waste even of a grain of rice.

The reader will detect here and there a trace of superstition in the foregoing translations, but they are simply characteristic. But for these, he might possibly find himself querying whether the book from which we quote were really of Chinese origin.

STAFFA AND IONA.

THE western, and indeed the whole coast of Scotland, has been washed by the devouring sea into scattered ruins. The stealthy lapping of the soft wavelets, and the hard buffetings of the storm-lashed billows, in turn, have encroached and trampled upon the crumbling shore. As monuments in the path of destruction are isolated rocks, rising, bare and savage, from the surface; or, sometimes, with a scanty wig of struggling grass endeavoring to hide the ravages of time: tall pillars—strong giants, turned into stone at sight of the curling locks of the Medusa-like ocean—now erect, and again stooping under the burden of desolation, stand silent, brooding sentinels upon the old borders of the land: high bluffs, which a friendly arm from the main-land alone keeps from falling, hang threatening over the verge. And the remorseless waves have eaten huge channels into the heart of Scotia, rending and twisting her rugged frame until the firths and forths resemble the members of a mighty skeleton. Here and there a hollow water-valley, defended by islands, gives entrance to the mariner.

On the shore of one of these basins of the sea, where a circular sweep of water is hemmed in by craggy islets, lies Oban: a small handful of houses, flung upon a

hill—a place of tarrying for the steamers which ply from Inverness, through the Caledonian Canal, to Glasgow.

It was a charming summer evening when we landed from the panting steamer upon the little pier that strides with its many legs like a huge spider out into the yielding sand—an evening such as is seldom seen in Scotland, where the drizzly fogs and fine-cut rain are constant comrades, falling upon and dampening the ardor of the traveler, permeating the thickest clothes, and clinging with an embrace that only a Mackintosh can repel. It is a great favor to see the sun in the Highlands. Why he had discovered himself on this particular occasion it is hard to learn; but old Sol is proverbially freaky, and as our vessel had a bevy of bright-eyed lassies on board, the old *roué* must have been eager for a peep at them when they passed down the narrow plank and tripped gayly toward the town. The rosy beams were tinting the placid water faintly, and reddening the tops of the hills that rolled like huge earth-waves across the horizon. Ben Nevis lifted his head high in air, bald and gloomy, frowning upon the baby Bens that crowded ambitiously around him. The clear sky, neatly scalloped by the mountain-tops, hung curtain-like round the background, giving to spectators upon the open sea a

surpassing "transformation scene." On the beach, in front of the Grand Hotel, (where is there not one?) are groups of children, chasing one another upon the hard strand, and hunting for bright pebbles with glee. Dripping bathers were wading heavily in the water, or, shapeless images, were struggling to reach their boxes, amid the quizzical looks and remarks of the many gazers. Lovers were starting out for a quiet stroll, the mutton-chop whiskers in close proximity to fair cheeks, while those still in the alphabet of affection, and just essaying to spell a short word of four letters, were enjoying a judicious flirtation under the watchful surveillance of prim dowagers. *Paterfamilias* sat on the grass-plot, with the inevitable *Times* and cigar—sometimes lured from the mysteries of 'Change and the *Alabama* claims to watch the frolics of the little ones; while his wife, wrapped in shawls, is lost in an easy-chair, and looks dreamily seaward, opening the book of memory where the leaves are turned down. The groups of people, in their bright dresses, formed an ever-changing picture. But the chariot of the sun rolls slowly down the western slope, and as the darkness falls the air grows damp and chill, and the scattered folk turn homeward, and all is still.

We learned that an excursion to the islands, which we had planned to visit, demanded an early hour of rising; so we prudently retired, and soon sank to sleep, amid the strains of music floating from the ball-room, where the gay butterflies were whirling round the lamp of fashion.

"Six o'clock, sir!" shouts Boots, just as we prepare for one more bit of sleep, his rude summons roughly brushing off the nap from our soft envelope, and, with a muttered anathema upon this disturber of the peace, out of bed we tumble, and, after a hasty toilet, go below. A few shivering wretches eye us gloomily as we descend, mentally thanking heaven that there are other fools in the world

besides themselves; and, partaking together of a hasty breakfast, the little procession of voyagers winds, snake-like, down to the *Gondolier*, and, taking up desirable positions, grumbles till the bell rings. A few minutes' grace is given to laggards, when the engine wheezes angrily, as if it, too, had been robbed of its sleep, throbs once or twice, and, at length, we are in motion.

It is a fact, that half-waked eyes and a half-filled stomach are not especially conducive to the enjoyment of scenery, and not until the steward had fortified us with "sommatt 'ot" did our senses really open to take in the beauties as they passed. The "rosy-fingered dawn" had on dark-colored gloves this morning, and only when we had been an hour or more afloat did she condescend to doff them and enliven the prospect. We sail along a narrow channel, flanked on one side by the rising hills of the main-land, on the other by the low-browed island of Mull, which cuts off a sight of the open sea. On several isles are ruins of castles, the ancient strongholds of the feudal chiefs, who were secure in their rock-bound fortresses. Mosses and lichens fresco these moldering ruins, and the grasping ivy clings to them with its fast embrace. In front of one, at some distance from the shore, is a barren rock where Maclean of Duart, tradition says, brutally exposed his wife to perish, from which cruel fate, we are glad to learn, she was rescued. The rock is covered with screaming birds, and these, as the steamer goes by, leave their perches and chase us for the bits of bread thrown to them.

Our course is now nearly north-west, through the Sound of Mull, which is here a goodly sized channel. Stretching far in the background are the summits of Glencoe, and the crowding peaks of surrounding mountains, "Alps piled on Alps," while on the left, the green expanse is broken by two towering hills. We coast swiftly along amid these changing pict-

ures, until a sharp turn through a narrow pass reveals a little town nestling in the thick woods. Here we linger at the pier for half an hour. Far away on the hillside a flashing water-fall sparkles among the trees, glancing in the sunlight. The water is very deep and clear, and we get charming glimpses of the below-sea regions, peopled with darting fish. The ferns wave gracefully far down in the depths, and the long grasses courtesy slowly to us as we peer over the rail. Our meditations are interrupted by the splash of the wheels, and we are off again, steaming southward. Groups of islands, of every shape and size, throng around us. Two very odd ones are noticeable—solid parallelograms, standing high above the surface, crested with green—by name, Gometra and Ulva: the latter celebrated as the home of the chief who eloped with "Lord Ullin's daughter." Rapidly leaving these curious relics, we soon approach Staffa, the prime object of our pilgrimage.

One can scarcely restrain a feeling of disappointment at the first view of this remarkable island: all pre-nourished ideas of grandeur vanish when the steamer rounds to, a few rods from a low, rocky island. But we have no time to indulge in reflection, for the small boats are swinging under the steamer's waist, and one by one we drop into them as they bob up and down in the uneasy sea. Some of the timid ones refuse to intrust their lives to such frail craft, and keep on the steamer, satisfied to record in their note-books, "To-day, visited Staffa, an overrated humbug," and to spend the day growling in the cabin. The ladies, for the most part, boldly venture, and a few trips land the passengers. No beach greets us, but in a narrow opening into which the sea thrusts its hungry tongue with a venomous hiss the boat glides, and we scramble up the rocks. Yet, not common rocks are these, but columnar formations of many sides;

huge pillars closely set together, with convex or concave tops, "like pressed cigars stuck in the sand," suggested a Yankee friend. These basaltic formations are curious specimens of the handiwork of Nature. What forces must have forged these masses, shaped their regular features, and grouped them side by side! It is hard to believe them natural, for Nature is so much given to variety that such harmony is unexpected. These geometrical structures, with faces varying from three to eight in number, are honey-combed together in close regularity, with no unseemly fissures. The tops of some are smooth and round, while others have a perfect bowl at the apex. These shore-pillars are not so imposing as those of the "Giant's Causeway," on the Irish coast, opposite, which seems to be a continuation. Slipping and stumbling over these pillars, we ascend to a grassy table-land. Not a building is to be seen: no one can live in winter in this bleak spot. A few brown-eyed, shaggy bullocks stop their feeding and form a hollow square, sniffing uneasily at the intruders upon their little domain: fine, stalwart creatures they are, such as Rosa Bonheur loves to paint, but very timid. A walk of a half-mile in the wet grass brings us to the other side of the island, to the famous "Fingal's Cave." Who has not wondered, when first he studied his geography, at the marvelous picture of this cavern that graced its pages, incredulously gazing at the sketch, and wishing to test its truthfulness? We are, indeed, here. From the top of a cliff is hung a shaky flight of steps, down which the party tremblingly step, and reach a jagged little plateau, and then the pillars themselves form natural stairs, in which we place more confidence, and, aided by hand-ropes, still farther descend. We have some five minutes' scramble before we reach our goal, and, when the entrance is gained, gladly pause and rest.

Before us is the mouth of a large cavern, into which the surges ceaselessly roll. The sides are formed of straight, symmetrical pillars, as smooth and regular as if fashioned by the artist's hand. The roof is a rough mass of trap-rock, carelessly superposed upon the pillars, and tufted grass appears upon the summit. All is dark within: broken columns form a side-path, and we enter. The cavern widens as we progress, until we reach the centre, and then narrows down to the end. We grope our way to the inmost corner, and find a seat on one of the broken pillars. The light, at first glimmering, grows stronger, and we find ourselves in the earth, covered by stone. It seems like some ancient temple, whose pillars and groined arches have withstood the ravages of time. Stalactites hang from the roof, and these ever and anon sparkle in the shifting rays. On the smooth rocks Nature has made her own pictures, and filled them with fantastic shapes of red, yellow, and green. The floor is the ever-restless water, of a pale-green hue, in whose depths can be seen gay-colored stones and hair-like ferns. As the shadows chase each other across the surface, and play in reflecting and darkening turns, they weave varying tracery, and, leaping from the crests that have just left the outer world, strike fancifully upon the solid walls. The waves make a hollow roar—a deep thorough-base, which mingles strangely with the shrill shrieks of the sea-birds driven from their solitary home—and echo repeats the inharmonious chords with a wild delight. And what more solemn and appropriate music could peal through this rude minster than this rush of the waves? One can not repress a thrill of emotion at being an attendant upon this worship of the elements. Year after year the bold organ-pipes have resounded here in the temple that Nature herself has raised to the Creator; and with nothing to dis-

turb the solitary grandeur, this stern diapason has rolled on for ages, and will roll on till Time shall know its end.

Fingal's Cave is not so situated as to give from the water its front and best view. It inclines by a considerable angle from the direction perpendicular to the line of vision, and the most satisfactory point of observation is from the low causeway opposite the mouth. Its length has been estimated at two hundred and twenty-five feet; its breadth varies from forty at the entrance to twenty-two at the inner extremity, while the altitude reaches fifty-four feet at low water. As the tide ebbs and flows, the size of the cave diminishes and increases; and with such a changing floor it is difficult to gain an exact idea of the extent, for the eye grows dizzy with watching the rising and falling waves. Such is this curious and imposing work, which will outlast the strongest edifice of man's device.

Not far away is the "Shell Cave," though why it is called a cave does not appear. From a distance, it looks like a huge scallop-shell resting on a cliff. But upon nearer approach it bears a marked resemblance to the skeleton of some mighty ship stranded high, its huge ribs bleached by the sun and storm. The whole island is undermined, and filled with subterranean chambers where only the fowls build their nests, and from which the dangerous entrances keep all intruders. Some of them have been visited, but none are so large and striking as the first, and no opportunity is given to inspect them. One turns away, only half satisfied with what he has seen, his imagination picturing deep recesses under the sea, where the sea-nymphs sport and deck their shining hair with the graceful weeds. If one could only lift the cover and look beneath! But we must content ourselves with sober views of the surface, and leave to fancy the unseen; and plucking a few mosses and pebbles to serve as mementos of

the visit, another scrambling, slipping walk brings us again to the boats, and we re-embark in safety, much to the evident disappointment of the false prophets who had stayed behind, and who had been for hours cooling their heels in a searching south-west wind. Up anchor and away we go, steaming toward the south, and as we round the island we catch one more glimpse of the great cave, into which the gulls and coots are flocking, glad to see us gone. Remote and desolate chapel of the winds and waves—simple and magnificent shrine—farewell!

Seven miles southerly lies another island, around which far different associations cluster, and which calls forth far different emotions. Years ago, when barbarism swept over the world, and mental darkness overhung the nations, in Iona, this little, remote island, was the shrine of religion and morality. Shut within its bleak shores was a small circle of pious men, whose simple faith and devoted earnestness were the movers of a great and lasting work. Hither Saint Columba came, and with his self-denying followers established a shrine for worship—a Mecca for believers—to which were sent gifts and votive-offerings, and near which the great and powerful were glad to lay their bones. The virtuous and unostentatious life of these early Christians called forth an involuntary respect, and for a time Iona was the bright, central light of this quarter of the globe. And bent upon their holy work, the missionaries entered their frail barks, and through sunshine and storm sailed for other shores, despite hostility and persecution, their white sails gleaming like pure heralds of “peace on earth and good-will to men.” In their hands were knowledge and love for man, and as they moved, the monuments left in their path were not the ruins of a conqueror, but white temples pointing straight to heaven.

It is hard to think this other than ro-

mance, when we approach the island. A low, narrow strand, strewn with rough stones, and, just above, a row of tiny, thatched cottages, meet the eye. In the distance are green fields, with here and there a stunted tree to break the monotony. As the steamer is seen, two large boats put off from the little pier to convey us to the land; and seated in these, a few strokes from the tough arms of the weather-beaten boatmen bring us to land. Little children, with hands full of bright pebbles and pieces of dried fern, run up and clamor for a penny. Higher up, a group of men and women lean upon the rocks and listlessly scan the visitors, and out from these emerges a garrulous guide, who will show us the island and point out its relics. Following him, we stroll along a rude highway, ruin staring at us on every side. On a little knoll is a tall stone cross, which once was delicately carved, but storms have effaced the sculpture. There were once three hundred and sixty of similar crosses, we are told; of which time, or at least veracity, has left but four, one only being well preserved. Soon we come to the chief ruin on the island, the crumbling abbey, and here nothing but broken walls remains. Its form seems to have been that of a cross, with a tower at one end, in which was a large, circular window. The carvings on the few pillars and walls are exceedingly grotesque: one representing an angel weighing good deeds, while a grinning devil, with sharp claw, depresses the opposite scale. Formerly there were other curious relics—an altar-piece of marble, and a pavement—but thieving tourists have piece by piece demolished these and carried them away. There is little of interest in the hoary walls, save the associations that will ever cling to the hallowed stones. Here once knelt priests and pilgrims at the altar, emulous in holy zeal. Could these walls speak, what stories they could tell of weary vigils, of enthusiastic saints, of

" * * * We desire to give it out as our opinion, that, all things considered, the *Overland Monthly* can hardly be said to have a superior among American magazines. So far, it has at least been a perfectly honest magazine, and has done no puffing, has had no pretense, and has escaped the deadly sin of dullness. This, if it is negative praise, is still, comparatively speaking, very high praise. By way of positive praise, we may say that the *Overland* has had the best short stories ever published in any American magazine; that its book-notices contain nearly as agreeable writing as the *Atlantic's* department of book-notices; and that it is sure to have papers concerning the Pacific coast, the Plains, or the islands of the Pacific, which are almost always fresh and interesting by reason of their subjects, and often are exceedingly well done."—*From the New York Nation, March 24, 1870.*

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In June, 1869, *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY* was purchased by John H. Carmany, the name of A. Roman & Co. being retained as publishers for the period of one year, and the magazine remaining under the editorial management of Mr. Harte. Since then, its progress has been more rapid and satisfactory. Its circulation has been largely increased, and its power to serve the interests of this coast proportionably augmented. Intelligence of a deeply interesting character, pleasantly imparted, has been conveyed to the enlightened of remote regions and foreign countries heretofore entire strangers to our literature and our resources. The world had learned to regard California as a crude, rough, and unrefined community. Very little was known, comparatively, of the actual character of the Pacific Coast and its wonderful capabilities. The appearance of *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY*—an exponent of hitherto unrecognized resources, and a delineator of hitherto unknown or misunderstood Western life and character—did much to enlighten the world and stimulate further curiosity. The freshness, vigor, and raciness of its articles; the entirely new, large, and unexplored field it occupied; and the charm of its dash, and frank, independent expression, soon earned for it deserved prominence. It is doing good service, and pushing its conquests with impressive energy.

The Commercial Herald and Market Review

is, perhaps, the most important of all the publications owned and controlled by the firm, and the central figure around which they cluster. In February, 1852, the *PRICES CURRENT AND SHIPPING LIST* was commenced in San Francisco, and continued to flourish under that title until May, 1859. It was, however, subjected to the competition of the *MERCANTILE GAZETTE AND SHIPPING REGISTER*, and was finally merged into the latter paper by purchase, and the new compound title of *MERCANTILE GAZETTE, PRICES CURRENT, SHIPPING LIST AND REGISTER* adopted. That journal was the exponent of commercial and financial matters on this coast until the spring of 1867. In July of that year, John H. Carmany & Co. issued the first number of the *Commercial Herald and Market Review*. The success of this journal was so complete and rapid that it soon dispossessed its competitor, and in October of the same year the *MERCANTILE GAZETTE* ceased to exist, being purchased and merged into the *COMMERCIAL HERALD*, which is issued every Friday morning. Contemporaneous with the issuance of this journal the firm publish a *LETTER SHEET* edition, known as the *San Francisco Market Review*, containing the fullest commercial and financial information, printed on very fine, white, French folio post, fitted to be placed in letter envelopes. It is much esteemed by the business community for its entire reliability and portable size. In addition to the foregoing, the firm own and publish the *Stock Circular*, every Saturday, the *Freight Circular*, issued every month, and *The Pacific*, the oldest religious newspaper on the Pacific coast. From this house are issued *The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, and *The Living Way*, each appearing monthly, the latter a religious periodical. The attention of experts is invited to the typographical execution of all the foregoing publications. The steam-presses are under the charge of the most experienced and skillful foreman on this coast, and specimens of the work done may be seen in *THE OCCIDENT*, *THE CHURCHMAN*, *THE SPARE HOUR*, *THE MASONIC MIRROR*, *THE DIAL*, *TOWN AND STAGE*, etc., etc., all of which are worked off on the presses of the firm, in addition to those they own and publish.

the low chant and solemn Mass, and the triumphal raising of the Host! Hitherward came pilgrims from the East, with costly gifts to purchase absolution; here, too, the priests, starting upon their errands of conversion, received the solemn benediction of the Church; and in the nave, with pompous show and state, lay bodies of Kings, content if they could come from their far-off homes, and with the benison of the holy fathers sink into the sacred dust. How well we can read the lesson of life in these decaying ruins! No voice of cowed monk or hooded nun breaks the stillness: the mournful wind alone sings through the crumbling windows a requiem for the dead and a lesson to the living.

Around the abbey is the straggling "God's-acre," full of graves, some bearing a single stone to tell of the one fallen suddenly asleep, others registered only in heaven. The skull and cross-bones decorate many—a harsh, though fitting emblem. In a row by themselves lie forty-eight Irish Kings, and over these are large slabs, once ornate, but the design is now effaced. These "Kings" must have been old chieftains who lived

in the prehistoric time of Ireland, some of whose names are perpetuated in the wild legends told by blazing peat-fires among the peasantry who still haunt the bogs and fens of the Green Isle.

The island is nearly three miles long and one mile broad, bounded by low promontories and ragged indentations, with no harbor; and in the long storms which trouble these coasts, the inhabitants are often for weeks cut off from any communication with the main-land. The green fields are sometimes used for pasturage, but the difficulty of transporting cattle renders this unprofitable. The people, nearly four hundred souls, live by fishing, and at best eke out a hard and shrunken existence.

So these two islands lie, isolated from the world: the one a natural wonder, the other a curious ruin. And it well repays the traveler to withdraw one day from his tour, and examine them at his leisure. With such thoughts rising, again we passed aboard our steamer, and, after a short and pleasant passage, were soon embraced within the circle of the extended arms that surround the little town of Oban.

CROSSING THE ARIZONA DESERTS.

IT was my intention to visit quite a remote part of Arizona; and, although an officer's wife, having no personal acquaintance with any of the officers stationed in the Territory, the letters the Colonel gave me to the commanding officers of both these posts, through which I should have to pass, were very acceptable. As I was quite alone, the commanding officer of Drum Barracks was particular to give me reliable people for my long journey. Phil, the driver, was a model, and in many respects a genius, while the two soldiers—who had been

in the hospital when their comrades had started for Arizona, two months before, and who were sent by the Post Commander to protect "Government property," (the ambulance)—were attentive and good-natured, as soldiers always are.

With so small an escort, it was possible—nay, expedient—to make the journey very rapidly. We were unincumbered by tents or baggage—my only trunk and what provisions we carried were all in the ambulance, which was drawn by four large mules. I had decided, being alone, to stop at the forage-

stations, whenever we could reach them, expecting to take my meals there and to find quarters for the night. Luckily, the Quartermaster and Phil had made arrangement and provision to have my meals cooked by one of the soldiers, in case the "station-fare" should not agree with me; and my ambulance was of such ample dimensions that it was easily turned into a sleeping-apartment for the night: so that Phil, who had all the merits and demerits of such places by heart, had only to give an additional nod of the head to induce me to say to the station-keeper, who would always invite me to enter his "house" when Phil drove up to the *corral*, "No, thank you: I can rest very well in the ambulance." Then there were days' marches to be made when no station could be reached, so that we were compelled to camp out; and on such occasions Phil would appear in the full glory of his well-earned reputation. He boasted that he had brought fully one-half the number of officers' wives who ever visited Arizona, to the Territory himself, and that he had always made them comfortable. Knowing, of course, before, whenever we should camp out, he would go to work systematically. His carbine was always by his side, and early in the morning he would commence his raid on the game and birds abounding, more or less, throughout the Territory. Slaying sometimes five or six of the beautifully crested quails at one shot without moving from his seat, he would send one of the soldiers to gather up the spoils, and then set the men, placed one on each side of him, to pick the birds. That this was thoroughly done he was very sure of, for he watched the operation with a stern eye. Not the smallest splinter of wood, or any thing combustible, was left ungleaned on the field over which he passed on such a day; fifty, ay, a hundred times, he would turn to his right-hand man, or to his left, with the admonition:

"Miller, we've six birds to cook, and bread to bake, to-night: pick up that stick."

Down would jump Miller, trusting to his agility, and the gymnastics he might have practiced in younger days, for safety in vaulting over the wheels; for never a moment would Phil allow the ambulance to halt while this way-side gathering was going on.

I always preferred camping out to "bed and board" at the road-side hotels of Arizona, for Phil, with all his sagacity, would sometimes go astray in regard to the eligibility and comfort of the quarters furnished. As, for instance, at Antelope Peak, where my Mentor assured me I should find a bedstead to place my bedding on, and a room all to myself. I *did* find a bedstead; but after the family (consisting of an American husband, a Spanish wife, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and three children) had removed their bed-clothes from it, to make place for mine, it looked so uninviting that I requested Phil to spread my bed on the floor. I had a room all to myself, too; but, on retiring to rest, I found that the whole family—again consisting of husband, wife, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and three children—had spread their bed on the floor of the adjoining room, which, being separated from my apartment only by an old blanket, coming short of the ground over a foot, and hung up where the door ought to be, enabled, or rather compelled me to look straight into the faces of the different members of this interesting family. As it grew darker, and the danger of being stared out of countenance passed over, another serious disturbance presented itself to my senses. All my friends can bear witness to the fact that I consider Mr. Charles Bergh the greatest public benefactor of the present age, (the woman who founded the hospital for aged and infirm cats not excepted) and that, with me, it calls forth all the combative qual-

ities lately discovered to lie dormant in woman's nature, to see any harmless, helpless animal cruelly treated; but if I could have caught only half a dozen of the five hundred mice that nibbled at my nose, my ears, and my feet that night, I should exultingly have dipped them in camphene, applied a match, and sent them, as warning examples, back to their tribe.

Only once after this, toward the close of the journey, did Phil entice me to sleep under a roof. It was at Blue-water Station; and the man who kept it turned himself out into the *corral*, and made my bed on the floor of the only room the house contained. There was no bedstead there, but the man gave his word that neither were there any mice; so I went to sleep in perfect faith and security. When I woke up at midnight, I thought the Indians must have surprised us, scalped me, and left me for dead. Such a burning, gnawing sensation I experienced on the top of my head that almost unconsciously I put up my hand to see if they had taken *all* my hair. But I brought it down rapidly, for all the horrid, pinching, stinging bugs and ants that had ensconced themselves in my hair, during my sleep, suddenly fastened to the intruding fingers, and clung to them with a tenacity worthy of a better cause.

But these experiences were not made until I had crossed the greater part of the Arizona deserts; and I considered them rather as pleasantly varying the solemn, still monotony of the days passed, one after one, in a solitude broken only, at long intervals, by those forlorn Government forage-stations.

The first desert we crossed was still in California—though why California should feel any desire to claim the wilderness of sand and rattlesnakes lying between Vallecito Mountain and Fort Yuma, I can not see. We had passed over the thriving country around San

Bernardino, and through the verdant valley of San Felipe; and striking the desert just beyond Vallecito, it seemed like entering Arizona at once.

Could any thing be more hopelessly endless—more discouragingly boundless—than the sand-waste that lay before us the morning we left the forage-station of Vallecito! For days before, Phil had been entertaining me with stories and accounts of travelers who had been lost in sand-storms on the deserts. Not a breath of air stirred—not a cloud was to be seen in the sky on this particular morning; nevertheless, I watched for the signs that precede the springing up of the wind with a keen eye, as the ambulance rolled slowly and noiselessly through the deep sand, and I listened attentively to Phil's stories. The road we followed was but a wagon-track, at best; and I could well believe that, in ten minutes from the time a storm sprang up, there would be no trace of the road left. Then commence the blind wanderings, the frenzied attempts to regain the friendly shelter of the station, on the part of the inexperienced traveler—ending, but too often, in a miserable death by famine and starvation. The sand, flying in clouds, conceals the distant mountains, by which alone he could be piloted; and, straying off, he finds himself bewildered among piles of sand and tattered sage-brush, when the storm has blown over. The remains of human beings found by parties going into the mountains have proved that such poor wretches must have wandered for days without food, without water, till they found their death, at last, on the wide, inhospitable plain. Their death—but not their grave; for the *coyote*, with his jackal instinct, surely finds the body of the lost one, under the sand-mound mercifully covering it, and, feasting on the flesh, he leaves the bones white and bleaching in the pitiless rays of the sun. "Phil," said I, interrupting him, "you

told me the mules would not get a drop of water to-day: what is that lake before us, then?"

He looked up to where I pointed.

"It is *mirage*, Madame. You can not be deceived by it; I am sure you must have seen it on the Plains, before this."

"Yes," I said, stoutly, "I have seen *mirage*; but this is water—not *mirage*."

"We shall see," said Phil, equally determined to hold his ground.

But I was sure it could not be *mirage*—it must be water—for did I not see each of the few scattering bushes of *verde* and sage that grew on the border, and farther out, all through the water, reflected in the clear, slightly undulating flood? The bushes seemed larger here than any of the stunted vegetation I had yet seen on the desert, and every bush was clearly reflected in the water; but it was strange that as we approached the water receded; and if I noted any particular bunch of sage or weeds, I found that, as we neared, it grew smaller, and I could no longer see its image in the water.

Phil was right—it was the *mirage*; and this *Fata Morgana* of the Plains and Deserts of our own country became a most curious and interesting study to me. I could write a volume on the "dissolving views" I have seen. Leaving camp one morning, I saw, on turning, that a narrow strip of short, coarse grass had been suddenly transformed into a tall, magnificent hedge; and a single, meagre stem of *verde* would as suddenly grow into a large, spreading tree. Out of the clouds, on the horizon, would sometimes loom up, majestically, a tall spire, a heavy dome, or a vessel under full sail; and changing into one fantastic shape after another, the picture would slowly fade into vapor at last. Whole cities have sprung up before my eyes: I could have pointed out which one of the different cupolas I supposed to be the City Hall, and which steeple, according to my

estimation, belonged to the First Presbyterian Church; and could have shown the exact locality of the harbor, from the number of masts I saw across the roofs of the houses yonder. Even Phil was deceived one morning. I asked him why he stopped the ambulance, and allowed the mules to rest at so unusual an hour in the day? He pointed to a mountain I had not noticed before, which stood almost in front of us, and was steep and bare, of a light clay-color.

"There ain't a man driving Government mules knows this road better'n I do; but I'll be derved if ever I saw that mountain before."

He asked the men if they thought it could be *mirage*, but they hooted at the idea—it was too substantial for that, altogether; it was a mountain—nothing else. But while we were, all four, so intently gazing at it, the scene was shifted; the mountain parted, leaving two steep banks—the space between apparently spanned by a light bridge.

For days we continued our journey through the desert, making camp generally near one of the numerous wells indiscriminately scattered between Vallecito and Fort Yuma. There are Indian Wells, Sacket's Wells, Seven Wells, Cook's Wells, which, on close inspection, prove to belong to the dissolving views, of which Arizona possesses such a variety; an old well-curb or muddy water-hole generally constituting all the claim these places have to the distinction of being called wells. But no; at Cook's Wells, we *did* find a good, clear well of water; nor is this the only object of interest connected in my mind with the place. The station-keeper told me that a tribe of friendly Indians, not far from here, the Deguines, were to celebrate the funeral rites of a departed warrior the following day. The spirit of the "brave" was to find its way up to the Happy Hunting Grounds from the funeral-pyre on which the body was to pass through the process

of incremation—this being their mode of disposing of the remains of deceased friends. A novel spectacle it would be, no doubt; but I decided not to witness it. I could already see Castle Dome looming in the distance, and I knew that I should be able to reach Fort Yuma in the course of the following day. So we left Cook's Wells early in the morning, and reached the crossing of the Colorado some time in the forenoon.

The Colorado River was "up," Phil said; and I was prepared to agree with him when I saw an expanse of muddy water covering the flat, on the other side, to a considerable distance. The old scow, or flat-boat, manned by two dirty-looking Mexicans, had no difficulty in coming up close to us, where we were waiting on the shore: the difficulty lay in our getting on the crazy thing without breaking through the rotten planks. Perhaps the two Mexicans looked so dirty because all their "clean clothes" were hanging out to dry, on two lines of cowhide, stretched on either side of the flat-boat, which the wind kept blowing into the mules' faces, causing them to "back out" twice, after our *entrée* to the ferry had been almost effected. There was no railing around the boat, (the four posts from which the clothes-line was stretched having evidently been erected at the four corners for that purpose) and, as it was only just large enough to afford standing room for the ambulance and the men, it was any thing but soothing to a woman's nerves to see the mules rear and plunge every time the wind flapped one of the articles on the line into the animals' faces. I had remained in the ambulance, and in my usual corner, but as the shore receded, and an ocean seemed to stretch out on every side of me, I found it hard to stay there. I had suggested to Phil, in the first place, to cut down those miserable clothes-lines, if the Mexicans refused to gather in their week's washing, but he had quieted me

by saying that our men would hold the mules. However, when the current grew swifter, and the Mexicans found some difficulty in managing their craft, the men were directed to take the long poles, of which there was an abundant supply, and help to steer clear of the logs floating down the river.

Now came the difficulty; for the refractory mules would not listen to the "Ho, there, Kate; be still—will you?" with which Phil admonished the nigh leader, but persisted in rearing every time a piece of "linen" struck them, till the old scow shook with their furious stamping, and I grew desperate in my lone corner. "Phil," I cried at last, with the energy of despair, brandishing an enormous knife I had drawn from the mess-chest, "unless you come and quiet the mules immediately, I shall get down, cut the harness, and let them jump into the river!"

An hour's drive brought us to Fort Yuma, where we rested a day or two, before resuming our journey. The country here has been described again and again; its dry, sterile plains and black, burnt-looking hills have been sufficiently execrated—relieving me of the necessity of adding my quota. Fort Yuma—grand in its desolateness, white and parched in the midst of its two embracing rivers—needs but the Dantean inscription on its gate-way to make it resemble the entrance to the regions of the eternally damned.

It was by no means my first glimpse of the "noble savage" that I got on the banks of the Colorado, or I might have been appalled at the sight of a dozen or two of barely clothed, filthy-looking Indians, squatted in rows wherever the sun could burn hottest on their clay-covered heads. The specimens here seen were different from those that had come under my observation on the Plains. That Indians can be civilized William Lloyd Garrison would not doubt, could he but

see with what native grace these dusky belles wear their crinoline. Nor can they be accused of the extravagance of their White sisters in matters pertaining to toilet and dress: the crinoline (worn *over* the short petticoat, constituting their full and entire wardrobe, aside from it) apparently being the only article of luxury they indulge in, except paint—and whisky, when they can get it. But grandest of all were the men—the warrior-like Yumas—arrayed in the traditional strip of red flannel, an occasional cast-off military garment, and the cap of hard-baked mud above alluded to. I had never seen these before, and thought them very singular as ornaments; but Phil soon explained their utility in destroying a certain parasite by which the noble Red Man is afflicted. During the summer months, he seeks relief in an application of wet mud to the part besieged—his head. The mud is allowed to bake hard, in the course of weeks, under the broiling sun; and when quite certain that his enemy has been slaughtered, he removes the clay until another application becomes necessary.

Following the course of the Gila River for some time, we struck the desert again, beyond Gila Bend. What struck me as very surprising was, that the desert here did not look like a desert at all: the scattering *verde*-bushes and growth of cactus hiding the sand from one's eyes, always just a little distance ahead—the cacti growing so thickly in some places that, when they are in blossom, their flowers form a mosaic of brilliant hues. Some of them are very curious—particularly the “monument cactus,” a tall shaft, growing to a height of over thirty feet, sometimes with arms branching out on either side, more generally a simple obelisk, covered with thorns from three to four inches long.

We were now nearing Maricopa Wells and the Pimo villages. Phil was the pearl of all drivers; and he recounted

traditions and legends belonging to the past of this country, that even Prescott might have wished to hear. Phil had studied the history of the country in his own way, and had evidently not kept his eyes closed while traveling back and forth through Arizona. Halting the ambulance one day, he assisted me to alight near a pile of rocks the most wonderful it was ever my fortune to behold. He called them Painted Rocks, or Sounding Rocks; and his theory in regard to them was, that this had been a place where the Indians had long ago met to perform their religious rites and ceremonies. Rocks of different sizes—from those not above a foot high, to others that reached almost to my shoulders—all rounded in shape, were here, in the midst of the plain, gathered together within a space of twenty or thirty feet. They were black—whether from the action of the weather merely, or from some chemical process—and covered on all sides with representations from the animal world of Arizona and Mexico. The pictures had been engraved, in a rude manner, on the black ground, and embraced, in their variety, snakes, lizards, toads; also, four-footed animals, which I could conscientiously recognize neither as horses nor antelopes. Were they horses, it would go to prove that these pictures had been made by roving bands of Indians, any time after the conquest, as it is held that horses were first brought to this country by Cortez. Did the pictures represent antelopes, it would almost tempt me to believe that it was a specimen of the picture-writing of the Aztecs. The sun was also represented, with its circle of rays, which, in Phil's estimation, was proof conclusive that the heathens had come here only to worship, particularly as there was no water in the neighborhood, and they could not have lived here for any length of time. What the character of the rocks may be, I am not geologist enough to know; but when struck

they emit a peculiarly clear and ringing sound, like that produced by striking against a bell or a glass. None of the tribes now to be found in that part of the country appear to claim any knowledge of the origin of these rocks.

If either the Pimos, Maricopas, or Yumas are descendants of the Aztecs, they have most wofully degenerated. On one point their traditions all agree: namely, that the three tribes were not always at peace with each other, as they are now. Long, long ago, when the Pimos were sorely pressed by the more powerful Yumas, they allied themselves with the Maricopas; and when they still found themselves in the minority against the common enemy, and had been almost exterminated, they flew to the White Man for assistance, and never broke the treaty made with him.

But the shimmer of romance and poetry one would willingly throw around them, is so rudely dispelled by the sight of these lank, dirty, half-nude creatures, with faces exhibiting no more intelligence than (perhaps not so much as) the faces of their lean dogs, or shaggy horses. Yet, again, I must confess that even these Indians are susceptible of a high degree of refinement and cultivation. Two of them, mounted on a horse whose diminutive size allowed their four feet to touch the ground at every stride, dressed, or rather undressed, in a manner to strike terror into the soul of any well-brought-up female, rode close up to the ambulance one day, as it passed through the Indian villages, one of them shouting, "Bully for you!" at the top of his voice, while the other whipped up the horse at the same time, as though anxious to retreat the moment their stock of polite learning had been exhausted.

Meeting at Maricopa Wells with the Captain of the infantry stationed at La Paz, we visited the interior of the Pimo and Maricopa villages together, on horseback. We rode through the fields the

Indians cultivate, and irrigate from the Gila River, by means of *acequias* dug through their lands in all directions. Some of their huts on the road-side were deserted by their owners, who had removed to very airy residences, constructed of the branches of cotton-wood and willows, growing on the banks of the Gila, located where they could overlook their possessions on all sides. As these residences consisted simply of a roof, or shed, it was no such very hard matter to keep a lookout on every side. That they do not trust a great deal in each other's honesty, was evident from the way in which they had fastened the doors of their city residences, when exchanging them for their country-seats: they had firmly walled up the entrance with *adobe* mud. However, they are quiet and peaceable, I am told, unless, by any chance or mischance, they get whisky—of which they are as fond as all other Indians.

In the mountain around which we had passed on the last day's journey from Gila Bend, is to be seen, plainly and distinctly, the face of a man, reclining, with his eyes closed as though in sleep. Among the most beautiful of all the legends told here, is that concerning this face. It is Montezuma's face, so the Indians believe, (even those in Mexico, who have never seen the image) and he will awaken from his long sleep some day, will gather all the brave and the faithful around him, raise and uplift his downtrodden people, and restore to his kingdom the old power and the old glory—as it was, before the *Hidalgos* invaded it. So strong is this belief in some parts of Mexico, that people who passed through that country years ago, tell me of some localities where fires were kept constantly burning, in anticipation of Montezuma's early coming. It looks as though the stern face up there was just a little softened in its expression, by the deep slumber that holds the eyelids

over the commanding eye; and all Nature seems hushed into death-like stillness. Day after day, year after year, century after century, slumbers the man up there on the height, and life and vegetation sleep on the arid plains below—a slumber never disturbed—a sleep never broken; for the battle-cry of Yuma, Pimo, and Maricopa that once rang at the foot of the mountain, did not reach Montezuma's ear; and the dying shrieks of the children of those who came far over the seas to rob him of his sceptre and crown, fall unheeded on the rocks and the deserts that guard his sleep.

Two days more, and Phil pointed out to me, at a distance of some two miles away, the ruins of the Casas-Grandes, sole remnant of the Seven Cities the adventurous *Padre* had so enticingly described to the Spaniards. I could not induce Phil to allow me a nearer view, as we were in the Apache country, and had no escort save the two soldiers in the ambulance with us. From this distance the houses looked to me like any other good-sized, one-story, *adobe* buildings; but the material must have been better prepared, or differently chosen, from that which is now used in erecting Mexican houses, or it could not have resisted the ravages of Time so far.

On we journeyed, not without some dread on my part, and a great many assurances on the part of Phil that I was a very courageous woman. But nearing Tucson, where the danger was greatest, we were not always alone. Mexican

trains bound for, or coming from Sonora, sometimes fell in with us, and I did not despise their company, for I knew that only "in strength lay safety" for us. Some of these trains consisted of pack-donkeys only, bearing on their bruised backs the linen and cambrics which are so beautifully manufactured in Sonora and other Mexican provinces; others consisted of wagons heavily laden, their drivers armed to the teeth, and well prepared to defend them against attacks the Apaches were sure to make on them, some time and somewhere between Sonora and Tucson.

One of these trains belonged to Leopoldo Carillo, a Mexican merchant of Tucson, who paid his men \$150 for every Indian scalp they delivered to him. Phil asked one of the Mexicans, driving a wagon drawn along by some twelve or sixteen horses, if he had taken any scalps on the trip. The Mexican nodded his head in silence, and turned away. The teamster belonging to the next wagon—an American—told us how the Indians had "jumped them," just after crossing the border, and how two of them had held the Mexican, just spoken to, at bay, while two others killed and scalped his younger brother. They all together, some seven or eight of them, had taken three scalps from the Indians on this trip; but he was willing to lose his share of the prize-money, the man said, if the "pesky devils hadn't taken the boy's scalp;" for the brother, he averred, cried and "took on about it" *just like a White Man*.

A JAVANESE TIGER-FIGHT.

IN the beginning of 1866, I was a guest at the house of Herr Van Toorenburg, then "Resident" of the Dutch Government at the city, and for the district of Soerakarta, in the island of Java. The town (usually called "Solo") asserts itself as the capital of the inland country, as Batavia is that of the sea-coast; and it is in Solo that the Emperor holds his Court, with native magnificence, dividing his sway over the surrounding country with the Independent Princes in his vicinity. It was with one of these last, during an excursion through his territory, that I witnessed the incident about to be described.

The Prince Adhi Patti Pangeran Aris Mangko Negoro (his name and titles, according to Javanese etiquette) is the most powerful of the Independent Princes, maintaining a small, but well-disciplined native army, and residing in Solo. Despite his native costume and customs, he happily unites the politeness of the Javanese with the shrewdness of a man of the world, having managed his affairs, both of business and politics, in a manner requiring no small amount of address, and rewarded, in nearly every instance, with signal success.

After an introduction by the Resident—the customary courtesies having passed between us—the Prince Mangko Negoro informed me, through an interpreter, that it was his intention shortly to visit certain portions of his territory, which had for some time required his immediate supervision, and "that he should be happy to show me his country, if I felt inclined to accompany him." As the opportunity was one which, in all probability, would not occur again, I gladly availed myself of the proffered

courtesy, accepting the invitation with thanks. All arrangements having been completed, we started from Solo a few days afterward.

Our party consisted of about two hundred horsemen, as, besides the Prince Mangko Negoro, we were accompanied by the Emperor's brother—a young man, not unprepossessing in appearance—and five other native princes of more or less consequence, with their suites and attendants; the *cortège* being escorted by a small troop of Mangko Negoro's cavalry—about 120 "lancers," as I presume they were called—their sole weapon of offense and defense (excepting, always, the inseparable Javanese *kris*) consisting of a long, narrow-headed spear.

The horses furnished us by the Prince were, in truth, superb little animals, of the Macassar breed. With their broad chests, small heads, set on arching crests, and cleanly cut limbs, they are not only remarkably handsome horses, in miniature—each point apparently sound—but are deservedly famed for their speed and "bottom," often calling forth the best skill of a practiced rider to curb their impetuosity. There is, however, a barbarous native custom, which much mars their beauty. When a horse is sold among the Javanese, to signify that the bargain is irrevocably struck they slit the animal's ears down, longitudinally, giving him a somewhat grotesque appearance, and reminding one of those monstrosities with four ears, three legs, etc., etc., occasionally exhibited in museums with us.

As the Prince's guest, I rode with him in front of the party; and as at times we would descend some steep hill-side to the valley, it was a most picturesque

sight to glance back at the long train of horsemen, in their varied costumes, winding down the road behind us, the red cloths of the lancers, their spear-heads glittering in the sun, their curious head-gear (very like inverted wash-hand-basins) painted and emblazoned with gay colors, bringing up the rear of the procession. Here and there a gorgeous umbrella, shining with gold and silver, would shade some native dignitary: the rich dresses of the princes and their suites, with the gay trappings of their horses, all combining to produce a most brilliant effect. But, picturesque as the sight was, no less remarkable was the calm beauty of Nature, for the country we traversed seemed a very Eden, and each day possessed its fresh attractions of scenery, and new features of beauty. Here we saw the luxuriance of the valley: the stately palm and graceful bamboo mirrored in the stream, with a background of dense reed-jungle, growing to a height of twelve feet—the home of the tiger and leopard. The bounteous earth teemed with fruitfulness: foliage of every tropical variety, feathery fern-trees, shrubs of all kinds; forest-trees, overgrown with vines to such an extent that their very luxuriance impeded their growth, choking each other up for want of space. Now, by the soft, clear moonlight, we saw the stern outlines of snow-capped mountains standing out sharply relieved against the deep-blue sky; the torrents rushing from their sides would be seen winding afar off down in the valley, like a silver thread, although there it becomes a broad river. After our ride, each day, we were entertained at one of the Prince's country-houses, consisting, usually, of the peculiarly shaped Javanese roof, supported by carved columns of dark wood: matting being hung between the pillars, in place of walls, for the sake of air, the weather being always sultry here. The inhabitants of the villages through which we passed showed

every demonstration of joy at the Prince's visit, saluting us with peals of native music, tomtom-beating, and gong-sounding: festivities were conducted among the natives, as with us, by the accompaniment of as much noise as possible, and which (to untutored ears, at least) was decidedly unmusical. In the evenings, the celebrated *bayadères*, or dancing-girls, would perform their peculiar contortions, to the sound of bells and native violins.

It was at Sindauglaiya, a place we stopped at toward the close of our excursion, that the great event of the *fête* was to come off. Two fine leopards and a royal tiger had been trapped from the surrounding jungle, in order to give the princes their favorite amusement, viz.: the excitement of a combat between one of these animals and a fine buffalo bull, already the victor in two or three previous fights.

On our arrival at this village we could occasionally distinguish the deep growling of these savage brutes, from the long wooden boxes in which they had been confined, and which, were it not for the cramped position they compelled the animals to maintain, would have proved but a sorry protection against their strength, had there been room to exert it.

In a chosen spot, near the village, a strong, circular cage had been built. Bamboo stems had been driven into the earth, at a distance of about two inches apart—forming an inclosure, the diameter of which was about fifteen feet. At a height of some thirteen feet this cage was covered with a light cane flooring, on which Javanese were posted, with water, hay, and spears, to refresh or madden the animals below, as occasion might require. In the centre of the cage stood the buffalo—a remarkably fine animal—calmly chewing his fodder, and apparently regardless of what was going on around him.

As the reader is probably aware, the buffalo of India and the Eastern Hemi-

sphere, is a very different creature from the bison of the American prairie. With a smooth, black skin, without a hair upon it; strong, slightly curved horns, of moderate length, but well pointed, and heavy, muscular, somewhat ungainly limbs—few would credit him with the activity he really possesses. In a combat of this kind, one is apt to consider the conflict as one between crushing force and the most subtle activity.

But that the buffalo really does possess great quickness of movement, is attested by the fact that he is almost invariably a victor; though it is generally conceded that the small size of the cages hardly gives the tiger a fair chance, depriving him of the space requisite for the terrible spring, which, once obtained, is generally fatal to its victim. The sympathies of the natives being all enlisted in the cause of their favorite buffalo, they do not care to give his foe "a fair field and no favor," as the saying is. Nor, we fear, is this peculiarity confined to the Javanese people alone.

A loud crash of gongs, tomtoms, and native metals (something between a kettle-drum and a bell in sound) announced the presence of the princes. They seated themselves on a platform, erected some few paces from the cage; their suite, umbrella-bearers, and guards being arranged behind them—the large, emblazoned umbrellas affording a grateful shade from the tropical sun.

One of the large, wooden boxes, before mentioned, was now drawn up close to one side of the bamboo inclosure—the buffalo within still placidly enjoying his meal, in the most unconcerned manner. A breathless silence succeeded the previous bustle. Presently, at a single stroke of the gong, the trap-doors connecting the long, wooden box with the large cage were lifted simultaneously.

The buffalo, although a veteran in such affairs, raised his head quickly, keenly eyed the opened trap, and visibly trem-

bled—his massive limbs shaking, as though in an ague-fit.

But the occupant of the box seemed nowise inclined to put in an appearance. The point of a spear, however, having been thrust between the partitions of his narrow prison, seemed to have a persuasive effect, and, with an ominous growl from the depths of his cavernous chest, he emerged into the presence of his enemy, creeping round the side of the bamboo cage with extended limbs, and belly almost touching the earth, stretching himself as in preparation for a spring. Certainly, he was a beautiful animal: his tawny and white fur, striped with black, being in fine condition, each hair seeming to stand separate and erect, bristling with fury—lips drawn viciously back, displaying huge and formidable fangs. He could not have measured less than eleven feet, from tip to tip; his short, restless tail swaying from side to side with anger; the gleaming eye narrowed to a small slit by the savage expression of his jaws; from the throat a sound issued, resembling that of steam escaping from an overheated boiler. The buffalo appeared to have regained confidence on seeing his work cut out for him: he kept his head lowered constantly in the direction of his opponent, following him with his eye steadily, as the tiger crept, in the same cautious, deadly manner, round and round the cage, watching for an opportunity to attack. After some time the buffalo attempted to move from the centre of the cage, somewhat nearer, but as he was in the act of so doing his enemy, with one bound, fastened on his shoulder with teeth and talons, his hind-legs being suspended in the air.

Maddened with pain, the buffalo plunged violently, endeavoring to shake him off, but it was useless. Finally, he managed to get a horn beneath his opponent's ribs, and in the twinkling of an eye he drove it through, pinning him to

the earth with it. A loud roar of anguish was heard from the tiger; he relaxed his grip, and seemed inclined to relinquish the combat. On seeing his enemy exhausted, the buffalo presently withdrew to his previous position in the centre of the cage, where his torn shoulder and lacerated sides were seen bleeding copiously. Water was dashed upon the poor beast from above, amid the loud and joyful acclamations of the natives; and, refreshed by the grateful shower, he presently appeared as game as ever. Meanwhile, the tiger, having recovered from his syncope, foaming at the mouth, panting heavily, crippled, and besmirched with dust and blood, glared savagely around, as though he knew all were his foes, and he was determined, at least, to make a plucky fight of it. A dangerous light shone from his eyes as he suffered the buffalo to approach him once or twice, without opposition. Then, half closing his eyes, one might have thought that the tiger was on the point of sleeping, had it not been for the quick, irritable movement of his short tail, showing plainly that he was but biding his time.

The buffalo regarded him intently, but a Javanese, on the top of the cage, accidentally dropping some hay upon his hide, caused him for an instant to slightly turn his head from his enemy. Quick as thought, the tiger again sprang upon him. But it was too late, this time. Caught on one of the fatal horns, he was hurled back with terrific force against the bars of the cage, making the stout bamboo crackle and vibrate again. This time the infuriated bull attacked him, goring him repeatedly, chasing him round the

cage two or three times, and receiving, in return, a severe wound on the chest from the claws of his adversary. More water was dashed upon them; but the tiger was too far gone to attack vigorously, and seemed determined to fight where he lay, to the bitter end. Loss of blood was also beginning to tell upon the buffalo; but with a "Now or never" sort of feeling apparently, he again attacked his foe. Then the two animals became entangled in a most sanguinary conflict: the tiger, having secured a fast grip on the shoulder that he first attacked, might even yet come off victorious, but with a mighty effort the bull swung his opponent's body until he got it into a favorable position; then, as he dashed his horns earthward, we heard the crunching of the bones beneath the repeated gorings of the maddened buffalo, finishing the fight in about forty minutes' time from its commencement. The tiger lay motionless, until a native, thinking possibly that he was "playing possum," barbarously threw a bunch of lighted hay near him; then, with one terrific roar, he made a final convulsive bound toward his enemy, falling prone, with a glazing eye.

His beautiful hide was spoiled, being completely covered with gore and dirt. With great applause, and much tomtom-beating, shouting, and dancing, the delighted natives welcomed the victory of their champion, who was himself lying exhausted from his efforts. He appeared, however, the next day to be in a surprisingly good condition, considering the rough treatment he had experienced; the Javanese having skillfully doctored his wounds, showing him the greatest care and solicitude.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night—good-night!
The hour of parting brings the hour of dreams.
Be thy sleep calm and deep,
A spell of down on silken eyelids laid;
Between our pillows distance only seems,
And darkness is as a transparent shade,
And sweetest speeches silences inclose,
Like roses' perfume folded in the rose—
Growing intense as silence deeper grows:
Good-night!

Good-night—good-night!
These parting words are but a tender cheat:
For still we know that whether we may go
Beyond arm's-reach, or wide as worlds apart,
Together we shall throb at each heart-beat;
Thrilled by the same electric dart,
Shot from the arch-god's arched bow,
Through either bosom's wall of snow—
Forever and forever be it so!
Good-night!

IN SEARCH OF A SUMMER RETREAT.

NO. I.

SUMMER weather does not respond with the breath of balmy June days, and the mildness of lingering summer twilights, to the roll-call of the seasons in San Francisco; and those of us who would escape the asperities of a climate characterized by noondays of chilling trade-winds, and evenings and mornings of dreary sea-fogs, must look for the traditional summer in the country.

While the people of Eastern cities are seeking to escape the sultriness of the season in the mountains, by the seashore, or the quiet of some suburban village, our quest is to find in such places

its genial warmth and mildness. But it is the typical summer we want, not the burning, tropical heat of the valleys; and we dream perchance of a typical country in connection with it: of shaded farm-houses, with broad piazzas and sunny grass-plots, and perhaps our years of city life may have left enough of enthusiasm in our natures to contemplate the country as Sir Walter Scott's "little maidie," Marjorie Fleming, did when she wrote in her journal: "I am going to-morrow to a delightful place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Ceraford, where there are ducks, cocks, hens,

bubbly-jocks, two dogs, two cats, and swine—which is delightful.” Unless our wanderings bring us to the real country, we might as well accept the situation with what grace we may, and shut ourselves up within our city houses.

It was such a summer that I went in search of when I came to a full realization of these things, in the midst of a spring-time which came to us backward, growing more windy, more chilly, and foggy as the season advanced. For even we of San Francisco had unmistakable evidences that the spring had come, not by a flowery calendar of a few blossoming crocuses and sword-drops, the swelling leaf-buds, or the familiar notes of the bluebird: our gardens were glowing with their varied floral display, as they always are, quite regardless of the season. No, it was not to flowers, nor trees, nor birds that we looked for our announcement of spring-time. But in the afternoons the sea-fog was pouring in its voluminous folds through the Golden Gate, and stalking along the base of the Mission Hills, and finding its way by twilight through all of the streets of the city. We had other messengers, too, in the winds which daily swept the dust of our streets into our houses, and filled the streets with portions of the encircling sand-hills. One thought of the reputed happy valleys where the flowers grew and the sun shone, but the fog and the winds came not. Fortunately, in order to reach these places it was not necessary to use the “seven-league boots” of the modern tourist, but if they were to be found at all—about which opinion was decided, but varying—one might chance upon them within a radius of fifty miles from San Francisco. Such unambitious traveling, too, might be peculiarly pleasant, as under these circumstances California would not necessarily be mounted on a pedestal before which one would be obliged to maintain an unbending attitude of admiration.

The traditional politeness and attention which the California traveler receives was somewhat amusingly verified at the beginning of my little journey. The engine had given the premonitory shriek, and the “altogether and nothing first” movement of the starting train was perceptible, as we were about to leave the San Francisco and San José Dépôt, when a commotion on the somewhat crowded platform outside was observable. A large man in a tweed suit gave a signal to the engineer, who thereupon suspended operations. The cause of the commotion was then seen to be one of those ample market baskets which city people require to complete the enjoyment of country life. The paper which covered its rounded top was partly blown off, and revealed a large cake, which was a sufficient index of the contents. A half-dozen men were rather ineffectually endeavoring to carry it, and did at length succeed in delivering it to the owner.

As soon as we were fairly out of the city, the banks on either side of the railway were densely covered with flowers. Sometimes they seemed arranged with almost the severe precision of a formal *parterre*. Great bunches of brilliant, orange-colored California poppies, contrasting strongly with the spring verdure of the grass; beyond, a bed of purple pendent lupines, and then a cluster of pale, delicate primroses; again, they were heaped together in wanton profusion, and with bewildering effect of dazzling prismatic colors, as if a willful child had despoiled a garden and heedlessly cast the treasures by the way-side. There was a background of billowy grain-fields, closed in on one side by the rounded outline of mountains, which rose abruptly from the level plain, their sides seeming to be fluted with almost the exactness with which a careful washerwoman performs that delicate manipulation. Thickly herded together in the hollows were the low,

indefinite shapes of the live-oak. On the other side the waters of the Bay could be seen, or the line of mist which indicated its presence.

At San Mateo, about twenty miles from the city, I left the cars. The grassy streets of the town, indicated by a startling array of fences, only differed from the fields which the fences inclosed by a dusty wagon-track through the centre, and being the public depository of worn-out or otherwise useless domestic utensils. There were cottages, brown and white, which seemed ambitious to construct Nature after their own plan, having discreetly retired from the trees which Nature provided, and surrounded themselves by artificial pyramids of dusty evergreens. There were houses, too, which were termed "residences;" and were distinguished, as far as I could ascertain, from mere houses, by winding, avenue-graveled walks, a broad flight of steps, double-doors, and bay-windows. They were, I believe, generally or often owned by gentlemen from the city, who leave their homes in the morning and return to them at night, and may therefore be said to do as little *residing* as any other class of people. A drive of four or five miles over a fine road, and through a beautiful *cañon*, brought me to Crystal Springs. The Springs themselves, by the way, seem to be as indefinitely located as the celebrated "Fountain of Youth," and I fancy one might, like the renowned Spanish chevalier, have spent a life-time in unavailing search. According to various authorities, they were anywhere and everywhere, from fifty yards to five miles from the hotel. But at any rate they did not lie in or near my pathway, although I rambled untiringly through the woods and among the hills. A beautiful brook, however, whose waters were limpid and colorless, met me at every turn: indeed it so doubled, and contorted, and returned upon itself, that it seemed to be the waters of

many brooks instead of the eccentricities of one.

The place was completely encircled by hills. In one direction were the hill-tops, apparently more than three or four miles distant, and in some places not so far. Some of them arose rounded and bare, others were crowned with rough battlements of rocks, finished off at the top by scraggy pine-trees. This complete isolation was, however, only apparent, as the well-worn road which passed the hotel plainly attested. In the midst of this infinite greenness, its pale, dusty windings afforded a pleasant relief to the eye. Perhaps not only for the sake of the contrast and the graceful curves, but for the idea it conveyed of the means of escape from this solitude, and the knowledge that it daily and almost hourly brought wanderers from the world beyond to share our seclusion. In such a place one realizes the Frenchman's idea of solitude: to make it enjoyable there must be some one to whom one can exclaim, "How pleasant a thing is solitude!" And then, too, there is a feeling of complacency in being near a pleasant and convenient highway. 'Tis not only the people that avail themselves of the advantages of traveling who rejoice in living within a mile of the station, but the knowledge that we can go often makes us content to remain at home. If there had been a railroad through the "Happy Valley," over which Rasselas had a "pass," he might have been content to remain a life-time in his kingdom.

Sometimes even dim and shadowy wood-paths lost their charm, and I wandered on by the road-side, which wound enticingly through sun and shade, at each turn repeating the never-fulfilled promise of something different beyond. Once, when I stopped to rest in the shady corner of a rude and half-ruinous bridge, two youthful sportsmen, mounted on what might have been thoroughbred hunters, for aught I know, but were

of the peculiar, dun complexion of Mexican mustangs, galloped by me; three dogs trotting contentedly along at their heels. The expression of extreme satisfaction which pervaded the party was accounted for by the slightly swelled ends of the game-bags.

I watched the waters creep out of the dark shadows beneath the bridge, and flash in the sunshine beyond. I knew that the shy, speckled trout were hiding securely somewhere about, quietly waiting to be coaxed from their lurking-places by the enticing fly of the anxious angler. But luckily for them, and for me, too, perhaps, I was unprovided with the necessary apparatus. In spite of Ike Walton and all sentimental fishermen since his time, a brook is more beautiful to me when I am not on murderous thoughts intent. A little bird alighted on a slender twig of a willow directly in front of me, and swung gravely backward and forward, exhibiting the perfectly *nonchalant* delight of an accomplished acrobat. The little beady, black eyes were fixed intently upon me, and my silent admiration and applause were no doubt understood and appreciated. Occasionally it uttered a short, sharp note, and at the next instant looked gravely unconscious, and ready to deny the charge. Presently it hopped down on the stones, coming a little nearer the bridge, then it retreated a little, still observant, but stopping now and then to dispatch an unwary worm or insect. I quite comprehended this pantomime; for many a spring and summer day had I heard the two notes which constitute its song, and which at home we were wont to translate into the pleasant, old-fashioned name of "Phe-be." I knew its habits well, and could easily guess that there was busy housekeeping going on beneath the bridge on which I was standing. When I remembered the predilections of this insignificant songster for human habitations, or at least such things as apper-

tained to humanity, I thought how greatly they must have rejoiced when the country was settled. Or, if themselves immigrants, they probably assumed precedence among the feathered tribes as early settlers.

There were half-opened gates by the road-side, and leading from them wood and field-paths which deluded one by their pleasant windings into a bank of dead leaves or an impassable marsh. At unexpected places there were summer-houses, covered with woodbine and roses, and within was a small and melancholy-looking company of weeds and grasses. Lizards darted frequently from the pathway, and my nerves gave a responsive shiver to the thrill they sent among the dry leaves. They are perfectly harmless, and one in time becomes not only used to them, but sometimes fond of them. I was assured that a lady had trained two of them as pets, and when she *whistled* to them they would come out from beneath her door-stone and exhibit themselves. Occasionally large, repulsive-looking snails—without their houses, on account of the clemency of the climate, I suppose—maintained their position in the middle of the pathway.

Conspicuous, whitewashed fences extended in various directions, not only inclosing fields and defining the highways, but wandering off by themselves in an aimless, imbecile manner. Every now and then they had yielded to the superior forces of Nature, and were leaning about in helpless, beseeching attitudes, waiting for some good Samaritan to assist them in assuming a perpendicular, or to lay them decently on the ground, or better still, to cast them away and use them for fire-wood. Indeed, whitewashed fences seemed to form the ultimatum of gentility. Besides these erratic wanderings, the ample circumference of a great oak is encircled by a flight of steps protected by such a rail-

ing. Here was a summer-house, such as the Swiss Family Robinson occupied; but the close proximity of the large hotel, besides several cottages, did not aid in carrying out the delusion.

A prominent feature in the landscape was a towering windmill. It is an invariable adjunct to a California garden, and utilizes the wind: thus, by performing a part in the process of irrigation, which keeps the gardens green and beautiful during the long, dusty summer, it is saved from being that "ill wind," of which the old proverb speaks as "blowing nobody good." In spite of this testimony of its presence, it is in so mild a form that people living in the valley assert that it is not of the same nature as the San Francisco zephyrs, but the San Franciscans themselves do not, at times, fail to recognize both of their old enemies.

The country between San Mateo and San José has a monotony of exterior, but becomes gradually modified in climate as the traveler nears the latter city. The winds lose their shrewishness; the fogs, somehow, faint and languish in the upper air, as if they were exhausted in getting over the mountains. Menlo Park—with its painfully exotic title, its white, wayside country hotel, its level roads, its eminently respectable oaks, that secure a proper reserve and seclusion to the fine country-seats that are hidden therein—lies midway of these extremes, and holds, so to speak, at once a prophecy of San José and a reminiscence of San Francisco in its warm sunshine and bleak shadows.

At San José I bore with composure the sight of the finest court-house in the State, and was not overcome with surprise at the convenience and elegance of a fine hotel; for those who had gone before me to spy out the land testified to such magnificence as I found. It is, I believe, quite universally the case, that if a sufficient number of travelers de-

mand and pay for a hotel, they are pretty sure to get it, irrespective of the locality. This is, at least, the American way of settling a new country, and one upon which the traveler is so dependent that he can well afford to admire and eulogize. Such a place is a paradise to the tourist, and gives a magnificent tone to the description of travel in California.

But here one can also see the remains of a different mode of civilization in the *Alameda*, (readily translated by every one in this half-Spanish country into "shady walk") which extends the three or four miles between San José and Santa Clara. This, with the College and Church at Santa Clara, the convent at San José, and a few *adobe* houses in both places, is about all that remains of the old Spanish settlement. I ought also, perhaps, to except the Spanish names for both places and things, which are still retained, and which will at length, perhaps, be incorporated into the English language and enrich it, in a less degree, but in such a way as it was in old times enriched by the combination of the Saxon and Norman-French.

Looking out through the arches formed by the interlaced branches of the trees on either side of the *Alameda*, on the sunny, unshaded, palpitating fields beyond, one can feel thankful that the country was settled by the leisurely monks instead of the busy, money-getting Americans.

The sermons which the old *padres* preached, the lessons which they taught, and even the heathen whom they converted, were things alike, perhaps, unavailing and unenduring, but the trees which they planted a hundred years ago prove them to have been wise men and benefactors to humanity. There were originally double rows of trees on each side of the avenue, and tradition says the *padres* walked bare-headed in the noon-day heat, beneath their shade, between

the Church at Santa Clara and the Mission at San José.

Already many of the trees, which are a species of willows, have decayed and have been cut down, and but in a very few instances have they been replaced by others. Always when I returned from the hot, dusty roads of the country this avenue was a fresh delight. It seemed as if I could recognize that something of the spirit of the old monks yet pervaded the place, and a peculiar sense of rest and quietude seemed to haunt the long vista, arched over by the green branches and paved by the mottled sunlight. But this was sentimentalizing, and, I must confess, a most inappreciable vagary of my own mind; for close on one side of the avenue crept the street-cars, filled with busy, every-day people, intent on buying their shoes and dry-goods cheap, and gaining such information from the sign-board literature which ornamented the trees. The top of the car was utilized by a double-parallel row of seats, which were generally occupied by placid-looking Celestials. Mexicans rode by on furiously galloping mustangs; men, women, and children were riding in buggies or open barouches; farm wagons, heavy, cumbrous, and with vestiges of the mud of the early settlers still upon them, plodded in from the country; and teamsters, driving four, five, or six horses, with loads of redwood lumber from the mountains, carelessly cracked their resounding whips within the precincts of the holy walk.

In both San José and Santa Clara, pretentious wooden mansions, with turrets, towers, and buttresses, bore not unfrequent evidences of the wealth and taste of the people. Trees, shrubs, and flowers ornamented the gardens, and were assiduously washed day by day to free them from the dust.

San José is only fifty miles from San Francisco, but it never feels the seachill; and already in the early spring-

time the days are faint with summer languor, and bring to the citizens promises of the hot, arid, rainless summer which will succeed them. The line of broken hills, or mountains, which extends north from San José on each side of the Bay, opens right and left toward the south, and incloses the level, fertile Santa Clara Valley.

A ride of ten or twelve miles, in any direction from San José, was through well-fenced fields of growing wheat, barley, and oats. The dwellings of the *rancheros* had not expanded into the ample proportions, nor had they any of the comfortable surroundings, which the richness of their hundreds of acres seemed to warrant. They were small, desolate, and ill-constructed; and, perhaps, human habitations never appear so utterly mean and abject as when surrounded only by broad fields—when there are no sociable forests or friendly hills to attract the attention from their own incongruous exterior. In the mountains there were such houses as I saw on the plains, but they sought the protection of the trees and rocks, and one forgot them in their surroundings. It was even pleasant to find as I did in a ravine, behind a sharp curve of a hill, a rude hamlet. It was true that it was principally composed of hotels, and externally devoted to the selling of lager-beer, and that the houses had that tawdry ambition which seeks to bedizen itself with things which "make a goodly show for sixpence." But they were in the shadows of the hills, mornings and evenings, and at midday the trees sheltered them from the scorching sunlight. A brook, too, that had brought with it all the sounds from the mountains, rushed tumbling over the rocks, through the middle of the village, as blithely as if its waters had not just been utilized by a mill. This place was, I believe, called Saratoga. It had a name, too, for every-day use, which I have forgotten.

Following the windings of this stream for two miles beyond the village, I came to the hotel at Congress Springs. The virtues of the mineral waters of these springs are already widely known, and the place has become a favorite and fashionable resort. The narrow piazza of the hotel is shaded by a row of prospective locusts, whose present infantile state will afford the yearly visitors a fine opportunity to watch the rapid growth of vegetation on California soil, and under the genial influences of California sunshine. Situated on the top of a barren spur of the mountain, it overlooks the foot-hills over which I had already passed, and shows through a narrow vista a distant horizon of blue mountains.

At the foot of the ravine below the hotel, rude bridges cross the stream in various places; and following the windings of a mountain road for half a mile, I reached the springs. This is one of those places where Nature has turned apothecary, and has chemically prepared the water to alleviate the suffering of mankind. But it is not only the sick or the suffering who visit such places, for the "ounce of precaution" doctrine seems peculiarly applicable to the waters of mineral springs, and every body who can afford to spend a few weeks in the mountains feels sure of being benefited by them.

Wherever the water drips over the stones or over the soil, a rusty deposit is left. When I drank of the bubbling, sparkling waters, I was surprised to recognize a flavor of old iron. Not surprised that the flavor of iron should be in the water, for I already knew that there were 14,030 grains of iron to the gallon. But why I should recognize such a flavor was, at first, a mystery: which was solved by the suddenly aroused memory of a predatory raid in early childhood, when rusty nails fell a splendid, because forbidden, prey to my voracious appetite; and in the depths of the

forest, standing by a mountain spring, I remembered an old tool-box, put safely beyond the reach of any but adventurous hands, and I saw again the treasures that were spilled out upon successful tilting. The resonant ring of the hammer came back again, and the sound of the rusty file from which I took an uninstructed lesson in music without remonstrance from my unawakened nerves. Yes, these were of the things of which the water tasted to me, and, as it touched my lips, had given that mysterious "open sesame," to which alone that door of memory would consent to open.

Pipes conducted the water from the springs to a building close at hand, where two men were busily at work bottling the Congress Water for the thirsty San Franciscans. A little farther up the mountain was another spring on which an apparatus for collecting gas was arranged. This was injected into the Congress Water, and, thus prepared, it became quite like the ordinary soda-water of the shops. The old adage which inculcates the moral that Mahomet must go to the mountain, loses half its force in these days, when the waters of a mountain spring may flow freely in our city dining-rooms.

The silence of the motionless forest at midday seemed only the more profound from the distant song of the robin and the nearer twitter of the wren. The vast stillness was, as it were, bounded and defined by these things, and was of a far greater appreciable magnitude than total silence.

The tall cotton-woods stretched their ghostly arms up into the sunshine, above the lower-growing alder and *mansanita*. Giant pine-trees had moved out of the crowded society, and stood in solitary grandeur, dropping their needles and forming their cones year after year—perchance, century after century—intent upon their own slow affairs, while the forest around shows its youth by reproduction. There was a vigorous growth of

young cotton-woods, and now and then a young maple. The *madroño* showed its tawny branches and bright-green leaves at intervals, and other less conspicuous trees filled up the interstices.

Surely, my quest was a successful one, and I was finding summer over and over again in those favored nooks where she chooses to hide herself. I had escaped the wind and fog of the city, the dust and heat of the plains; and, as a traveler, or tourist, was not unwilling to submit to the *city airs* of the country hotels. In fact, after wearying rambles, it was not unpleasant to be "fed and done for" in an orthodox manner. When one becomes a traveler one seems to "live to eat," and the number of "square" meals provided and demolished at these hotels sufficiently demonstrates that this purpose in life is fulfilled. For a few days the country, even under such circumstances, was enjoyable, but to spend the season with such fell intent would be simply monstrous. It began to be evident to me that the "country" was admirably constructed to meet the wants of the traveler, and somewhat oblivious to the petty needs of the sojourner who hoped to get something of the flavor of "country living."

The hotels had an expectant air in their readiness to receive their summer guests, but they were as yet nearly empty and somewhat desolate. But at Crystal Springs the stage was already making its two or three trips daily to San Mateo, in connection with the trains from San Francisco; and its near proximity to the city (a pleasant drive of twenty miles) was causing its quota of visitors to be rapidly filled up. During the summer, the stage from Congress Springs connects with the cars at Santa Clara. It was as yet, however, safely stowed away, not having shaken off its winter repose, and still retaining some affecting reminiscences of last summer's dust. It was unpretentious in appear-

ance, as I believe good Samaritans usually are. Its hard-looking, black, leather-covered seats told me tales of the sick and the weary whom it had brought to the invigorating and health-giving waters, and taken back again with something more of life, and health, and perchance of happiness, in their veins. It seemed worth while to linger in the mountains; and one decided involuntarily, that with whatever purpose the trip might have been undertaken a purposeless journey was best. But even in such a place, one "looks before and after," and I was once more out of the silent forest, and again riding over the already dusty plains, listening to the stories of the impenetrable dust-clouds which in summer make this to-day pleasant drive a penance, and back again to the level, sunny streets of San José—richer, although none but myself knew it, for the day spent in the woods and the mountains.

Congress Springs are twelve miles from San José, the Warm Springs twelve miles, and the Vichy Waters of the springs at Almaden twelve miles. Indeed, the little city seems to be a sort of a focus, with a radius of twelve miles in any direction to something remarkable—generally a mineral spring. Almaden possesses no other attraction than the health-giving qualities of the waters. Three miles beyond the springs are the celebrated quicksilver mines, and near them the road winds over the mountain to the little seaport of Santa Cruz.

The tepid, sulphurous waters of the Warm Springs lie close under the high, broken hill which extends along the line of the eastern side of the Bay. The large hotel is now tenantless, and but one or two of the cottages which surround it, occupied. Its vineyards and the tropical fruits of its gardens are, perhaps, the things which give it the felicitous reputation of being "a paradise."

The villages on the eastern shore of the bay are fewer in number, and less pleasing in exterior, than those on the western side. The meadows are flat and characterless, near the Bay demoralized into marshes; the hill-sides are nude, and often cultivated to their very tops; and the great form of Mount Diablo rises as a distant background.

At the junction we meet the train which is bringing admiring Eastern visitors overland, and speed with them through the cultivated fields through the familiar towns of Alameda and Oakland, and at length reach the ferry-boat which will take us back to our city set upon her hills, but which is yet most effectually hid by a mantle of sea-fog.

MY SOUTH-SEA SHOW.

HIGH in her lady's-chamber sat Gail, looking with calm eyes through the budding maples across the hills of spring. Her letter was but half finished, and the village post was even then ready; so she woke out of her reverie, and ended the writing as follows:

"SPRING, ———.

"I know not where you may be at this moment—living with what South-Sea Island god, drinking the milk of cocoa-nut, and eating bread-fruit—but wherever you are, forget not your promise to come home again, bringing your sheaves with you."

Then she ended it and mailed it, and it was hurried away, over land and sea, till, after many days, it found me drinking my cocoa-milk and refreshing myself with bread-fruits.

Then I replied to her—not on the green enamel of a broad leaf, with a thorn stylet, but upon the blank margins of Gail's letter, with my last half-inch of pencil. I said to her:

"SUMMER, ———.

"By and by I will come to you, when the evenings are very long, and the valley is still. I will cross the lawn in silence, and stand knocking at the south entry. Deborah will open the door to me with fear and trembling, for I shall be sunburnt and brawny, with a baby cannibal under each arm. Then at a word a tattooed youngster shall reach her a Tahitian pearl, and I will cry, 'Give it to Mistress Gail:' whereat Deborah will willingly withdraw, leaving me motionless in the dead leaves by the south entry. You will take the token, dear Gail, and know it as the symbol of my return. You will come and greet us, and lead us to the best chamber, and we will feast with you as long as you like—I and my cannibals."

I was never quite sure of what Gail said to my letter, but I knew her for a true soul; so I gathered my cannibals under my metaphorical wings, and journeyed unto the village, and came into it at sunset, while it was autumn. We passed over the lawn in silence, and stood knocking at the south entry, in real earnest. Deborah came at last, and the little striped fellow bore aloft his pearl of Tahitian beauty, while I gave my message, and Deborah was terrified and thought she was dreaming. But she took the pearl and went, and we stood in the keen air of autumn, and my South-Sea babies were very cold and moaned pitifully under my arms, and the little pearl-bearer shivered in all his stripes, and capered in the dead leaves like an imp of darkness.

Then Gail came to us and let us in, and we camped by the great fire in the sitting-room, whither Deborah brought bowls of new milk for the little ones, and was wonderfully amazed at their quaintness and beauty, but quite failed to affiliate with my striped pearl-bearer.

So I said, "Sit you down, Deborah, and hear the true story of my Zebra." Gail had already captured the bronze babies, and was helping them with their bowls of milk as they nestled at her feet, and I took my striped beauty between my knees and stroked his soft wool, and

told how he saved me from a watery death, and again from the fiery stake, and was doubly dear to me for evermore:

"We were at the island of Pottobokee, getting water and fruit; had stocked the last sack of mangoes and limes in the boat, and were off for the ship, glad to escape with our scalps, when a wave took us amidships on the reef, and we swamped in the dreadful spume. Some were drowned; some clung to the boat, though it was stove badly, while relief came from the vessel as quickly as possible, and the fragments were gathered out of the waves and taken aboard.

"They thought themselves lucky to escape with the remnants, for they knew the natives for cannibals, and the shore was black and noisy within ten minutes after the accident. It looked threatening and stormy in that neighborhood: hence the caution and haste of the relief-crew, who left me for drowned, I suppose, as they never came after me, but spread every thing, and went out of sight before dark that evening.

"I was no swimmer at all, but I kicked well, and was about diving the fatal dive—last of three warnings that seem providentially allotted the luckless soul in its extremity: I was just upon the third sinking, when a tough, little arm gripped me under the breast, and I hung over it limp and senseless, knowing nothing further of my deliverance until I found myself a captive in Kabala-kum—a heathenish sort of paradise, a little way back from the sea-coast.

"The natives had given up all hope of feasting upon me, for there wasn't a respectable steak in my whole carcass, nor was my appetite promising; so they resolved to make a bonfire of me, to get me out of the way. But that tough, little arm that saved me from an early grave in the water was husband to a tough, little heart, that resolved I shouldn't be burnt. I was his private and personal

property: he had fished me out of the sea; he would cook me in his own style when he got ready, and no one else was to have a word in the matter.

"There he showed his royal blood, Deborah, for he was the King's son: this marvelous tattooing proclaims his rank. Only the noble and brave are permitted to brand these rainbows into their brown skins.

"I was almost frightened when I first returned to consciousness, and saw this little fellow pawing me in his tender and affectionate way. He was lithe as a panther, and striped all over with brilliant and changeless stripes; so I called him my boy Zebra, and I suppose he called me his white mouse, or something of that sort.

"Well, he saved me at all events; and having heard something of you and Gail from me, he wanted to see you very much, and we made our escape together, though he had to sacrifice all his bone-jewelry, and lots of skulls and scalps; and here he is, and you must like him, Deborah, because he is a little heathen, and doesn't go to Sabbath-School, as a general thing, and worships idols very badly."

Deborah did me the compliment to absorb a tear in the broad hem of her apron, at the conclusion of my episode, whereat my beautiful Zebra regarded her in utter amazement, then turned his queer face—ringed, streaked, and striped—up to mine, and laughed his barbaric laugh. He was wonderful to see, with his breast like a pigeon; his round, supple, almost voluptuous limbs, peculiar to his amphibious tribe; his head crowned with a turban of thick wool, so fine and flossy, it looked as though it had been carded: it stood two inches deep at a tangent from his oval pate.

From his woolly crown to the soles of his feet, my Zebra was frescoed in the most brilliant and artistic fashion. Every color under the sun seemed pricked into

his skin (there he discounted the zebras, who are limited in their combinations of light and shade): this, together with the multiplicity of figures therein wrought, was a never-failing joy to me. O, my Zebra! how did you ever grow so splendid off yonder in the South Seas?

We chatted that evening by Gail's fire, till my Zebra's woolly head went clean to the floor, and he looked like some prostrate idol about to be immolated on that Christian hearth; and the baby cannibals were as funny as two little, brown rabbits, with their ears clipped, nestling at Gail's patient feet.

It was fully nine o'clock by this time, so Deborah got the Bible, smoothed out her apron, and opened it thereon, while she read a chapter. We sat by the fire and listened. I heard the earnest voice of the reader, while the autumn winds rose in gusts, and puffed out the curtains now and then. I thought of the chilly nights and frosty mornings we were to endure—we exiles of the South. I thought of the snows that were to follow, and of the little idolaters sleeping through the gospel, with deaf ears, while their hearts panted high in some dream of savage joy.

There was a big bed made up on the floor of my room—the best chamber at Gail's—and there I laid out my little pets, tucking them in with infinite concern; for they looked so like three diminutive mummies, as they lay there, that I didn't know whether they would think it worth while to wake up again into life; and what would I be worth then, without my wild boys?—I, who was born, by some mischance, out of my tropical element, and whose birthright is Polynesia! Gail laughed when she saw me fretting so, and she patted the curly heads of the babies, and stroked the Zebra's shaggy pate, and said "Good-night" to us, as her step measured the hall, and a door closed in the distance; whereupon, instead of freezing in the icy

linen of the spare bed at the other end of the room, I crept softly into the nest of cannibals, and we slept like kittens until morning.

At a seasonable hour the next day, I got my jewels—my little, inhuman jewels—into their thick, winter clothes again, and we trotted down to breakfast, as hungry as bears. Deborah was good enough to embrace both the little ones, but she gave the Zebra a wide berth, and was not entirely satisfied at leaving him loose in the house.

He was rather odd-looking, I confess. He used to curl up under the table and go to sleep, at all hours of the day—I think it was the cold weather that encouraged him in it—stretching himself, now and then, like a spaniel, and showing his sharp saw-teeth in a queer way, when he laughed in his dreams. Presently Gail came in, and we sat at table, and came near to eating her out of house and home. Deborah said grace—rather a long one, considering we were so hungry—a grace in which my babies were not forgotten, and the Zebra was made the subject of a special prayer. To my horror, Zebra was helping himself surreptitiously to the nearest dish, the while. It was a merry meal. I rose in the midst of it, and laid before Gail an enormous placard, printed in as many colors as even the Zebra could boast, and Gail read it out to Deborah:

"JENKINS' HALL.—Immense attraction, for One Night only: HOKY AND POKY, a brace of South-Sea Babies, from the ancient rivers of Kabala-kum, and the Wonderful Boy ZEBRA, a Cannibal Prince, from the palmy plains of Pottobokee, in their Grand Moral Diversion. The first and only opportunity is now afforded the great public to observe with safety how the heathen, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone. These are the only original and genuine representatives of the Kabalakumists and Pottobokees that ever left their coral strand. Admission, —. Children, half-price."

Deborah was awed into silence, and Gail was apparently thinking over the possible result of this strange advertisement, for she said nothing, but took de-

liberate sips of coffee, and broke the dry toast between her fingers, while she looked at all four of us savages in a peculiar and ominous manner. Nothing was said, however, to disparage any further announcement of the entertainment; and, having appeased our hunger, we adjourned to the reading of another chapter, during which the South-Sea babies would play cat's-cradles under Gail's writing-table, and the Zebra put his foot into the middle of her work-basket, and was very miserable indeed.

My hands were full of business. As an *impressario*, I had to rush about all day, mustering the Great Public for the evening. Out I went, full of it, while the bronze midgets were left in charge of Gail and Deborah, and the Zebra was locked in an upper room, with plenty to eat, and no facilities for getting into mischief. I saw the leading men in town: the preacher, who was deeply interested, proposing to take up a collection on the next Sabbath, for our benefit—which proposition I received with a graceful acquiescence peculiarly my own; the professor, at the Seminary, who was less affable, but whose pupils were radiant at the prospect of getting into the cannibals at reduced rates; and the editor, who desired to print full biographies of myself and cannibals, with portraits and *fac simile* of autographs. He strongly urged the plausibility of this new method of winning the heart of the Great Public, and was willing to take my note for thirty days, in consideration of his personal friendship for me, and his sympathy, as a public man and a member of the press, with the show business.

Every thing worked so nicely that it really seemed quite providential that I had come, as I had, like any thing in the night—noiseless and unheralded. Every thing was in good order, and, after our late dinner, I went out again, to finish for the evening—portioning off my charges, as before, and returning, at the last

moment, to bring them up to the hall for their *début*. But judge of my horror at finding my Zebra stretched upon the floor of his room, quite insensible; and, all this time, Jenkins' Hall was thronged with the Great Public, who had come to see us bow down to wood and stone.

I was greatly alarmed. What could this sudden attack mean? He was not subject to disorders of that nature—at least, I had never seen him in a similar condition. The little fellows began to cry, in their peculiar fashion, which is simply raising the voice to the highest and shrillest pitch, and then shaking to an unlimited degree. Gail was by no means charmed at these new developments, and Deborah fled from the room. In a moment, the cause of our trouble was disclosed. Gail's cologne bottles were exhumed from under the bed—but quite empty. Their contents had been imbibed by the Zebra in an extemporaneous bacchanalian festival, tendered to himself by himself, in honor of the occasion.

It was useless to borrow further trouble, so I prepared my apology: "The sudden indisposition peculiar to young cannibals during the early stages of a public and Christian career had quite prostrated the representative from many a palmy plain; and the South-Sea babies would endeavor to fill the vacancy caused by his absence with several new and interesting features not down in the bills."

I was most cordially received by the audience, and the little midgets danced their weird and fantastic dances, in the least possible clothing imaginable, and sang their love-lyrics, and chanted their passionate war-chants, and gave the funeral wail in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon their respective South-Sea papas and mammas. I considered it an entire success, and pocketed the proceeds with considerable satisfaction.

But to return to my poor little Zebra:

His cologne-sprees had been quite too much for him. He was mentally and physically demoralized, and could be of no use to me, professionally, for a week, at least. I at once saw this, and as I had two or three engagements during that time, I begged Gail to allow him to remain with her during his convalescence, while I went on with the babes and fulfilled my engagements. She consented. Deborah also promised to be very good to him. I think she took a deeper interest in him when she found how very human he was—a fact she did not fully realize until he took to drinking.

On we went, through three little villages, in three little valleys, with crowded houses every evening. Delighted and enthusiastic audiences wanted the mid-gets passed around, just as we passed the bone fish-hooks and shark's-teeth combs, for inspection.

About this time I received a short and decisive epistle from Gail—an immediate summons home. The Zebra, in an unwatched moment, had got into the kerosene, and was considered no longer a welcome guest at Gail's. Deborah was praying with him daily, which didn't seem to have the desired effect, for he was growing worse and worse every hour.

There were at least seven towns anxiously awaiting my South-Sea Lecture, with the "heathen in his blindness" attachment. Yet it was out of the question to think of pressing on in my tour, thereby sacrificing my poor Zebra, and, possibly, Gail as well. I feared it was already too late to save him, for I knew the nature of his ailment, and foresaw the almost inevitable result. When we returned, Gail met us with tears in her eyes and furrows of care foreshadowed in her face. I felt how great a responsibility I had shifted upon her shoulders, and accused myself roundly for such selfishness. The babes rushed into her arms with the first impulse of love, and

refused to allow her out of their sight again for some hours.

Deborah was, even then, wrestling with the angels up in Zebra's room, and I waited until she came down, with her eyes red and swollen—a bottle of physic in one hand and a Bible in the other; then I went in to my poor, thin, shadowy little Zebra, who was wild-eyed and nervous, and scarcely knew me at first, but went off into hysterics the moment he found me out, to make up for it. He had had no opportunity of speaking to any one, save in his broken English, for several days, and he rushed into a torrent of ejaculations so violent and confusing that I was thoroughly alarmed at his condition. Presently he grew quieter, from sheer exhaustion, and then I learned how he had taken Deborah's well-intended efforts toward his spiritual conversion. *He believed her praying him to death!* Deborah knew nothing of the sensitive organism of these islanders. When moved by a spirit of revenge, they threaten one another with prayers. Incantations are performed and sacrifices offered, under which fearful spells the unhappy victim of revenge can not think of surviving. So he lies down and dies, without pain, or any effort on his part; and all your physic is like so much water, administer it in what proportions you choose.

I went into the garden, where I saw Gail under the maples—the very maples that were budding in pink and white when she wrote me the letter bidding me come out of the South, bringing my sheaves with me. The animated sheaves were even then swinging on the clothes-lines, and taking life easily. "Gail," I said, "O, Gail, the Zebra is a dead boy!" Gail was shocked, and silent. I told her how useless, how hopeless it was to think of saving him. All the doctors and all the medicines in the world were a fallacy where the soul was overshadowed with a malediction. "Gail," I said, "that Ze-

bra says he wants to be an angel, and he couldn't possibly have decided upon any thing more unreasonable than this. What shall I do without my Zebra?" And I walked off by myself, and felt desperately, while Gail was wrapped in thought, and the babes continued to do inexpressible things on the clothes-lines, to the intense admiration of three small boys on the other side of the garden-fence.

The doctor had already been called, and the physic that Deborah carried about with her was a legitimate draught prescribed by him. Little did he know of the death-angel that walks hand-in-hand with a superstition as antique as Mount Ararat. So, day by day, the little Zebra grew slenderer and slenderer, till his frail, striped skeleton stretched itself in a hollow of the bed, and great, gleaming eyes watched me as they would devour me with deathless and passionate love.

Sometimes his soul seemed to steal out of his withering body and make mysterious pilgrimages into its native clime. I heard him murmuring and muttering in a language unfamiliar to me. I remembered that the chiefs had a dialect of their own—a vocabulary so sacred and secret that no commoner ever dared to study out its meaning. This I took to be his classical and royal tongue, for he was of the best blood of the kingdom, and a king's heir.

Deborah, at the delicate suggestion of Gail, discontinued her visitations to his chamber, as it seemed to excite him so sadly; but her earnest soul never rested from prayer in his behalf till his last breath was spent, and his splendid stripes grew livid for a moment, and seemed to change like the dolphin's before their waning glories were faded out in the lifeless flesh.

One twilight I took the midgets into the darkened room. They scarcely knew the thin, drawn face, with the slender,

wiry fingers locked over it, but they recognized the death-stroke with prophetic instinct, and crouching at the foot of the bed, rocked their dusky bodies to and fro, to and fro, wailing the death-wail for Zebra.

Then I longed for wings to fly away with my savage brood: away, over seas and mountains, till the palms waved again their phantom crests in the mellow starlight, and the sea moaned upon the reef, and the rivulet leaped from crag to crag through silence and shadow: where death seemed but a grateful sleep; for the soul that dawned in that quiet life had never known the wear and tear of this one, but was patient, and peaceful, and ready at any hour of summons.

Dear Gail strove to comfort me in my tribulation; but the Great Public went its way, and knew nothing of the young soul that was passing in speedy death. Yet the Great Public was my guide, philosopher, and friend. I could do nothing without its sanction and co-operation. I basked in its smiles. I trembled at the thought of its displeasure; and now, death was robbing me of my hard-earned riches, and annihilating my best attraction. No wonder I fretted myself, and berated my ill-fortune. Poor Gail had her hands full to keep me within bounds. I rushed to the Zebra's room, and vowed to him that if he wouldn't die just yet, I would take him home at once to his kingdom, and we'd always live there, and die there, by and by, when we were full of years.

Alas, it was too late! "I want to be an angel," reiterated my Zebra, his thin face brightening with an unearthly light; "to be an angel," whispered that faint and failing voice, while his humid eyes glowed like twin moons sinking in the far, mystical horizon of the new life he was about to enter upon. I struggled with him no longer. I bowed down by his pillow, and pressed the shadowy form of my once beautiful Zebra. "Well, be

an angel, little prince," said I; "be any thing you please, now, for I have done my best to save you, and failed utterly."

So he passed hence to his destiny, and his nation wept not; neither wore they ashes upon their foreheads, nor burned seams in their flesh, for they knew not of his fate. But there was a small grave digged in the orchard, and at dusk I carried the coffin in my arms thither: how light it was! he could have borne me upon his brawny shoulders once—strong as a lion's. Gail cried, and Deborah cried; and I was quite beside myself. The mites of cannibals ate earth and ashes, and came nearly naked to the obsequies, refusing to wear their jackets, though the air was frosty, and the night promised snow. We knelt there, to cover Zebra for the last time, crying and shivering, and feeling very, *very* miserable.

I took a little rest from business after that; seeing, meantime, a stone cut in this manner:

Here lies,
In this far-land,
A PRINCE OF THE SAVAGE SOUTH,
And the Last of his Tribe.

But life called me into the arena again. A showman has little time to waste in mourning over his losses, however serious they may be.

One frosty evening I got my brace of cannibals into the lumbering ambulance that constituted my caravan, with our boxes of war-clubs and carved whale's-teeth lashed on behind us; plenty of buffalo-ropes around us, and a layer of hot bricks underfoot, and so we started for our next scene of action. The inexorable calls of the profession forbade our lingering longer under Gail's hospitable roof; and it was not without pangs of in-

expressible sorrow that we turned from her door, and knew not if we were ever again to enjoy the pure influences of her household.

My heart warmed toward poor, disconsolate Deborah in that moment, and I forgave her all, which was the most Christian act I ever yet performed. As we rode down the lane, I caught a glimpse of the low mound in the orchard, and I buried my little barbarians under my great-coat, so as to spare them a fresh sorrow, while I thought how, spring after spring, that small grave would be covered with drifts of pale apple-blossoms, and in the long winters it would be hidden under the paler drifts of snow—when it should be strewn with sea-shells, and laid away under a cactus-hedge, in a dense and fragrant shade; and I gathered my little ones closer to me, and said, in my soul: "O! if the August Public could only know them as I know them, it would doubt us less, and love us more. The Zebra is gone, indeed, but my babes are here, fresh souls in perfect bodies, like rareripe fruits, untouched as yet, with the nap and the dew upon them." The stars sparkled and flashed in the cloudless sky, as we hurried over the crisp ground—a little, bereaved, benighted company of South-Sea strollers, who ask your charity, and give their best in return for it.

I have told you of my South-Sea show. You may yet have an opportunity of judging how you like it, provided my baby heathens don't insist upon turning into angels before their time, after the manner of the lamented Zebra. In the meantime, the dread of this not improbable curbing of my high career is but one of the sorrows of a South-Sea showman.

UNDER A MADROÑO.

JEEHEEBOY, the Parsee, says that the highest conception of heaven is a place where there is nothing to do. We had found that place under an oak, yesterday, and had conquered a great peace. All the world was going right, for once, no matter which way it went. But opening one eye, the filagree of sunlight, sifting through the leaves, disclosed hundreds of worms letting themselves down by gossamer cables toward the earth. Now and then a swallow darted under the tree, and left a cable fluttering without ballast in the breeze. If a worm is ambitious to plumb some part of the universe, there is no philosophy in this world which will insure perfect composure, when it is clear that one's nose or mouth is to be made the "objective point." The *madroño* harbors no vagabonds—not a leaf is punctured, and no larva is deposited under its bark, probably for the reason that the outer rind is thrown off every year. It is not kingly, but it is the one undefiled tree of the forest. When its red berries are ripe, the robins have a thanksgiving-day; and the shy, wild pigeons dart among its branches, unconsciously making themselves savory for the spit.

Little creepers of *yerba buena*—the sweetest and most consoling of all herbs—interlace underneath the tree; and, within sight, the dandelion blooms, and perfects its juices for some torpid liver; while under the fence the wild sage puts forth its gray leaves—gathering subtle influences from air and earth to give increase of wisdom and longevity. If the motherly old prophetess of other days—she who had such faith in God and simples—would come this way, she might gather herbs enough to

cure no small part of this disordered world.

Take it all in all, one may go a long way and not find another more perfect landscape. The dim, encircling mountains, one with the jagged edges of an extinct volcano still visible; the warm hill-sides, where vine, and fig, and olive blend; the natural park, in the foreground, begirt with clear waters which break through a cañon above—the home of trout, grown too cunning for the hook, except on cloudy days; the line of perpetual green which the rivulet carries a mile farther down, and loses it at the fretting shore-line; the village with its smart obtrusiveness toned by distance; and the infinite reach of the ocean beyond—these all enter into the composition. Well, if one has a "stake in the soil," just here, what is the harm in coming to drive it a little once a year, and to enjoy the luxury of wiping out such scores as are run up on the debit side of the account? Farming for dividends is a prosy business; but farming with a discount, may have a world of sentiment in it.

Have you quite answered the question yet, whether the instinct of certain animals is not reason? Here are a dozen quadrupedal friends that can demonstrate the fact that they have something more than instinct. There is that honest old roan horse coming from the side-hill for his lump of sugar. He knows well enough that he is not entitled to it now. He is only coming to try his chances. But give him an hour under the saddle, then turn him out and see if he will not get it. Forgetting once to give him his parting lump, he came back again at midnight from the field, and, thrusting

his head into an open window, whinnied such a blast that every inmate of the farm-house bolted from bed. He got his sugar, but with a look of injured innocence; and ever since has been dealt with in good faith. Charley is something of a sportsman, in his way. In the autumn you have only to get on his back with a gun, and he trudges off to places where the quails come out from covert by hundreds into the little openings in the *chaparral*. The horse will edge up very near to them; when he drops his head, that is his signal to fire. If lithe enough, you will pick them up without leaving the saddle. If you get down to gather up the game, he will wait. He will go on in his own way, and discover the birds long before you can, dropping his head as a signal at just the right moment. You may call this horse-sense, but it is horse-reason—so near akin to human reason that there might be some trouble in tracing the dividing-line. So much for this old cob, who smuggles his honest head under your coat for sugar, knowing well enough that he has not earned it.

Another horse, now dead, and happy, I hope, in the other world, stopped one dark night, when half-way down a steep and dangerous hill. There was a neighbor, with wife and babies, in the carriage. The horse would not budge an inch—not under the whip—but turned his head round, declaring, as plainly as a horse could, that there was danger. The hold-back straps had broken, and the pressure of the carriage against his haunches, which sustained the entire load from the top of the hill, had started the blood cruelly; yet there he stood, resolutely holding back wife and babies from destruction—choosing even to suffer the indignities of the lash, rather than that injury should come to one of his precious charge! Did that horse have reason? I rather think so; and that he only needed articulation to have made a

remonstrance quite as much to the point as that memorable one made by Balaam's ass.

There is that great mastiff, yawning so lazily, with power to hold an ox at his will, or to throttle a man. But no man could abuse him as that little child does every day. He understands well enough that that lump of animated dough has not arrived at years of discretion, and so he submits to all manner of cruelties with perfect patience. How, with mere instinct, does he find out that this child is not yet a "moral agent," and that all these pinchings, and pluckings, and brandings with a hot poker are the irresponsible freaks of the young rascal, who can get off harmless by pleading the Baby Act? This honest dog would die for that little child, who abuses him every day. But let a "Greaser" come to take so much as one Brahma pullet from the roost, and he has him by the throat. Does instinct account for this clear perception of right and wrong?

Some clever ways he has, also, of winning favor. He has got it into his head that a certain black cat, that sleeps in any little patch of sunlight on the kitchen-floor, is a nuisance, and he has taken a contract to abate it. But, at the same time, he is on such friendly terms with pussy that he would not hurt her for the world. Now a cat learns, by instinct, how to carry her kittens, and not hurt them. But how did this dog find out that a cat can be carried safely and comfortably by the nape of her neck? Very gently he takes up pussy thus by her neck, carries her off a quarter of a mile or so from the farm-house, sets her down, and then comes back and balances the account with a crust of bread, or any odd fragment of meat, by way of lunch. On one occasion, puss got back to the house before him. It bothered him that the case amounted so nearly to a "breach of contract." Taking puss once more by the neck, he carried her across a creek,

and, setting her down on the other side, returned, with an air of profound satisfaction. He got one extra lunch that day. But how did the dog know that a cat has a mortal aversion to crossing a stream of water? If that dog had no more than mere instinct, pray, what is reason?

His "predecessor" was a foolish dog, not more than "half-witted." But even his canine idiocy gave way to gleams of reason. He became an expert at driving cattle which trespassed on the farm. If the herd scattered, he singled out the leader, laid hold of his tail, and steered him as well as a yachtman could steer his craft through an intricate channel. After two or three steers had been piloted in this way, the rest would follow the leaders. The dog had hit upon the most economical plan with respect to time and the distance to be traversed. But one day, in managing a vicious mustang-ox, his patience was sorely tried. Jerking him suddenly into the right path, his tail parted! The whole bovine steering-apparatus had given way, as completely as a ship's rudder in a storm. The dog never could quite comprehend the case. He took himself to his kennel, and would never drive cattle afterward. In fact, he was never the same dog after that catastrophe. Only instinct, you say? But then, if there had been an asylum for canine idiots, that dog would have been entitled to a ticket of admission. His exceptional foolishness confirms our theory.

Years ago, a seven-year old brought home an insignificant little mongrel—a mere puppy—and pleaded so earnestly for its toleration that the maternal judgment was quite overcome. "Chip" was always a nuisance, but understood more of human speech than any dog "on record." If the plans of the day were discussed in his hearing, he comprehended the principal movements to be made. If the plan excluded his company he knew

it, and stole away a half-hour in advance, always selecting the right road, and putting in his mute plea for forbearance in just the nick of time to make it available. Half a dozen times was that dog given away. Yet he always knew the day on which the transfer was to be made; and on that particular day he could never be found. Now, does a dog that understands the significance of human speech, without a motion or gesture, not only interpreting, but connecting a series of ideas, so as to comprehend, in advance, plans and movements, find out all these things by mere instinct? You may limit and qualify the term, but it is reason, after all.

Train a fox ever so much, and you can not develop anything in him but the meanest instincts. He will never be grateful, and never honest, nor can any terms of friendship be established with him. His traditional cunning is a hateful dishonesty. After nearly a year of tuition on a young, gray fox, he was never advanced to any respectable degree of intelligence. He would lie at the mouth of his kennel for hours to confiscate any old hen who happened to pass with a brood of chickens, disdaining, the while, to seize any plump young rooster that passed within reach, because his diabolical instinct was to work the greatest possible amount of mischief. After making a hundred young chickens orphans, he broke his chain one night and left for the forest. The thief came back a few nights afterward to make more orphans. That gray peltry tacked up on the rear of the barn is his obituary.

A series of brilliant experiments that were to have been made on a young rattlesnake turned out not a whit more satisfactory. The reptile was not "raised" just here, but was presented by a friend. His teeth were to have been drawn, after which various observations were to have been made concerning his tastes and habits, and particularly his disposition

when not provoked. There was a prospect of making an honest reptile of him. He was put in an empty barrel for the night. But next morning two half-breed Shanghaes had him, one by the tail, and the other by the head. He parted about midway, each miserable rooster swallowing his half, and that without even the excuse of a morbid appetite. Since that time I have never been able to hate a young rattlesnake half as much as that detestable breed of Shanghaes.

If one is not sick unto death, what more effectual medication can be found than the sun, and the south wind, and the all-embracing Earth? The children of the poor are healthy, because they sprout out of the very dirt. The sun dispels humors, enriches the blood; and the winds execute a sanitary commission for these neglected ones. They live, because they are of the earth, earthy. The experiment of training a race of attenuated cherubs in the shade, and making them martyrs to clean aprons and cleaf dickeys, is a failure. There is a vast amount of *post-mortem* doggerel that never would have been written if the cherubs had only made dirt-pies, and had eaten freely of them. Observe the strong tendency of men, even of culture, to court the wildness and rude energy of savage life. Let one sleep on the ground, in a mild climate, for three months, and even the man who reads Homer is content, often, to sleep there the rest of his life-time. It is better to tame the savage rather cautiously, and with some reserve, for if he be eliminated wholly, the best relations with Nature are broken off. Evermore we are seeking for something among books and pictures, and in the babblings of polite society, that we do not find. When the blood is thin, and the body has become spiritualized, then it is easy to ascend to the clouds, as balloons go up, and hold high discourse; while the world, under our feet, teeming with its myriad lives, pulsating even to

the smallest dust, and all glorified, if we will behold it, is not taken into fellowship, its speech interpreted, nor its remedial forces marshaled as friends, to back our halting and troubled humanity. It has taken almost six thousand years to find out that a handful of dry earth will heal the most cruel wound. In the day of our mortal hurt we do but go back to the earth, believing that in the ages to come we shall go forth again, eternally renewed.

There are islands in the Pacific where birds and beasts, and every living thing, are free from fear of, or even a suspicion of wrong from, man. But where civilization is introduced, there is a bridgeless gulf between us and all orders of existence beneath. There is a half-articulate protest coming up, that this thing called modern civilization is treacherous, cruel, and dishonest. For a century its evangelists have proclaimed its mission of love. But humanity has wrestled with its own kind more fiercely than ever before. It is decent enough to kill each other, if done according to some conventional code. But it is vulgar to eat our enemies; and so the custom, in polite society, has fallen into disuse.

Is it a wonder that all animate nature is accusatory and suspicious? Little by little, we win it back to our confidence. The birds that were silent and moody, because of our intrusion, give, after awhile, little fragments of song, and hop down on the lower branches, holding inquisitory councils. A lizard runs along upon a fallen tree, each time getting a little nearer: he has the handsomest of eyes, but not a good facial expression; yet so lithe and nimble, and improves so on acquaintance, that we shall soon be friends. Darting his tongue through an insect, he comes a little nearer, as though he would ask, "Do you take your prey in that way?" Two orioles have swung up their hammock to the swaying branch of a chestnut-oak. They do

not swing from the *madroño*, because its branches are too stiff and unyielding. They have been in trouble for half an hour. The robins were in trouble earlier in the day: a dozen of them went after a butcher-bird, and whipped him honestly and handsomely. There is a little, brown owl, sitting on a dry limb, not a hundred yards off. He came into the world with a sort of antediluvian gravity that never bodes any good. If the solemn bird could only sing, he would allay suspicion at once. Never has a song-bird a bloody beak. Your solemn-visaged men, of frigid propriety, out of whose joyless natures a song or a laugh never breaks, can thrust their talons into human prey, if but occasion only serve, as this owl will into some poor bird just at the going down of the sun.

The bees come and go sluggishly, either because there is an opiate in the sweets of the wild poppy which flames on the hill-side, or because there is no winter season here demanding great reserves of honey. Nearly all of them turn vagabonds and robbers in this country. The line of departure is toward a redwood, which is dry at the top, a knot-hole evidently serving for ingress and egress. If their own stores fail, they will go to some tame hive and fight their more honest neighbors, and plunder all their reserves. Even a bee-hive is no longer a symbol of lawful industry, since the bees have become knaves, and do not even rob in a chivalrous way. But they, in turn, will be despoiled by some vagabond who has carved his initials on every "suspected" tree hereabout. It is a world of reprisals, after all. The strong prey upon the weak; and they, in turn, after passing virtuous resolutions of indignant dissent, spoil those who are weaker still. It is a hard necessity. But how can the fox do without the hare,

the hawk without a thrush, or he without a beetle, or the beetle without his fly? Strong nations capture the weak; and there are weak and pitiful races of men, with no force or vitality to found nations and dynasties. These only wait to be plucked up by the stronger, as so much human rubbish waiting for flood and flame. High-breeding may degenerate races. Your thoroughbred cattle, however, take the premiums at the great fairs of the world. It is not necessary that the ancestral pedigree should be a long one. But so far as men and women are thoroughbred with respect to muscle and brain will they, consciously or otherwise, carry with them the sceptre of dominion and conquest. They will crowd out inferior races, either by sheer force or by some trick of diplomacy. An Indian exchanging territory for blankets, or sending his arrow against an iron-clad, finds it a losing business always. We write him up handsomely in romances, but extinguish him cruelly with rifle and sabre.

There was a halo lingering about the dome of the old Mission Church, in the distance: its cross was glorified just before the sun rested its disk upon the ocean. The hard outlines of the mountains softened, and took on a purple hue; the white doves came down out of the clouds, and clustered about the gables; a light flickered like a fire-fly in the light-house half a league beyond the church, and another from a window of the farm-house near by. That skipper, wide off, may take his bearings from the light on the shore. But at night-fall the wide-spreading roof is more hospitable than even this branching *madroño*. And there is no philosophy that could not be improved by June-butter, redolent of white clover, with a supplement of cream not less than half an inch thick.

DOW'S FLAT.

(1856.)

Dow's Flat. That's its name.

And I reckon that you

Are a stranger? The same?

Well, I thought it was true—

For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow—

Which the same was an ass—

And as to the how

Thet the thing kem to pass—

Jest tie up your boss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass:

You see this yer Dow

Hed the worst kind of luck;

He slipped up somehow

On each thing thet he struck.

Why, ef he'd a' straddled thet fence-rail the dern'd thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar,

Till he couldn't pay rates;

He was smashed by a car

When he tunneled with Bates;

And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough—mighty rough;

But the boys they stood by,

And they brought him the stuff

For a house, on the sly;

And the old woman—well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's

Was so powerful mean

That the spring near his house

Dried right up on the green;

And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,

And the boys wouldn't stay;

And the chills got about,

And his wife fell away;

But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous way.

One day—it was June—

And a year ago, jest—

This Dow kem at noon
 To his work like the rest,
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
 And he stands on the brink,
 And stops for a spell
 Jest to listen and think:
 For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
 In the gulch were at play,
 And a gownd that was Sal's
 Kinder flapped on a bay:
 Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And—that's a peart hoss
 Thet you've got—ain't it now?
 What might be her cost?
 Eh? O!—Well then, Dow—
 Let's see—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
 Sorter caved in the side,
 And he looked and turned sick,
 Then he trembled and cried.
 For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—beg your parding, young
 man, there you lied!

It was *gold*—in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
 And the thing of it is
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness:
 For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree;
 But—a—look h'yur, say?
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow—and thet's *me*.

MY ENGLISH FRIENDS.

WHILE they are wrong who believe that there is any real hostility between the English and American nations, no one who has been brought into contact with many Englishmen can be ignorant of the fact that there is an unmistakable antagonism existent between the two peoples. Our school-house orators, who thunder philippics against its "effete monarchy," are hardly wider of the mark than our Ministers Plenipotentiary, who inaugurate every fresh *régime* with the stale diplomatic formulas about "mutual amity and esteem." The truth is, that we are as little likely to go to war with one another as to fall in love with each other. Having traveled with Englishmen in our own country, in theirs, and upon the neutral ground of the Continent, I have learned to honor them as a nation, while conscious of "a somewhat against" them as individuals. A genuine home-feeling creeps into one's heart as he comes back from the holiday cities of Italy and France to smoky, noisy, clamorous, hurly-burly London. You feel that you are once more with a people who have a higher ambition in life than a red ribbon in the button-hole, a well-cooked dinner, and a love-intrigue. You are prouder of your manhood amid the roar of Cheapside than beneath the shade-trees of the *Champs-Élysées*. You feel that conscious dignity of an earnest life, when this Niagara of sound reverberates between its banks of sooty walls, that you can not retain while lounging upon the terrace of the Pincian in Rome, and drinking in with pure animal content the waltz music which the band is playing beneath yonder feathery palm.

Nor is American sympathy with En-

glish country life less marked. But in spite of all this, it is a fact that whenever an American and an Englishman meet, in nine cases out of ten they strike fire. Our English friends are equally sensible of this latent antagonism, and are at no pains to conceal it. "These Americans," said an English lady in a sort of stage "aside" at our breakfast table in Naples, "were always hard to get along with; but since the war there is positively no living on the same globe with them."

Our last war—its causes, its records, and its results—will be, for long years, a favorite skirmishing ground between the word-warriors of the two nations. The English are never weary of descanting upon its uselessness, its cruelties, and its debt. But Americans find no difficulty in retorting—owing to the blunders of prophecy and policy of which our neighbors were guilty. I was on board an Atlantic steamer in the early part of '67. It was just at the time that the Fenian excitement was at its height in New York. One of the English officers in charge took occasion, at the dinner-table, to upbraid all Americans for the encouragement that the Fenians were receiving in their piratical schemes against a friendly nation. "What do you mean, sir," he said, appealing personally to me, "by these breaches of international equity. What do you mean, by investing money in these Fenian bonds?" "Well, I don't know," I replied, "but I presume the men that have bought them intend to come over to England and trade them off for Confederate scrip." Probably the answer was satisfactory, for he never repeated the question.

There were two of us, one night, in

the same year, who, in the course of some rambles among the Alps, found ourselves at the hotel *Maison Blanche*, in the village of Leukerbad, at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. There was but one other English-speaking guest at the *table d'hôte*—and he, an unmistakable Briton. He was a pattern of good-nature—round and rosy; nevertheless, he was suffering from some affection of the joints that had made him a prisoner here at the baths. As we sat in the parlor, after supper, he came in, and introduced himself—supposing us to be his fellow-countrymen. After a few minutes of general conversation—finding who we were—he drew from his pocket a newspaper, and handing it to us, said, "Gentlemen, I am proprietor of that paper. It will announce my politics." We unfolded it. It was *The* ———, (the leading Tory paper of London, and, in extent of circulation, rivaling *The Times*). "I stood by the South," continued he, "from first to last. You, of course, will differ from me—being from the North. But I want to ask you: by what kind of reasoning do you justify the cruelty of the Federal Government toward those whom it has subjugated? How do you, at home, among yourselves, satisfy your own consciences for the inhuman treatment to which these brave, but unfortunate men have been subjected?" We looked at one another somewhat blankly, until my friend spoke out. "But, Mr. J——n, what cruelties do you refer to?" "Why, sir," said he, "*the shooting, in cold blood, of thousands of defenseless men; after their surrender.*"

This was too much. We both broke into uncontrollable laughter. When at last we could sufficiently command our voices, we asked our good English friend to mention one such case, promising to plead guilty to all his charges if he could produce a single instance. "O, of course I can not do that," was the answer; "but there have been *thousands and*

thousands of just such cases." When you remember the position and opportunities of our friend for information, you will readily believe that no plummet can sound the depth of ignorance regarding American affairs in the average British mind.

I did strike somewhat deeper once, conversing with the mother of a Church of England rector. She was an estimable lady, and of good conversational powers. We had chanced to touch upon the war, and it was evident that she was an adherent to the fortunes of the South. As she had been denouncing the horrors of slavery the moment before, I ventured to ask her how she chanced to be opposed to slavery and at the same time a friend to the extinct Confederacy. The reply was, "O, the South was fighting to *overthrow* slavery, you know!"

After this, it certainly was difficult to surprise me. I took it all as a matter of course, when another lady of the same nation informed me that women in bloomers were to be seen everywhere in America; nor was it at all a shock to read in one of the provincial papers—published, however, in a city larger than Chicago—that "the people of Virginia were so impoverished by the war that they were using dead squirrels as currency."

Happily, I made an occasional note of these matters, so that each of these statements can be verified.

I was reading a complaint, the other day, by some American traveler, regarding the paucity of American news in the transatlantic papers. It is true that the quantity is as small as the quality is unreliable. I heard it, as a matter of boasting, from one of the first offices of London, that they paid £1,500 a year to the cable company for their telegrams. Some American papers have paid at least half that amount in a single day.

It is a matter of curiosity to study this antagonism in the daily press. I picked

up a *Times* in Paris, during the Exposition. The correspondent who was writing up the affair, gave, in that day's issue, an account of his experiences at the American Restaurant. He said he had heard so much boasting about the American dishes that he ventured to try some of their specialties. Accordingly, he made a supper—a supper in midsummer, remember—"of *buckwheat-cakes and oysters*, and was sick all night!" Commend me to that man for a gastronomical prodigy! I have always since wished I could have met him, to have tried him with a full dinner of seal's blubber in August. Had he escaped the second time with his life, I should have written to Barnum to secure him.

Probably the fiercest anti-American journal was *Galignani's Messenger*, published in Paris. It is simply a continental reprint of leading articles from the English press; and almost without fail, the first column (or more) of the first page was reserved for denunciation of America.

Speaking of the Exposition, reminds me of an English clergyman whom I fell in with on a German railway, that same summer. As it proved from his conversation, he was a city missionary in London, and had achieved the summit of a Briton's glory, having had "his humble efforts mentioned in the *Times*." He was very social, and we chatted about things indifferent until the conversation turned upon the display of industry and art at Paris. I asked him what he thought of the American department. He replied that he was so pressed for time he did not have opportunity to investigate any part of it "except the bar!" "The drinks were fair," he said; "but what odd names you give them: such as 'The Corpse Reviver,' 'The Lady's Blush,' 'The Virgin's Smile,' 'The Silent Nod,' and so forth." The good, worthy man had been to what was styled "The Professor's Bar," a grog-shop ex-

crecence upon the American section, where a long list of vile, slang names for viler compounds was displayed. I did not inform my reverend friend what the *status* of the "Professor's Bar" would be at home, and he saw nothing incongruous in beginning his investigations at that point. If you want a city missionary of that class, I will look up his address for you.

One of the most amusing of my English friends, I always remember by the name of the Baron Munchausen. If I ever knew his real name, I have forgotten it. I met him at Reichenbach, and we went up to the glacier of Rosenlaur together. He was communicative beyond measure; had had hair-breadth escapes in all quarters of the world, and marvelous experiences without number. The passes that he had traversed were almost as high as the summit of Mont Blanc; and he averred that he had looked down *crevasses* three thousand feet in depth. What a man for Agassiz to get hold of! He was once gored by an African buffalo, and given up for dead; but in ten days he was in the saddle again, eager for the chase. On American affairs he was singularly reticent, except to state that he had a "brother who had done all the States." Had he brought his vivid imagination to bear upon the facts (?) of his fellow-countrymen, the result would have been well worth studying.

Now, I hope no one will affirm that I am doing the English people injustice. I beg you to remember that I am not writing about The English People, but only about My English Friends. I do not pretend to judge a whole nation—if I have appeared to do so in any words above, I take them all back: I merely write about those whom I have met, and *their* notions of America. There are a good many more of them, but they would not greatly differ from those to whom I have introduced you.

It is true that I have known a few notable exceptions. There are the Englishman and wife whom I met at Margtigny, on the way to Chamouni. We met at a most excellent supper of the choicest mountain trout; perhaps that had something to do with it. We had a most enjoyable evening together, and met in the morning with heartiest greetings. Then I learned that my fellow-tourist and myself had been taken for Englishmen; nevertheless, I could discover no change in mien or address. There was another couple, whom I met first at Venice, afterward at Milan. No American friends could have been more cordial. There is still another I recall with pleasure: the gentleman who invited me to a seat with him in Surrey Chapel, (Newman Hall's) London; and this, although I wore a Panama hat!—a thing as much tabooed in England as war-paint and tattooing would be on Fifth Avenue. I was almost stared out of Sydenham Crystal Palace one day, because I wore a soft, felt hat, of American manufacture.

Among the Scotch and Irish, a traveler from the States is always sure of courtesy and attention. I believe that there is, for the most part, better information regarding American customs and events possessed by either of these than by their English neighbors. There cer-

tainly is more sympathy among them for republican institutions.

Perhaps the secret of this anti-American feeling is, after all, in the rivalry of political systems and commercial enterprises; and where there is rivalry there always will be ignorance. Antagonism is not so often based upon ignorance, as ignorance is due to antagonism. And this reminds me of a two-hours' discussion that I had with a prominent and influential Tory connected with the London press. It was, as usual, about our late war. He was endeavoring to show the consistency of England to her oft-declared principles, in her sympathy for and aid to the South. He began on the higher principles of Justice, Freedom, Constitutional Rights, etc., but gradually yielded one of these points after another, until he closed his defense with these words: "Well, sir, the truth of the matter lies just here. In the first place, the South were aristocratic in their feeling, and we are an aristocratic nation. In the second place, they had cotton to sell, and we needed it in our manufactories. And in the third place, your Republic had become so 'cocky' that we wanted to see you all taken down a peg." This frank avowal served me ever afterward as a key to explain many of the peculiarities of My English Friends.

ETC.

If the Mercantile Library of San Francisco is not the characteristic institution that its enthusiasts claim, it has certainly, of late, served as a representative illustration of a condition of California civilization which is exceedingly unpleasant to consider. Its history for the last three years would be humiliating to any city—particularly one accustomed to speak of itself as “rich,” “prosperous,” “generous,” and “progressive;” but it is still more humiliating to admit the lesson which that history seems to force upon us: that the new building was projected upon an ostentatious promise of San Francisco which she now wishes meanly to evade. A youthful ambition that outruns its performance can be forgiven, but a boasting, that takes refuge in the fact that it is *boasting*, is irreconcilable with honesty; and perhaps the most miserable feature in this miserable affair is the tacit repudiation of the expenses of advertising “generosity,” “munificence,” “progress,” “advancement,” by the advertisers themselves.

If this is plain talk from this department of the Magazine, it is no more plain than the language of the advertisement which it admits elsewhere into its pages—an advertisement which tacitly says that the merchants of San Francisco can not or will not pay two hundred thousand dollars for a local literary institution under their patronage and bearing their name; but that, for the sake of saving this monument of a mistaken zeal, they now appeal to a California impulse, inimical to commercial prosperity—the spirit of gambling and speculation.

We can but admit that there is a rude logic in this salvation, by gambling, of an enterprise which is now tacitly admitted to have been begun in the spirit of speculation; but we may gravely doubt if the ameliorating influence of 25,000 volumes upon the people of San Fran-

cisco—particularly as shown in the last three years—will counterbalance the effects of 200,000 lottery tickets, circulated by the same institution. And while we may not be able to change the result, we shall try to believe that there are some readers of the *OVERLAND* in California who do not look upon the scheme by which effete and bankrupt governments create a revenue as an evidence of California liberality or progress; who will believe that she can not repeat the follies of her youth without the apology of ignorance or hot blood, and call it frivolity; and, in any event, we shall take the liberty of presenting the antidote with the poison.

It is perhaps natural that Californians, who are voluble enough in the praise of their scenery and climate, should know personally but little of either at its best season; but it is somewhat singular, that with a disposition to put their best foot forward, they should pay so little attention to the exhibition of their state at its holiday season—early spring. When the flowers have faded from the plains, when the scanty water-courses are dry, when the windward hill-sides are leathery to the eye and brittle to the foot—then, and then only, does the citizen begin to talk of rural recreation, and then, and then only, are the hotels and watering-places accessible to the visitor. It is when Nature takes up her green carpets that the civic pleasure-seeker—true to his instincts—meets to fiddle and dance over the dusty floor; to crowd into the narrow bedrooms and hot parlors of the “Springs;” to drive in whirling dust over powdery roads; to eat the same dishes that he has grown tired of at home—badly cooked and poorly served—and to wish himself back. But of the delights of simple color—the infinite relief to eyes, wearied of brick and mortar, in broad, green sunny spaces and intervals of shade, in

wide-spread canvasses sprinkled with violet, purple, and yellow, and rimmed with olive shadows; of the unfamiliar sound of running water; of practicable walks over a springy sod; of cloud-scenery and the rare delight of a lagging shower, and the awakened freshness of the soil — of this he knows nothing. And, generally, he doesn't care.

In fact, few San Franciscans leave their remarkable city until they are driven from it by the fogs and winds of midsummer; and then they love not Nature the more, but possibly San Francisco the less. The real summer of the Coast — an interval of six weeks between the winter rains and the summer fogs — is as enjoyable, barring the scenery, *intra muros*, as in the fields. They get, too, the first strawberries, the first green peas, the first asparagus, and the infantine lamb — not unimportant things to your San Franciscan, who lives a good deal below his waist — and they appreciate the fact that the city absorbs the best — and their State has but one big city. They know, too, that rural comfort, and such privileges as "fresh fruit from the bush," are inaccessible to the visitor; that their landlord sends to town for his berries and his vegetables — grown elsewhere by contract by vast monopolists — and they prefer to stay at home. They, however, fulfill their duty as Californians by the usual advertising to Eastern tourists, and by absurd praise of the country they do not as yet understand.

By the way, who is responsible for the gratuitous and continual lying about the California climate? Why is it that no two visitors of certain popular localities can agree upon even such a simple fact as temperature? Who has not sought that lovely spot where the fogs come not — nay, where it was scientifically demonstrated that they *could not come* — and passed days where the sun was not visible until midday? Who has not been told of another happy valley, where the winds were tempered to the shorn San Francisco lamb, and has been blown back, too breathless to be indignant? Or is it not possible that Californians are yet as ignorant of this climate — of which they talk so loudly and foolishly — as they once were of its resources? When shall we learn that life on this coast is still only tentative?

THE pleasure with which most Americans greeted the London *Graphic* certainly was not lessened by the announcement that its proprietor intended to send an artist to America to make sketches. We had so few American artists who were able to see the poetic and picturesque in the common social life and scenery by which they were surrounded, that we could well afford to learn from foreigners. Again, it would be pleasant to have the average American — who, by the way, does not wear long hair, is not over six feet high, and does not dress badly — offered to his English cousins in some other form than the conventional caricature of *Punch*. But it seems that this was not to be; and the few sketches which Mr. Boyd Houghton has returned to England are disappointing — to say no worse. It is not probable that Mr. Houghton intends to satirize us, and we must admit that he has a certain faculty of catching the picturesque — rare among American designers — but we find fault that he has filled the streets of New York with the London lower classes, and has changed his landscape without changing his figures. We have a right to protest against the English stoker — to whom we were first introduced on an English steamer — turning up continually in New York street-corners, and to point to the fact that Mr. Houghton has not yet produced a male American that was not gratuitously and grotesquely ugly. We have a right to object to some mannerisms which we would not submit to from American designers of greater ability. Nor would it be altogether impertinent to suggest to the artist that the act of shouting does not transform the shouter into a howling lunatic, or that the human mouth, even under such trying circumstances, does not usually extend from ear to ear, or totally obliterate those organs. We say this because we have a right to expect better things from an artist of Mr. Houghton's evident dramatic ability — which we fairly appreciate in such sketches as he has given us of the "New York Tombs," and the "Steerage Emigrant;" and because, we believe, he is coming to California, where he will find certain phases of life which will not admit of conventional treatment, and where any attempt to depict the mining life of Red Dog in his present style might be at-

tended with some peril from the hands of an ingenious and simple population, accustomed to defend their sincere æsthetics with the persuasive revolver, and to whom—on the mere question of graphic misrepresentation—the sudden extinction of an entire School of Design would, if necessary, be of trifling moment.

WHEN we say that most reflective men and women will be glad that the McFarland trial has finally closed, we are to be understood that they will be so without any reference to the manner of its culmination. The verdict was so evidently a foregone conclusion to every thoughtful man who read the proceedings and followed the history of the case, that it will not probably astonish any one, except those who have been so unfortunate as to read only the evidence. Every sober-thinking man will be glad that it is over, and admit that, shameless and disgraceful as the verdict may be, it is perhaps less demoralizing than the trial. The dishonor of the result is lost in the superior infamy of the processes. Every day that counsel blackguarded the fair fame of dead and living, and coarsely wrangled with each other; every hour that Justice sat upon a bench upheld by political influence, and permitted riot and license to pass unrebuked before it; every moment that ministered to a depraved curiosity, political animosity, or licentious skepticism, was fraught with more danger to the social fabric than the freeing of any number of deliberate assassins of unarmed men. If the "sanctity of our homes" and "the purity of wedlock" were to be protected by such means, it were better we had been unguarded. It was bad enough to have the inviolability of the conjugal contract expounded by a maniac with a revolver, without having it further explicated by a lunatic with a brief. If it needs but little mental excitement to justify the taking of human life, how much less is required to legalize the killing of a reputation? And we have reason to congratulate ourselves that the trial was not protracted to that point where counsel "dwelling," vicariously, "upon its troubles" were excited to the point of pistoling an obnoxious witness.

THE author of the "Fog-Bank" sends us the following :

THE CALM.

No albatrosses haunt the ship,
No cape-birds wheel around her ;
For all have gone to make the trip
Back with some homeward-bounder.

The breezes slowly, surely fail,
And dying, cease to languish ;
While every block, and every sail,
Lifts up its voice in anguish.

The deck becomes a burning plain,
From which the black pitch bubbles ;
And from the rigging, tarry rain
Drops down to swell our troubles.

The glassy sea and brassy sky
Seem nearer drawn together ;
A hundred times a day we sigh :
"O, this is fearful weather !"

Imagination leaves the heat,
And, boldly soaring, launches
Into the forest's cool retreat,
Beneath the shading branches.

Aloft, a frolic wind makes glad
The tree-tops that it tosses ;
And underneath the rocks are clad
In moist and verdant mosses.

The scent of earth, and bud, and bark
Awakes a grateful feeling,
And down its hidden pathway, hark !
The rivulet is stealing.

But *here*, the all too solid clay
Must swelter, faint, and totter ;
For hour by hour, and day by day,
We find it growing hotter.

The landmen while the time with tales
Of wrecks in icy winters ;
Of hurricanes, tornadoes, gales,
And headlands strewn with splinters.

"The Donnerwetter — lately wrecked —
Let's see ; where *did* it happen ?"
"Indeed, I do not recollect ;
Suppose you ask the Cap'en ?"

"Say, Cap'en, do you know the spot
That wrecked the Donnerwetter ?"

"No, sir ! I know where it was *not* :
Which suits my purpose better !"

A PROPOS of some instances of the reasoning power of animals to be found in an article in the present number, we give the following *addenda* from a correspondent—premising that the corroboration is quite accidental, and unknown to either writer :

During the early settlement of Wisconsin—or the wilderness part of it, at least—I was frequently employed by correspondents from abroad to search out certain sections of land and report as to their value, timber, quality of soil, etc. In discharging this duty, I usually went on horseback, using a favorite old family horse. To find the particular section described, I would first find a surveyor's "blazed line," and follow it up until I found a "corner-post," where I would find the "corner-trees" marked with the number of the township, range, and section of which the post was the boundary; then, by a glance at the map, I could tell at once the distance and direction of the section I was in search of, and would follow the blazed lines accordingly. On one occasion—a dismal, foggy day—I had gone a longer distance from home than usual, and into a part of the wilderness that was strange to me. After making the survey, the fog came on so very thick that I dare not take my usual course of returning by a direct route, without regard to the angles of the surveyor, but started on a blazed line leading nearest to the required direction. Before going far I came to a bog, or marsh, which was impassable on horseback, and I was forced to go round it. After I had got on the opposite side, I could not find the line again, and, after searching some little time, I gave it up, and threw the reins upon the neck of the horse and bade him go home: preferring to trust to his instinct to find the way, rather than my own judgment as to the proper direction to be taken. We had not gone many rods before I noticed the blazed trees for which I had been looking, and my curiosity was at once excited to know whether the horse really noticed the faint marks on the trees, and was guided by them. Accordingly I left the reins perfectly free, and was soon satisfied beyond a doubt that such was the fact, for, on coming to a fallen tree or other obstruction, he would go round it, return to the line, and follow it without mistake: in fact, he seemed to find the line more readily than I could myself. Afterward, I tested him time and again. It made no difference whether the direction was to or from home. Once start him on a surveyor's line, and he would follow it unerring-

ly. If the direction was *from* home, on coming to a corner-post, he would make a stop, as if to inquire whether to keep straight on, or turn to the right or left. This was only one of many knowing traits displayed by him. But, notwithstanding the old fellow was so docile and knowing, I could never persuade him to let me shoot game from his back; and, after a few attempts, I was forced to give it up. He would not even let me mount him with the gun in my hand, or allow it handed to me after I had mounted. He appeared to have a horror of fire-arms; perhaps he had noticed the result of their use on the game, and was afraid of some time getting a shot himself. With another horse, I tried an experiment that I never should have thought of, except for the intelligence, if not reasoning power, displayed by my old favorite. I had bought a horse in Milwaukee—a jet-black, and a perfect beauty of a horse—which was said to have been caught from a drove of wild horses on the Texas prairies. He was gentle and docile enough while in hand, but once loose, there was no such thing as catching him again by any of the ordinary means used for catching horses. In fact, the man from whom I purchased him, after chasing him for days with relays of horses from his livery-stable, had been obliged, at last, to "crease" him, in order to catch him—*i. e.*, to shoot him through the top of the neck, just above the neck-bone, temporarily paralyzing him without doing him permanent injury. This, to be successfully performed, requires a good marksman; for if the ball struck an inch too low, the shot would be fatal. After I had been his owner some six or eight months, he got loose in the fall of the year, and took to the woods near by. I used to see him often, but he would never let me approach anywhere near him. After snow fell in the winter, and feed became scarce in the woods, he could occasionally be seen in the evening near the stable, and I used to leave the door open until bed-time, and sometimes as late as two o'clock at night, and place a measure of oats and salt within tempting distance inside the stable, in hopes that he would go in; but he was not to be entrapped in that way. At last I began to cast about for the reason why

he would not venture to enter the stable while the door stood invitingly open and no person in sight, and I came to the conclusion that the horse reasoned after this manner: "As long as lights are burning in the house, people are stirring about, and I am liable to surprise; after the lights are out, there is no more stir for the night, and if the door was left open, I might venture in with safety." Taking it for granted that I had solved the problem correctly, I laid my plans accordingly. Attaching one end of a rope to the handle of the stable-door, I passed the other end through the window of the house, which commanded a view of the situation, and, at the usual hour for retiring, I had the lights

put out, and every thing kept quiet. The result was as I had hoped, rather than expected. The lights had not been out more than ten or fifteen minutes, before the horse cautiously approached and entered the stable. The trap was sprung, and we had him safe. How this affected his reasoning faculties I can't tell, but he must evidently have considered himself taken in. That the horse would not have gone into the stable had the lights been left burning, I don't pretend to say: I give the facts as they occurred. But I am satisfied, from more than thirty years' close observation, that the horse observes and makes a (mental) note of a great deal more than is generally supposed.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AMONG MY BOOKS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Those who have kept track of Mr. Lowell, in lectures, magazines, and reviews, already know, perhaps, what most readers of this volume will probably find out: that, as an English writer of essays on general literature, he has no living rival. They may even know this with a perfect consciousness of his defects and limitations, without entirely indorsing his criticisms, and, perhaps, with a preference for one or two of his own countrymen, who alone are worthy to be compared with him. But this will not alter the patriotic satisfaction with which they will at all times come to the first conclusion.

Yet, with every evidence of high cultivation, thorough study, and reading; with poetic insight, appreciation, and illustration; with no lack of wit, or that felicity of connecting "modern instances" with sage reflection which very well passes for wit; with a scholar's accuracy of epithet, a debater's logic, a popular lecturer's understanding of the power of local gags and contemporaneous allusion, and a capacity for skillful, if not always truthful analysis—with this undeniable exhibition of fullness, Mr. Lowell's pages somehow do not give us the idea of *completeness* and maturity. If we might apply such a phrase to a middle-aged Harvard Professor, we should say that Mr. Lowell was distinguished by a brilliant precocity, and that we should expect great things from him after he left college. He is too much in love with the furniture of his profession, and lacks that mild skepticism of the infallibility of learning, criticism, and æsthetics which makes the best scholar, critic, or man of taste. But these are faults for which Mr. Lowell is not so much responsible as New England.

Still, we do not know of any one who has lately written as fluently and well of Dryden,

Shakspeare, Rousseau, Lessing, and Early New England Life. Perhaps, of the purely literary essays, we like "Dryden" the best, as it will go far to enable the reader to do without Dryden henceforth. "Shakspeare"—admitting the utility of any body writing any thing more about him—is ingenious, which is perhaps the best we can expect from Shakspearian criticism; and "Rousseau" contains much original and honest thought. The New England witches are served up in Mr. Lowell's best High Comedy manner, and are, perhaps, more amusing than they were two centuries ago.

The pleasure we receive from Mr. Lowell's prose is by no means distinct from that afforded by his poetry, nor do we gain any revelation of a quality hitherto unknown. In each we notice the same lack of repose. The poet and essayist are evidently one and the same person. We are never quite sure, even in these essays, that the author may not, like "Mr. Wegg," in a friendly way "drop into poetry"—just as, in *The Cathedral*, we lately had a suspicion that Mr. Lowell was hovering on the perilous edge of prose.

Among My Books suggests that the author was too much "among" them, and perhaps not quite enough "of" them, to write, as wisely as we could wish, of what they contain.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS. By Gail Hamilton. Published by the Author.

We doubt if the old disagreements between author and publisher will be brought any nearer to a settlement or mutual understanding by Gail Hamilton's volume, and we fear that no other excuse for such a book would be valid. The satire is too limited and local in its application to give it any literary interest or importance beyond a small circle, who

are supposed to know that certain fictitious characters stand for living people—an importance, perhaps, the most dubious that can pertain to any literary work. The reader very soon perceives that the wrongs of which the author complains are more private and personal than public and general, and perceives this not only from the facts stated, but from a certain intense, persistent, and heated shrillness of expression, which would seem to be peculiar to the aggrieved female. We care not to discuss why the publication of any private grievance by a sufferer—no matter how truthfully stated—is very apt to provoke our half-contemptuous pity, rather than our righteous indignation; but the fact is sufficiently well established to have been more fully considered by Gail Hamilton than it seems to have been. She certainly has been long enough before the public to know its cruel, capricious, and illogical habits; and if woman is to hereafter challenge the public ear equally with man—as we trust she will—she must consent, with man, to sink the sensitiveness of the person, and bear individual wrongs with fortitude.

Need we say we sincerely condole with the publisher, against whom, under the thin disguise of "Mr. Hunt," this broadside is directed. Possibly, from the mere circumstance of the sex of his fair traducer, and his former amicable relations with her—possibly, from the fact that most women—literary women, especially—are apt to invest such relations with a certain confidential mystery—this gentleman is unwittingly forced into somewhat of the attitude of trifling with female trust and confidence. That amusement which a breach-of-promise suit yields, seemingly enwraps their earlier correspondence. The woman appears impulsive, confiding, voluble; the man, cautious, calculating, and complimentary. *She* hints of possible inconsistency in his conduct—of rivals occupying a higher percentage in his esteem; *he* replies, man-like, by demanding proof, without denial. *She* talks to others about him, writes to hated rivals, and gathers damning proof; *he* pooh-poohs, and artfully presents a beautifully bound volume with beveled edges! She admires it, is reconciled, but wants to know if there really was any thing, etc., etc. The

running commentary on this text is in the author's peculiar ironical vein—that vein in which the hapless publisher had found delight and profit, but which now turns upon the hand that fostered it. Yet it is not funny. The satire directed against "Mr. Hunt" is quite innocuous; and the amusement which the reader gets from it is provoked more by the "harrying" attitude of the author, than by any actual damage.

The value of such a volume lies only in the warning to author and publisher to make written contracts; and we can not help thinking that Gail Hamilton could have taught this lesson to her literary friends much more simply, briefly, impersonally, and without vicarious sacrifice.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS; with Illustrated Anecdotes. From the French of Ernest Menault; with 54 illustrations.

WONDERS OF POMPEII. By Marc Monnier; with 30 illustrations.

THE SUBLIME IN NATURE. By Ferdinand Lanoye. Illustrated by 48 wood-cuts.

THE WONDERS OF GLASS-MAKING, IN ALL AGES. By S. Sauzey.

THE SUN. By Amédée Guillemin.

These volumes—and perhaps one or two others that have escaped our notice—belong to the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," now being published by Messrs. Scribner & Co., and the list, when complete, will contain nineteen or twenty volumes.

It is rarely that a promise of this kind is followed by a performance so excellent. And this is not only because the publishers have been careful to exclude the merely marvelous and sensational, but because the work done has been of the best quality: namely, translations from the French, to which language the world is indebted for some of the best popularizations of science. That French *savants* have a charming way of imparting their knowledge, and as often their speculations, will be a revelation to some who glance over these volumes, and who do not know how closely literature and science are related in France. When the writer simply collates extracts, as in "The Sublime in Nature," the work is good and judicious; and when, as in "The Intelligence of Animals," he reprodu-

ees pleasant anecdote with ingenuous commentary, we can only describe it by a word which aptly defines a good deal of French merit, and one which Frenchmen are fond of using, and call it "charming." This is particularly true of M. Monnier's "Pompeii," which we think one of the best, if not the best, description of that exhumed city in modern literature. In M. Monnier's fascinating page the dead live again; the house of Diomed becomes a home, and not a ruin; we sit at table and break the bread found in the baker's shop, and cooked so many hundred years ago; the *amphora* is filled once more with precious juices; and in the hum of forgotten voices the odious twang of the *cicerone* is lost.

In the *Wonders of Glass-Making*, we see how closely usefulness and luxury approximate, and how subtly they merge into each other. The subject is admirably treated: first giving a carefully collected history of the art, with a few touches from its pleasant traditional background and its not infrequent romantic episodes. And then a careful and clear explanation of the process of glass-making gives it an additional, and, for popular purposes, a scientific value. We confess to having read the book, from the practical chapter on the making of window-glass through the successive developments of mirrors, bottles, drinking-glasses, vases, and the final scientific chapters on optical glasses, with unflagging interest.

The vast quantities of glass which are manufactured, and the cheapness with which it is produced, are themselves "wonders," in a way. As is the case with most of the arts, it reaches the greatest perfection in the old and crowded countries of Europe, where labor is abundant and inexpensive. Besides the recognized and acknowledged uses of glass, the author treats us to a short, prescient chapter on "Soluble Glass," an art which is still in its infancy, and is as yet merely a scientific attainment, without practical use. This art was invented in Munich in 1825, but, on account of some slight defect, it has never been successfully employed as the means of preventing fires. After explaining its uses and mentioning its defects, the author says, "We do not doubt that, in spite of all

difficulties, the perfection called for by the desires of the whole human race may soon be obtained."

As much as there is about the book to commend, for its unobtrusive and accurate usefulness, it still has the flavor of the irrepressible Frenchman in politics and self-glorification. But this seems so inevitable in the works of demi-art and science, that one would as soon expect a French dinner without the odor of garlic as a French book without these characteristics.

THE HOHENSTEINS. By Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German. By Prof. Schele De Vere. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The American public have acquired the habit of treating translated novels with a degree of courtesy which borders upon an affecting tenderness. Even the critic uses the probing-knife with ineffable caution, and constantly assumes the attitude of apology for handling diseases with the secret springs of whose nature he may possibly be unacquainted. There is a fine degree of consideration in the tone which intimates that the things which appear black to us, or even silly and inane, are probably only *German*, (if such be the nationality of the author) and are, therefore, natural and admirable. But, at the same time, the simple-minded authors of our native land had better beware how they trespass; for it is our duty to be remorseless to them, and we detect the slightest deviation from "right" when it is performed in the vernacular.

It was partly owing to some such considerations as we have intimated, that a previous work of Friedrich Spielhagen received our favorable consideration. We recognized some admirable touches from Nature, and the parts which were "German" found their excuse in being so.

But the tone of *The Hohensteins* is patient even to a foreigner, notwithstanding the thin covering of German customs and manners, and at once gives the work its proper classification as a bad book. With its obvious immorality, it does not escape a prominent characteristic of the obviously moral book; and which, for the sake of morality,

we are glad does not belong exclusively to the latter class of books. It is preternaturally stupid. Perhaps it is inevitable that these two extremes, which seem almost as abnormal in the principles which govern humanity as they are in human actions themselves, should have this common characteristic. It was, perhaps, not so singular that the patriot and reformer, "Munzer," should desert his wife and family for the sake of the Baroness with an unenviable reputation, and decidedly free manners, for "Munzer" was a weak man with a good deal of practical imbecility. But when we are expected to take the cue from the author, and admire this hero and his actions, we protest. Neither is it so unnatural as it might at first appear, that the wife and mistress become intimate and devoted friends. If the wife—as this one is represented to do—meekly advises her husband to look out for some one else to fall in love with, as his great nature demands the devotion of more than one humble slave, the "bloated aristocracy," whose uncleanly lives are laid before us in these pages, are, if any thing, rather more unpleasant than the "dear people."

This school of *literati* might be styled the *anatomists*. They are at such pains to place before us people as they really exist, that they challenge our admiration, not for the things which are natural, but for distortions produced by artificial circumstances. The true artist seeks, in these things, indications of human nature, and is capable of eliminating the different *values* of these characteristics. But the realist paints the tumors or distortions, with the idea that because these things are, that they are also the perfection of human nature which we are to commend. The flavoring of German politics does not add to its interest to the general reader; and the riddles which this modern Sphinx, the German mind, proposes, remain, as heretofore, unanswered.

THE RIVER OF THE WEST. By Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor. Hartford, Conn.: R. W. Bliss & Co.

A HISTORY OF OREGON—1792–1849. By W. H. Gray, of Astoria. Portland, Oregon: Harris & Holman.

In justice to Mrs. Victor, it should be ob-

served that the principal title of her work seems to be an after-thought of her publishers, and that in her preface and preliminary chapters her intention to write about Mr. Joseph L. Meek is very honestly and distinctly stated, and that any allusion to the Columbia River is quite accidental. So that the reader who may be disappointed in finding the biography of a pioneer, where he looked for the historic and scientific story of a river somewhat famed in pioneer history, will relieve the author of blame. And it is very possible that the average reader of popular subscription books will get much more satisfaction out of these pleasantly told reminiscences of pioneer life than in the same number of pages of carefully collected scientific and historic statistics. Indeed, we have some suspicion that much history finds its origin in these crude beginnings.

Mrs. Victor has the usual difficulty of women with a hero, and her evident honest belief in hers leads her to invest Mr. Meek's statements with some degree of oracular infallibility, and very often to accept his coloring. The fact that this worthy gentleman has figured in one or two pictures; that he has been copied "in wax for the benefit of a St. Louis museum;" that he is known as "Uncle Joe," perhaps helps his picturesqueness more than his historical authority. And sometimes he has need of all these antecedents to reconcile the reader to accepting him at all—particularly in his civilized reminiscences.

The prefatory account of the "Hudson Bay Company's intercourse with the Indians of the North-west Coast" gives a better idea of Mrs. Victor's abilities as an historical essayist. The concluding chapters contain some interesting statistics regarding the soil, climate, and resources of western Oregon—an after-thought, as the author frankly admits, and as the loose and imperfectly digested character of the material evidently shows. The work is illustrated.

Mr. Gray, himself a pioneer of 1836, has given a record of Oregon history, from the discovery of the Columbia River, by Captain Robert Gray, in 1792, down to the time of its complete settlement and occupation by the Americans in 1849.

The work is made up, partly, from well-

authenticated documents, collected from various sources, both public and private, and partly from a well-kept record of personal knowledge and observation, the writer having passed some thirty-four years of active life among the scenes he describes. The events are given in regular order as they occurred, and are told in a matter-of-fact way—more attention having evidently been paid to correct and truthful detail than elegance in style.

It is, perhaps, not well known that there were many more and greater difficulties to encounter in the settlement of the Territory of Oregon by the Americans, than in that of any other Territory in the Union. The hostility of the Hudson's Bay Company and their *confrères*, the Jesuits; the various

tribes of Indians, who, in addition to their natural "cussedness," were constantly incited to deeds of murder and robbery, even among their best friends, as shown in the massacre of Dr. Whitman and family; the great distance from Government protection; the thousands of miles of travel, and many great dangers through which pioneers had to pass before reaching the goal—all of these are truthfully drawn and pictured by the writer, who has witnessed many of the scenes he so vividly describes.

The book is probably much the best and most valuable on the subject yet published, containing, as it does, a great deal of interesting information which the general reader would hardly be able to gather from any other source.

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